

MASSEY'S PATENT

A JOURNAL OF NEWS & LITERATURE FOR RURAL HOMES

UNITED WITH THE "TRIP HAMMER."

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY, 1889

[Vol. I., No. 2.]

ROUND THE WORLD,

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

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

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

Second Letter, dated S.S. "Zealandia," Dec. 2, 1887.

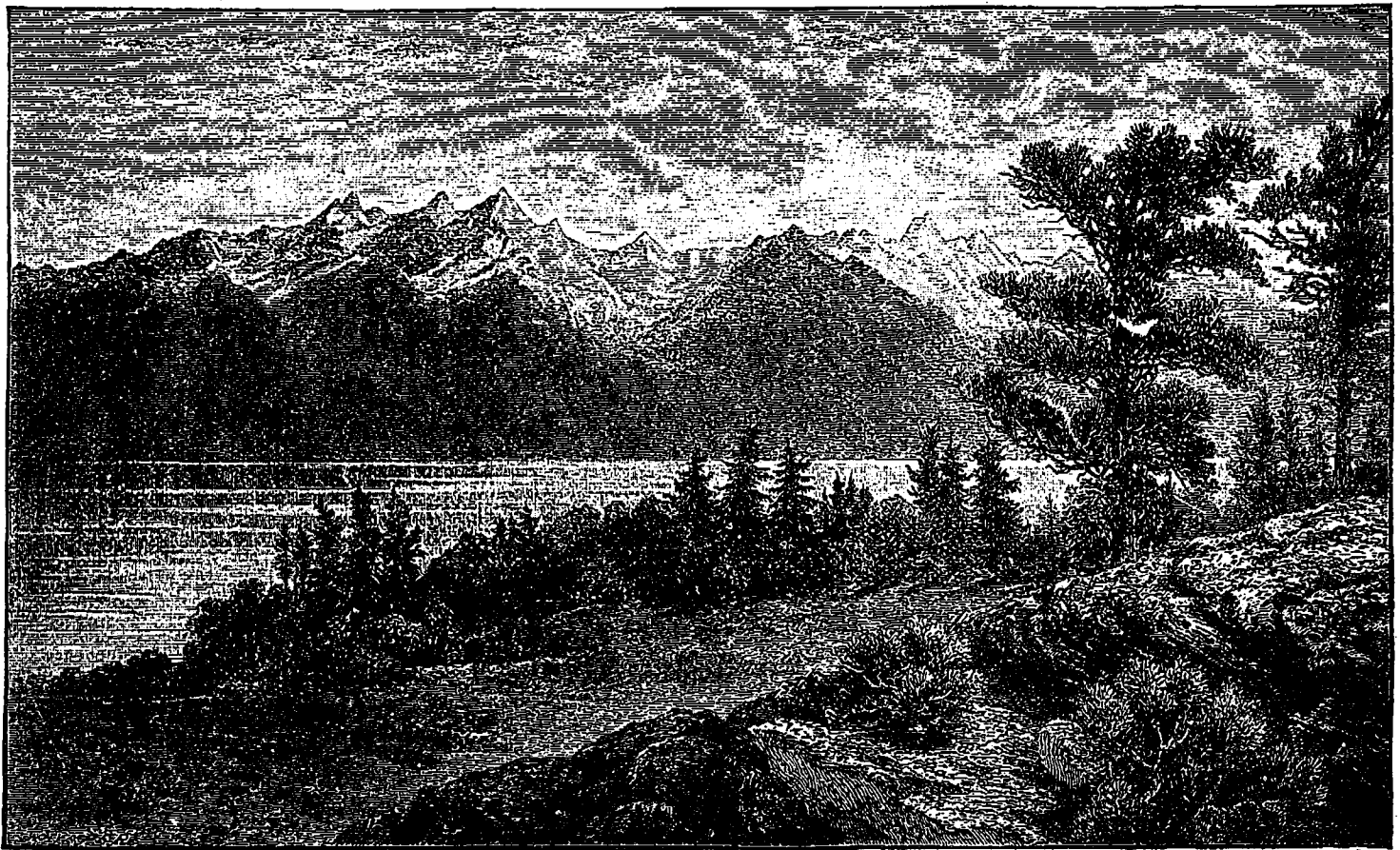
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I am now pleasantly quartered in the good ship *Zealandia*, bound for New Zealand, and expect to arrive in Auckland about a week hence, having

me time enough to stroll about the principal parts of the town. It is the leading city of the Territory and presents considerable life and activity. On nearing Tacoma, Mount Rainier came into view—its white crest first peering above the low woodland until finally, as we steamed further up the Sound, it came into full view. This most magnificent mountain, rising almost out of a plain to a height of 14,440 feet above sea level, and standing so strangely alone, is wonderfully symmetrical; fully two-thirds of its height is covered with snow the year round. It is so well and beautifully proportioned that the distance to it is most

This mountain, and the others of that district, all having the same characteristics, viz., rising abruptly out of comparatively flat country, and without immediate connection with a chain or range of mountains, are very peculiar. They are extinct volcanoes.

Tacoma is a busy little place, and has been made the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, much to the disgust of the citizens of Seattle, who claim that their city was the rightful terminus, and who, to spite the Northern Pacific, patronize the C.P.R. It is but a seven hours' ride from Tacoma to Portland, Oregon, via the Northern



THE OLYMPIAN MTS. FROM THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, VANCOUVER ISLAND. FROM A PAINTING BY H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE.

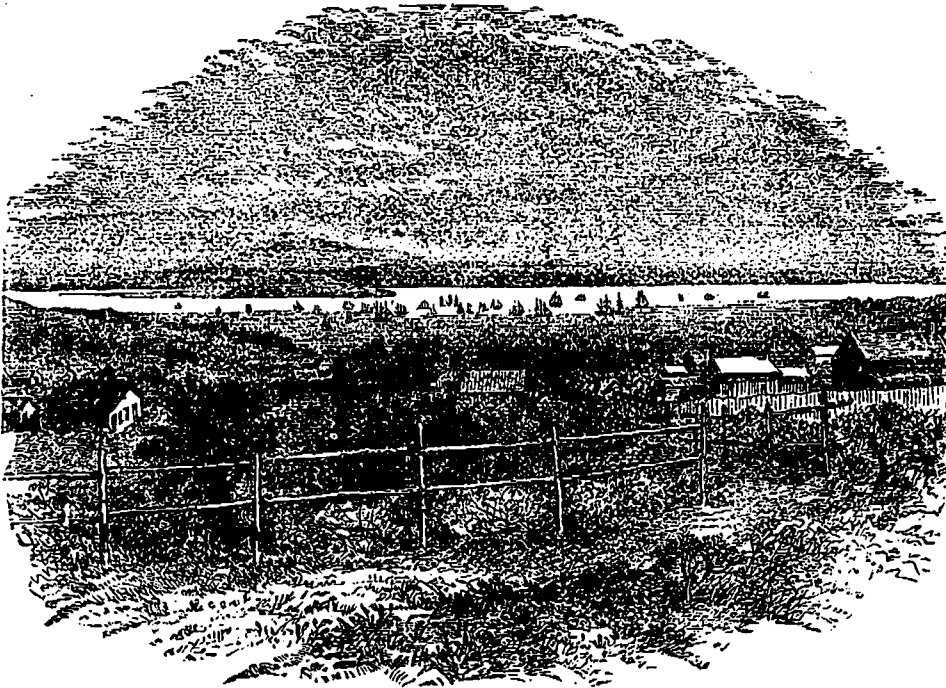
already been sailing five and a half days, and enjoying a pleasant voyage, though at the present time it is exceedingly hot.

But, to resume the sketch. Our party left Victoria, B.C., on the morning of Sept. 19th, taking a steamer across the straits and up Puget Sound to Tacoma—a delightful day's trip. Two stops were made en route—Port Townsend and Seattle, W.T. At the latter place we "coaled up," which gave

deceiving. I suggested, when gazing at it, to the person standing by my side, that it must be at least 25 miles off, when he laughed and said it was certainly not more than ten; but, upon inquiry, I found it to be *sixty miles away*.

The sunset effect on that great mountain with the snow and ice tinted in delicate shades of red and pink, I shall never forget. It was one of those pictures that make a lasting impression on one.

Pacific. This piece of the Northern Pacific runs through wild forest land for the most part, and over waste and apparently useless soil, the scenery not being particularly attractive, with the grand exception of splendid distant views of Mounts Rainier, St. Helens, Adams, and Hood, in clear weather, which I was fortunate to have. The first two resemble each other, while Mount Adams has a double rugged peak, and is not so uniform in its



SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

formation, and the last-named has a single sharp peak. They are all covered with snow and in the sunshine are of dazzling whiteness.

Portland, Oregon, is a pretty city of some 40,000 souls, nearly an eighth of whom are Chinamen. Its population is evidence of its importance as a business centre. From here our party proceeded to San Francisco by different routes, I myself going by the overland route—train and stage—which is quickest, in order to meet a friend, before his departure for Australia on Sept. 23rd, while the other three took the longer but more comfortable way of going down the coast by steamer.*

I left Portland by the 4 p.m. train, and by dusk was hurrying through Salem, and, as the line passes immediately in front of the "Indian Training School," the buildings could be plainly seen from the car window. This route, known as the "Mount Shasta Route," leads right down through the centre of Northern California, and is very picturesque. By eight o'clock next morning we had arrived at Ashland, where stages were in waiting to convey the passengers on to Coles, a distance of some 20 miles, the railroad, which was then being built, not being completed between these two points. The California stage is not to be compared to the good old English Tally-ho coach—the rough roads of that new country requiring an altogether different sort of vehicle—more like our "bus," only the seats are put crossways and the body of the rig suspended on straps. A day's journey in one of these stages over a rough mountain road will limber up the stiffest joints. On this occasion the stages were over-crowded, the road very dry and dusty, the weather very hot, and altogether it was a long, tiresome, and comparatively uninteresting ride.

Ashland is 2,000 feet above sea level and at the summit of the road my aneroid barometer registered 7,100 feet, and the horses, six on each stage, were well fagged out. The descent to Coles was quickly made. The danger of the road was, however, made only too plainly evident by the sad misfortune of an emigrant who was descending immediately in front of us, whose horses became frightened and ran down the mountain side, the poor driver and his companion being badly hurt—one seriously, if not fatally, injured.

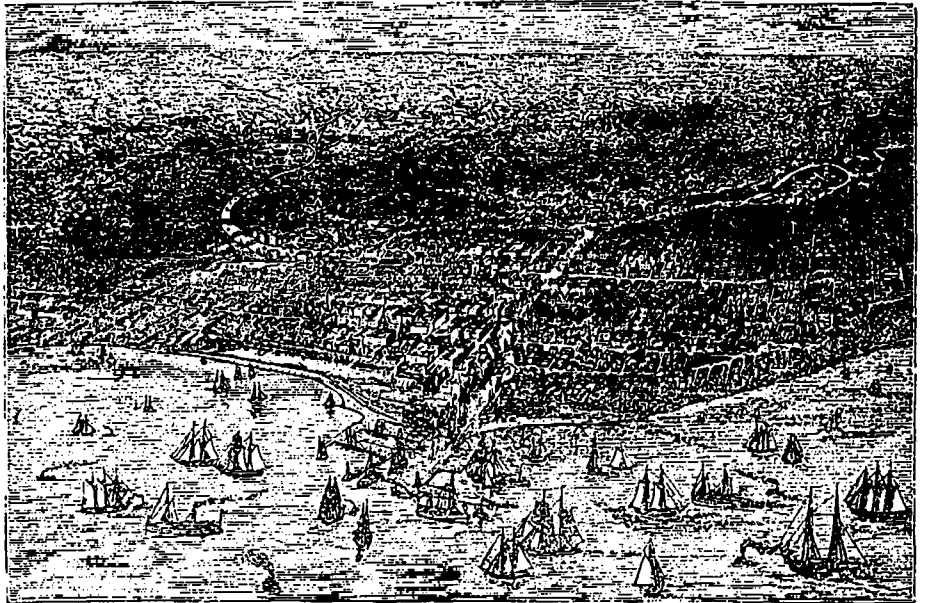
Coles is on the boundary line between California and Oregon, and from there it is 18 hours by rail to Oakland. This branch of the South Pacific gives opportunity for many splendid views, especially in the neighborhood of Mount Shasta and Strawberry Valley. Mount Shasta is a grand old snow-capped mountain, 14,000 feet high, and the hundred or more small and interesting extinct volcanoes at its base on the one side, are mere hillocks in comparison.

*The all-rail route has since been completed.

thing was parched up after the long dry summer, during which little or no rain falls, sometimes for months; the hillsides were brown and rusty, the roads exceedingly dusty, the fruit season was practically over, and altogether our impressions of that great State of which we had heard so much in praise, were most disappointing.

Santa Barbara is a quiet, old-fashioned little place, with but little to interest the traveller unless he comes to enjoy the "climate." The well-known old Santa Barbara Mission for the Indians was built by the Spaniards, who still form a goodly portion of the population of Southern California, about a century ago. It is a very quaint old structure and is still used by the Catholics.

Here, again, our party suffered delay for several days, I myself being the unfortunate one this time, and suffering a slight attack of malaria. When sufficiently recovered we proceeded south by rail to the rapidly growing city of Los Angeles—the great business centre of Southern California, and the focus of the "real estate fever" or "land boom," with which the Southern half of this State has been diseased for many months. Much of this "boom" is of a healthy nature, but it has been carried to a great extreme and the very plains have in places been laid out in "corner lots." About every third door on the principal streets of Los Angeles leads to a real estate office and in many cases there is no door—the "office desk" being put almost on the sidewalk.



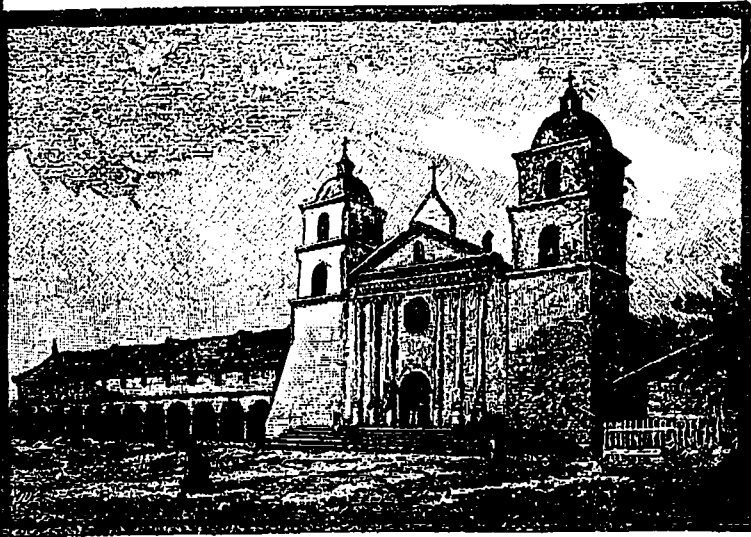
SAN FRANCISCO IN 1888.

From Oakland the Southern Pacific Railroad runs large and elegant ferries across the Bay to San Francisco at frequent intervals. In the morning, when I crossed, the boat was crowded with passengers and residents of Oakland going to their business posts in the city for the day. The scene upon landing at the foot of Market Street was quite as busy as at the crowded ferry landings of New York—everyone in a hurry—scores of cab drivers and hotel runners shouting at the top of their voices—the clang of numerous street-car and cable-car bells—all combining in a very noisy and lively spectacle.

Our quartette having again come together at San Francisco, after spending a few days sight-seeing in the great and prosperous metropolis, took a steamer down the coast to Santa Barbara, one of California's numerous health and pleasure resorts. It is so situated on a bend in the coast as to be defended from the cold coast winds, and has a remarkably warm, equable climate—and indeed "climate" is the great boast of all Southern California. Its residents claim never to suffer with extreme heat in summer or with the cold in the winter, frost being unknown, or at least only the slightest; hence vegetation is semi-tropical, green and beautiful the year through. Our visit to California was at an unfortunate time of year—every-

The city was greatly overcrowded the hotels being more than full (my brother and I had to sleep on cots in the hotel parlor), although the season when visitors and health seekers come in largest numbers had not arrived. Los Angeles is a very pretty place, there being a great many beautiful avenues, fine residences, and elegant private grounds, adorned with palms, semi-tropical trees, shrubs, and flowers of great variety. There are many orange groves in the vicinity, too. Most fortunately a delightful and heavy rain fell while we were en route to the city (the first we had seen since leaving Toronto), which freshened up everything and gave us an opportunity of seeing the place at its best.

We remained there but a day, and went on to Santa Monica (18 miles), a very quiet place by the sea. The hotel, the principal thing in the place, is located right on the splendid beach—the finest beach for bathing, walking, and driving I ever saw. After enjoying the balmy sea breezes here for a few days, our steps were again turned to San Francisco—a 24 hours' ride by rail and one of no special interest. On the desert wastes were numerous and curious specimens of cacti. The part of the trip through the San Joaquin Valley—the great wheat growing region of the State, and where those mechanical monstrosities, the California Header and Thresher combined, are used extensively—was dry and, harvest having long passed, most uninteresting.



THE OLD SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

Upon arrival at San Francisco full preparations were made for sailing on October 23rd, but a second attack of malarial sickness necessitated postponement to November 8th, the interim of time being spent at Monterey—125 miles south of Frisco—the most famous of all California's health and pleasure resorts. The town of Monterey itself is small and very antiquated, most of the old buildings and houses being of the Spanish adobe style—with queer, old-time, tile roofs—and rapidly coming to ruin. One which was torn down just before my arrival, supposed to be nearly 100 years old, hadn't a single nail in its frame work, the corners being fastened with wooden pins and the rafters bound on with raw hide. The great Del Monte Hotel, which was burned last spring, was located half a mile from the town, and has since been rebuilt on even a more magnificent scale, with something like 600 guest bed-rooms. It was then nearing completion. The immense grounds about it are superb, park-like, and very finely kept.

We stopped at Pacific Grove, a pretty resort two and a half miles from Monterey, which is owned and controlled by a private corporation and managed under special strict rules. It is quite a little village and an especially desirable spot for health seekers. No spirituous liquors can be sold or given away, all amusements of a doubtful character are prohibited, and all must be quiet after 10.30 p.m.—these rules are carried out to the letter, too. Here there is a splendid rocky coast, with occasional bits of sandy beach, affording excellent privileges for bathing, moss and shell gathering, etc. Many a hunt after shells and curious creatures of the sea, I enjoyed at low tide; indeed, the sea seemed teeming with all sorts of curious living creatures. The drives about Monterey are particularly fine, what is known as the "Seventeen Mile Drive," embracing a great variety of the choicest scenery—the part of the drive around Cypress Point being especially worthy of mention. This drive also passes the "Seal Rocks," which are literally covered with these curious howling or barking and bad smelling

animals of the sea. They are plainly visible from shore, climbing up and down the rocks, basking in the sun, or sporting in the water. They are quite as numerous at this point as at the well-known "Seal Rocks" near San Francisco, which I also saw. The bones of whales are washed ashore on the Monterey coast in large quantities—some vertebrae and ribs being of enormous size. I saw several rustic arches, at the gates of cottages, made by planting and inclining together, with the convex curve outward, two of these immense ribs. The effect was decidedly more curious than artistic.

California is a wonderful State, and possesses extraordinary resources. Its growth in population, within the last few years, has been phenomenal. It is the second largest State in the Union, and since the rapid development of the Southern half there has been considerable talk of making it into two separate States. Money is very freely spent, whether it be freely made or not, and seems to be of less value than in the East—in other words a dollar does not go so far. Cent pieces are not in circulation at all anywhere on the coast, nor were they, for that matter, in the Canadian N. W. T.

But I will not take more of your time in filling up this letter with what probably most of you have heard before, for information regarding California you have had from many sources. From Monterey we returned to San Francisco, and on November 8th, at 2 p.m., Bro. Fred and myself took our departure in the S.S. "Australia" for the Hawaiian Islands, parting with the ladies of the quartette. It will be quite unnecessary for me to add that it was a hard good-bye to say. The parting scenes at the departure of an ocean steamship bound on a long sea voyage are not the most cheerful at best, and it

adds none to the mirthfulness of the occasion to have friends amongst the crowd on the wharf, whom you don't expect to see again for months, waving their fond adieu.

The afternoon was perfect and afforded a splendid view of San Francisco's great harbor, with its islands and surrounding rocky heights. We had not more than fairly passed out of the celebrated Golden Gate, than great rolling Pacific swells of unusual size began to seriously disturb the equilibrium of our ship, which seemed to have a wonderful capacity for rolling, and by midnight the masts were pointing to angles but little short of 35 degrees. This I determined by an improvised pendulum in my stateroom; I wouldn't have you infer I made this observation on deck, oh no! there was more than enough to occupy my attention below—the best part of the first three days being devoted to the study of stomach economy.

The voyage, on the whole, was a most pleasant one, though rather monotonous, since we were six days without seeing a ship of any kind—nothing but sea and sky about us, except an occasional small whale or a flying fish, the latter being very numerous as we neared the Islands.

We arrived at Honolulu at noon the seventh day out, where my first letter to you was posted. The view of the beautiful island of Oahu, as one approaches, is very fine—the great volcanic mountains towering apparently straight up from the water. As one gets near, extinct craters and strange lava formations are distinctly seen. After rounding Diamond Head, a prominent and very pretty headland, a very striking, general, broad view is obtained of the mountains with Honolulu and Waikiki, and which are comparatively insignificant, in the immediate foreground. The great variety of shades of the vegetation on the hillsides—bright tints above shading down to a deep green at the waters edge, with the cocoanut palms on the shore reaching away above the house tops, made a beautiful picture. It was plainly seen we were in the tropics, and the peculiar fishing canoes of the natives, here and there about the harbor, told us distinctly we were in a strange land.

But again my letter is getting too long, and I shall have to leave a brief description of the beautiful Sandwich Islands, and the strange customs of the natives, which I believe will be of more interest to you than either this or my former letter, till another time.



SUNRISE ON THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.

SELECTED LITERATURE

Milly's Marriage Contract.

WELL, for my part, I don't see why folks call Milly Morrison a strong-minded girl," quoth to himself the stalwart young farmer, John Armstrong, as he strode homeward in the sunset glory after a charming summer afternoon with the said Milly on the river. "It appears to me a good deal like jealousy, because there ain't a girl in these parts that can hold a candle to her. The little daisy! She knows well enough how much I think of her, and if I'm not mightily mistaken, she likes me very well, too. And, confound it all, I'm not going to take anybody's word for it. I'm just a-going to go in and win, and let her strong-mindedness go to the dekens. I guess it will never hurt me." And whistling blithely, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," valiant John cleared the fence at a bound and disappeared in the gloom of the woods beyond.

Yes, everybody said Milly Morrison was strong-minded; but however it got about or who first said it, Mrs. Grundy didn't know. Pretty Milly, with her rose-leaf cheek and her tender brown eyes and her golden braids, strong-minded! Preposterous! Surely no girl in the country or town of Glenville had half as many beaux nor half as many offers, as every one knew. But certain it was that, no matter how bold and confident the swain, might be who tried his fate with Milly, he was always known to come away wonderfully disconcerted, with not a word as to why and wherefore.

"What could it mean?" wagged the gossip tongues. "Why, maybe she's strong-minded; yes, to be sure, Milly must be strong-minded; else why did she let so many good chances slip?"

And thus it came to the ear of John Armstrong, the most energetic, the most enterprising young farmer in Glenville, as was commonly agreed. At first he gave credence to the story and cultivated her acquaintance out of curiosity, merely to see what manner of human kind a strong-minded woman might be, but Milly put forth no startling ideas in his presence; and finally when he found himself subdued by her maidenly charms after sitting opposite those innocent brown eyes and watching the fluttering bloom of that lovely face for one long, delicious summer afternoon, he settled in his mind that it was a malicious falsehood about her. And now the die was cast. He, John Armstrong, would ask Milly for her love, and in his heart of hearts he had no doubt that he should win the prize.

"Just to think of her going around the country speechifying and proclaiming woman's rights!" he exclaimed to himself, as he drove home the cows. "Why—ha! ha!—she's as innocent as a gentle lamb. And as for having a will of her own—stuff and nonsense! I'd as soon expect Brindle to kick over the milk pail. Nobody need talk to me about Milly Morrison being a woman's righter. I never see anything of it."

Time sped, as time has a way of doing, until nearly a week had elapsed. It was a summer night, and John and Milly stood by the river bank. All things were propitious. The wind sighed softly through the tree tops. The young moon gazed at her image in the sparkling water. John felt that the time had come for him to unburden his heart.

"Milly," he said, softly, as he caught her hand, "I have something to tell you to-night. I think you have guessed how much I love you, Milly, darling, because it was something I couldn't conceal. But I want to know—do you think—I mean, do you love me a little, Milly?"

"Yes, John," faltered she of the down-cast eyes and rosy cheeks.

"My little Mayflower! And (ecstatically) will you marry me dear, and help me make a home—a little home to ourselves?"

A pause, then slowly, "I don't know, John. I love you dearly, but—but—it seems like a great undertaking—a great responsibility. I don't believe I am fitted for it."

"Fitted for it!" he laughed gleefully; "why, Milly you know as well as I do that there isn't a smarter girl in the whole country than you are," and he helped himself to a kiss from the rosy lips.

"You said help to make a home. I don't think I quite understand. Won't you explain, John, what you expect of me—that is, what would I have to do?" she said hesitatingly.

"Why," a little impatiently, "strange you don't understand, Milly. Make a home as other people do who get married and live together. You run the house and I run the farm. Of course you would be willing to do your share of the work, wouldn't you? You know I am not rich."



MILLY.

"Oh, I see," answered Milly; "you would raise the crops and sell them, and take care of the stock."

"And," put in John, "You would do the cooking, the dairy work and the laundry work, and the rest."

"Yes, to be sure; I quite understand you now," she replied.

"Well, then," he said fondly, "will you marry me, Milly? You haven't said yet that you would."

The long lashes drooped upon the rose-leaf cheeks for an instant, and then a pair of innocent eyes were raised to his face, and she asked timidly:

"But you haven't said yet what you would give me for doing my share of the work, John."

"Give you!" he cried in amazement; "why, Milly Morrison, what do you mean?"

"Why just this. Don't you see, John, that your work brings you in a fair profit; so much money every year? But mine would bring me in nothing."

"Why, Milly," he answered reproachfully, "you would have a home and enough for your needs."

"That is," she replied with dignity, "I should have my board and clothes! But hear in mind, John, I can earn more than that any day. Deacon Jones has wanted me to keep house for him ever since his wife died, and I could have my board and clothes there and money in the bank every month."

"But, darling," protested John, "do you think I would be so mean as to ever deny you money when you asked me for it?"

"But that's just what I would not do," she answered. "If I do half the work, why shouldn't I have half the profits?"

Half the profits! John was lazed at her audacity.

"I should do the work that you would have to pay some one else to do," she continued, "and if I work as many hours a day

as you do, and do my work as faithfully as you do yours, why should you have all the profits and I nothing?"

John's amazement culminated in a white heat of passion.

"Well, Miss Morrison," he said with superb scorn, "if you are not willing to marry me as other folks marry and do as other folks do, you can wait till some fellow comes along who is willing to take you on your terms."

"I suppose you think me very mercenary, John," said Milly, gently; "but truly I don't care half so much for the money as I do for the principle of the thing."

Seething with rage and disappointment, he led her home across the dewy meadows. At the gate she held out her hand and said, sadly: "Good-bye, John. Remember I still love you dearly, and if you had been disposed to treat me justly, you would have found in me a good wife."

John muttered something between his teeth, jammed his hat down over his eyes and strode off in the darkness. But he said to himself when he had stilled the tumult in his soul, that after all, folks were right. Milly Morrison was most decidedly strong-minded.

Somehow it got noised about that Milly had refused John, and all Glenville was agog as to the reason for it. Many a professional gossip declared that "sure as she lives, Milly Morrison will report the day she ever gave such a proper young man as John Armstrong the go-by." But through it all, though perfectly aware that she was the theme of every tongue, Milly bore herself with suiling unconsciousness. Not so John. In a moody and unhappy frame of mind, he shunned his young friends, and carried about an expression so severe that there were none so brave as to test his good humor with a jest.

On a large farm on the outskirts of Glenville lived Milly Mor-

son, youngest child of Rufus and Martha Morrison. The eldest son and daughter having married and set up homes for themselves, only Milly was left at home to help mother with the farm work.

One midsummer afternoon, as the two sat busily sewing, Mrs. Morrison looked up and said: "Everybody is saying, Milly, that you have refused John Armstrong. Is it true, dear?"

"No, mother," said Milly, with a smile, "he refused me."

"Why, what do you mean, child? Of course, you didn't propose to him?" questioned her mother.

"Oh, no. He asked me first, but when I mentioned my terms he refused me or my terms, I don't know which."

"You talk in riddles, Milly. I really can't see any reason why you should not marry John; you know he thinks a deal of you."

"Why mother mine, it wasn't my fault. I just asked John what he was going to give me for my share of the farm work. I told him if I did half the work I thought I ought to have half the profits, and he got mad, that's all. Oh, I never shall forget his face," and she ended with a peal of laughter.

"Milly, Milly!" cried her mother in surprise, "where did you get such ideas?"

"Mother," said Milly, seriously, laying aside her work and seating herself at her mother's knee, "I got them right here in our everyday experience. Think of how you and I have slaved every day of our lives, and then tell me what compensation we have. Look at this house. Are there a dozen articles of luxury in it? Look at the clothes we wear. Are they much better than the poorest people in town wear? Do we ever have any money to spend for our own pleasure? Is there a book or magazine or picture that we are ever able to buy? Now, mother, don't stop me. I am not going to say a word against father. I've no doubt he's as good as most men. But if you think it's right to slave day in and day out for your board and clothes (and poor ones at that) I don't. I've heard you say many times you'd sooner go with barely clothes enough to keep you warm than ask father to give you the money. And you know, mother, it takes me a week to get up my courage to ask him for a new dress. I feel as if I were facing the judge of a criminal court. Now, mother, confess that you think these things are not right."

"Yes, Milly," answered her mother, wiping away the persistent tears, "I have felt this injustice all my life. Your father seems to think that, hard as we work to help him make money, we have no right to any of it."

"No, I shan't soon forget the day, mother, when you asked him for a dollar and a half to buy your winter flannels, when he wanted to know if you wanted to spend all the money that was made on the farm in a year!" added Milly indignantly.

"Hush, Milly, hush! Remember, he is your father."

"I didn't forget that; but I've said nothing that isn't true. And now, mother, do you blame me for not wanting to put myself in such a position as that for the rest of my life? No," clenching her hand, "I'd rather live an old maid all my days with a little hard-earned money in my pocket and my sense of independence, than to be the wife of the richest farmer in the country, if I had to go to him like a trembling beggar for every little necessity." And, burning with indignation, Milly sprang from the room and "had it out" in the old cherry tree in the orchard.

The summer days waned. The September haze hung over the hills. The autumn leaves were falling, when late one afternoon as Milly was walking home from town, following the old familiar path by the river's bank, she came suddenly face to face with John Armstrong. She smiled and bowed, and would have passed on, but he put out a detaining hand.

"Aren't you going to stop and speak to me, Milly?" he asked humbly, as the color surged over his face.

"Why, John," she answered, gently, "I have always been willing to speak to you. You know it is you haven't wanted to speak to me since—"

"Since I made a fool of myself," blurted out John. Then he added: "Come and sit down here a moment, won't you? I want to set myself right with you."

When they were seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, he continued:

"I've thought it all over what you said to me that night, Milly, and I have come to see that there is a good deal of justice on your side. At first I couldn't see it, because, you know, I was blinded by prejudice and custom, and—tradition. But I finally came to look at it like this: You see, marriage between folks like you and me is a kind of partnership. Now, says I to myself, John Armstrong, you wouldn't go into partnership with any man, agree to do half the work, or work as many hours a day as he does and expect to get nothing for it except your board and clothes. You'd expect to get half the profits, wouldn't you? Well, then, says I to myself, let's put the shoe on the other foot. Now, if I was a woman, would I go into partnership with a man, and agree to do half the work and not get half the profits? Of course I wouldn't. Then thinks I, a woman has just as much right to what she earns as a man. There ain't any difference except in the kind of work. And so at last it came to me what a blame fool I had been and, why, what's the matter? Oh, don't cry, darling! Don't you see that it was all along o'loving you so much that made me come to look at it just as you do? And, if you'll only take me, Milly, love, I'll promise to give it all to you. I'll promise you anything if you'll only take me, Milly. Will you, dear?"

And who wonders that she did take him then and there into her tender, womanly heart.

The church bells were pealing one fair, sunny morning in late October, and there was a holiday look to the passers-by in Glenville town, for everybody was crowding into the little church to see John and Milly married. Speculation was rife. An air of mystery pervaded the usually slumberous community. An indefinable something was going to happen. At last suspense was ended, and down the aisle, proudly stepping, came bride and groom, with sunshine in their faces and sunshine in their hearts. But what are they doing? Where's the minister? What's the table for? And, for mercy's sake, what are lawyer Cobb and those other men doing with that paper? It looks like a will.

But all agitation was summarily quelled when lawyer Cobb, in his most diffusive oratorical style, read the following remarkable document:

Know all men by these presents, I, John P. Armstrong, being of sound body and mind, do this day, in the year of our Lord, 18—, and in this month of October, and 25th day of the same, enter into a civil contract of marriage with Millicent H.

Morrison. And I do hereby declare that our civil union shall be governed by strictly business principles, to wit: All money, personal and landed property, accruing to me after this date, as financier or business manager of the same, shall become the joint property of both parties in this contract, on condition that said Millicent H. Morrison faithfully performs a share of the labor necessary for the acquiring of said property. An equitable division of the same to be made yearly, reckoning from the date of this instrument.

In case of separation or divorce this contract shall be literally adhered to. In case of death the property shall revert to the remaining partner to the contract, or to his heirs-at-law, unless otherwise decreed. In witness whereof I hereby affix my hand and seal, this 25th day of October, 18—.

(Signed) JOHN P. ARMSTRONG, MILlicent H. MORRISON.

WITNESSES: Thos. Wiggins, William Brown, John Pettengill.

In breathless silence waited the wedding guests while the signatures were made. The civil service then being completed by the presentation of a copy of the document to both bride and groom, they turned to the altar to be made one by the man of God.

At last it was all over, and as Milly walked down the aisle she realized the consternation she had caused. A bomb-shell exploded in the midst of the sacred edifice could scarce have created a greater excitement than this. The telling of it spread like a prairie fire. One good mother of Israel was heard to declare to an eager crowd of listeners: "Wa! I allus thought Milly Morrison was queer, but now I'm certain on it, and (sententiously) if Bedlam don't reign in that house afore five years, then I don't know nothing about human natur'!"

And so it came to pass that just as tourists abroad are pointed out the place famous in legend or history, strangers in Glenville are shown the little church where Milly Morrison signed her marriage contract.—*Pacific Rural Express*.

The Unknown Painter.

MURILLO, the celebrated artist of Seville, often found upon the canvas of some one of his pupils unfinished sketches bearing the rich impress of genius. They were executed during the night, and he was utterly unable to conjecture the author.

One morning the pupils had arrived at the studio before him, and were grouped before an easel, uttering exclamations of great surprise, when Murillo entered. His astonishment was equal to their own, on finding an unfinished head of the Virgin, of exquisite outline, with many touches of surpassing beauty. He appealed first to one and then another of the young gentlemen, to see if they could lay claim to it; but they returned a sorrowful negative. "He who has left this tracery will one day be master of us all."

"Sebastian," said he to a youthful slave that stood trembling by, "who occupies this studio at night?" "No one but myself, senior." "Well, take your station here to-night, and if you do not inform me of the mysterious visitor to this room, thirty lashes shall be your reward on the morrow." He bowed in quiet submission and retired.

That night he threw his mattress before the easel and slept soundly until the clock struck three. He then sprang from his couch and exclaimed, "Three hours are my own, the rest are my master's!" He seized a palette and took his seat at the frame, to erase the work of the preceding night. With brush in hand, he paused before making the oblivious stroke. "I cannot, O, I cannot erase it!" said he; "rather let me finish it!"

He went to work. A little coloring here, a touch there, a soft shade here; and thus three hours rolled unheeded by. A slight noise caused him to look up. Murillo with his pupils stood around; the sunshine was peering brightly through the casement, while yet the unextinguished taper burned.

Again he was a slave. His eyes fell beneath their eager gaze. "Who is your master, Sebastian?" "You, senior." "Your drawing master, I mean?" "You, senior." "I have never given you lessons." "No, but you gave them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them." "Yes, you have done better; you have profited by them. Does this boy deserve punishment or reward, my dear pupils?" "Reward, senior," was the quick response. "What shall it be?"

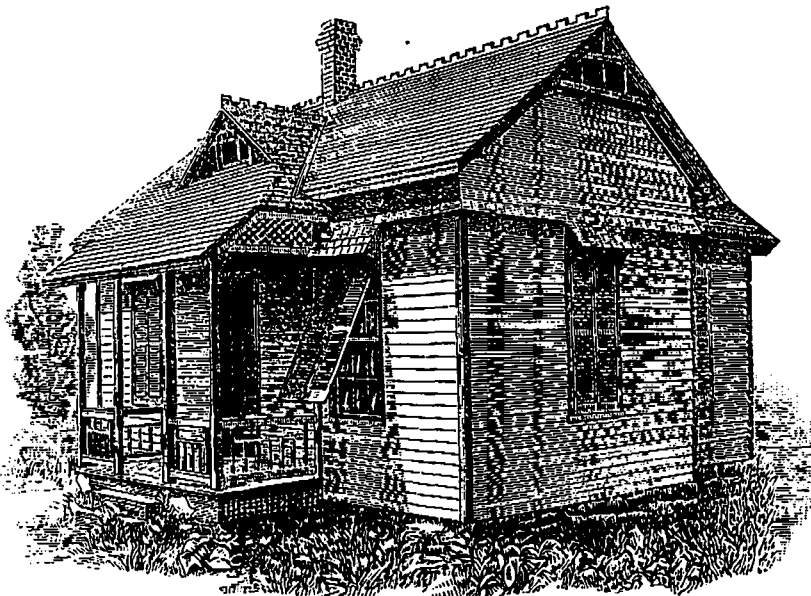
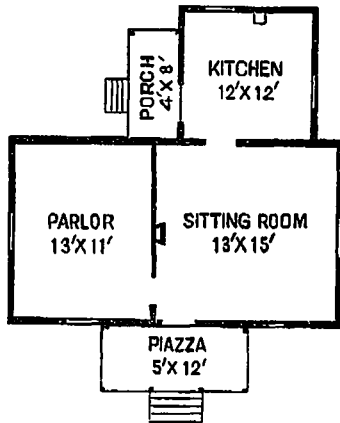
One suggested a suit of clothes; another, a sum of money; but no chord was touched in the captive's bosom. Another said, "The master feels kindly to-day: ask your freedom, Sebastian!" He sank on his knees, and lifted his burning eyes to his master's face: "The freedom of my father!"

Murillo folded him to his bosom: "Your pencil shows that you have talent; your request, that you have a heart; you are no longer my slave, but my son. Happy Murillo! I have not only painted, but made a painter."

There are still to be seen in classic Italy many beautiful specimens from the pencils of Murillo and Sebastian.—*Selected*.

A Pretty Cheap Cottage.

HEREWITH we print the plan and illustration of a very pretty little cottage which the *Carpenter and Builder* says can be built for but \$400. The cuts show the building complete, and the ground floor. With designs such as this to assist, the farmer can make his home attractive with but a slight additional cost over a severely plain house. We believe the efforts of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED to present its readers with this and other designs for houses, barns, etc., which it purposes issuing later on, will be highly appreciated.



A FOUR HUNDRED DOLLAR COTTAGE.

The greatest question for man to consider is the one that relates to his duties to God; and if he holds this question subordinate to any other, he reverses the order of nature and of right reason, and puts himself in palpable conflict with the Bible. It is far more important that we should know God in all the respects in which He may be known than to know anything else. It is better to be a devout worshipper of the living and true God than to be a scholar in the earthly sense.—*Independent*.



Put out the light, ye winsome cherub,
Thy mission thou hast done full well;
Another year we know has gone,
Our hearts, alas! that fact can tell.

The cares and troubles we have borne,
The cherished hopes we've seen dispel,
The lov'd ones we are left to mourn,
All these, tho' past, in memory dwell.

Point to the clock, ye smiling cherub,
All hail with joy the news ye bring,
Another year we know has come,
Its praises loud all tongues shall sing.

May peace and plenty rule our land,
And make our homes with mirth to ring;
May many hearts aye ready stand,
To shield her from the viper's sting.



THANKS.

SINCE the issue of our December number we have received many kind words of encouragement for which we are duly grateful. Our subscription list is also rapidly increasing, which is another cause for thankfulness. The extraordinary liberal offers we have made in our Premium List have evidently been fully appreciated, and we urge upon our friends the necessity of canvassing energetically so as to get their presents as early as possible. To those who have not yet seen a copy of the Premium List we shall be glad to send one on receiving name and address. We would ask all to read carefully the conditions on page 2, as although we endeavoured to make them as plain as possible, some of our patrons have apparently not taken the trouble to make themselves fully acquainted with them. If there is anything that requires explanation drop us a post card and we will reply promptly. The name MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED has led some people to think that this is simply a reproduction of the advertising sheet previously issued under that

title. We want to disabuse people's minds of that idea. The new MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, as stated in our salutatory last month, is a regular monthly illustrated journal devoted to the interests of the farming community. As soon as we are in a position to do so, we will enlarge it to 24

pages, thereby affording increased space for reading matter and illustrations. In due course we will treat of matters closely identified with agriculture which have not hitherto been touched upon by any other agricultural journal in the Dominion; articles will also be contributed on useful and practical subjects by well-known writers. Bear in mind that our sole aim is to make MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED the best farmer's and farmer's family paper published in Canada. To advertisers we would say that you will find this paper the best advertising medium in existence. While the Massey Manufacturing Co. will occupy a certain space for advertising their machinery, they will be debited with the amount at the same rates as charged against other advertisers. We may say, once for all, that the new MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED is not, and was never intended to be, an advertising sheet, but an illustrated journal of exceptional merit and one destined to take a high position in the realm of journalism. Again with thanks to our kind patrons and friends, we wish you all A Happy New Year.

MR. ALLAN, President of the Ontario Fruit Growers Association, has recently been making an extended inquiry into the capabilities of Manitoba and the North-West Territories and British Columbia for fruit-growing purposes, and he has expressed the fullest confidence that, protected by belts of other trees, the hardier varieties of plums, apples, and pears can be grown successfully there.

THE Supreme Court at Ottawa has rendered a decision unanimously in favor of the Province of Manitoba in the railroad crossing case and Hon. Oliver Mowat has scored another legal victory. This, coupled with the victory obtained by the hon. gentleman in the disputed territory case, should place him high up on the pinnacle of legal fame. The decision no doubt helped materially in making Manitobans spend a merry Christmas.

"I'm gettin' a big boy now." So says Toronto, and not without good and sufficient cause. Some members of the city council, being dissatisfied with the returns of the assessors of the city's population, got the council to appropriate a sum to cover the cost of a special census. The census was taken on Dec. 12th, 313 enumerators being employed, and their returns showed a population of 166,809. When the last official census was taken in 1881, the population of the city was 86,415. Who will say that the growth of the Queen City of the West is not phenomenal?

WHAT funny things we hear when we least expect it. Dr. W. F. Richardson writes in the *American Magazine* denouncing in scathing language the practice of eating oatmeal at breakfast. He says:—"It has caused more dyspepsia than any single habit that I recall. It places a layer of sticky, pasty, carbonaceous food against a membrane that is already torpid enough and needs sharp stimulus of fruit or douche of water to start gastric secretions,

instead of a clogging mass like the meal, that all day long works ill until it is gotten rid of." Well, this is a revelation with a vengeance. What will the sons of Scotia and their descendants say to this terrible indictment against their beloved "parritch"? Will they tamely submit to it? We trow not. What has made the Scotch such a hardy race? The answer is not far to seek—porridge. And to think that it is now charged with causing dyspepsia; the accusation is as unjust as it is ungenerous.

SOME of the agricultural papers in the United States allege that there are a number of new associations in Canada which register and give certificates for cross-bred draft horses in order to dispose of them at big prices to people in the United States. Mr. Henry Wade, who is secretary of the Clydesdale and Canadian Draft Horse Associations, denies the truth of this allegation. The Clydesdale Association at one time published an appendix containing cross-bred draft horses, but as it was found not to work satisfactorily it was dropped, and a separate association was formed under the name of the Canadian Draft Horse Association. Before being registered, any animal must be proved to the satisfaction of the Association to have four crosses of imported horses of either Shire or Clydesdale. The standard is as high as the pure Clydesdale or Shire, and they are just as good for draft horses as the pure stock. So far as these associations are concerned, there never has been any intention to ship horses to the United States otherwise than on their merits.

It is broadly hinted that the Ontario Legislature, which is summoned to meet on January 24th, will refuse to appropriate the annual grant for the Provincial Exhibition. Without desiring in any way to tread upon anybody's corns, we may say that every year it has become more and more apparent that this Exhibition has outlived its usefulness. The gate receipts, no matter in what place it has been held, have been absurdly small, thereby showing that comparatively little interest is taken in it by the public. Toronto Exhibition, which is *par excellence*, the exhibition of the Dominion, has undoubtedly killed the Provincial. Besides, there are so many annual fall fairs throughout the Province, that there is really no call for the Provincial. It would be well for the Agriculture and Arts Association to bow gracefully to the inevitable and let the Provincial go. A strong effort will be made to get the grant divided amongst fairs offering over \$2,000 in prizes, and we see no reason why the Government should not encourage local fairs by doing this. Some people kick against outside attractions being introduced at fairs, but we fail to appreciate the objection. It seems to us right and proper that amusement should be blended with instruction.

WHEN the Council of the Agriculture and Arts Association of Ontario inaugurated a scheme of annual examinations in subjects having a direct bearing upon practical agriculture they did something worthy of all commendation. Science has an important relationship with agricultural practice in all its details, and only by science and practice working together can good results be expected. Scientific knowledge is not to be picked up in a moment; it must be pursued step by step and the reward at the end is sure. It is utterly useless for a man to think of succeeding in farming with theoretical knowledge alone; he must also have practice. A man possessed of both is bound to succeed if success is at all possible. Hence we say that the step taken by the Agriculture and Arts Association is to be highly commended, as the object is to promote the development of a taste for reading and the acquisition of valuable information on subjects which essentially affect the agricultural industry. The fifth annual examination will be held at the same time, at the same places, and subject to the same rules, regulations, and supervision as the High School intermediate examinations, due notice of which will be given. Intending candidates should send in their names to the secretary of the Association at Toronto, before May 1st, next.

"MANY of the agricultural journals," says the *Christian World*, "are sorely troubled to know whether a hen sits or sets. If some editor of dignity would set a hen on the nest, and the little editors would let her sit, it would be well with the world. Now a man, or woman either, can set a hen, although they cannot sit her; neither can they set on her, although the old hen might sit on them by the hour if they would allow. A man cannot set on a wash bench; but he could set the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object. He could sit on a dog's tail if the dog were willing, or he might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his foot there, the grammarians as well as the dog would howl, and yet, strange as it may seem, the man might set the tail aside and then sit down, and neither be assailed by the dog nor the grammarians." If some of the agricultural editors would sit on the editor of the *Christian World*, it would make him set up a howl that would be heard from city to city and would not tend to settle this perplexing question. If he comes along our way, we will, without consulting the grammarians, be happy to try the experiment of "sitting" on him or "setting" our favorite bull-pup on him.

At the annual convention of the Ontario Teachers Association, held in Toronto in August last, Mr. Thomas Shaw read an admirable paper on "Agriculture in our Rural Schools." It was then stated that a text book on agriculture for use in these schools was in course of preparation by the Department of Education, and that it would treat of the soils of Ontario, rotation of crops, the principles that underlie successful farming, fertilizers, feeding animal and plant life, weeds and insects, livestock and products, farm agriculture, horticulture, bee-keeping, beautifying the home and surroundings, etc. All those who have the welfare of agriculture at heart will welcome with exceeding pleasure the advent of this promised text-book. While we rejoice to know that it will soon make its appearance, we would humbly suggest to the powers that be that something more is required to give practical effect to this important movement. Would it not be wise for the government to appropriate a sum for the purpose of providing instruction to a certain number of select school teachers on the subject of agriculture, thus equipping them for teaching the young farmers not only the methods of agriculture but the principles on which success depends. The professors at the Agricultural College, Guelph, could devote say one month out of the twelve, for a course of lectures to these teachers who should be remunerated for the extra cost entailed upon them in attending the lectures. The advantages to be reaped from the adoption of such a system are apparent and need not be enlarged upon.

THE other day an advertisement appeared in a weekly paper in Connecticut asking for information about two girls, aged 17 and 14 years respectively, daughters of a farmer, who had left their home and gone to either Boston or New York. A despatch to the daily papers commenting upon this advertisement, said, "Hardly a month passes that bright, ambitious country girls do not desert their homes and kindred to tempt fortune in the metropolitan 'Camelot.' In many cases they are beguiled away by drummers and strolling actors and not infrequently by the glittering fiction of cheap society novels. Sometimes the fugitives are traced and eventually returned to their homes, but often no tidings are received from them." There is something in this despatch for fathers and mothers in this country to ponder over, as it is just as applicable to Canada as it is to the United States. In our large cities, such as Montreal and Toronto, there are many young girls who have been enticed from their homes in the country by the sophistry of some well-bred scoundrel or the baneful effects of reading sensational novels full of murders, suicides, intrigues, and elopements. Parents cannot be too careful of the books their children are allowed to read. A large percentage of the trashy literature of the present time has a tendency to weaken both the moral and intellectual natures of girls and boys, and instead of being made strong to meet the

snare and temptations that surround them when they begin the battle of life, they are ready to be turned this way or that or to go down when the pressure comes. Let anyone inquire at the public libraries what class of books young readers call for as a general rule and they will be amazed at the result. No words can over-estimate the mischief of bad reading, and parents who shirk the moral responsibility cast upon them in this respect will have cause to regret it all their lives.

THE question of whether farming pays is being discussed by several agricultural papers in the United States. One writer says, "For farming to be profitable it must be conducted on improved methods, or methods which will enable the owner to compete with other farmers, and those branches of farming must be made prominent to which the farm itself, the climate and location are peculiarly adapted. It is not in human nature to be happy in a business that is not fairly profitable, whether it be farming, merchandising, or professional work. The world admires success, and there is nothing which gives any man higher social standing than the fact that he is a success. There are unpleasant and disagreeable things connected with every business, and farming is no exception. The highest manhood is shown in courageously performing these disagreeable tasks and in enduring patiently all the discomforts that are clearly unavoidable." There is sound sense in this. In Canada, like the United States, there are districts which are able to grow some one thing or a few things better than other things, and therefore it should be a continual subject of experiment on every farm as to what will grow and thrive remarkably well, and having found this out, what would be the prospects of a good market for it. The farmer who carefully and successfully experiments in this way and is not satisfied to remain in the beaten track like his neighbors, as a rule, gets rich. And so it is with the man of business. Successful businesses are generally the result of a series of experiments as to what can best be done. Farming is surrounded by endless and obscure conditions which call for constant study and watchfulness. It is therefore incumbent upon the farmer to obtain a sound, practical education. In the words of the immortal Charles Dickens, "Let him begin with the tillage of his brains, and it shall be well with his grains, roots, herbage, and forage, sheep and cattle—they shall thrive and he shall thrive." It is also well for him to keep in mind that "the certainty of reaping what you sow and gathering what you strew is all important to the man who looks to agriculture for a living."

A SUGGESTION was recently made to Hon. Chas. Drury, Minister of Agriculture of Ontario, by Mr. Lauder, of Whitby, that a profitable market might be found in the Old Country for two-rowed Canadian barley. With his usual energy Mr. Drury at once placed himself in communication with Mr. Byrne, the agent of the Ontario Government at Liverpool, England, and received a prompt reply that there was an unlimited market in Great Britain for barley weighing from 33 to 55 lbs. per bushel of good bright color. The English market has been largely supplied with this class of barley by California, the River Platte district, and France. Some years ago large quantities of the ordinary Canadian barley were shipped to England, but it was found to be too thin for malting purposes and the demand for it dropped. The English crop of barley for the past year has been a comparative failure and there has been in consequence a big demand for outside supplies. The top price for good barley for malting purposes is thirty-six shillings per imperial quarter and the average price twenty-eight shillings. Mr. Byrne suggested that a few samples of Canadian two-rowed barley be sent him to be tested by practical men. This has been done, and Mr. Drury expects to know the result by the middle of February, when he will publish a bulletin giving full particulars. The top price, thirty-six shillings per imperial quarter, would give 92 cents per bushel, and deducting 12 cents for freight, etc., would leave the producer 80 cents per bushel f.o.b. Montreal. The following table will show the importance and extent of this branch of Canadian commerce. For the fiscal

year ending 30th June last the imports and exports were as follows:—

	Imports.	Exports.
Barley, bushels....	6,856	9,370,158
Malt "	35,326	193,465
Indian Corn "	3,491,916	1,203,195
Oats "	46,923	566,721
Peas "	7,664	2,164,069
Wheat "	5,321,717	7,299,694
Wheat Flour, bls. .	33,326	193,466

Mr. Drury argues that as Canadians are practically shut out from the American markets they must go elsewhere, and he looks therefore to Great Britain as their natural market. If his present efforts are crowned with the success which they so richly deserve, Canadian farmers will have two distinct markets—their present one for ordinary barley and the English market for two-rowed barley. England produces very fine barley, but owing to climatic conditions it discolors, and therefore consumers look to California, France, and River Platte for their supplies. Our climate is good both for weight and color, and if the tests prove satisfactory, which it is to be sincerely hoped they will, a large and profitable market will be opened for Canadian two-rowed barley.

How Papier Mache is made.

IN accordance with our promise to give a series of articles on "Simple Studies on Interesting Subjects," we begin this pleasing duty in this issue. For our first article we have selected "How Papier Mache is made." The subject should be one of much interest, as many household and fancy articles are now made of papier mache, and as time progresses man's ingenuity will, no doubt, devise a great many more useful ways in which to utilize it. All those bracelets of large black beads studded with Scotch imitation diamonds; all those necklaces, pins, clasps, and trinkets of all sorts that are taken for pitch, coal, or some precious wood, are manufactured from this substance. All those handsome bracelets composed of semi-lucid and opaline globules that seem to have been cut out of a stone formed of concentric layers, like certain precious stones, are merely papier mache cemented with white varnish and coated with the same. Those beautiful nacreous, painted and gilded trays, round tables and caskets that are known as Japanese work, are nothing else but papier mache. You may ask how was this substance first thought of? This is answered by a writer in a contemporary who says:—

Who does not remember those projectiles of our school days which we called "spit-balls," and which when thrown at a wall or ceiling adhered thereto with tenacity? What was most striking about these balls was their extraordinary hardness after they became thoroughly dry, this being the more marked in proportion as the chewing had been more perfect. It was through observing such hardness that the idea occurred to some one to employ paper pulp in the manufacture of various objects. Yet the substance employed in the industry is not a "mashed" paper in the absolute sense of the word, but is paper converted into a soft cardboard by mechanical processes."

ITS MANUFACTURE.

This is the way in which papier mache is manufactured. The raw material used is a bluish-gray unsized, strong, fine-grained paper. The sheets may be compared (whiteness, which is of no account, being excepted) to Annonay lithographic paper. Cotton forms the basis of it. These sheets are pasted together by means of a layer of dextrine or starch, applied with a steel spatula. When the desired thickness has been obtained, the mass is put into a hydraulic press that operates in a highly heated drying room. Under the immense pressure of this apparatus there forms a solid block, which is as hard as boxwood or ebony, and which is perfectly plain or has the form of the mould in which the raw material, so ductile when moist and so hard when dry, was compressed. It can be moulded into any shape whatever, that of table legs, chair arms,

rose work, mouldings, etc. This sort of wood, without pores, sap, fibers, and knots, is capable of being worked with the saw, the gouge, the rasp, and the lathe. It can be polished, if need be, though this operation is reserved for the thick black varnish that is applied to it in several coats, with an intervening stay of a night in a very hot, air-heated, drying room. When it comes from the latter the varnish is very hard, and is free from blisters and cracks. It is possible that many of the objects that are offered to us as being finished with Japan or Chinese lacquer are merely impregnated and covered with a mixture of gum copal, bitumen, tar, resin, and other hydrocarbons impregnated with lamp-black and color in certain proportions. The baking is the important point. When this operation has been too greatly prolonged, the varnish scales off and cracks; and when it has not been carried to a sufficient extent, the surface remains sticky. It is not necessary, then, to exceed a certain temperature always higher than 100°. This moulded and pressed paper can be easily turned in the lathe, and made into light and indestructible balls and beads or be fashioned into inkstands, caskets and cylinders.



Reward.

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

It is claimed that if a screw persists in becoming loose, and it is taken out and soaked in salty grease it will rust and won't come out of the wood again. Try it.

You should have plenty of time these winter evenings to sit down and write us something you know, which would be beneficial to your brother farmers. Let us hear from you.

THE *Rural New Yorker* says that experiments made by Prof. E. M. Shelton, of the Kansas Experiment Station, give evidence that grazing wheat either in the fall or spring, does not lessen the crop of grain, while the product of straw seems to be increased.

HERE is something worth experimenting upon. The *American Agriculturist* says if a teaspoonful of clean wood ashes is given every third day to horses in their feed they will very rarely need "condition powders." The same amount given to cattle will have good results. Cattle and swine are frequently seen licking ashes where rubbish has been burned. The ashes given to hogs may be mixed with their salt. Ashes correct acidity of the stomach, and destroy some intestinal worms. Wood ashes are a valuable fertilizer for all crops, but especially for orchard crops. They contain all the mineral elements required by plants. The fine condition and peculiar proportion of their ingredients make their real agricultural value greater than the value computed from chemical analysis. Coal ashes are comparatively worthless, but wood ashes should never be thrown away.

A GREAT deal has been written about ensilage, and as there are still many farmers who doubt its efficacy, we shall be glad to publish the opinions of those who have fed their stock with it. Experiments made at the Wisconsin Experiment Station drew forth the following conclusions:—Ensilage vs. corn fodder for milk production: 1. The milk produced during the ensilage period was poorer in composition as regards total solids and casein, while the percentage of fat in the milk was smaller

in one case and larger in the other than was that produced in the corn fodder period. 2. The quantity of milk given decreased during the ensilage period. 3. Considering the quantities of milk solids, milk fat, and casein produced by one pound of digestible matter in the ensilage ration and in the corn fodder ration, we find practically no difference in the nutritive effect of the two rations, only that the ensilage ration produced a somewhat thinner milk. Water in the fodder is not the same as water out of the fodder. There is a difference, but as yet we are left in the dark as to the cause of the difference."

Live Stock.

ONLY healthy cows produce good milk. They must never be heated, or in any way misused or unduly excited.

Put the colt you are breaking by the side of a fast-walking horse; it will give it a good start toward becoming a fast walker.

In providing shelter and stalls for horses allow five feet in width per animal where they are tied up, and three and a half feet for cattle.

A PROMINENT dairy authority states that if one will draw from a cow in a close stable some milk into a saucer, leave it there exposed to the odor for a short time, and then attempt to drink it, he will discover what a foul-smelling fluid it has become.

HERE is the Arab test of a good horse, which every farmer can apply. It is simply to observe your horse when he is drinking out of a brook. If, in bringing down his head, he remains square without bending his limbs, he possesses sterling qualities, and all parts of his body are built symmetrically.

At this season of the year animals need warm stables, dry platforms, and plenty of food and drink. If good profits are expected stock should be well looked after, both in feeding and in other respects. Cows made comfortable will winter on a much poorer ration and come out in spring in much better condition than those fed highly but not cared for properly.

THAT pumpkin seeds are injurious to stock is known to many who do not suspect the reason. They are strongly diuretic, and cause such flow of urine that the animal is weakened. They make fowls grow light and stop the production of eggs whenever hens eat them freely. Fed to cows the pumpkin with its seeds does not do half the good it will if the seeds are removed. — *American Cultivator*.

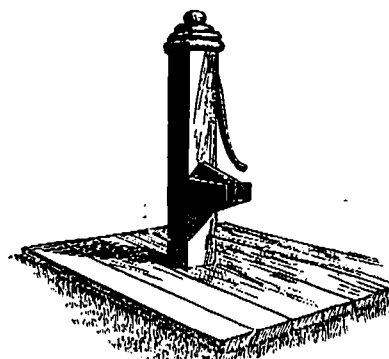
THE question comes to the stock-raiser, how shall I lessen the cost of producing calves? One way is to feed new milk almost wholly at the start. Give it to the young animal fresh from the cow, but never let it suck. Feed it well when young, at three or four weeks lessen the quantity, and at two months gradually wean it. In the summer season the calf will do well if weaned at less than two months' old. In winter, skim milk, after two months, will help calves a great deal. They develop naturally and easily, learn to take care of themselves, growing fairly well. The green feed does most good to an animal when it is three or four years old. — *American Agriculturist*.

BREEDERS of fine cattle and every stock feeder should know something of the relation of plant to animal life, both being dependent on each other. Want of knowledge of the principles of the science of stock-breeding, even when superabundance of feed is at our disposal, often results in a serious loss and waste of valuable material. To successfully prepare a show herd, in order to be in a condition so as to appear to the best advantage, requires not a little knowledge in the science of feeding live stock. The herdsmen and stock raiser who follows the stereotyped custom of feeding all

from and by the same composition of rations will fall miserably short in results, not only in the average appearance but in the thriftiness and ultimate results of a profitably prolific herd. — *Live Stock Indicator*.

THE *Breeder's Gazette* says the "common cow" is abused simply because she is a "scrub," which fails to pay a reasonable interest on the investment in herself, and her keep. If the common cow can give as good an account of herself at the pail and butter tub as the grades of the improved dairy breeds, which are within the reach of even the commonest farmer, no one has words of abuse for her. It is because she cannot do this that relentless war is waged upon her. It is because she has times without number, been demonstrated a comparatively—oft-times an absolutely—profitless machine for the performance of the duties demanded of her that she is told to "go." It is because a cow can now be produced at a cost but little enhanced that on the same keep will far surpass her in the out-put of valuable products that she has "got to go." If the common cow was fed, cared for, and culled as those cattle are which such writers delight to call "fancy," in something less than half a century she would cease to be a "scrub."

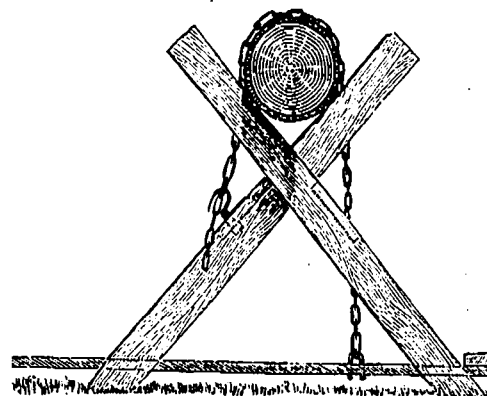
A Trough Under a Pump Spout.



CONVENIENT TROUGH.

WHEN the pump stops, the water will drip for some time from the spout; and when the person is in a hurry, he at once removes the vessel he has been filling, and allows the dripping water to fall near the pump. The consequence is a slippery platform and muddy ground all around. But this can be avoided by a trough under the spout, like that shown in the illustration. It does not interfere with filling the pail and will catch all the water that drips. It is connected with the well by a box reaching through the platform or it may connect with the pump box. — *American Agriculturist*.

An Improvement on the Saw-Buck.



J. S. Mallory, of Fairfield Co., Conn., sends us a scheme for simplifying the use of the saw-buck. The illustration represents an improvement on the saw-buck which is found very useful in sawing wood for the stove. Instead of the sawyer holding the stick down by placing his knees upon it, he passes a chain over it, attached to a pedal upon which he places his foot, thus holding the stick firmly in place. One end of the chain is fastened into a hook screwed into the brace, so that the chain can be adjusted for any sized stick. — *American Agriculturist*.

The Poultry Yard.

Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight :
 Make me an egg again, smooth, clean and white.
 I'm homesick and lonely, and life's but a dream,
 I'm a chicken that was born in a hatching machine.
 Compelled in this cold world sadly to roam—
 No mother to shelter me, no place to call home,
 No mother to teach me to scratch or to cluck,
 I hardly can tell whether I'm chicken or duck.
 —O. V. Fancier.

It would be of considerable advantage to farmers if they paid more attention to the business of poultry raising. That it is profitable, if sensibly and methodically pursued, has been demonstrated time and again. A farmer's wife can easily earn sufficient money for household purposes out of her poultry, and even save something for a "rainy day." Apart from the profit, the keeping of fine poultry is entered into by many English ladies, as adding much to the interest of country life and to the attractiveness of country homes, and there seems to be no explanation why the fashion should not be adopted in our own rural and suburban homes for the same reason. As a branch of farming that requires so little hard work, carries with it so much enjoyment, and takes up so little space about a farm, there is really nothing equally profitable that could take its place. A successful raiser of poultry gives the following pointers in the *Standard American Poultry Book*:—"In raising poultry or stock of any kind it should be the aim of every one to keep it healthy and improve it. You can do it very easily by adopting some systematic rules. These may be summed up in brief as follows:—1. Construct your house good and warm, so as to avoid damp floors and afford a flood of sunlight. Sunshine is better than medicine.—2. Provide a dusting and scratching place where you can bury wheat and corn and thus induce the fowls to take the needful exercise.—3. Provide yourself with some good, healthy chickens, none to be over three or four years old, giving one cock to every twelve hens.—4. Give plenty of fresh air at all times, especially in summer.—5. Give plenty of fresh water daily, and never allow the fowls to go thirsty.—6. Feed them systematically two or three times a day; scatter the food, so they can't eat too fast or without proper exercise. Do not feed more than they will eat up clean, or they will get tired of that kind of feed.—7. Give them a variety of both dry and cooked feed; a mixture of cooked meat and vegetables is an excellent thing for their morning meal.—8. Give soft feed in the morning and the whole grain at night, except a little wheat or cracked corn placed in the scratching places to give them exercise during the day.—9. Above all things keep the house clean and well ventilated.—10. Do not crowd too many in one house; if you do, look out for disease.—11. Use carbolic powder occasionally in the dusting bins to destroy lice.—12. Wash your roosts and bottom of laying nests, and white-wash once a week in summer and once a month in winter.—13. Let the old and young have as large a range as possible, the larger the better.—14. Don't breed too many kinds of fowls at the same time, unless you are going into the business. Three or four will give you your hands full.—15. Introduce new blood into your stock every year or so, by either buying a cockerel or settings of eggs from some reliable breeder.—16. In buying birds or eggs, go to some reliable breeder who has his reputation at stake. You may have to pay a little more for birds, but you can depend on what you get. Culls are not cheap at any price.—17. Save the best birds for next year's breeding, and send the others to market. In shipping fancy poultry to market send it dressed.

ENSILAGE, the same as that given to cows, is highly relished by the hens in winter, and greatly promotes laying.—*Ec.*

A LITTLE salt mixed with the warm food given these cold mornings, is relished and believed to be beneficial to all fowls. While an excess of salt will kill, a little seems to do them good.

WINTER RYE sown near the poultry yard makes an excellent fall and winter pasturage for fowls. An abandoned pen should be made useful by putting it into rye. Even in mid-winter or nearly spring on pleasant days fowls can thus procure "green food,"

and the result will be good healthy fowls and plenty of eggs.—*Fanciers' Gazette.*

Those who ventured to hatch chicks late this season need to give them extra care just now, feed well through the day, and see that they have a warm place at night; in this way they will receive no check, but grow right along and make good birds by spring. But if allowed to feel the effects of cold changes, and the chill attending them, they will get a set back they will never get over.—*Poultry Bulletin.*

SAYS the *New England Fancier*:—"A correspondent who has taken the time and trouble to keep a record of the number of eggs laid by the different breeds in his possession during the past year, reports to us as follows:—Bantams, sixteen to the pound, 90 per annum.—Polish, nine to the pound, 125 per annum.—Hamburgs, nine to the pound, 150 per annum.—Leghorns, nine to the pound, 160 per annum.—Black Spanish, seven to the pound, 140 per annum.—La Fleche, seven to the pound, 130 per annum.—Plymouth Rock, eight to the pound, 150 per annum.—Houdans, eight to the pound, 150 per annum.—Black, White, and Buff Cochins, eight to the pound, 150 per annum.—Dark Brahmas, eight to the pound, 120 per annum.

A CONTEMPORARY gives the following advice on "How to make hens lay":—"Put two or more quarts of water in a kettle and one large seed pepper, or two small ones, then put the kettle over the fire. When the water boils stir in the coarse Indian meal until you have a thick mush. Let it cook an hour or so; feed hot. Horse radish is chopped fine and stirred into mush as prepared in the above directions, and for results we are getting from five to ten eggs per day, whereas previous to feeding we had not had eggs for a long time. We hear a good deal of complaint from other people about not getting eggs. To such we would warmly recommend cooked feed fed hot. Boiled apple skins seasoned with red pepper, or boiled potatoes seasoned with horse radish, are good for feed, much better than uncooked food. Corn when fed the hen by itself has a tendency to fatten rather than produce the more profitable egg laying. A spoonful of sulphur stirred with their feed occasionally will rid them of vermin and tone up their systems.

Pithily Put Pickings.

A THIRTY farmer invigorates a neighborhood; a lazy one demoralizes it.—*Fiehl and Farn.*

THE number of farmers whose success is due to frugal wives and daughters is legion.—*Farm, Stock, and Home.*

THE farmer should take an active interest in the condition of the roads of his town. Their excellence increases the value of the farm.—*Ec.*

IF anybody thinks it pays to hire a cheap man on the farm, just because he is cheap, all right. We don't find it a paying business.—*Rural New Yorker.*

NEARLY every farmer has something he can give away which will make him no poorer, but possibly make a brother farmer somewhat richer—an experience.—*Ec.*

THE greatest enemy of agriculture is ignorance.... Some farming is like an old jacket—frayed at the edges and very thin elsewhere.... There is this difference between the poor and the good farmer; one complains of the bad seasons, the other rejoices in the good seasons.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE farmer who thinks there can be nothing new in agriculture should remember that thirty or forty years ago his grandfather thought the same way. Meanwhile the world has been jogging along and agriculture has made more advancement during the past ten years than any other ten years of the world's history.—*Husbandman.*

SUCCESSFUL farmers whether dairymen, fruit growers, or stock raisers, are those who consult the requirements of the markets, rather than their own inclinations, in the matter.... The elements of the fundamental principles of farming are:—Soil, heat, moisture, muscle, and brain power. The combining of these five elements produce the key to successful farming.—*North Carolina Farmer.*

PROFIT and loss in crops is often determined by careful or careless cultivation.... Every farm should be well supplied with fruit, which will prove a source of health and economy for the use of the family as well as profit, when raised in sufficient quantity to sell.... Economy in fencing demands that fence be used only where it is positively needed, and that kept in thorough repair.—*Southern Planter.*

FARMERS' wives have learned that they are not merely placed upon this earth to drudge and slave from sun to sun and day to day, but that it is their duty to read, rest, and recreate, in order that they may rear their children to become useful and intelligent men and women and an honor to their country.... As human beings will die for want of a refreshing draught of water when cast away on the ocean, so plants will die or fail to flourish when planted in a soil that does not contain the particular elements that compose their structure, or are not in available condition for their use. "Know thy soil," is as important to the farmer who will succeed, as "Know thyself" is to the man who will retain his health and have pleasure and prosperity in this life.—*Nebraska Farmer.*



A Summary of News for the Past Month.

- 1st.—Joseph Williamson, Philadelphia, donates property, valued at five million dollars, towards giving poor boys of that city education in mechanical trades... The Governor-General and Lady Stanley enthusiastically received at Hamilton.
- 2nd.—Hon. Benjamin Globensky, Judge of the Superior Court for Joliette district, died at Montreal.
- 3rd.—Wm. O'Connor, champion oarsman of America, tendered a magnificent reception by the City of Toronto.... Three men killed by a collision between two Grand Trunk freight trains at Merriton, Ont.... President Cleveland sends his annual message to Congress.... Lord Lansdowne, Viceroy of India, received with unusual enthusiasm on landing at Bombay.
- 4th.—Fire in the store of Lyman, Sons & Co., wholesale druggists, Montreal, loss \$75,000.
- 5th.—Fire in the Cortland Wagon Works, Cortland, N.Y., loss \$211,000.... Prof. Wiggins predicts another deluge soon.
- 6th.—Three men named Fourniers (father, son, and nephew) frozen to death at Gaspe Basin, Que.... Chas. C. De Lorimier, Q.C., Montreal, appointed to the Superior Court Bench for the district of Joliette.
- 7th.—Earthquake shock felt in several places along the Lower St. Lawrence.
- 8th.—A mob attempted to break into the gaol at Birmingham, Ala., with the intention of lynching Hawes, a wife murderer, when they were fired upon and seven mortally wounded and thirty others wounded more or less seriously.... Transport *Maryland*, with part of a train on board, destroyed by fire at New York, loss \$400,000.
- 9th.—Globe Iron Works, Cleveland, Ohio, partially destroyed by fire, loss \$200,000.
- 10th.—News received at Portland, Oregon, that Miss Sophie Preston, of Waitsburg, Washington Territory, a missionary, and a number of Europeans have been killed by Chinese near Canton.
- 11th.—Colorow, the celebrated chief of the Southern Utes, died at Ouray Agency, Col.... Four men killed and several injured by an explosion of meal dust in Oliver's Oatmeal Mill, Chicago.... Mr. W. M. Kelly, member of the Legislative Council of New Brunswick, died at Montreal.
- 12th.—Judicial Committee of the Privy Council render a decision in the celebrated case of The Queen vs. St. Catharines Milling and Manufacturing Co., sustaining the claim of Ontario as against the Dominion Government, to the disputed territory in the Algoma District.
- 13th.—Congressman Butterworth, of Ohio, introduced a joint resolution to Congress proposing the appointment of a Commission, consisting of English, Canadian, and American representatives, to consider a basis of union between Canada and the United States.
- 14th.—Haldimand Dominion Election declared void by the Supreme Court, Ottawa.... Geo. Routledge, the well-known publisher, died at London, England.
- 15th.—Lord Dufferin, retiring Viceroy of India, tendered an ovation at Bombay on his departure for England.... Collapse of the Panama Canal Scheme, the bill for government relief to the company being rejected by the French Chamber of Deputies.
- 16th.—Fight between negroes and white men at Wahalak, Miss., in which 12 whites and 150 negroes reported killed or wounded.
- 17th.—Manitoba Legislature summoned to meet on Jan. 31st.... Canon O'Meara, D.D., of Port Hope, died.... Terrible snow storm in Quebec Province.
- 18th.—Intelligence received at New York of the bombardment of Cape Hayti by four of Gen. Legitimé's men-of-war, a portion of the town being demolished and 200 persons killed.
- 19th.—News received from Samoa that the Samoans under Mataafa captured the coast of Atua, after a long battle with Tamasese's forces.
- 20th.—The Arabs driven from their trenches at Suakim by the combined British and Egyptian forces after a brilliant engagement; losses—British 4, Arabs 400.
- 21st.—Propeller *Lake Ontario*, of Windsor, Ont., burned at Charlotte, N.Y.... News received of the arrival of Stanley, with Emin Pasha, at Aruwimi.
- 22nd.—The Village of Tarport, Pa., wrecked by a terrific explosion of nitro-glycerine and several persons injured.
- 23rd.—Factory of L. A. Strobel & Co, Cincinnati, destroyed by fire.... Steamer *Kab Adams* burned near Memphis.
- 24th.—English Parliament prorogued.... Steamer *John H. Hanna* destroyed by fire near New Orleans, 20 or 30 fatalities.
- 25th.—Three acres of buildings burned in Cincinnati, loss \$300,000.... Explosion in Toronto Ammonia Works, one man killed and another seriously injured.
- 26th.—Judge Badgley died at Montreal, aged 88.... A. R. Dickey, Conservative, re-elected in Cumberland, N.S.
- 27th.—Thos. S. Brown, one of the leaders of the rebellion of 1837-8, died at Montreal.... Agriculture and Arts Association decide to hold next Provincial Exhibition at London, Ont.
- 28th.—Webb, the Brandon wife murderer, hanged.... Appointment of the Crofters Canadian Commission announced in London, Eng.
- 29th.—Mr. Gladstone 70 years old.... Mr. Alex. Murray, director of the Bank of Montreal, died at Montreal.
- 30th.—Steamer *Bristol* burned at Newport, R.I., loss \$300,000.
- 31st.—Reported that 2000 Christians died from cholera at Quilon, on the Malabar Coast.... Excitement in Southern California over reported discovery of new gold fields.



"WITHOUT doubt the greatest reformer of the age in the agricultural world has been the harvester and binder," was recently remarked by a prominent British colonial trade journal; and without doubt the expression of our foreign contemporary is correct. The self-binder has made cheap bread for "the million." In displacing the gang of men, necessary before its introduction for the gathering of the harvest, it has enabled the lone farmer to go out upon the cheap lands of the distant plain or prairie and to establish a grain farm at once; and thus vast sections of country that would probably have yet remained in desert wilderness have been brought under subjection, and made to produce wheat in quantities to profusely supply the world, while their general development has increased and quickened movements in all the channels of trade.—*Farm Implement News.*



ENQUIRER, MILTON.—*What is a good remedy for taked udder?*—A good remedy is said to be a mixture of two ounces of pulverized iodide of potassa and two ounces of lard. The udder is thoroughly rubbed with this.

JESSIE, CONCORD.—*Do you know of a cure for removing vermin from poultry?*—Take a bushel of air slacked lime, ten pounds of sulphur, and about four ounces of crude carbolic acid. Mix thoroughly and scatter all around in the poultry house.

T. S. GRANTON.—*Do you know a cure for cattle losing their eyesight?*—A writer in the *Southern Live Stock Journal* gives the following cure: Two cows of mine were afflicted in this way and I used pulverized alum and honey mixed together and put in the eyes. They are all right now.

HOUSEWIFE, GEORGETOWN.—*How can I make whitewash that will not rub off?*—Mix half a pailful of lime and water, ready to be put on the wall; then take one gill of flour and mix it with water sufficient to thicken it; then pour it while hot into the whitewash; stir it all well together, and it is ready for use.

C. TAYLOR, SEURIGHT.—*What is the cause of the season known as "Indian Summer?"*—There is no such season occurring regularly, but any few days of warm weather in the late fall is usually given this name. Like the "equinoctial storm," which may take place any time within a month of the equinox it is only a popular meteorological superstition, with no more foundation in fact than the influence of the moon upon the weather.

FARMER, FRONTENAC.—*Could you tell me what to do to prevent my ploughs from rusting?*—The following preparation applied to the surface will prevent any rusting of ploughs or any other metal surfaces: Melt one ounce of resin in a gill of linseed oil, and when hot mix with two quarts of kerosene oil. This can be kept on hand and applied in a moment with a brush or rag to the metal surface of any tool that is not going to be used for a few days, preventing any rust, and saving much vexation when the time comes to use it again.

HARRY PALMER, WEST GWILLIMBURY.—*Thanks for your cure for roup in fowls. Now can you give us a cure for gapes?*—Fanny Field, a well known writer on poultry topics, offers this plan for the treatment of gapes: To cure gape put the chicken in a box, tie a piece of coarse sacking or cheese cloth over the top, spread some fine air slacked lime on the cloth, and then jar it so that the fine lime will sift down among the chicks. The lime inhaled by the chicks affects the gape worms so that their hold on the windpipe is loosened, and also causes the chicks to sneeze and cough, and throw up the worms.

FARMER'S WIFE, WHITBY.—*What is a good way of preserving eggs?*—Eggs are preserved either in lime water or salt. For the former pour water on fresh unslacked lime, and let it stand until the milky turbidity subsides, then draw off the clear water from the top. Lay the eggs carefully in a jar and pour the clear lime water over them until it rather more than covers them. To pack in salt put a layer an inch deep in a box; set a layer of eggs, large end down into the salt, keeping them so far apart that they will not touch. Cover with salt, filling well between, and set in another layer of eggs, and so on until all are packed. Keep in a cool, dry place.

PETER WILLIAMSON, MONO MILLS.—*Have you heard of such a thing as a moisture proof glue?*—A writer in *Household* says it can be made by dissolving a pound of common glue in three pints of skim milk. The cement is stronger if powdered quicklime is added. A fire-proof cement for use around stove pipes,

fire-places and chimneys, where the danger from fire is greatest, can be made by mixing two parts of sifted fresh wood ashes, and one part of air-slacked lime, with sufficient boiled linseed oil to make a smooth paste. It hardens quickly to the solidity of a stone. This is my own discovery, and the cement applied around a stove pipe, where it comes through the roof in the ordinary sheet-iron shield, three years ago is now as firm as at first. It is water and fire proof and adheres to metal perfectly.



CONDUCTED BY J. B. HARRIS.

We regret that an unexpected demand upon our space, with an unusual pressure of other duties, have together had a depressing effect upon our *Employés Column* for January. As it is we content ourselves with publishing a copy of a photograph taken in the summer of 1888, just before the daily one o'clock signal at the Massey Works. The men have not all returned from lunch and dinner, but the picture conveys some idea of the number employed.

The wonderful progress of the art of photography is well illustrated by this picture, which is from the camera of Mr. J. Bruce, of 118 King Street West, Toronto. It is not an engraving, nor a lithograph, but a real photograph transferred from the original negative to a surface specially prepared. By a chemical process the superabundant parts are eliminated or eaten away, leaving each dot and line faithfully in relief. Among the very large number of faces in this picture there are many with features so well-defined that, although they are so minute, there is no difficulty in recognizing them.



GROUP OF EMPLOYÉS IN THE OUTER COURT, AT THE WORKS. (From a Photograph by Bruce, taken in July last.)



CONDUCTED BY AUNT TUTU.

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

Hints.

To wash windows use ammonia and borax instead of soap.

A WET TOWEL pinned over a stiff broom offers an easy means of cleaning oil cloths.

MANY housewives suffer with back ache and wonder what the cause can be. Often after ironing, baking, or dish washing the pain in the back is almost unbearable. We believe that many an ache can be saved by having your ironing board and also the sink and kitchen table, a little higher than usual, high enough so that you need not bend over them.

HERE is a way, girls, of increasing your pennies to dollars. Try it, and let the other young readers of the Household Corner learn of your success. We have known of very good results when our young friends have only had one penny to start business with. So if you are not as fortunate as Miss Rosa in having five cents, begin with what you have:---

Rosa Wiss, a young girl of Meridian, Miss., had five cents given her in joke as a birthday present. She bought a yard of calico with it and made a sun-bonnet, which she sold for forty cents. This she invested in more calico, made it up, sold the garments, and reinvested the capital until she had ten dollars. With this she bought potatoes, planted them, paid for the cultivation of her crop, for gathering and carting to town, and sold it for forty dollars clear profit.

Suggestions about the Lamps.—"Chimneys do break so; why they crack right in the daytime, when no one is near!" This is the cry of many housekeepers. Now, this is very true, but it is all due to unequal expansion, which may be remedied. Place your chimney in a tin pail (for protection) and immerse it entirely in your cook stove reservoir in the morning when the water is cold; let it remain throughout the entire day while the water is hottest, and the following night, during which it will slowly cool. When removed in the morning it will be found almost proof against cracking from heat or cold. Then, in cleaning, don't use soap suds, which is apt to make it more breakable, and in time less clean; but if badly smoked first remove the soot with a dry brush or swab, then place the chimney upright in your sink and pour over it, briskly, boiling hot water. If you wish the chimney to look especially nice, rub, after washing, with dry salt.

Place a little fancy-shaped piece of flannel in the lamp to catch the dust and dirt that is in the kerosene, and there will not be so much to stick to the wick.

Little Girls' Coat.—The garment here illustrated is made of terra-cotta cloth, with narrow black braid for trimming. A round waist forms the body, and to it is joined an ample skirt. The fulness of the skirt is collected in gathers all round the top, and falls about the figure in soft, full folds. A hem finishes its lower and front edges, and its joining to the waist is hidden under a line of braid that is arranged in a loop below the centre seam. Buttons and buttonholes close the fronts,

which are in narrow sack shape, and side-back gores and a centre seam render the sides and back graceful and clinging. A small pelerine is joined with the rolling collar to the neck, and falls a trifle over the tops of the arms; it is seamless at the back and fits smoothly without shoulder darts, while the collar is made with a centre seam. Three lines of braid follow the edges of the pelerine and collar. The sleeves fit like the coat style, but are widened to resemble the bell shape at the hand; three lines of braid trim them at the edges. A full rosette of braid is tacked over the end of either side-back seam, with stylish effect.



Braid may be added along the hems of the skirt, if desired, but the effect is best when only the body is trimmed. If preferred, a scroll or other simple pattern done in metal or worsted soutache may be substituted for the arrangement pictured. Both dark and light colors are fashionable in these coats, and when trimming is used braid will be the choice. Plain, shot, mixed, striped, plaid, corded, twilled, repped, and checked cloths, flannels and coatings will make up well in this way, and the waist will often be lined for extra warmth. Sometimes silk, velvet, or plush will be used for the pelerine and collar, as well as for cuff facings on the sleeves.

This style of coat is adapted for girls from two to seven years of age. For a girl five years old, it will require 4½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 3¾ yards 27 inches wide. Of 44 inch wide goods, two yards will suffice.

Screens.

The folding screen has become, of late, a much more common article of furniture than in former years, and once introduced into a room as an ornament, it soon comes to be regarded as indispensable.

The uses to which such a screen may be put are many. It will shut off draughts from grandma's warm chimney cor-

ner, or the light from the baby's crib, shield sensitive eyes from the dancing, flickering firelight, or hide an ugly back stairway, where it may be desirable that an entry door shall stand open for purposes of ventilation. It gives a sense of seclusion and quiet to the sick-room; it conceals from view the bedstead or the washstand, when one is unfortunate enough to live "all in one room," as in a boarding-house.

The variety in size, form, and style of decoration is practically endless. A screen may be square, or tall and narrow, with one panel, two, or many, and it may be covered with anything from the cheapest wallpaper to the richest of satin or velvet heavy with embroidery.

For a sick room nothing is more restful to the tired eyes and feverish imagination than a plain covering of silesia in some quiet neutral tint, with a narrow border of pretty chintz. We have seen such an one which has done duty for years and been pronounced "worth its weight in gold."

A very simple and pretty screen may be made by taking an old-fashioned clothes horse, and tacking a curtain of crimson or olive cotton-flannel to the upper bars, letting it hang in easy fulness to the floor.

The screen of which an illustration is here given, was made for a Children's Hospital.

The light frame (like that of a clothes-horse) has four leaves each with two uprights five feet two inches high, and three cross-pieces twenty inches long.

This was covered tightly with stout cotton cloth. A thin, sleazy cloth will soon hang loose in wrinkles. Dampen your cloth, as for ironing, before stretching it upon your frame, when dry it will be firm and tight like a drum-head.

The lower part of each leaf of this screen was then covered on each side with black and gold figured wall-paper, the width of the paper making the height of the dado.

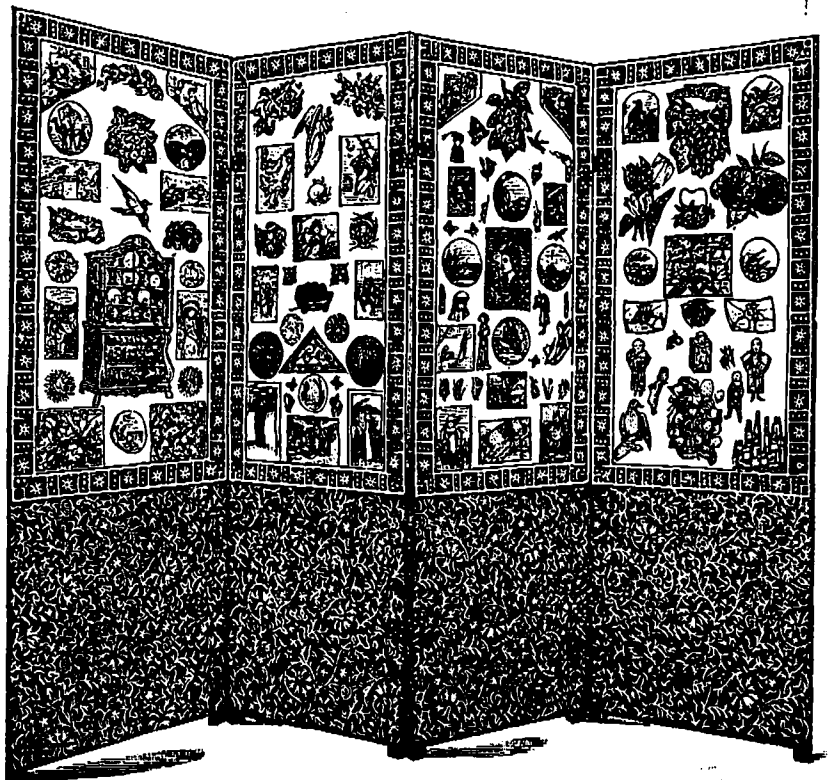
The upper part was papered with common light brown wrapping-paper, with a narrow black and gold border, thus forming a tall, narrow panel ready for decoration. On this panel were pasted pictures cut out from old Christmas and Easter cards, advertising circulars and calendars, pictures of fruit soaked off from old tin cans, and flowers from florist's catalogue, each picture being in the brightest and most diversified colors, and many of them real little art treasures. The illustration gives the form only; the beauty lies in the coloring.

For pictures on paper, flour paste or gum tragacanth may be used; for thick card-board, mucilage is better.

When the four panels were thoroughly dry, after being decorated, they were hinged together with short strips of black carpet binding, two strips being placed about eight or ten inches from the top, and two more at the same distance from the bottom; each strip passing from the outer side of one panel to the under side of the adjoining panel, thus making a reversible hinge, such as may be seen in any old-fashioned clothes-horse.

Each end of the binding was fastened to the frame with four small brass-headed tacks.—*Youth's Companion*.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED will furnish many suitable pictures for such a screen.



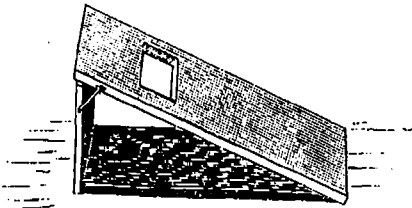


Strange but True.

TAKE a piece of paper and upon it put in figures your age in years, dropping months, weeks, and days. Multiply it by 2, add to the result obtained the figures 3776, then add 2, and then divide by 2. Subtract from the result obtained the number of your years on earth, and see if you do not obtain figures that you will not be likely to forget.

A Bean-Bag Game.

TAKE a piece of board three feet in length, and near one end cut a hole five inches square. At the same end fasten, by means of two hinges, another piece of board ten inches in



height, and of the same width as the first board. This short piece is intended as a support to raise up one end of the long board, and keep it in an inclined position, as the other end should rest on the floor.

Fasten a long hook on the outside edge of the support, near enough to the top to allow the hook to reach across to the long board, where it should be made fast by a screw-eye placed in position for the purpose, as shown above.

Attach another hook and screw-eye on the corresponding opposite sides of the boards, so that when in use the bean board may be firmly fixed in place; and when put away the hooks can be unlocked, and the support shut up flat against the longer board. When the board is finished, give it a coat of bright red paint, and set it away until it is perfectly dry.

Make ten bean-bags of strong cloth, green or blue, light or dark, or some of the bags of one color, and some of another. Pour a half pint of beans into each bag. Then make one bag of bright yellow twice the usual size. Into this mammoth pour a whole pint of beans. As a receptacle for the bags, take any small basket you may happen to have; the common, wooden-fruit-basket answers



the purpose, and looks very gay and pretty when painted or stained the same color as the board, with a bow of bright ribbon tied on one side of the handle.

HOW TO PLAY THE GAME.

At one end of the parlor or hall (or grass-plot—if the game is played out of doors) is placed the inclined bean-board. Standing at a suitable distance away—the farther from the board, the more fun—the players each in turn throw the bean-bags one at a time towards the hole.

A score is kept, and if ten ordinary bags fall through the hole it counts one hundred, or ten for each bag; and if the "mammoth" is thrown through the square opening, it adds twenty, making one hundred and twenty, the highest possible score.

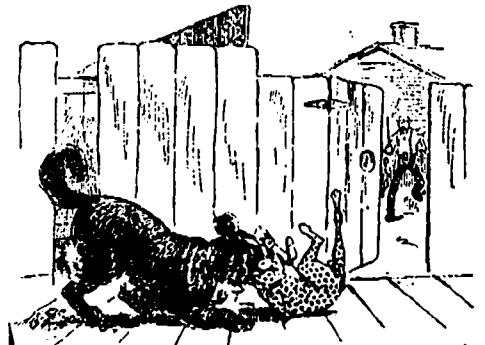
Should any of the bags remain on the board, they count five points apiece, but for each bag that is thrown upon, or falls to, the floor, five points are subtracted. The "mammoth" counts double in each case.

The basket containing the bags is held by some one standing by the side of the person playing, so the bags may be convenient, and easily reached, and the player need not be burdened with the weight of extra bags.

One charm of this game is, that all the family can join in the sport, and few or many may take part in it. The game may furnish a pleasant pastime for the home circle, and it can form a portion of the entertainment for a garden party.—*Youth's Companion.*



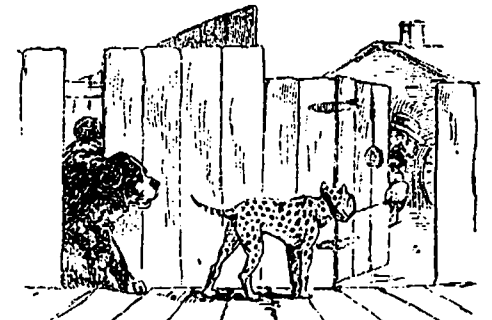
The Stableman's Successful Ruse.



A Newfoundland dog finds a coach dog he can whip and whips him.



Which enrages the stableman, who paints a bull dog to resemble his pet.



And exposes the bull dog to a rash attack from the enemy.



With flattering results.

An eel lays 9,000,000 eggs. A good eel of egg laying that. The highest form of vegetable life is found on mountain tops.

No wonder the minutes fly so fast. They are making up time.

Raining cats and dogs is surely no worse than hailing strangers.

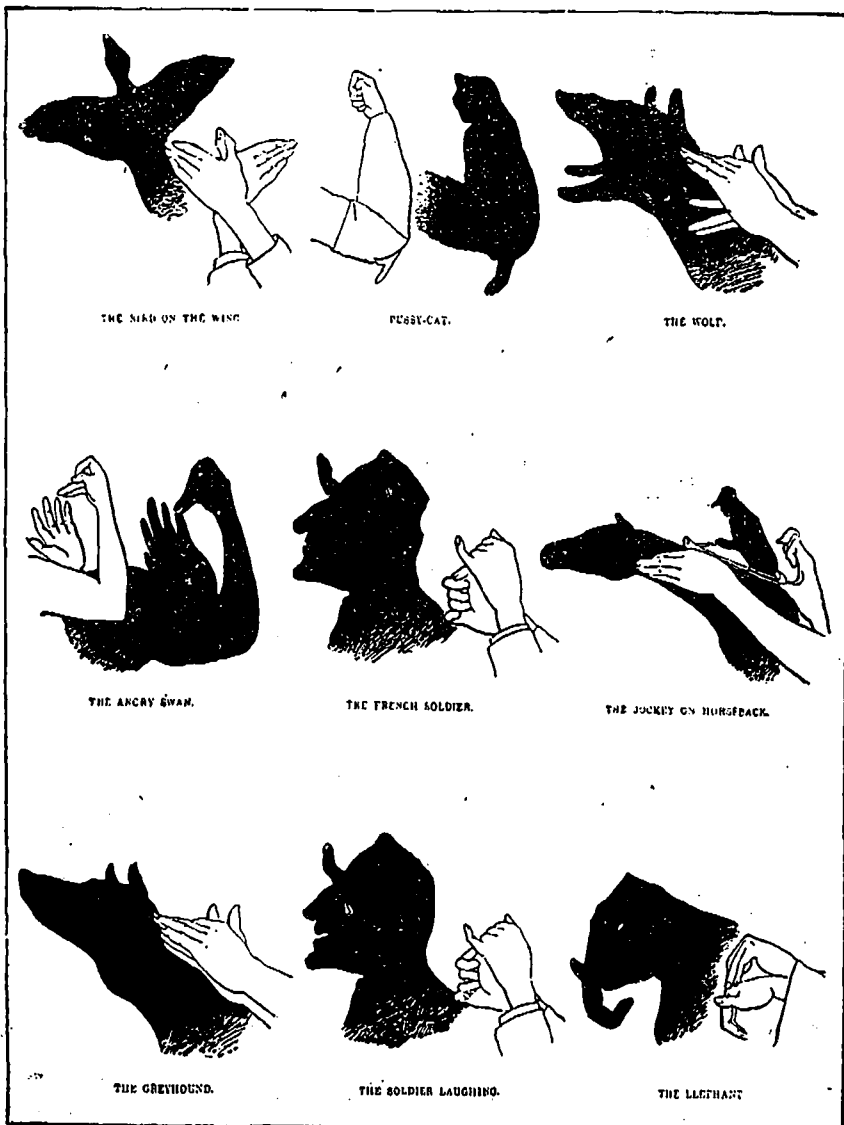
Curiously enough, women with double chins are not inclined to be great talkers.

A pretty girl don't object to reflections on herself when they come from a looking-glass.

Marriageable men are beginning to suspect that a striking face often goes with a striking disposition.

When you hear a man asking his neighbors, "Is marriage a failure?" you can generally set it down as pretty sure that his marriage was.

The law is like an hotel. It is open to all who have money. You may go in, but you cannot get out unless you leave some of your money behind you.



Poverty is like a love affair—a good joke after it is over.

Teacher: What is velocity?—Boy: Velocity is what a man puts down a hot plate with.

The sting of the honey-bee is recommended as a sure cure for rheumatism. There can be no doubt of its efficacy. No sooner is the remedy applied than the sufferer skips out, and the rheumatism skips just as fast as he does.

Little Margery, playing with her kitten, got a rather severe scratch from the animal. Her lip trembled for an instant, and then she assumed the commanding attitude and expression that her mother had assumed under somewhat similar circumstances toward her, and extending her hand said sternly: "Titty, dive me dat pin!"

Teacher: Now remember, Robert, that a horse's front legs, as you call them, are his fore legs. Will you try to?—Bobby: Yessin.—Teacher: That's a good boy. Now, before I dismiss you, tell me again how many legs a horse has?—Bobby (promptly): Six legs.—Teacher: Six? How do you make that out, Robert?—Bobby: The two legs what's his hind legs and the fore legs what's his front legs is six legs.—*Et.*

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

There are lots of things a woman can do that a man cannot. She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She is as cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's heads before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base-ball pitcher.

She can say "No," and stick to it for a time. She may also say "No" in such a low voice that it means "Yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can go to church and afterwards tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give you a faint idea of what the text was.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can—but what's the use? A woman can do anything or everything, and do it well.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

She can drive a man crazy for twenty-four hours, and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.—*Et.*



CONDUCTED BY R. HARMER.

AUSTRALIA.—We quote from our correspondent's letter under date of November 29th, 1888.

The prospects of a good harvest in the colonies of Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia were excellent, but a change gradually set in and we are now experiencing the greatest disasters among stock and crops imaginable, brought about by a drought, which has now lasted longer than any we have ever had the misfortune to experience in the history of the colonies. Sheep and cattle are dying by thousands—many farmers having killed 3,000 sheep to save the balance of their flocks, and the crops are in most parts total failures, and the little that will be fit for cutting will yield but a small return indeed.

Our markets have rushed up to enormous figures—hay (made from wheat or oats cut green), \$50 per ton; oats, \$1 per bushel; flour, \$5 per 100 lbs.; beef and pork, 25 cents per lb.; butter, 50 cents per lb.

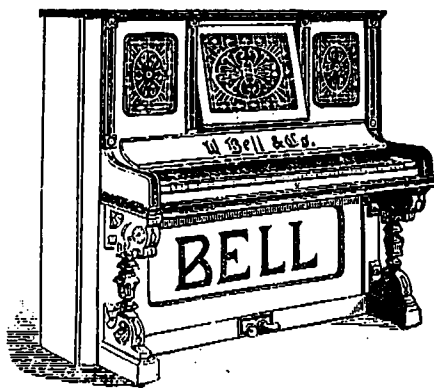
We have not space to comment upon this deplorable state of affairs further than that Canadian farmers need fear no competition from Australia during the next eighteen months.

The Toronto Binder in open field trials has been awarded four first prizes in competition with the Hornsby, McCormick, Deering, Woods, and Buckeye.

NEW ZEALAND.—Our correspondent's letter, dated Nov. 29th, 1888, states that the prospects for harvesting a heavy crop continue good, and that their surplus will all be required by their Australian neighbors. The farmers are jubilant over the prospects and the prices they are likely to obtain.

"BELL" PIANOS,

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



"BELL" ORGANS,

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

Every Instrument Guaranteed.

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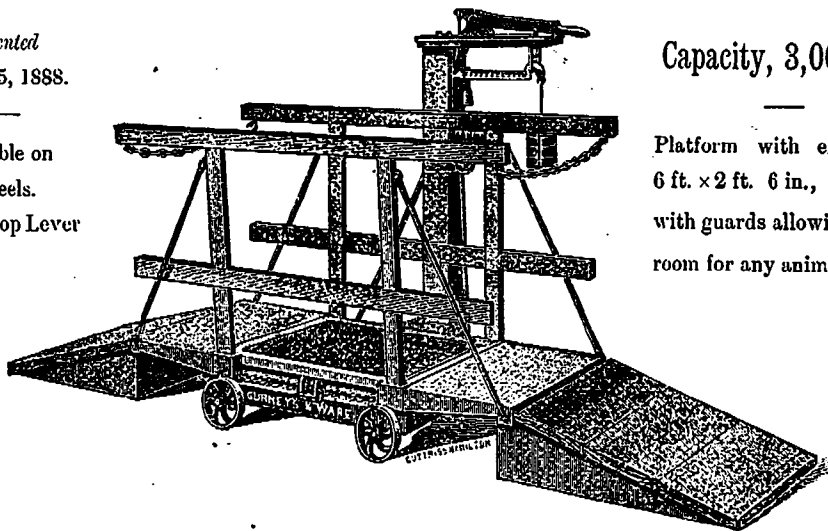
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Patented April 25, 1888.

Portable on Wheels. With Drop Lever



Capacity, 3,000 lbs.

Platform with extensions 6 ft. x 2 ft. 6 in., provided with guards allowing ample room for any animal.

Designed especially to meet the wants of Farmers and Stock Raisers.

Made very strong, of the best material and finish. So constructed that Extensions and Guards can be PRICE uncoupled when desired, and Scale used without them. MODERATE. See this Scale at your nearest Hardware Merchant, or write direct to Makers.

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Sample Copy with Premium List Free.

Address,—CHAS. STARK, 50 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, ONT.

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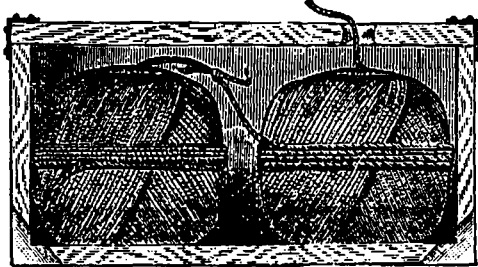
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BINDER TWINE,**

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.



Buy only that manufactured by the

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The Largest and Most Experienced Manufacturers in the Dominion.

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**"RED CAP" Brand of
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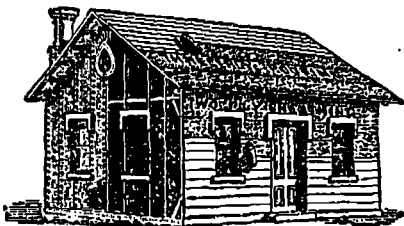
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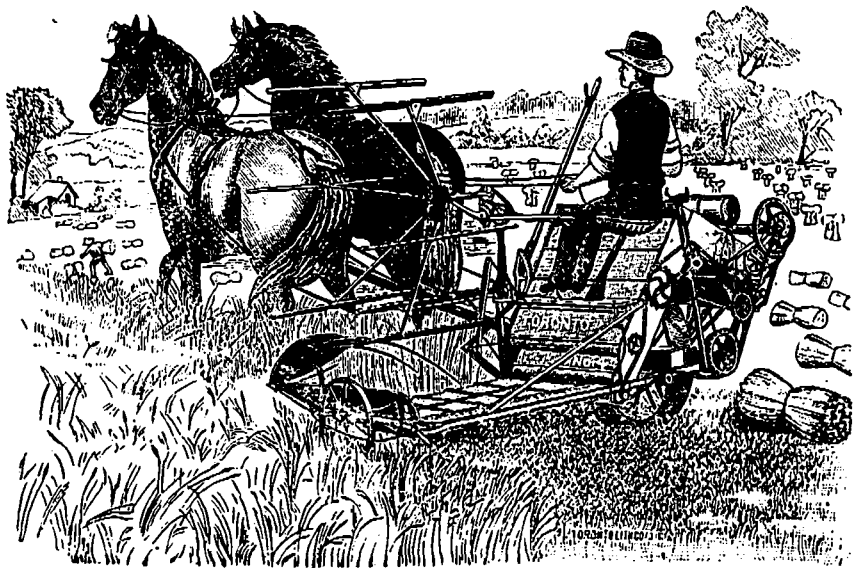


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LIGHT
BINDER**

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ORDERING A "TORONTO?" Nothing. That is just what the most sensible farmers are going to do. Without possibility of contradiction it is the simplest, lightest-running, most easily operated, the longest lived, the strongest, and the most popular Self-Binding Harvester that can be found to-day on the market of the world.

LETTER FROM HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY OF INDIA.

Herewith is a letter (in part fac-simile) from his Excellency the Marquis of Lansdowne, the newly-appointed Viceroy of India, written to H. A. Massey, Esq. President of the Massey M'f'g Co.



*Bowood
Cable.*

Dear Mr. Massey 18th Sept. 1888

I think it may interest you to hear from me my impressions as to the success of the Self-Binder supplied to me two or three years ago by your firm.

I had the pleasure of seeing it cutting a piece of wheat on my own farm here, and I was delighted with the way in which the work was done. I have, however, now very little arable land upon this farm, as I have laid the whole of it down in grass, finding that, in the face of the competition of India and North America (which will no doubt be increased as regards the latter, by the splendid harvests which are being gathered in the North-West), wheat growing on our light soil has ceased to be profitable.

Just as I was regretting that I should have no more work for your Binder to do, I received a letter from one of my oldest friends, a large landowner, asking me some questions as to our Canadian implements, and expressing a wish to give them a trial.

I have made him a present of my Binder, which arrived at his place in time for the end of the harvest, and I give you the following extract from a letter which I have just received from him:

"The Binder arrived the day before yesterday, and A. B. and I walked out to see its performance in a field of barley. The barley was full of weeds and trash, so much so that the base of each sheaf was twice as thick across as the head. The machine worked excellently; the twine broke once when we were looking on, but it was soon put right. It altogether worked better than a ——— machine, which I was looking at the week before last, and which missed binding one out of every five sheaves."

In a subsequent note the same gentleman, Lord de Vesce, says:—

"The Binder is doing admirably under difficult circumstances."

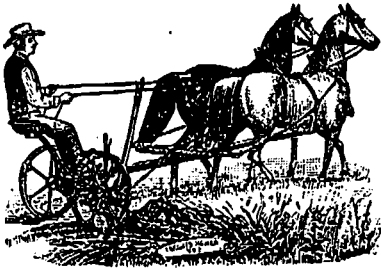
The extraordinary dampness of the present season has led to a great growth of weeds with all white crops.

*We often think of
the pleasant days which we
spent at Toronto. Believe me
dear Mr. Massey
yours truly
Lansdowne*

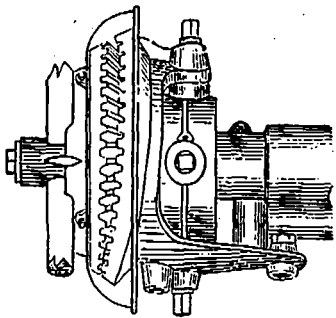
THE TORONTO MOWER

THE MONARCH OF THE MEADOW.

TRIED AND TRUE.



Two small bevel gears about the size and shape of a common dinner plate form the entire power for this wonderful machine. There has never been anything like it, and it is not likely there ever will be. It converts rotary direct into reciprocating motion, and is the only machine or contrivance that has ever successfully accomplished this. A shield about the size of a dinner plate is sufficient to cover the gear, consisting simply of a malleable ring two or three inches wide placed on the divider wheel. This single pair of gears, when properly set, are almost incapable of wear, require no attention, and are always in readiness. One of the gear wheels revolves slowly on its axis and the other gear opposite rotates around this revolving wheel, or rather gyrates. Eleven of the teeth of each of these gear wheels are always in contact. They do not wear, because they do not act in the manner of cog gear, sliding in and out on each other, with the entire strain of the machine at times thrown upon one single tooth, but eleven teeth of each being constantly in gear, and one wheel rotating round the other, that is, travelling with it, one being an external and the other an internal bevel. The two bevels fitting each other, work in harmony and unison with each other, without shock and without noise.



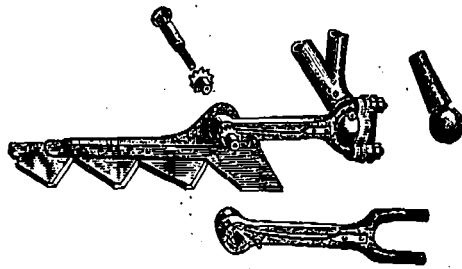
This can truly be said to be a noiseless operating machine.

This gear has been the wonder and admiration of the mechanical world. Thousands have examined it, but few have understood its simplicity. The short route to the work to be accomplished is a puzzle to the mechanics of the day.

From the two wheels, revolving around together, one of them making a revolution every eight feet travelled by the machine, to the knife receiving

twenty-two double vibrations during the same period of time, has been a stunner.

When this machine was first placed upon the market, now 13 years ago, the knowing ones shook their heads and talked of the new-fangled machine that must soon be laid away. Our competitors said, "It is a very pretty thing, noiseless and nice, but it cannot last." But after a period of 13 years' constant use of thousands upon thousands in Canadian fields, having mowed the grass in every civilized country, submitted to the most severe tests that mowing machinery was ever submitted to, and after the constant increasing demand for these machines (and there is not one of the machines where any care or attention was given to it whatever, but what is in use to-day) they admit what it says in unmistakable words, "I have come to stay."



In turning the machine in and out of gear, these two small bevel gears are removed sufficiently to free the cogs from contact. The machine then travels over the road as easily as an ordinary cart, no part of the gear working or wearing. While it is in this position the machine is capable of transportation around the world as long as a single pair of horses could travel their natural lives, yet the gears would not have been affected in the least, being thoroughly protected from mud or dirt, after having been freed from contact. The transportation of the machine over rough, muddy, or dusty roads is as free from difficulty as that of driving an ordinary wagon.

This machine might be properly called a sulky mower. The driving wheels are very wide apart. The driver rides on a fine, easy spring seat, located in the centre between the drive wheels, and rides as on a sulky.

In fact, so finished is the Toronto Mower for work and pleasure, that it is unnecessary to unhitch the team in the field, as it is quite comfortable and easy to drive to and from dinner or supper.

Another great feature of this wonderful machine is, the sickle will run in its elevated position. It is unnecessary to stop the knives to fold the finger bar or to raise it from a horizontal position to a vertical position, or to raise it to pass over obstructions, as stumps or trees, etc. The knife being in operation makes no difference.

Again, another great feature of this machine is that there is no pitman at the corner of the machine to come in contact with stones, stumps, and other obstructions. The driving mechanism is connected to the knife heel. The main shoe covers this connection and everything is safely protected.

The pitman connections are vastly superior to anything yet invented, being "ball and socket."

FARMER'S POCKET COMPANION.

Just out. Everybody wants one!

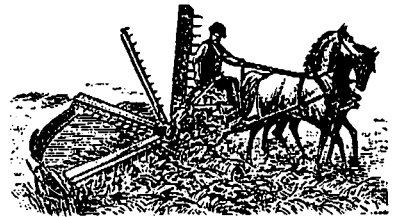
The Massey Manufacturing Co. have just issued a splendid **POCKET COMPANION** for 1889. It comprises a wallet, 3½ × 6½ inches, with Pocket, Page for Erasable Memoranda, and with a handsome folding cover lithographed in colors. There are 25 blank ruled pages for notes, cash accounts, etc.; several pages of valuable legal information, by consulting which the farmer may guard himself against sharp games, swindlers, etc.; also a few pages describing the machines manufactured by the Massey Co., beautified by fine wood engravings.

To farmers who send us their names and addresses on a post card, stating they expect to buy a Binder, Reaper, Mower, or Rake for next season (no matter of whose make), we will send a copy **FREE**. To all others, 10 cents each by mail.

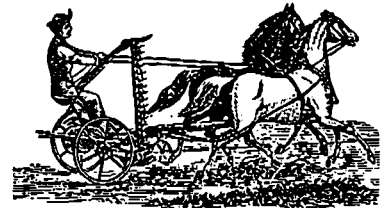
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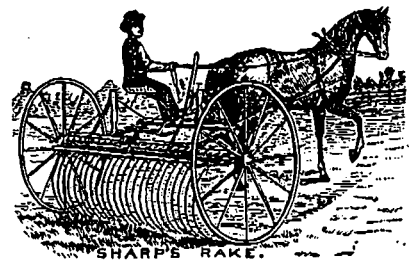
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THE FAMOUS MASSEY MOWER.



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The thousands upon thousands of them now in use is advertisement enough. You need not go far to see a sample. A child can operate it by hand or foot. It is the simplest, easiest operated, lightest and best hay or stubble rake ever invented.



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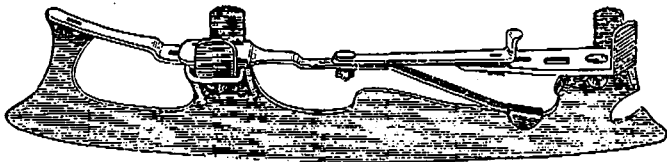
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We also offer Snow Shoes, Sleighs, Coasters, and Toboggans, for description of which and terms see Premium List.



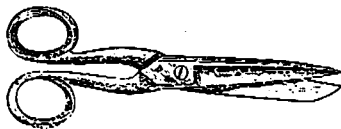
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One pair, good, plain cutting scissors, 6 inches long (German make). This is a bargain.

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One pair, extra quality, nickel-plated, 6 inches long.

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Premium No. 110.—Jack-Knife.



A buff-handled, 3 1/2 inch, two-bladed Jack Knife (genuine "Rogers"), extra strong, iron lined. Splendid knife.

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An Independent Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.



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PROP. SCRUB Editor.
CHAS. MORRISON Associate Editor and Business Manager.

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