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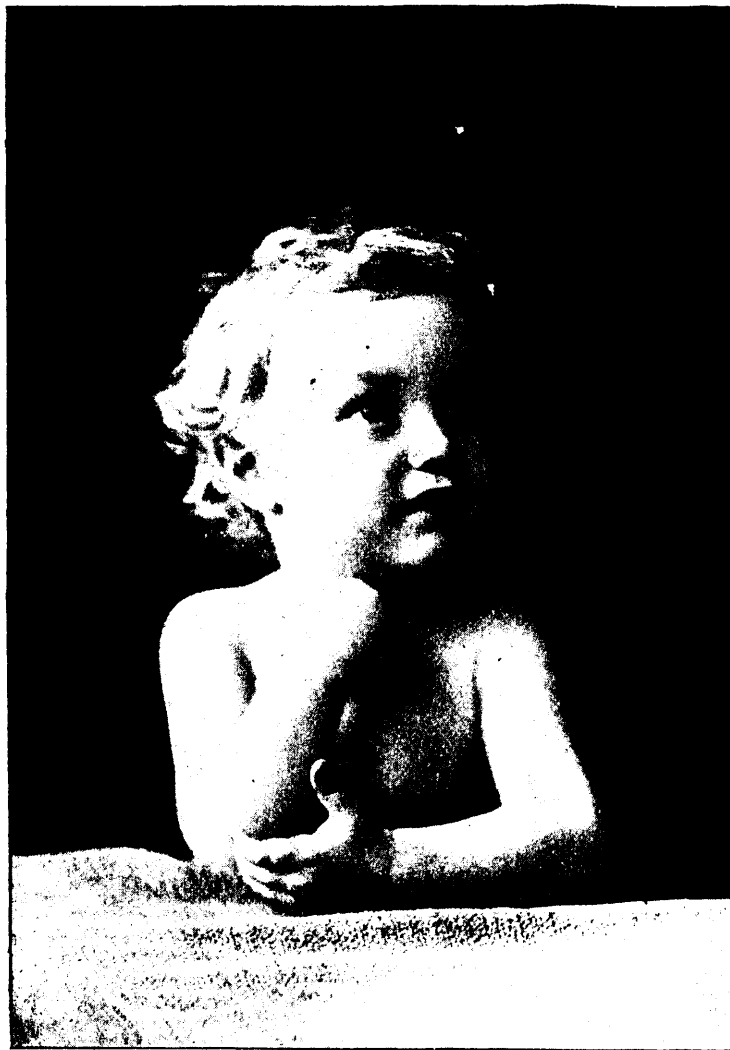
# Massey - Harris Illustrated

A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

New Series Vol. I., No. 3.

MAY-JUNE, 1897.

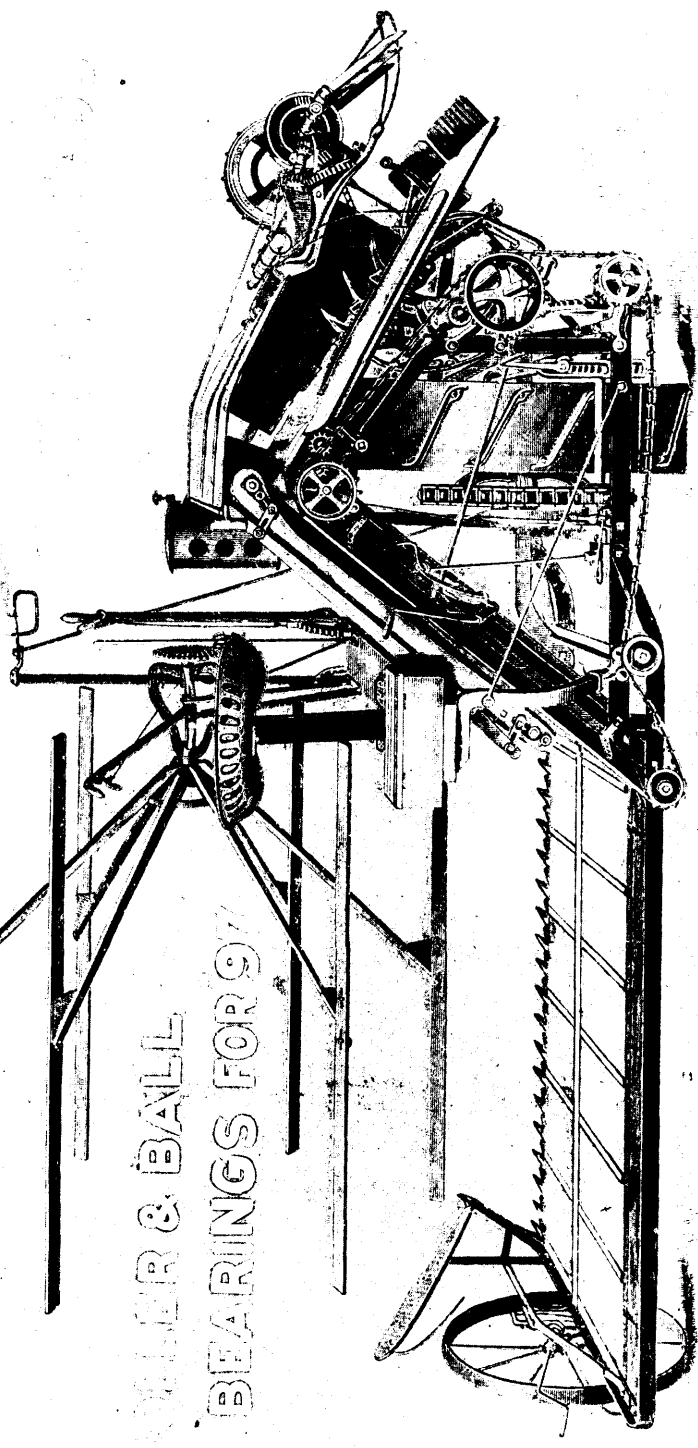
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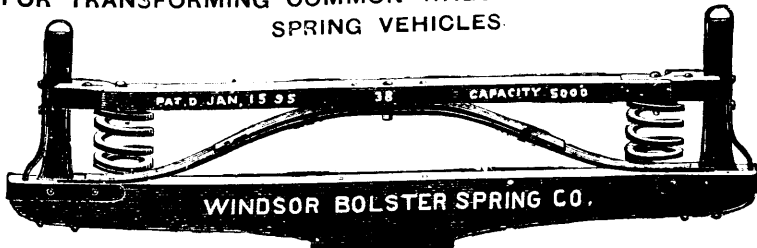
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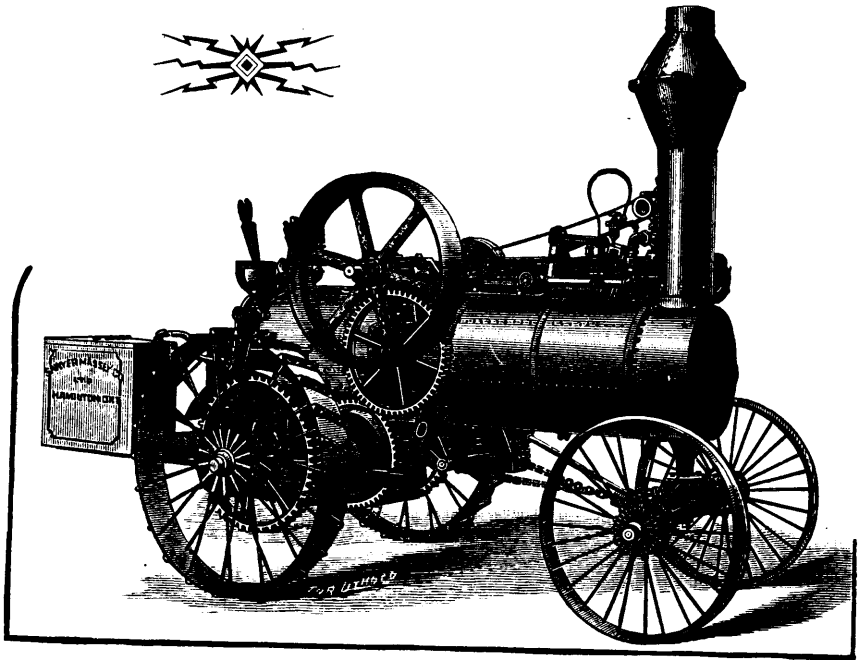
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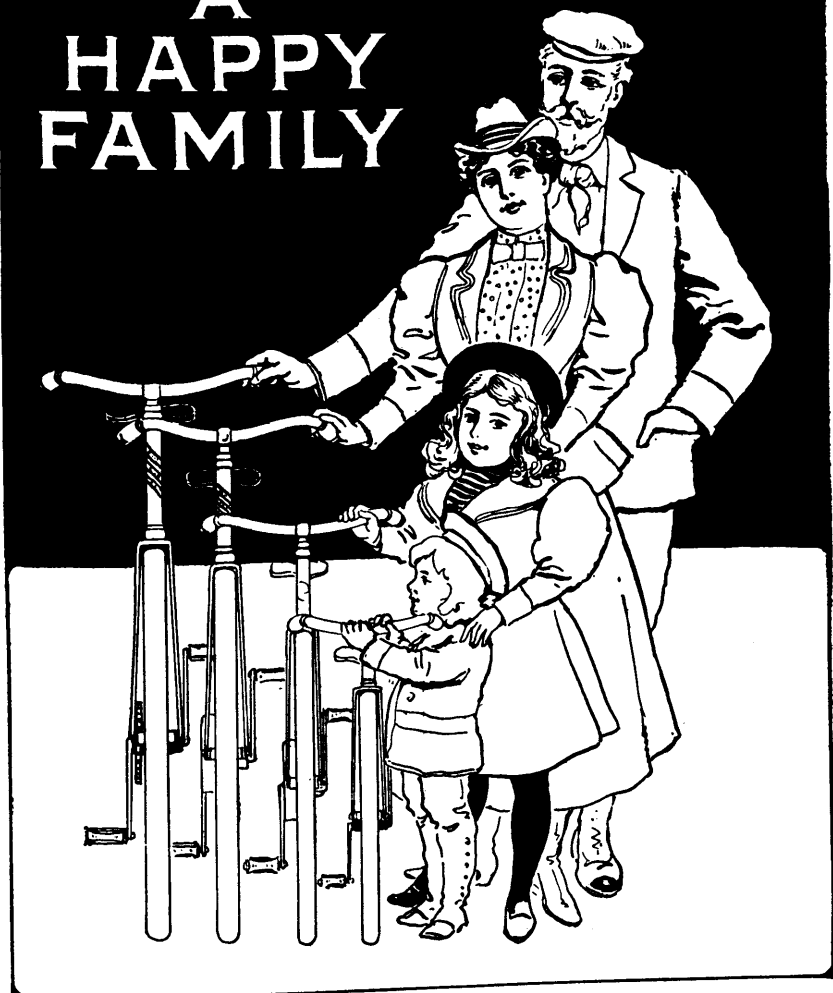
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IS HAPPY, NOT MERELY BECAUSE THEY RIDE

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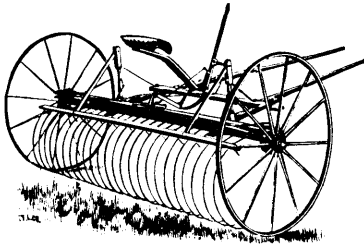
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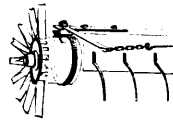
# Haying Time



**W**ILL soon be at hand. In view of the prospects of heavy grass and clover crops, can you afford to take chances with the old rake? Good haying weather won't wait for old tools to be patched up. Look into this matter now, and if you need a new Rake, don't leave ordering till the day you want to use it. One of these famous tools will surely please you.

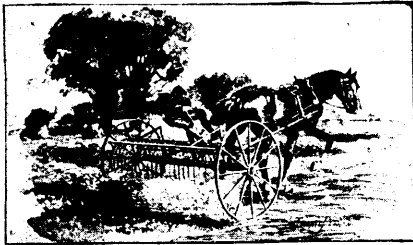


**SHARP'S  
HAY  
RAKE.**

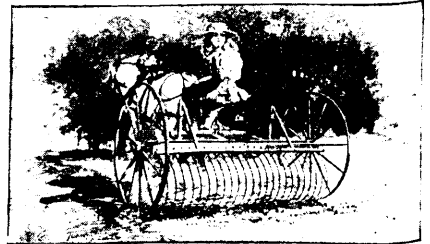


### 3 STYLES OF HAY RAKES

are made by MASSEY-HARRIS CO. LTD., suited to various conditions of crops, and different sections of country—"Sharp's," "Ithaca," and "Tiger." The SHARP'S RAKE continues to maintain its splendid reputation for simplicity and good workmanship. The simple Dumping Mechanism is illustrated above.



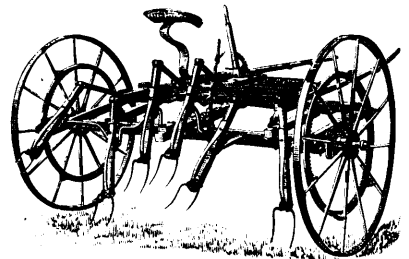
**MASSEY-HARRIS ITHACA RAKE.**



**MASSEY-HARRIS TIGER RAKE.**



The advantage of a Hay Tedder is not appreciated by the majority of farmers. Those who have used them a season, however, could not be persuaded to be without one. In a wet haying season they will save a crop which would otherwise be completely lost. In any hay harvest their use greatly enhances the quality and value of the crop.



**MASSEY-HARRIS HAY TEDDER.**

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# Massey-Harris Illustrated

A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

New Series Vol. I., No. 3.

MAY-JUNE, 1897.

[Whole Series, Vol. XV., No. 3.]

## AROUND THE WORLD



THE QUEEN AND THE BEGGAR.

**T**HE personal popularity of the Queen is not confined to her own subjects or to the high and mighty among foreigners. Wherever Her Ma-

jesty goes within or without her own dominions, she invariably leaves behind her many enthusiastic friends among the poorer classes, particularly among





THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT NICE.

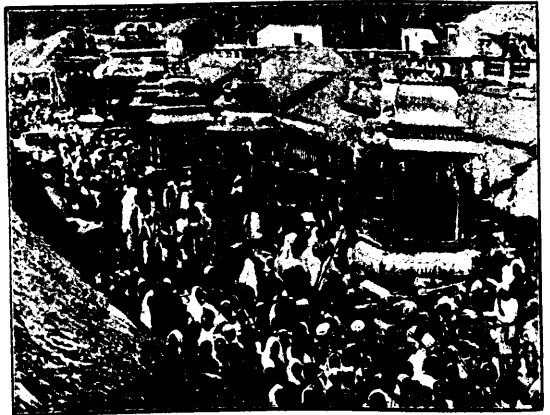
the aged or afflicted, who have at all times appealed strongly to the tender heart of Victoria the Good. Our opening illustration depicts a little incident that occurred during Her Majesty's recent sojourn in the south of France.

As the Queen was returning in her carriage from Saint-Jean, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Countess of Antrim, Her Majesty suddenly found herself a competitor in an impromptu race. An aged beggar, who frequents the Villefranche road in a rickety little vehicle, drawn by a pair of dogs, has frequently been the recipient of the Queen's largess. On this occasion, having already received a coin from Her Majesty, he seems to have been anxious to afford his royal patroness some small entertainment in return for her charity, and accordingly set his dogs to race the royal carriage. For a space the dogs outstripped the horses, much to the amusement of the Queen, who eventually bestowed another coin on the old man.

Our next illustration presents Her Majesty alighting from the train upon her arrival at Nice in the presence of the local magnates. It has never been our lot to see a picture of Her Majesty "truer to life" than this. In the kindly face; in the small matronly form, in spite of advanced age, still bearing with queenly dignity the responsibilities and cares of her position; in the slight leaning for support on the arm of the faithful servitor and on the cane she carries: we have a likeness of the "queenly woman" and the "womanly queen" who reigns over us far more beautiful and far more touching than any that represent her in the splendour of State robes and surroundings.

The oriental scene, reproduced herewith, represents only in small degree the great pomp and elaborate ritual with which the Hindus celebrate a religious festival known as the "Mokamakam." This festival takes place but once every twelve years, and therefore forms an occasion

for the assembling of devout Hindus in far greater numbers than on any other festival. In the town through which the procession is passing, are a number of fine temples and sacred tanks; one of the tanks has the reputation of being so very sacred that every twelve years the water acquires an efficacious power, and all who bathe in it are cleansed from



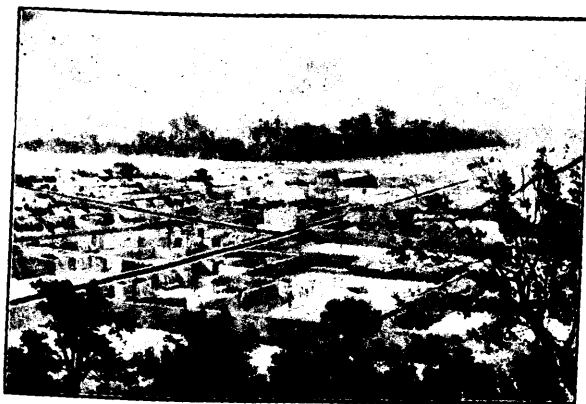
PROCESSION IN THE HINDU FESTIVAL 'MOKAMAKAM.'

every corporeal and spiritual impurity. Naturally in this year of plague and famine in India, the Hindu devotees

a number of huge compounds of oblong shape, surrounded by walls made of red mud. At the top of these compounds there is usually a covered space within which the hideous rites of Benin's religion are performed. In the road leading past the compounds stood crucifixion-trees, on which the remains of victims could still be seen."

It goes against the grain with every Briton to think that an English battle ship had its place, as is seen in our next illustration, among those that shelled the town of Canea, whose people had risen to throw off the yoke of the accursed Mussulman massacre-monger.

It was a critical moment and that England's Premier took the course he did as being the lesser of two evils can well be believed, but how much more in consonance with every British sentiment would it have been had the destructive shells from the Barfield's well-handled



VIEW OF BENIN FROM ONE OF THE SACRIFICE-TREES.

have assembled in even greater numbers than ever.

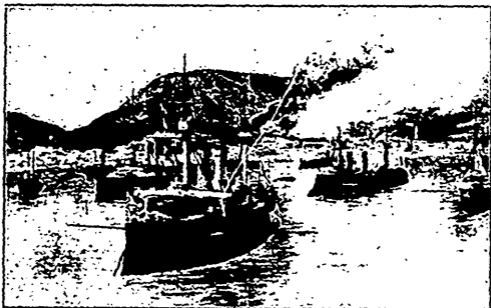
Most of our readers will have heard of the expedition which England sent out a few months ago to inflict punishment upon the Chief of Benin, a dusky sovereign of a section of North-West Africa, who last year treacherously massacred a small body of Englishmen and their 200 native servants, who had gone on a peaceful mission to the Chief. The punitive expedition was eminently successful. It fought its way through jungle, swamps and bush, and coming to Benin, summary vengeance was meted out to one of the most barbarous savages to be found even in the dark continent. One who was with the expedition writes:

"Benin is indeed a city of blood, each compound having its pit full of dead and dying. Human sacrifices were strewn about on every hand, and our road was lined on each side with more than sixty victims hanging on the great crucifixion-trees. A large open space served as the native burial-place. Here the bodies were left to decompose in the sun."

"The city consists of



THE GOLGOTHA, BENIN.



AUSTRIAN GUN BOAT BRITISH BATTLESHIP "BARFLEET" FRENCH CRUISER "SIGHEE"  
 RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP "NICOLAI" ITALIAN CRUISER "ETNA"  
 THE EASTERN CRISIS SCENE AT CANEA, CRETE. PART OF THE TOWN ON PIRG.

guns found target in the Sultan's palace at Constantinople, instead of in the homes and public buildings of a people striving for that freedom so dear to the heart of a Briton.

News, whose artist made the sketch "on the spot" from which our re-production is taken, says:

"Early on the following morning a large force of Christian insurgents took



THE STORMING OF THE BLOCKHOUSE AT MALAXA BY THE CHRISTIAN INSURGENTS.

Our next illustration depicts a body of Christian insurgents storming a Turkish blockhouse. *The Illustrated London*

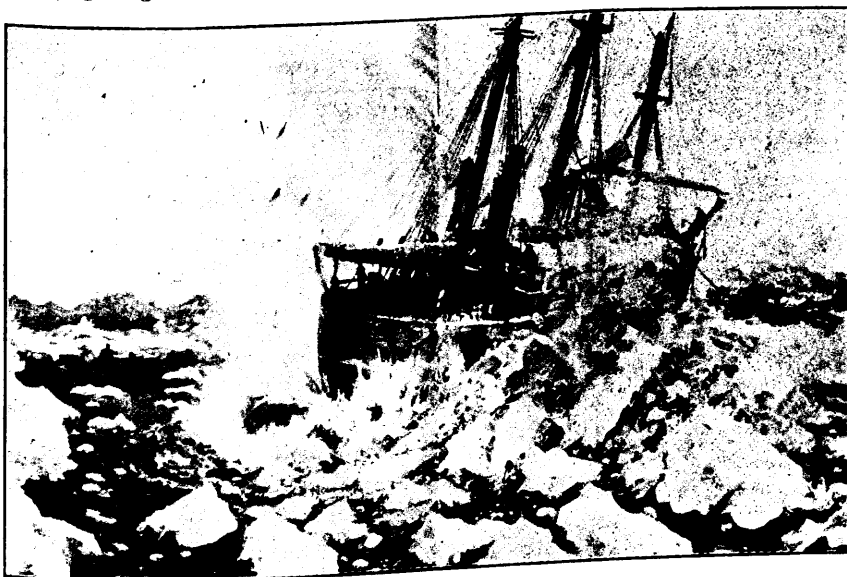
up its position, with three guns, for an attack upon the Turkish blockhouse at Malaxa, a village near Canea. After

prolonged artillery firing, the insurgents advanced on the blockhouse. The Turkish garrison eventually raised a white flag, and the Christians entered the blockhouse with a rush. The first of the insurgents to enter the fort was the young Cretan, Manos, who was recently an undergraduate at Oxford, and is now the leader of a band of young patriots. Thanks to his intervention, the lives of most of the garrison were spared, forty-three prisoners being taken to Kontopulo by the insurgents when their bombardment by the war-ships of the Powers obliged them to evacuate the blockhouse.

As we write, the news comes to hand that the Græco-Turkish war is "virtually over"; that Greece, brave little Greece, fighting the cause of humanity

the cross which should be to the terrorised Christians in all parts of the Ottoman Empire the symbol of their deliverance from the sword of their fanatical persecutor. But alas, the military leadership of the cause of the Christian was in the hands of a military tyro; that of the Turk in the hands of a scarred veteran versed in all the intricacies of military science. And Christian Greece pays tribute to the heathen Turk; and the other Christian powers keep tally!

The "average man," with his limited knowledge of scientific subjects may not be able to grasp the full significance of each detail in the different discoveries made by Dr. Nansen on his voyage in northerly latitudes from which he recently returned; the "average man" has,



An "Interesting" Incident in Dr. Nansen's Polar Expedition. Releasing the "Fram" from the pressure of the surrounding ice. "A mine was laid under the ice and then exploded by electricity."

and freedom, is vanquished and must bow the knee to the blood-gorged Mussulman monarch, whose very existence is a perpetual menace to the peace of Europe, and no less a stigma on the powers of that continent; and, almost saddest thought of all, Greece's humiliation has been largely, if not entirely, brought about by the utter incompetence of her army's royal commander, the Crown Prince Constantine, whose generalship appears to have been of an order hardly high enough to warrant him being entrusted to marshal the forces of a 'Varsity football "eleven." Brave men by the thousand were behind him ready to do his bidding; anxious only, even if the cost were their lives, to lower the crescent flag of the oppressor and raise triumphantly that of

in fact, but a very vague idea of the advantage to be gained when the North Pole is reached. He knows, however, that in some way it will be of immense benefit to science—for scientists and would-be-scientists tell him so; and he also knows that all attempts to reach the Pole are attended by great danger to the explorers; and, the "average man," being very human, has a warm admiration for his fellow-creature who endangers his life in the furtherance of "a cause." It is this instinctive desire to pay tribute to pluck and daring rather than any adequate appreciation of the merit of his discoveries, that has won Dr. Nansen the popularity of "the people," no less than the gratitude of men of science.



## THE ART OF MOVING PHOTOGRAPHY.

**T**HE art of moving photography had its origin, or, to speak more strictly, its first suggestion, in that ingenious little toy known as the zootrope, which enjoyed such great popularity some thirty or forty years ago. This, it will be remembered, consisted of a

distance between the figures being equal to the distance between the slots. As the cylinder was rotated, the figures appeared to be in motion. The illusion is explained by the fact that the eye is capable of receiving and recording only a given number of impressions in a given time, and if the successive pictures are



"ZOOTROPE" PICTURES OF A BLANKET COURT-MARTIAL.

cardboard cylinder about a foot in diameter, which was rotated on a vertical axis and contained a series of vertical slots cut in its periphery. A strip of paper, on which were printed a series of moving figures, each one in a different position from its predecessor, was coiled around the inside of the cylinder just below the line of slots or peep holes, the

presented to the eye too fast for their individual apprehension, they will blend, as it were, and produce on the mind the impression of a single picture.

The zootrope had its day, and ultimately passed out of favor; but its very crude and imperfect moving pictures were full of suggestiveness. The optical laws by which the results were obtained, in

course of time attracted the attention of experimentalists in the then youthful art of photography. About ten years ago the French scientist, Marey, while at work on a flying machine, obtained photographs of birds in motion by means of a number of cameras, whose shutters were operated by the wings of the birds as they flew across the room. The idea was then taken up and further developed by Dr. Muybridge, of Philadelphia. At an earlier day than this, Mr. W. K. L. Dickson had been experimenting in the same field, and as the result of the subsequent joint labors of himself and Mr. Edison, the famous Edison vitascope was produced. The Lumiere Brothers, a firm of French photographers, brought out the cinematograph in 1894, and this was succeeded shortly afterward by the biograph, which last device, and the "mutoscope" and "mutoscope," are the inventions of Mr. Herman Casler, and form the subject of the present article.

The capacity of the mutoscope is coequal with the camera. It reproduces in motion anything which can be photographed, whether motion of human bodies or movements in mechanism or nature. Thus, the Falls of Niagara, conflagrations, moving trains, animals in action, athletic games and sports, scenes from plays introducing prominent actors in favorite rôles; in fact, any scene can be reproduced with perfect fidelity to nature and with the actual movements presented by the scene depicted in a most realistic way. Important events in public or private life can be perpetuated, such as parades, military, civic, etc., preserving for the years to come the movements and gestures precisely as the scene occurred at the time of its recording by the camera, although some or all the participants in the scene may have long since departed.

### A Velocipede Shower Bath.

At the recent cycle show in Paris, a prominent English bicycle manufacturer presented a novelty called a "Vélo-Douche," which is an eminently practical device for combining exercise and the morning ablutions. Many wheelmen have doubtless often desired to obtain a shower bath after violent exercising on the wheel, so as to obtain the sedative effect of the brisk reaction.

Many bicycle and athletic clubs are provided with every facility for obtaining this end, but such means are not always at the disposal of the rider, especially in the country.

The device which we illustrate is really a combination of the home exerciser and shower bath, and it enables the rider to obtain any amount of exercise desired with or without the bath.

The machine consists of a shallow tub to which is secured a framework carrying a bicycle saddle, a handle bar, pedals, sprocket wheels and chain. The resemblances to the bicycle go no further.

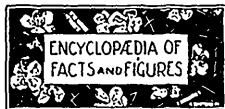
The small sprocket wheel which is driven from the large sprocket on the main shaft by the medium of a chain is secured to a small rotary pump which is fastened at the rear of the frame. The suction pipe of the pump ends near the bottom of the tub and the discharge pipe



is curved as shown in the engraving and ends in the sprinkler arrangement common to all shower baths. A cock half way up the discharge pipe permits of the water being turned on to the sprinkler or through the hose and nozzle, depending on whether a bath is desired or not.

It is, of course, perfectly possible to obtain the exercise without getting wet, the pump furnishing the resistance necessary for the exercise and the water which is pumped being discharged by means of the rubber tube and nozzle. When the rider has exercised sufficiently, he can reach backward and turn the cock so as to let the water pass upward and out of the sprinkler. The harder he pedals, the larger the stream.

It is possible to direct a stream of water on any part of the body by means of the nozzle connected with the rubber tube. The tub can be divided into two compartments, one containing hot water and the other cold water, and the cold and hot douche may then be used at will. The device could be made to set in any ordinary bath tub. It would seem that the "Vélo-Douche" has a future for use in the cycle clubs, riding academies, sanitariums and in the army.



1897		MAY					1897	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	THU	FRI	SAT	
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9	10	11	12	13	14	15		
16	17	18	19	20	21	22		
23	24	25	26	27	28	29		

1897		JUNE					1897	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SAT	
1st day	1st day	1st day	1st day	1st day	1st day	1st day	1st day	
		1	2	3	4	5		
6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
13	14	15	16	17	18	19		
20	21	22	23	24	25	26		
27	28	29	30					

IT would require 12,000 cholera microbes to form a procession an inch long.

HUMBLE'S tables show that the human body is made up of thirteen different elements, of which five are gases and eight solids.

ONE of the most striking of the experiments in a recent lecture before the Royal Institute of Great Britain showed a frozen soap bubble floating on liquid air.

VITAL statistics prove that, taking the world over, there are 109 women to every 100 men. Out of every nine sudden deaths reported, eight of the number are men.

EXPERT hydrographers say that in its deepest parts the ocean's waters are so dense that a sunken ironclad would never reach the bottom.

THE powder used in big guns is queer looking stuff. Each grain is a hexagonal prism, an inch wide and two-thirds of an inch thick, with a hole bored through the middle of it. In appearance it resembles nothing so much as a piece of wood. If you touch a match to it, it will take seven or eight seconds to go off.

CHINESE clocks puzzle strangers. The dials turn round, while the hands are stationary. There are two dials on each clock—one for the hour, the other to indicate the minutes.

ASBESTOS towels are among the curiosities of the day. When soiled it is only necessary to throw them into a red-hot fire, and after a few minutes draw them out fresh and clean.

TAKING the world over, there is an average of one death and one and a quarter births per second. Only one-half of all who are born into the world live to the age of seventeen years.

A FOREIGN scientist has a new test for death. With a candle, produce a blister on the hand or foot, or the body. If the blister, upon opening with a needle or other instrument, be found to contain fluid of any kind, there is still life in the body.

DR. BERTILLON has discovered a new method of identifying handwriting. The letters are enlarged by means of photography, and the irregularities, due to the beating of the pulse, are then measured. By comparison a valuable clue is obtained.

THE flags to be hoisted at one time in signalling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that, with eighteen various colored flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,612 signals can be given.

IN France there are twenty-two botanical gardens; in Germany, thirty-five; in Great Britain and Ireland, eleven; in the Indian Empire, nine; in Italy, twenty-two; in Russia, fourteen; while there are but five public botanical gardens in the whole of the United States.

ARMY surgeons say that the expression of the faces of soldiers killed in battle reveals the causes of death. Those who have perished from sword wounds have a look of repose, while there is an expression of pain on the countenances of those slain by bullets.

THE British Empire has an area of 11,329,316 square miles and a population of 402,514,800 persons, the former being equal to twenty-one per cent. of the supposed surface of the land, the latter twenty-seven per cent. of the population of the world.

## FOR PRIVATE REASONS.

THE portly, middle-aged lady, overweighted with parcels, looked annoyed, as well she might, for he, as he sprang out eagerly from the hansom on the slippery pavement, nearly knocked her down.

He pushed his way across to the fancy window of a draper's shop, and said joyously to a girl who was looking at the display—

"Gertrude!"

She turned nervously, and her cheeks, under a little veil with spots, began to glow.

She had parcels, too—all the women had; it was Christmas Eve, and Oxford Street. One of them she let fall in her flurry, and a crisp end of yellow ribbon pushed out of the thin paper.

"You! I—I thought you had sailed for South Africa," she faltered.

He picked the parcel up.

"I start to-night," he said; "I was driving down to Putney. I wanted to see you. What does Gertrude, what on earth did your letter mean?"

"It seemed to me clear enough."

Her cheeks burned more fiercely, but her voice was very cold.

"You mean it seriously? You won't marry me? You—you never cared for me?"

"What made you think I did?"

"Everything," he retorted bitterly. "The—the summer, at tennis, you know, and that day at—"

"Kew," she finished flippantly; "when I wore a white gown, so thin. Such memories make one shiver in December."

She pulled up the beaver collar of her coat with a pretty air of affectation. There was a smile on her lips—a quivering, ghostly little smile. It ought to have told him that she was only acting indifference. But men are blind.

"Then it is all over," he said slowly.

"The summer? Yes, of course it is; and it's snowing now. Judy said it would be before I got home. Do, please, Charlie—Mr. Smith, I mean—look out for a Piccadilly 'bus."

In answer he piloted her imperiously to the hansom, which was still waiting at the curb.

"I'll drive down to Putney with you," he said, in the voice of one not to be gainsaid. "It is the last time we shall see each other."

A little miserable shiver ran through her. She turned her head aside as they

rattled across the circus, and looked out through a blur at the whirling snow on the gay shops and the thronging pavement.

"You'll be back some day."

"Not now," he returned with significance. "There's more chance for a man out there, and I haven't a soul belonging to me in England. I shall probably settle, unless—unless—with a final burst of devotion—you'll alter your mind, Gert, dear. Come, tell me that cruel letter was all a joke."

"A joke!" She twisted round on the seat suddenly and laughed. "Good gracious! I believe you are sitting on Judy's beaded net, and that will be no joke. Ah! Here it is. What a mercy! on my lap all the time. Judy would have been mad. She has set her heart, poor darling, on looking nice at the Wheeler's dance."

"Bother Judy! Be serious."

"Well, I will;" she said, suddenly deliberate and grave. "I shall never marry—never—for private reasons. And, besides that, Judy and I are quite happy. We shall make nice old maids. We mean to live all our lives together in the dear, shabby little house at Putney, where we have lived since we were children."

"Rubbish!"

"That is rude."

"Well, it is."

"Rude?"

"No, rubbish! Two girls with no one to look after—"

She laughed in his face—a hard, short laugh.

"We have looked after ourselves ever since mother died, and I was seventeen," she told him, and said little else of any sort for the rest of the drive.

They parted outside the house in Putney. His hansom rattled off. She watched it out of sight, clutching convulsively all the time at the railing. The tears rolled down her face unchecked—now. She mopped them away carefully before she opened the street door and went in to her sister.

Judith Mounsey was a beauty—dark, and big, and glowing. When Gertrude went in she was bending over a table on which was yellow silk and a paper pattern. Her black brows were knitted and her full, scarlet lips set a little viciously.

"Have you got it? Yes, here it is."

Gertrude sat down by the fire rather limply.

"I've had to cut up that lovely big



sash for a back width," Judith said in a monologue sort of way, and with tragedy in the very air with which she held the scissors, "and even now, Gert, the skirt is not nearly full enough. I shall have to—"

She broke off as the postman's knock sounded through the house, and Ann, the old servant who had been with the family when both girls were babies, brought in a letter.

It was for Gertrude. She read it, and, as she read, involuntarily made a quick sound of disapproval.

Judith looked up sharply from her litter of silk and tussu paper.

A photograph had fallen from the envelope to the floor. She picked it up. It was the photograph of a bride. Her handsome face grew hard.

Gertrude sprang up and put her arms about her, crying—

"How careless of me! Oh! my poor, dear old Judy! I did not mean you to see. Pollie Wheeler sent it—the monster! She did it to stab you. She knew that—that—"

"He threw me over for a rich girl—yes," completed Judith, calmly. "Do I care? Do I look as if I did? What an idiot you are, Gert. Anyone would think you were in love with the man yourself."

"Care? Of course you do not," sobbed the younger sister. "He was not half good enough. I always hated him. We will live here together always, and be as happy as the days are long."

"Umph!" The beauty disengaged herself and took a long, critical look at the photograph. "I should never have thought that even she could have looked such a guy," she said dispassionately.

Then she turned her back on her work and knelt on the rug beside her sister.

"We have enough money to rub along with," Gertrude went on with much philosophy, "and men are a nuisance at best."

"Enough money to starve on," the other corrected, scornfully. "I'm sick of turning old gowns and scraping and screwing. Just look at that skirt, for example. A couple of yards more silk—"

"You shall have them, and I'll wear my black lace."

"As brown as a berry. Impossible. As for men—Gert, listen!" Judith spoke very fast. "I've—I've accepted Mr. Robson. He's rich, and not bad. We could never pig on here alone; and I should like to show those Wheelers, and him—why, what's—Good gracious!"

Gertrude had fallen back in a dead faint.

"It was—the cold—the fire, I mean," she said weakly, when they brought her to, and she lay on the couch staring vaguely from Ann's face to Judith's and

back again. "And I had no dinner but a meat pie and a cup of coffee. Oh! Judy, send—" She was off again. Between them they carried her up to bed.

Ten years later—on Christmas Eve, too, as it happened—Gertrude and Judith sat together in the tiny Putney drawing room. In a corner two children were playing—a richly-dressed girl and a fragile-looking boy.

Judith had grown massive; she seemed to fill the room. Gertrude was thin and pale and fair—hardly changed. There the advantage of a plain, insignificant woman comes in. At thirty-three she who had never been pretty or striking looked a good five years younger than big Mrs. Robson, coarsened by prosperity.

"Of course you knew it would come," Judith was saying. "Sooner or later all these stuffy old houses are pulled down. Land is so valuable, even at Putney."

"Stuffy! Oh! Judy, we love it so!"

"You do. I never went in for sentiment. What will you do when they turn you out? Better get rid of that child—she glanced coldly at the boy—and live with us. Mr. Robson would not mind, and you would be useful with Gladys." Here she glanced more warmly at the other child—her own. "I never could think," she went on, "what induced you to advertise for the care of a motherless child."

"I'm fond of children," Gertrude told her, a little valorously, "and then there was the money. You forgot, Judith, how poor I am."

Mrs. Robson let her eye rove round the room. How shabby and out of date it all was!

"You've regularly 'botched' your life," she said, with a sister's candor. "You might have married, like other women, if you'd come to us at Lancaster Gate instead of moping here."

"I shall never marry—for private reasons of my own," the spinster said, with gentle dignity.

As she poked a little spasm of pain twisted her placid face for a second.

"Why, years ago," Judith went on unheeding, "there was Charlie Smith. You might have married him and been a millionaire's wife. He has come home to England. He's made an immense fortune out of South African—something. Mr. Robson did say what, but I'm so stupid at business matters. And now I must be off."

She rose. Gertrude said nervously. "Oh! do stay and see him—the child's father, you know. He sent a telegram to say he'd come this afternoon. I've never met the man in my life. He's never been before, although I've had little Charlie two years."

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"Strangel!" said Judith, pulling out her big sleeves before the tuiy glass. "I—I suppose there is nothing discreditable. I never approved, nor did Mr. Robson, of your action. I cannot stay, Gertrude. Impossible! There is a dinner-party at Lancaster Gate. Now Gladys, say good-bye to the little boy."

She was gone, with a tremendous bustle in the tiny passage and a sharp pulling up of the carriage window as she drove off.

Gertrude went back to the drawing-room and shook up the sofa-pillows and picked up a crumb or so off the rug where the children had been eating fairy cakes, and sent little Charlie up to the nursery to be put into trim to see his father.

Then she sat down and waited. She was in trim herself, wearing quite a fashionable skirt, which had belonged to Judith, and a delicately pretty blouse.

The little room was getting dim. It was early to ring for lights.

There was a ferocious rat-tat at the knocker—a voice outside—a heavy step. She went forward shyly.

He was a big, careless-looking man with a beard.

The little room went round. Her throat went dry, but, jumping back ten years, she gasped out, "Charlie—Mr. Smith!"

Later on, when the lamp was lighted, and tea in, she told him all.

"It was for Judy's sake. You know she had a disappointment. I—yes, I cared all the time, but I thought it would be cruel to leave her. And she accepted Mr. Robson; she had not been so very 'hard hit,' after all. She told me when I got home that afternoon, and I, like an idiot, fainted. They put me to bed. Next day it was too late to let you know, and so that's all."

"My poor little Gert!"

"And I did not even know the name of your ship," she said, all the tragedy of that time coming back into her eyes as she recalled it.

There was a pause. He broke it by saying, "So Judith married Robson. Queer little chap with crooked legs. I remember. A duffer at tennis. Fancy her marrying him!"

"Mr. Robson is insignificant," she admitted, demurely, and the moment after was surprised at her own daring. It was a distinct comfort to talk to someone who was not in the least impressed by the wealth of this potential man. Lancaster Gate had weighed on her very heavily all these years.

Another pause, until he said dreamily, "I was not so faithful to your memory. I married, as I told you just now I was fond of her, too—in a way, poor girl. She died when Charlie was born.

One day I saw your advertisement—always got the English papers—and sent the boy to you through an English friend. I did not want you to know who he was. The name is so common. I knew you would not guess."

"The name is the same," she said, staring into the fire. "I often used to think—perhaps it made me love him more. You have not seen him yet. I hope you'll say he is looking well. We have taken every care."

She got up with a practical air and rang the bell.

They were married some weeks later, and made an intensely happy couple, although both had outgrown early sentiment.

Judith was thunderstruck.

"So you have been waiting for him all these years," she said. "Why did you not marry him before he went away? I'm certain he asked you. But to be sure he wasn't a millionaire then."

"Judy!"

"I know you always affect unworldliness," Mrs. Robson said, opening her eyes in surprise at the younger sister's indignant face; "but you've waited all the same—for a big fish. You've hooked him, and I congratulate you, Gert, old girl."

"I didn't!" the future Mrs. Smith cried out.

"Then why keep single all these years?" queried Judith, little guessing at the sacrifice—made for her sake.—By Mrs. HENRY F. DUDNEY, in *Woman's Life*.

### Myosotis.

My thoughts are always turning  
To you, where'er you roam,  
And my heart is ever yearning  
To see you safe at home.

Oft I fancy you are near me,  
And I often breathe a sigh,  
When no one is near to hear me,  
And the winds alone reply.

God guard my own dear brother,  
And protect him day by day;  
And may he know we love him still,  
Even though he's far away!

J. Newton.

Whenever you fret and quarrel,  
Whenever you frown and cry  
There's a line on your face that tells it,  
And will tell it by and by.  
And when you fain would look pleasant,  
The tell tale marks will say,  
"She or he may try to be pretty,  
But have been cross in their day."

—Anonymous.

# On & Around the Farm.

## General Notes.

**E**NGLAND'S butter purchases last year exceeded all previous records, and were double those of '86, or ten years earlier. Total imports of butter into United Kingdom in '96 were 3,037,947 cwt., equal to about 6,000,000 tubs; imports in '95 were 2,825,662 cwt. Denmark furnished more foreign butter than any one country, her trade with England last year amounting to more than \$30,000,000.

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It is a mistake to think that the young stock do not pay well for good attention given them. There is no time in the life of an animal when there is better profit returned for good care and feed given than during the growing period. A stunted calf, colt or pig had better be put out of existence than kept on the place to eat its head off a time or two before it is gotten rid of.

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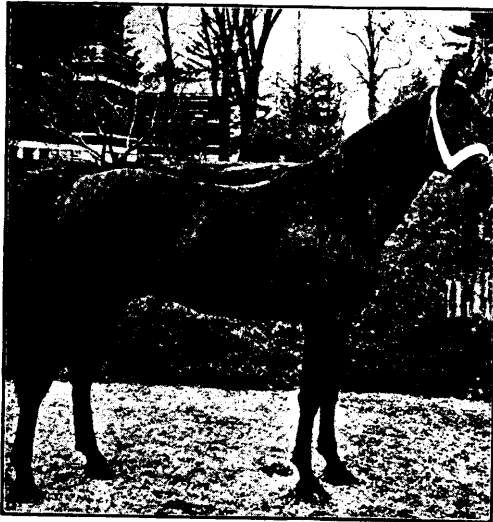
The farmer on a few acres cannot compete in growing the staple grain crops which, harvested as they are now by machinery, can only be grown profitably on large fields. The small farmer must devote his time, skill and land to special crops that require the greatest amount of labor to make successful. If he does this thoroughly his limitation as regards land will prove an advantage, not an injury. It is only by thoroughly mastering some one business and then sticking to it that men make money. This is as true of the farmer as of men engaged in other vocations.

\*\*\*

The time a cow goes dry is the time when she is costing her expense of keep-

ing and making no return. It is with many cows worse than this, for the cow that is not milked fattens, and is more likely to suffer during parturition than the milked cow, which keeps in moderate flesh. A worse result follows, as the cow allowed once to go dry too long gets in the habit of drying off at the same period of gestation, and is thus made less valuable as a milker all her life. If the cow is well fed she may be milked with advantage up to a month before the time for her to drop her calf. This is better than to stop milking two or three months earlier and feed less liberally, so as to prevent an excess of fat.

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PRES'T M'KINLEY'S SADDLE-BRED SINGLE-FOOTER.  
SELECTED IN KENTUCKY ON ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT.

ture they present can be imagined when there are some thirty entries (making ninety animals), all of one color, and larger than the Shorthorns.

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**PIMPLY POTATOES.**—The cause of this trouble has been definitely determined. Minute white grubs have been found boring into the tubers, roots and root-stocks of the potatoes during the growing season. The pupæ of these grubs have been found in connection with them. The grubs and pupæ have been proven to be the early stages of the common cucumber flea beetle, a very injurious

**THE NIVERNAIS BREED OF CATTLE.**—The Russiangovernment bought at the recent agricultural show at Nevers (France) a Nivernais bull for \$1,400. This sire had taken 234 first prizes at various exhibitions. The Nivernais is a breed of fine, large, white cattle, and occasionally crossed with the Shorthorn, though it is mostly and jealously kept pure. A feature of many of the French shows is a class in which each exhibitor shows three animals; the pic-

insect, the life history of which has heretofore been imperfectly known. The wound made by the boring of the grub results in the formation of a sliver, but a pimple may or may not be produced, depending, probably, upon the stage of growth of the tuber at the time the wound is made. The most practical method of preventing the pimply potato trouble is to protect the foliage against the attacks of flea beetles by thorough spraying with Bordeaux mixture.—F. C. STEWART, New York Experiment Station.

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## The Horse.

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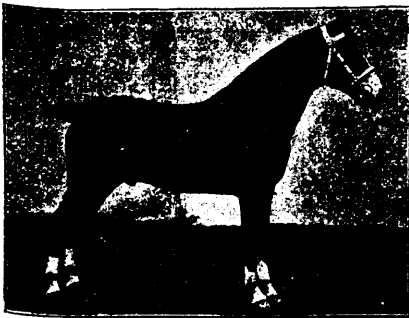
Wean colts when they are about four months old. Before that time, however, they should learn to eat. As soon as they begin to show any signs of picking around at food, mix some ground oats, wheat bran and a little oilmeal together and feed it to them. After a colt is weaned give it from one to two quarts of oats a day, mixed with oilmeal at the rate of half a pint of oilmeal to a quart of oats. The young animals should be kept constantly on good pasture.

\* \* \*

Not only are the growing cities requiring the heaviest horses, but in those regions where the farm population is increasing the farms are adapted to the improved implements and machinery, and these require horses of weight to operate them. The sulky plow with two or more mold boards, the broad press drill, the self-binder, the cutaway plow and harrow demand heavy teams.

\* \* \*

At the thirteenth annual Hackney Exposition recently held in England, Rosador took the first prize in the class for Hackneys for seven years or over,



CHAMPION HACKNEY STALLION ROSADOR.

over 15. 2. A correspondent, who was present at the show, thus describes the stallion: "He goes high forward, with

a body-spring that is the result of his carrying his hocks too far under. As soon as he starts he arches his back, brings his hocks under him and thus lifts his forward end too easily, as he carries too much of his weight on his hind legs. If he went less high forward and let his hocks back and up, with his body level, his action would be greatly improved, to say the least. I am afraid he has too much credit for the freedom with which he handles his knees. So much for his action. In conformation he is a high-class horse."

\* \* \*

Horses should be conditioned for the spring work by feeding muscle-making food, so as to bring them up into good condition of flesh, which shall be solid and not soft and flabby. Oats and bran, thoroughly mixed so that it will be well masticated, is preferable to corn as feed. Usually this avoidance of corn and the substitution of a less heating and more nitrogenous feed will be found of much benefit.

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## In The Dairy.

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A DAIRY cow should never be unnecessarily exposed to cold and storms of wind, rain or snow at any season of the year.

\* \* \*

THE successful dairyman is constantly studying how to make his stock comfortable and at ease, both mentally and physically.

\* \* \*

FEEDING a cow too heavily just before calving is a frequent cause of milk fever. After the calf is dropped and the full flow of milk has come is the time for good feeding.

\* \* \*

IN running a creamery, the larger the amount of milk worked the smaller the proportionate amount of cost. In starting, not less than 500 cows should be pledged, and 1,000 do better.

\* \* \*

WHILE it is best to keep water where the cows can help themselves, when this can not be done conveniently, the best plan is to see that they have all of the pure, fresh water they will drink regularly twice a day.

\* \* \*

THE farmer who makes the dairy his main business, rather than an adjunct, is the one that will turn out the best product, and procure, also, the most profit and satisfaction from it. This, of course, refers to sections where the dairy interests are most prominent.

## Sheep and Swine.

SHEEP breeders are encouraged to increase their flocks and to improve their breeding for superior quality. However much duty on wool we may get, the mutton breeds will be the most popular with the farmer for fat wethers, spring lambs and wool.

SHEEP scab is too often found wherever sheep are bred, but experience proves that the disease can be readily got rid of by dipping, and once the flocks of a country are free from it, they can be kept free if the stockmaster will look well to the dipping of the sheep.

Pig raising for profit depends on early maturity. The animals from birth to finish must make a thrifty growth, and also a steady growth. The only way you can feed the pig before birth is by feeding the sow, and a balanced ration will make strong and large pigs.

A sow which brings a good litter of pigs—seven to nine in number—is a good, kind and careful mother, and so good a suckler that she will supply her offspring with plenty of milk if she is properly fed, is one of the most valuable and profitable animals on the farm. Usually they lack in one or more of these virtues.

THE breeder of pure bred swine is always tempted to overfeed, for the reason that fat covers defects, and a herd of fat sows is always attractive to visitors, and when shipped a fat sow reaches the buyer in fine condition, and is pronounced a "daisy," when, if simply in good breeding condition, the first feeling would be one of disappointment. This feeling, however, wears off, when the new purchase begins to improve in the new pasture, and when farrowing time comes she is far more likely to produce vigorous pigs and to feed them well than when overfed herself. Dry sleeping quarters, with a variety of food, will keep sows vigorous and healthy. They will endure a great deal of cold without harm if kept dry, and given plenty of clean straw for bedding. Overcrowding brood sows is always to be avoided; sows when crowded together in sleeping quarters will often injure each other and the coming litters. It is cheaper to make extra pens, which need not be costly, rather than ruin the sows or their prospective litters.

## In the Poultry Yard.

ONE will not be compelled to look very carefully to find those who advocate the advantages of open air and ventilation from roosting in the trees, even on very cold nights and the wind blowing almost a gale. It is true that some fowls live through such treatment, but in all the cases of the tree top roosting the farmer who prefers the method buys his eggs instead of having eggs for sale. The hens may be compelled to roost on the trees, but they will not lay under such conditions.

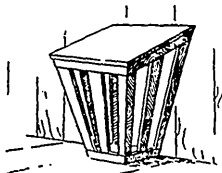
GIVE the poultry house an application of hot whitewash before the summer sets in, so as to finish any vermin that may remain. The whitewash on the walls and that which may be spilled on the floor will serve to purify the premises and keep disease away. It would not be out of place to apply whitewash as often as once a month, and also to scatter air-slacked lime freely, for if this is done roup may be prevented better than by any other method that can be used.

IT requires but twenty-four hours for a poultry house to be over-run with lice when warm summer days occur. The importance of keeping the house clear of lice is, therefore, apparent. It is not difficult to keep lice down if the work of so doing is not neglected. It is due to the delays so often indulged in, which give lice an opportunity to multiply and swarm over every portion of the house, that makes an excess of work. Some persons are satisfied to attempt to destroy lice once or twice during the season, considering that it will be sufficient, but they overlook the fact that lice multiply very rapidly during the prevalence of warm weather, and that only persistence and patience will clear them out. If once the lice are destroyed, the house will need attention once a week only, perhaps, but it is seldom that all of the pests will be reached, and if but a few escape they will soon replenish the number that met their fate previously. To keep down lice is to keep the hens in better laying condition, for as soon as lice overrun the quarters the hens will become debilitated and gradually die off.

### A POULTRY HOUSE DEVICE.

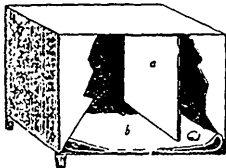
WHERE fowls are kept in confinement, whether the season be summer or winter, they must be furnished green food in the form of cabbage, turnips, beets or cut clover. These should not be thrown loosely into the pen to become quickly

soiled, but put into a rack with sloping sides, like that shown in the sketch. The hens reach through the slats and eat



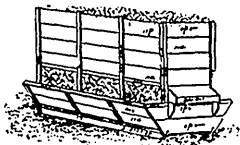
what they desire. The top slopes so that they cannot rest upon it. If filled with cabbages, etc., they will come down to the hens as fast as eaten.

The nest shown in accompanying illustration consists of a dry-goods box, a little longer than wide, raised in front, having a partition near the back end,



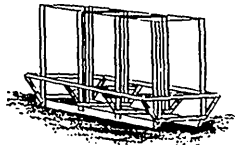
NEST FOR EGG-EATING HENS.

with sufficient space between the lower edge and the bottom of the box, through which an egg can pass. Put a piece of carpet in the bottom of the box and allow it to extend up at both ends. This will prevent breaking.



PORTABLE FEED RACK.

made cheaper. The frame-work is made mostly out of  $2 \times 4$ , except the runners, which are  $2 \times 6$ . These racks have been



PORTABLE FEED RACK—SHOWING CONSTRUCTION.

used at a large stock farm for four years and have been the most satisfactory of any we have seen."

The illustration shows a farm gate that cannot sag, cannot "leave its moorings," and gives, moreover, a substantial and finished air to the surroundings. It is useless to make a gate that will not sag, and then hang it to supports that soon bend under the weight pulling upon



A SUBSTANTIAL FARM GATE.

them, or loose their footing and slide out of place. The gate and gateway here figured are braced from every point, as can be seen, and so must always remain firmly in position. It takes more time and lumber to build such a gate, but it is time and lumber profitably spent.

A good herd of milk cows can be made a steady source of income whether the product is sent to market in the shape of milk, cream or good butter,

## Well Spent Labour.

### GOOD IDEA IN FEED RACKS.

"THESE racks or "arks," are self-explanatory. The first maker named it an ark because it looked a little like a boat and can be moved from one place to another. By hitching a team of horses on one end it can be moved very easily. The eighteen-foot ark holds 1,000 lbs. of hay or one ton of sorghum. We make them sixteen and eighteen feet, but prefer the eighteen-foot, as it can be

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## Editor's Desk

THE Third "Canadian" Horse Show" took place in Toronto at the end of April and beginning of the present month, and appears to have been "equally as successful as its predecessors," but we consider it is a misnomer to dub this annual event the "Canadian" Horse Show. There is no other class more interested in the exhibition, and accompanying advertisement, of Canadian horses, than the Canadian farmers. More than any other class are the farmers representative of Canada, and yet at this "Canadian" Horse Show the Canadian farmer is almost an unknown quantity. If he finds his way there, and enters a horse—well and good; but there is little inducement held out to him. There are riding and driving exhibitions for all sorts and conditions of men and women, except the farmers, who evidently, in the eyes of the responsible officers, are merely a portion of the "public," whose admission fees, of course, are very welcome, but who have no claim upon the management as a class. Perhaps the secret of this indifference to the interests of the farmer at the Canadian Horse Show is to be found in the fact that, despite its comprehensive name and the well-meant intentions of its originators, the show is largely regarded as a social function. That the encouragement of this idea and the continuance of a policy by the management that certainly suggests it, will result in complete failure of the Horse Show as such cannot be doubted. The officers recognize there is "something wrong, somewhere," for the secretary's report says, among other things:

"If, however, the Horse Show is to fulfil to the uttermost its sphere of usefulness it will be necessary in the future to offer larger prizes to make it worth while exhibitors coming from across the border, and once the American horse owner, who is also a horse purchaser, comes into active connection with the show, there will be a wide avenue for the disposal of Canadian horses. It will be necessary that larger

grants be obtained from the Provincial Government, and the city, which has hitherto subscribed only the very small grant of \$500 to an event which is, in many ways, the most creditable undertaking of a public character by which the city is distinguished."

We respectfully submit to the officers of the "Canadian Horse Show" that the remedy for the ills they complain of lies, not in further provincial and municipal grants, but in the adoption by the committee of a policy which shall be less of the garden party order, with its fatally restrictive tendencies, and more in accord with the name under which they appeal to the public for support.

The announcement that the Sultan of Turkey intends to send his son to represent him at the Queen's Jubilee sounds very much like a joke, and a ghastly one at that. Doubtless Abdul Hamid, flushed with the victories of his army, and the restoration of Turkey's military prestige, feels he is fit company for any other European monarch. Possibly his friend and backer, the Emperor of Germany, would enjoy a chat on matters military with Abdul himself, but the presence of the latter, or the latter's son, at the thanksgiving services in commemoration of the long and peaceful reign of Queen Victoria would be more incongruous than sending a hearse to convey a wedding party to church.

A few days ago an Irish member of the Imperial Parliament declaimed indignantly against England being "flooded" with Canadian butter and other dairy produce which was very inferior in quality to that coming from Ireland, the dairy interests of which country would be seriously injured by the action of Canada.

Canadian farmers are indebted to the Irish member in question for the splendid advertisement he gave them on the floor of the house, of course it may be regarded as hardly a good advertisement to have it proclaimed that Canadian dairy produce is very inferior stuff, but the English consumer will trust to his own palate to enlighten him on the quality of Canadian butter, not to the statement of

"the other man in the samoline." While these are sunny days for Canada and things Canadian in England, neither the gratitude nor the patriotism of the Englishman is of the kind that will make him swallow butter "below par" because it comes from Canada, when he can get standard quality at the same price, even if he has to go to Denmark for it. If the indignant Irish M.P.'s assertions were true, he and his dairying friends should rejoice, for nothing would be more fatal to Canada's hopes of a large successful export trade in dairy produce. And in his own interest, not that of the Irish dairymen, the Canadian farmer ought to bear this in mind.

\*.\*

Sir Walter Besant, foremost among English authors to-day, has been reading his countrymen a very severe lecture on the way they neglect their own country in the matter of taking means to cultivate a national sentiment. He points out that nearly all nations have their day of festival, but "what have we done, as a nation, to recognize the vast importance of imagination—which is another word for sentiment—in the national mind? What have we done to feed the imagination with such right views of our position, our resources, our history, our perils, as may make sentiment a source—a certain and reliable source—of strength and safety, instead of an uncertain force liable to drive the people into wrong paths, into perilous lines, by ways which lead to destruction? We have hitherto done nothing—absolutely nothing. From strength to strength we have marched on; from success to success; from poverty to wealth; from a little island in the west of Europe to a great and mighty empire, the like of which the world has never yet seen. And we suffer our people to grow up in ignorance of this goodly heritage; they know not what they possess; they know not how they arrived at this heritage; they know not what it is worth; nor do they know that, if they fail to defend it, they will throw away the most splendid possession ever entrusted to any people.

Let us develop and sustain such a sentiment by the formation of a national holiday which all our Colonies with ourselves shall celebrate in such a way as may most easily impress the Day and its teaching upon the great mass of the people. They will demand, I dare say, processions, shows, pageants, bands of music, songs, feasts, and speeches. In

the pageants, in the songs, in the speeches, we shall celebrate the glories and the victories of the race; we shall remember the great days of old, we shall acknowledge the great days of the present."

While the sentiments to which Sir Walter gives expression in his eloquent plea for patriotism have our warmest sympathy, we think he rather overdoes it when he asks:

"How can an average English lad learn his duty to his country, the extent of his country, the meaning and bearing, to him, of that extent? They do not teach these things at school; he cannot learn them from any national institution."

Probably he imbibes these things then with his mother's milk, or they take root spontaneously the moment an English lad leaves his native land; for every English lad, young, or old man, of high or low degree, that we ever met in Canada had a very profound belief, not only in his country's greatness but in the prestige that attached to himself as hailing from the headquarters of the Empire.

\*.\*

Before our next issue appears an event will have transpired that will stir the hearts of Britains in every part of the Empire, the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty.

The commemoration ceremonies in old London will be such as will live forever in the memories of those who may be so fortunate as to witness them. The gathering of notabilities will be on a scale absolutely without parallel in the history not only of England but of the world. While crowned heads are always an attraction to the monarchially disposed Briton and still more so to the republican-reared American—and while those in the old land will not fail to appreciate the good will shown to their sovereign by the monarchs of Europe, far more gratifying than the friendly homage of foreign potentates will be the filial tribute of the uncrowned kings from all parts of Greater Britain. In the presence of the leading statesmen of the different colonies with their own military escorts, "the people on the island" will not fail to recognize more forcibly than ever the loyal devotion to the mother land of their kinsmen across the seas, and how



highly the latter value the "heritage of empire" which is justly theirs. To these, personifying as they will the union of the empire, is assured on June 22nd a degree of interest and enthusiasm that will be second only to that accorded to the queen.

The fear existing at one time that parliamentary duties would prevent our Premier going to England in time to participate in the ceremonies, has been dissipated by the announcement that the session at Ottawa will be brought to a close about the first week in June. It would indeed be a misfortune if the leading colony were not represented on such an occasion by her first citizen. It would be an intense disappointment, not only to the people of Canada but to the people of England, the leading journals of which country have of late been saying some very pleasant things about Canada. The "new tariff" has been the magnet that has caused the journalistic compass in England to point steadily toward Canada for several weeks. In a recent issue, that bulwark of English Liberalism, the *London Daily News*, thus delivers itself.

"The Liberal Government of the Dominion of Canada have proposed a new tariff, which, for its breadth and boldness, surprises all parties at Ottawa. The astonishment was genuine, and not unreasonable. Canadian opinion had expected a considerable change. But for a frankly preferential system in favor of the mother country, no one, or scarcely anyone, was prepared. This remarkable manifesto on behalf of the United Kingdom comes from a Frenchman and a Catholic. Mr. Laurier, who proclaimed himself upon his accession to office a Liberal in the English sense of the term, is, we have no doubt, by intellectual conviction a Free Trader pure and simple. But Mr. Laurier, like Humbler and like greater men, must cut his coat according to his cloth. . . . But he has seized the opportunity afforded him by the tariff of the United States to strike a blow for common sense, and to strike it home. . . . Any encouragement of the British producer will stimulate British consumption, and a complete removal of the duties on British goods might leave the United States altogether out in the cold. . . .

"The tremendous social agitation which shook the States last autumn, when Mr. Bryan came so near being President, had no counterpart in Canada. There are not the same sharp contrasts in the Dominion as in the Union - not the

same insolence of wealth; not the same crushing and grinding poverty. The Protectionists at Washington may, perhaps, now discover that they have overreached themselves. Two can play at that game. It is a game which the British Government and Parliament have ceased for half a century to play.

As patriots we must welcome a significant display of attachment from the greatest of all our colonies, and as Liberals we can congratulate the leader of the Liberal party in the Dominion "

♦♦

Every other English journal, big and little, that we have seen, pours forth in the same strain. The fact is, the atmosphere in England is undergoing a cleaning process in regard to affairs American. We use the word in its continental sense. Those who have lived or travelled much in England, know well enough that the mass of people in the old country are wont to make little distinction between the two Anglo-Saxon nations on this continent. They refer to all as "Americans," - not in the continental sense, but as one people in habits and ideas, and divided politically, but in no other way. For years the English people and the English press have indulged in a good deal of "gush" over "our American cousins." This would be all very well and very commendable, if it were deserved, but we in Canada, not having the enchantment that distance gives to the view, have long been fully alive to the fact that a large section of public opinion in the States, or a section which if not large, was personified in those with large powers, has been exceedingly jealous of and hostile to anything and everything British. The vindictive deportations from American territory of Canadians, by Messrs. Do Barry & Co., might appear a little thing to the stay-at-home Englishman, but Canadians recognize in these "petty annoyances" part of a systematic anti-British policy. The almost successful "Corliss Bill" made the Englishman put on his thinking cap, and before he has had time to take it off, he has been completely aroused to the true condition of affairs by the action of the American Senate in rejecting the Arbitration Treaty. We might point out that surely if there is one country more than another that

would be glad to make such treaty with the greatest naval power in the world, it would be the country whose people are akin to the other nation in speech and ancestry; whose commercial interests, more than those of any other country, are indented with those of the other nation; and the country whose people are the most unmilitary of any in the world, so far as organization is concerned, and whose coast line would require a fleet and forts second to none to ensure its successful defence. Yet in spite of every reason why the States should enter into an arbitration with England, the former country has rejected the proposal for apparently no other reason than—England is England!

While Englishmen will never fail to appreciate the fact that there is in the States an abundance of healthy, manly sentiment, a sense of universal brotherhood, among a large class, who, unfortunately, and under a false conception of duty, hold aloof from public life, they will not in future cling so tenaciously to the belief that those who govern in the States are in sympathy with English ideals, or that from them England can be sure of sympathy or support when standing alone against other powers in the maintenance of her rights or in the furtherance of the cause of humanity. And this last offence of the American Senate, coming almost simultaneously with the action of the Canadian Government that has called forth such warm encomiums, will serve more than anything else could do to convince the Englishmen in the old land that there is something more than a political barrier between the anti-British Yankee and the loyal Canadian, be he of British or of French extraction.

#### Choosing a Bride in Russia.

An ancient custom is yet maintained in Russia at the Christmas season, in which the festivities of the day are made to play a prominent part in the lives of those who are chief in the frolicking. Some persons of importance in the district announces that the annual fête will be held at his house. Thither, at the appointed time, hasten the young men of the country-side; thither, come they less eagerly, but with decorous tardiness,

the maidens of the place. There are dances and songs, games and feasting, but all else is but prelude to the great event, when chance is made the handmaid of love. At the arrival of the proper hour the hostess gives a signal, and withdraws into an apartment, accompanied by all the girls. The lasses are ranged upon long benches, where they pose, a titting phalanx of freshness and beauty, with naught in their smiling affability to suggest that a scratch on blooming cheek might reveal the tartar.

The hostess is supplied with long strips of broadcloth, and with this she straightway muffles each and every maiden. She twists it deftly over and about the head, until hair and features are hopelessly veiled, she winds it about the neck, the shoulders, the waist and on until the sprightly and lissome figure of the girl is merged in the rude outlines of a pupoose. This is the preparation. The action follows, when one by one, in an order determined by lot, the young men of the party enter the room. Each in turn approaches the veiled row of loveliness and examines it. Eyes and ears are useless, touch is everything. The puzzled suitor seeks to penetrate the baffling folds, and locate the personality of his idol. When at last he has made his choice, he is privileged to remove the swaddling-clothes and behold the identity of his prize. Then is the consummation—the moment of rapture or despair, when soul answers soul in the love-light of the eyes, or when disappointment speaks in the law of custom that this twain should become man and wife. If the custom is broken a heavy forfeit must be paid by the unwilling person. This matrimonial lottery is said to result in as many happy marriages as those instances where protracted courtships are considered necessary to congeniality in this contract for life.

Oil stoves and gas stoves should never be kept burning in a sleeping room, for they are burned in the open air of the room, and having no connection with a chimney flue, throw the poisonous carbonic oxide of combustion into the air of the apartment, and make it unfit for respiration.

In case of poisoning, the simple rule is to get the poison out of the stomach as soon as possible. Mustard and salt act promptly as emetics, and they are always at hand in the home. Stir a teaspoonful in a glass of water and let the patient swallow it quickly. If it does not cause vomiting in five minutes repeat the dose. After vomiting give the whites of two or three eggs and send for a doctor.

# Recent Improvements In Farm Implements

IN jotting down a few items for this corner of the ILLUSTRATED, our mind naturally turns to Mowing Machines, which will shortly be used extensively over the entire Dominion. There is every indication of a magnificent grass and clover crop, and conse-

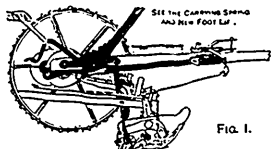


FIG. 1.

quently there will be much anxiety to harvest it successfully. Many farmers who have gone through the poor crops of the last few seasons with their old and nearly worn out mowing machines will find them inadequate to cope with the crops of the present year, if we may judge from the present indications. The wise farmer will, therefore, look into the subject in advance, and, having decided to purchase a new mower, will want to know what the latest and best improvements are.

The splendid line of Grass Cutters made by Massey-Harris Co., Ltd., viz., the Toronto and Brantford Mowers, are known everywhere for their excellent workings and sterling qualities. The present season some notable improvements have been made, particularly in the Brantford Mower, to which attention is drawn. First, there is a new Foot Lift, which admits of raising the bar inside or outside, or both, as may be desired. This Lift is very conveniently located, is easy to work, and greatly facilitates handling the machine especially when at work on rough land. Fig. 1, above, shows this Lift. It also indicates the position of the heavy carrying spring.

A very marked improvement in the new Brantford Mowers is the introduction of the Massey-Harris Perfected Roller and Ball Bearings, concerning which we have spoken in previous issues. Fig. 2 shows the gearing as used in Brantford Mowers fitted with the Roller and Ball Bearings.

On the following page are illustrated a number of invaluable features of this splendid machine. The great width of tread as compared to competitors', is a point not to be overlooked, and adds much to the comfort and safety of the driver. The great flexibility of the Cutter Bar is a feature which has given the Brantford Mower a wonderful reputation, it being possible to cut on all kinds of levels, in all kinds of positions, in and out of furrows, up and down over knolls, and save a larger percentage of the crop

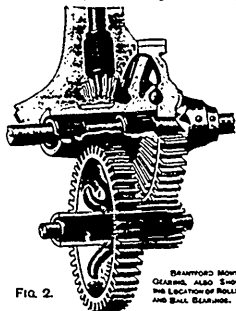


FIG. 2.

than possible with other styles of machines.

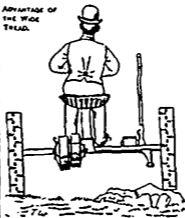
Canadian farmers want the best machine made, and it is a matter of pride to them that that best machine is a Canadian machine made in Canada by Canadian workmen,

## SOME SPLENDID POINTS OF BRANTFORD MOWERS

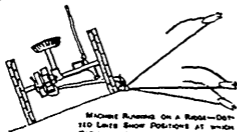
**N**OTE these illustrations. They are important, and show some of the Brantford's good points.

The great flexibility of the Cutter Bar is admirable, and four of these cuts illustrate it.

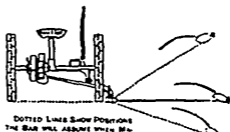
ADVANTAGE OF THE WIDE TREAD.



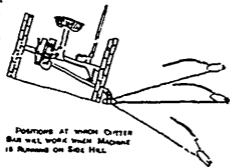
DISADVANTAGE OF A NARROW TREAD. LINE COMPENSATORY



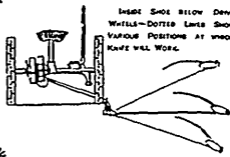
MACHINE RUNNING ON A RIDGE—DOTTED LINES SHOW POSITIONS AT WHICH BAR WILL WORK.



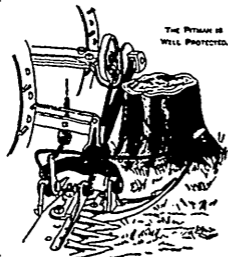
DOTTED LINES SHOW POSITIONS THE BAR WILL ASSUME WHEN MACHINE IS WORKING ON A LEVEL.



POSITIONS AT WHICH CUTTER BAR WILL WORK WHEN MACHINE IS RUNNING ON SIDE HILL.



INSIDE SHOE BELOW DRIVE WHEELS—DOTTED LINES SHOW VARIOUS POSITIONS AT WHICH KNIFE WILL WORK.



THE PITMAN IS WELL PROTECTED.

PLENTY OF TILT.—THE DOTTED LINES SHOW THE WIDE RANGE OF TILTING ADJUSTMENT.



FOUR PAWLS WORK IN 27 TEETH ON THE BRANTFORD MOWER DRIVE WHEELS, MAKE NO STROKES OR CLIPPING IN GETTING STARTED.



### Miss Dorothy Grey.

In a snug little cottage just over the way  
Lives my nearest neighbor, Miss Dorothy Grey  
A neat little woman, she lives all alone,  
No husband or children to brighten her home.  
Ah, yes! an old maid, I hear some one say,  
Nevertheless a sweet woman is Dorothy Grey.

So thoughtful and earnest, so gentle and kind,  
The fact is, I find her suited quite to my mind.  
She's worth a full score of gay, giddy girls,  
With their giggles, and snirks, and long dangling  
curls.

And now as I sit here in fancy I see  
Her neat, dainty form sitting close beside me.

Her bright presence seems to expel all the gloom  
That continually hangs o'er my lone sitting room.  
My house is quite spacious, well furnished and all  
My servants obey me and come at my call,  
But yet I must own I oft feel the need  
Of a loving companion, a true wife indeed.

My mind is made up! I am going to call  
And settle this thing for once and for all!  
Though her answer be yea, or though it be nay,  
There's no other woman like Dorothy Grey.

### Two Small Cushions.

THESE small toilet cushions can be made so daintily ornamented with so little expense, that it is a pleasure to write about them. Two or three of these on a dressing-table are more convenient than one large affair that looks altogether too grand for mortal use. The model here shown (*Fig. 1*) may be made of any color to suit the room or the fancy of the maker,

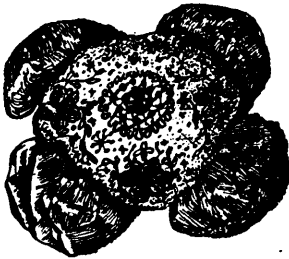


FIG. 1.

but the puffed cover should be of soft silk, India or China, and the square in the centre should be of wash material. The model was a cushion three inches square covered with pale blue China silk, the centre piece was a square of very fine linen lawn embroidered with fancy filling stitches. As will be seen, the silk is cut larger than the cushion, and all the spare fulness is gathered into pom-

poms at the corners. The centre square offers room for a variety of decorative work, and it is a good idea to have

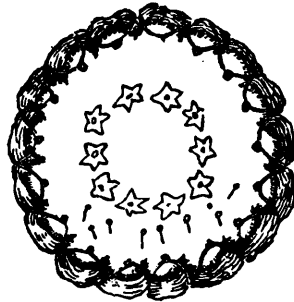


FIG. II.

several of the centres for each cushion. Some can be worked with Roman embroidery, some with Dresden designs, and others may be covered with drawn work, or other ways.

Here is a tiny round cushion covered top and bottom with a plain white linen cover embroidered with a wreath of wood violets in natural shades. The covers are placed in position and laced together with a white silk cord over a puffing of lavender silk. The materials required for these dainty trifles are mere scraps from one's piece-bag, and they will make most acceptable gifts for any occasion at little expense.

### A Button Box.

AN attractive and handy button box, of which an illustration will be seen on the opposite page, can be easily made from a cigar box, as follows: First remove all paper on it; if it does not come off easily, soak it off. Use a large box and divide it into several compartments for holding various sorts of buttons. Several holes of different sizes must then be sawed, or whittled into the lid, according to the position of the compartments into the box.

These compartments may be made by using parts of another box to form the divisions, and fastening them securely with small tacks. All cigar boxes have some burnt-in lettering, so it will be best to decorate the box with what is called "poker work," so as to obliterate the lettering. Draw the design shown in the illustration on the lid of the box and the sides with a lead pencil or chalk. It is an irregular design, so that anyone can easily attempt it. Poker work can be done with a small, pointed poker, knife, file, or almost any small, pointed iron or steel instrument. Heat it hot in the kitchen or grate fire and burn the design into the box, not so deep that the box will be rendered unsubstantial, but just so the desired effect of burnt in the wood

will be produced. It is not necessary that the burning shall be of equal depth throughout. All kinds of irregularities are in order in this decorative work.

dirty. When a knee is cut through a fall, the part must be carefully cleansed, to remove all gravel or earth before it is tied up.



"Drop a button in the slot" may be printed upon the lid of the box and burned into the wood.

## A MOTHER'S TALK TO MOTHERS.

### My Darling.

A wee golden head on my bosom,  
A roguish and dimpled, sweet face,  
A pair of brown eyes full of laughter,  
A tiny form fraught with rare grace.

Two soft, dimpled arms that enfold me  
In a wild burst of merry delight,  
And red lips that shower me with kisses  
As she "loves me with all her might."

You may talk of the wonderful beauty  
Of poems in rhythm and rhyme,  
Of the subtle thought and the meaning  
Of stanzas and meter and time;

But to me they appear cold and empty,  
A mere waste of words and of space,  
When I read them while holding my darling,  
So winsome with beauty and grace.

Ah, for me no poem e'er written  
Could waken such thrills of pure joy,  
Such thoughts of love and thanksgiving,  
Such blisses too sweet for alloy.

The soft, dimpled hands of my baby  
Have opened a new realm for me,  
Where she, as a sweet, breathing poem,  
Is the essence of melody.

—Nellie C. Davis

\* \* \*

IF IT SHOULD happen that a young child is dropped, or falls down, send at once for a doctor. It is very difficult in these cases to tell at first if the baby has received any injury, and skilled attention is required. Often, if taken at the first, the child may be saved from becoming a cripple for life.

\* \* \*

IF A CHILD cuts his finger with glass, the place should be bathed immediately with warm water, and the same course should be pursued if the cut skin is at all

teach a child frugality. To force into the stomach one ounce more of food than it needs is to overtax it; and frequent overtaxing will lead to the rebellion of stomachs as well as of people. Then the services of the physician must be obtained; and before we can dispense with them, the value of a barrel of flour is gone to save an ounce of food. This is not economy; neither is it common sense.

It is better to help a child to food two or three times than to load his plate so that he is in danger of leaving any. Thus may health and economy be secured at the same time.

\* \* \*

COOLING LOTIONS.—Cold water or cold vinegar should never be applied to a burn. Oil is the correct application—linseed oil, or carron oil, which is made by mixing equal parts of linseed oil and limewater thoroughly.

\* \* \*

SOAK OLD LINEN rag or lint in the oil, lay it over the burnt part, and cover the whole with bandages, so as thoroughly to exclude the air, using cotton-wool, if possible.

\* \* \*

SHOULD THERE BE no oil in the house, the burnt flesh should be immediately covered with flour, and all air excluded. It is estimated that more than 1,000 children die annually from the effects of burns and scalds. Mothers cannot be too careful in teaching their children to dread the fire, and putting all danger out of their reach as far as is possible.

\* \* \*

IF THE NERVES of the whole body are irritated by a tight shoe, or the extreme coldness of the extremities makes extra demand upon the blood supply, there is neither nerve force nor blood enough left for other functions.

## For the Small Boy.

**T**HE styles shown for the little boys this season are unusually pretty. The favorite patterns are the sailor suits, with either long or short trousers, the suits with the long trousers being known as the admiral, or "middy" suits (see Fig. 3), and those with vest fronts known as vestee, or brownie suits (see Fig. 4).

All the suits are trimmed with braid, often in contrasting colors, and many suits have double collars, one detachable and in wash goods, crash being a favorite material for this purpose.

Most of the suits are developed in flannel or serge, though Scotch mixtures are as well liked as ever, and are especially serviceable. A new material this season, and one which is very pretty, is a wool crash. It makes up well in any of the styles mentioned.

Browns are to be the leading shades of the season, while jockey blue is a new development in color, which is especially liked for boys from three to five years.

A sailor blouse is made with a shield front, and the shield is either trimmed from side to side with rows of braid in contrasting colors, or else has some nautical emblem worked upon it. The collar of the blouse is also trimmed with braid. The coats of the vestee suits are decorated with bright buttons.

One suit of jockey blue made in vestee style, had a detachable collar of crash in which is a thread of blue. The vest and coat were trimmed with bands of silver colored braid.

A grey corduroy suit made in the same style was finished with narrow white silk braid and white pearl buttons.

A Scotch mixture in sailor style has the edge of the collar finished with red and a red shield. An emblem was worked upon the shield, and also upon the left sleeve above the elbow. The sleeve is finished by plaiting the fullness, and thus forming the cuff.

Some of the wool crash



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

suits have a detachable collar of white pique, trimmed with a flat white braid.

All that is needed to change the sailor suits into middy suits is the pair of long trousers to replace those of knee length. The blouse is developed in exactly the same way. These long trousers flare widely at the bottom to fall over the shoe, and are sometimes, although not so often, worn with the vest front.

A little later, wash suits will largely replace those of wool, but the styles will remain much the same. The ruffled blouse and the sailor blouse will be oftenest seen, and these will be developed in crash, linen duck, pique and striped Galateas. The collars will have fancy borders.

Among the novelties of the season for older boys who are still in knee trousers, are the double-breasted crash suits. These will prove most acceptable on warm days.

Tan O'Shanters will continue to be the favorite hats for small boys. The variety in which they are brought out gives a wide range of choice even in the one shape.

Crash tams will have a colored band which is detachable, thus allowing the crown to be washed. Other tops detachable are of white pique, and similar wash fabrics.

A JAUNTY little suit designed for the small boy is here pictured, made in black velvet, decorated with silk braid

and buttons (see Fig. 5). The stylish jacket, flaring widely in front, sets off the full blouse of fine lawn with its broad sailor collar, cuffs and ruffles of fine embroidery, the cuffs and collar of which are worn over the neck and sleeves of the jacket; which is simply shaped with shoulder and under-arm seams. The fronts are reversed in pointed lapels that have straight upper edges and close at the neck. The sleeves of comfortable width, are the regulation coat shape.

The short knee trousers are fitted by inside and outside leg seams and close at the sides, inside bands at the top being provided with button-holes to attach to buttons on the underwaist.

Velvet or velveteen makes handsome and serviceable suits, while less pretentious tweed, chevrot, vicuña and cloth suits are hardly less attractive. For blouses in this style, cambric, percale, muslin or linen, in striped, figured, checked or plain colors or white are chosen. The decoration may be as plain or as elaborate as desired. The wise mother will recognize the value of just such a pattern, as it is one of the newest styles for small boys.

To make this suit for a boy in the medium size will require one and one-half yards of fifty-four-inch wide material. To make the blouse will require two and one-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch wide material.

#### Simple Recipes for Tasty Dishes.

**Onion Sauce.**—Required:  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of plain white sauce, 3 onions.

**Method.**—Blanch the onions by putting them in cold water and allowing them to come to the boil, then put them into fresh cold water and let them boil till tender, which will be in about an hour. Chop them finely and add them to the white sauce.

**Apple Puffs.**—Required:  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. of flour, 4 ozs. of margarine, a pinch of salt, water, three or four apples.

**Method.**—Peel, core, and mince the apples, add a little sugar and lemon juice. Rub half the margarine into the flour, add salt and sufficient water to mix the paste. Roll it out very thinly. Spread the rest of the butter over it,

fold the pastry in three, roll it out, then fold it again, and roll it out once more. Cut it into rounds, lay some of the apple mixture in the centre of each round, turn it over, damp the paste at the edges to make them stick together. Brush over with white of egg and a little sifted sugar. Bake for about 20 minutes.



FIG. 5.

**Mutton Pudding.**—Required: The under part of the shoulder of mutton, three or four sheep's kidneys, seasoning, suet crust.

**Method.**—Cut the mutton into neat pieces, skin the kidneys and cut them lengthways, season the meat with a tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper mixed together.

Make some pastry with  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. of flour, 6 ozs. of chopped suet, salt, and sufficient water to make the pastry. Cut off one-third, roll out the remainder, line a greased pudding-basin with it, put in the meat, and about half a pint of stock, a little finely-chopped parsley, onion and mushroom. Cover with the pastry put aside. Tie a scalded and floured cloth over, and boil for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Serve the pudding in the basin with a stiff serviette twisted round.

**Potato Chips.**—Prepare the potatoes as for boiling, cut them into thin slices, dry these in a clean cloth, and fry in deep hot fat till a nice brown color. Serve in a hot dish with a little salt sprinkled over them.

**Lobster Croquettes.**—Required:  $\frac{1}{2}$  tin of lobster,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ozs. of butter, 1 oz. of flour, 1 gill of water, 1 gill of milk, lemon juice, pepper, salt, cayenne, egg, and bread-crumbs.

**Method.**—Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, then the milk and water, stir till the mixture thickens, add the lobster, and let it cook for a minute or two in the sauce; turn it out on a plate to cool, shape it into balls, egg and crumb these, and fry them in deep hot fat.

**Aunt Margaret's Pudding.**—Method.—Cut the remains of the cold plum pudding into fingers, lay them crosswise in a greased basin, pour sufficient custard over to fill the basin. Steam one hour.





### Betty Morton and the Archbishop.

THE mother of Archibald Tait died when he was three years old, leaving him to the care of his nurse, Betty Morton. At thirteen, he went to the Edinburgh Academy, which was a day school only. The boys lived at home, or boarded in the families of the city, so that little Archibald was, like all the rest, thrown upon the society of some one outside the school, and for him it was the company of Betty Morton.

The course of study was very severe; six hours' continuous work by day, and as many more at night. But Tait rose rapidly to the head of his class, though he had not, like some of the other pupils, the benefit of a private tutor. He scarcely needed one, for Betty served instead. And unlearned though she was, she seemed to serve that purpose as well as any other.

He used to repeat his memorized Latin lessons aloud, and Betty held the book close to her eyes, diligently following every word as he said page after page. To her Latin was an unknown language, but that scarcely made a difference.

"Ay," she would say, by way of encouragement, "it maun be richt. It's just word for word, and it sounds like it."

Then there would be a sudden lowering of the book and an ominous, "Na! na! It's no that awa!" And Archibald knew that he was wrong.

Three years later, he went to Glasgow University. Here again Betty accompanied him, and she not only tended him with care, but made sure that his hours of study were not interrupted, even repulsing his friends, with inexorable firmness, when they came to the door.

He was still a young man when she died, and throughout her illness he was with her constantly. As the end approached, he showed a depth of tenderness which no one had suspected beneath his somewhat stern exterior. The

two took the "Lord's Supper" together, and were then left alone. All night the young man sat beside the old nurse's bed, and gave her words of comfort, as she could bear them, and as the morning broke, on New Year's day, she died with her hand clasped in his.

### A Lover of Animals.

THERE are few men with a stronger love for dumb animals than that of the Prince of Wales. Dogs are special favorites with His Royal Highness, and the group of beauties to whom all our young readers are hero introduced, are among the finest in the Prince's possession. At the recent great English Dog Show they carried off all the first prizes.

The Prince is no mere buyer and raiser of animals "through a deputy." Here, as in all things, he is most thoroughly practical, and many visitors to different agricultural and animal shows in England have been surprised when they learned that the short, middle-aged man whom they saw taking an active interest in the proceedings was H. R. H.



THE PRINCE'S DOGS.

### The Cigar he Didn't Smoke.

Of all the many interesting stories told of and by the famous old man to whom the United German Empire owes its existence, none leaves a more pleasing impression of the old soldier, statesman, martinet and smoker.

After dessert, when coffee and cigars were handed round: "Ah, yes," said Bismarck, as he proceeded to light an excellent Havana, "the value of a good cigar is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of getting another. At Koniggratz I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle, as a miser does his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colors, in my mind, the happy hour when I should enjoy it after victory. But I had miscalculated my chances."

"And how?"

"A poor dragoon. He lay helpless, with both arms crushed, moaning for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found that I had only gold, which would be of no use to him. But stay—I had still my treasured cigar! I lighted this for him and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile! I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one I did not smoke."

### Unexpectedly Efficacious.

Rev. S. Baring Gould, in the *Sunday Magazine*, tells the following story:

A poor woman came to the parson of the parish with the request:

"Please, pass'n, my ou'd sow be took cruel bad. I wish now you'd be so good as to come and say a prayer over her."

"A prayer! Goodness preserve us! I cannot come and pray over a pig—a pig, my dear Sally—that is not possible."

"Her be cruel bad, groaning, and won't eat her meat. If she died, pass'n, wha'tiver shall we do i' the winter w'out bacon sides and ham? Oh, dear! Do'y now, pass'n—come and say a prayer over my sow."

"I really, really must not degrade my sacred office, Sally. Indeed, I must not."

"Oh, pass'n, do'y now," and the good creature began to sob.

The parson was a tender-hearted man, and tears were too much. He agreed to go to the cottage, see the pig, and do what he could.

Accordingly he visited the patient, which lay groaning in the sty.

The woman gazed wistfully at the

pastor, and waited for the prayer. Then the clergyman raised his right hand, pointed with one finger at the sow, and said, solemnly: "If thou livest, O pig! then thou livest. If thou diest, O pig! then thou diest!"

Singularly enough, the sow was better that same evening and ate a little wash. She was well and had recovered her appetite wholly next day.

Now, it happened some months after this that the rector felt very ill with a quinsy that nearly choked him. He could not swallow, he could not breathe. His life was in imminent danger.

Sally was a visitor every day at the rectory, and was urgent to see the sick man. She was refused admission, but pressed so vehemently that finally she was suffered just to see him; but she was warned not to speak.

She was conducted to the sick room and the door thrown open. Then she beheld her pastor lying in bed, groaning, almost in extremities.

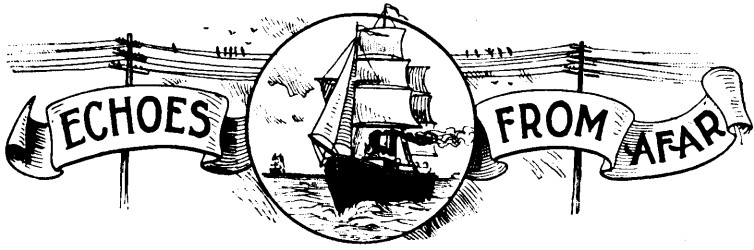
Raising her hand she pointed at him with one finger, and said: "If thou livest, O pass'n! then thou livest! If thou diest, O pass'n! then thou diest!"

The effect on the sick man was—an explosion of laughter that burst the quinsy, and his recovery.

### Tortured by Drops of Water.

ONE of the Chinese modes of punishment, especially when a confession is wanted from a criminal, is to place him where a drop of water will fall upon one certain spot in his shaven crown for hours, or days if necessary. The torture this inflicts is proved by an experience of Sandow, the strong man. When he was in Vienna a few years ago a school-teacher said that he would not be able to let a half-litre of water drop upon his hand until the measure was exhausted. A half-litre is only a little more than a pint. Sandow laughed at the very idea of his not being able to do this. So a half-litre measure was procured, and a hole drilled in the bottom just sufficient to let the water escape drop by drop.

Then the experiment began. Sandow laughed and chatted gaily at first. The school-master kept count upon the number of drops. At about the 200th Sandow grew a little more serious. Soon an expression of pain crossed his face. With the entrance into the third hundred his hand began to swell and grow red. Then the skin burst. The pain grew more and more excruciating. Finally, at the 420th drop, Sandow had to give up and acknowledge himself vanquished.



## The Producing Interest in Australia as seen by our Correspondent and others.

THE season thus far has been the most peculiar one we have yet experienced in the Colonies; you will probably think we have a good many peculiar seasons here. January, which is usually the hottest month in the year, proved to be almost a winter month this time, with the heaviest rainfall throughout the Colonies that has been recorded for some thirty or forty years past. February and March have been exceedingly dry, and at the present moment the country is so dry and the ground so hard, that seeding operations are almost at a standstill.

As soon as the rain fell in January farmers started plowing and seeding operations, which is about two months earlier than usual, and a month or so ago the prospects of a large crop being sown under favourable conditions were of a most promising character. Since the last rains, however, the weather has been dry and sunless, excepting the last few days, which have been slightly warmer. The moisture in the ground has again all been mopped up by drying winds, and seeding operations have for the present been brought to a standstill. Much of the early put-in seed has not germinated as yet, and, unless it gets moisture ere long, it will either rot or malt, and not come up at all. The ground is now so very dry that farmers are, of course, afraid to sow any more seed until rain comes. It is not too late, by any means, for sowing with the assurance of obtaining heavy yields. As a matter of fact, in ordinary years the months of April and May are generally considered the best time for putting in wheat in the northern districts, but the late dry seasons that have been experienced have shown that early sowing is an advan-

tage, and for this reason growers are, perhaps, more impatient than usual about getting in the seed this year. So far there is not the least occasion for alarm. A large area of land is all in readiness to receive the seed, and it only requires a good shower to put everything right. It generally rains about Easter.

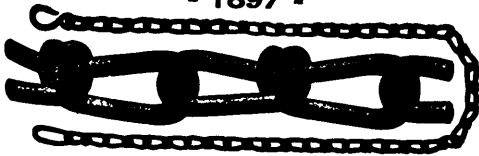
Fortunately, the season is proving favourable to the producing interests in the southern and north-eastern portions of the colony. There is plenty of grass in the Western District, while in Gippsland it was never more abundant at this time of the year. A South Gippsland farmer writes that "the weather during last month has continued unusually favourable for graziers. Although a trifle on the cold side occasionally, we shall all remember this 1897 autumn as the best ever experienced, even in this favoured province, and, although supplies of milk are slightly diminishing now, we have had a long innings this season, and have reaped a fair harvest. We are all too ready to find fault with the railway management, so it is only just to give credit when it is deserved, and at the present time the department are offering facilities for trucking our various products, except in the matter of timber, such as we never expected to receive. There is much to be done yet in this direction, but it is pleasant to record substantial progress." This is more cheering than the news that has lately been received from the north and north-western districts, where water-carting is the rule, and stock are famishing for the want of a bite to eat. What makes the situation so bad in the Wimmera is the great scarcity of straw, as well as grass and water.

*Melbourne, April 8th.*

**A Timely Hint.**

IN the Province of Ontario alone over 500 general stores and furniture dealers act as collecting agents for a large bedding factory in Montreal. In Manitoba there are nearly one hundred, and so on in every Province. Each of these has instructions to pay cash for all feathers brought to his store, according to a schedule of prices, posted in full sight, so that every one can see it. If you, who read this notice, have any feathers for sale and wish to know who is your nearest collector of poultry feathers (goose, duck, hen or turkey), you can find it out by dropping a card to the ALASKA FEATHER AND DOWN COMPANY, the largest collectors of geese feathers in Canada, 290 Guy Street, Montreal.

- 1897 -



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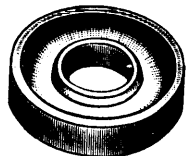
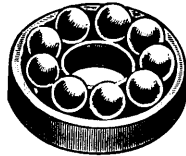
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**A SAMPLE LETTER.**

ELORA, February 27th, 1896.

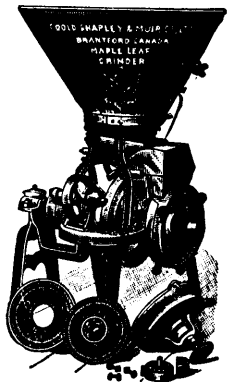
Messrs. **Goold, Shapley & Muir Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ont.**  
GENTLEMEN,—Have had a 12 foot wheel put up on my barn and it has more than met our highest expectations. Besides the saving of horse flesh the ease of putting it in to work for occasional use, makes it far superior to horse, or indeed, any other power for a farmer. The appliance for putting it into the wind and regulating the velocity is an especial advantage to it. The wheel is entirely satisfactory for pulping roots, for grinding grain, cutting corn, hay, or straw, and we also find that it is equal to about 6-horse power for sawing wood with the circular saw. In fact, I would not be without it under any consideration as it saves us money every day and is in every respect a satisfactory contrivance.

Yours respectfully,  
**MOSES AUGER.**

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FIRST TRAMP.—Come, Weary, why don't yer set down?

SECOND TRAMP.—Aw! It's too much work ter git up ag'in.

THE CIGAR UPSET HIM.

A man was in a very bad way of health. After anxious thought he determined to consult a doctor. The latter, after a most minute examination, pronounced the patient to be suffering from a severe form of dyspepsia, and prescribed for him accordingly. He was very particular in giving full directions as to diet—a light breakfast: cup of cocoa, dry toast and other simple fare; plain dinner: chop, no potatoes, glass of claret, and only one cigar per day. He was most careful to impress the fact upon the patient's mind that the one cigar should never be exceeded.

The patient went away, and returned in a week worse than ever. The doctor was nonplussed. Upon inquiries he found that the man had most faithfully carried out all his instructions to the letter.

"I know what it is," replied the man of medicine; "you've had more than one cigar a day. It's the smoking that's done it."

"Yes, I know that, doctor; it's the smoking. But I've only had one cigar at a time, and that was quite enough, for I never smoked in my life until you told me to."

PARTY AT THE DOOR.—Is the lady of the house in? COOK.—I'm wan of thim, surr.

APPLICANT.—What does a marriage license cost? CLERK.—Well, really, it's hard to tell till you've tried one for fifteen or twenty years.

CUMSO.—Well, Johnnie, how do you like your new teacher? JOHNNY.—Not much. She don't know anything. To-day she asked me who discovered America.

"Now, sir," said the professor of medicine, "you may tell me to what class of maladies insomnia belongs."

"Why-er," replied the medical student, "it's a contagious disease."

"I never heard it so described. Where did you learn of this?"

"From experience. Whenever my neighbor's dog can't sleep, I'm just as wakeful as he is."

TEACHER.—What part of speech is "kiss"? ENTIRE CHORUS OF GIRLS.—A conjunction.

TEACHER.—Tommy, if you gave your little brother nine sticks of candy and then took away seven, what would that make? TOMMY.—It would make him yell.

"What time is it, my lad?" asked an American traveller of a small Irish boy who was driving a couple of cows home from the fields.

"About twelve o'clock, sir," replied the boy.

"I thought it was more."

"It's never any more here," returned the lad, in surprise, "It just begins at one again."

WIDOW (who has received news of her husband's demise in the far West.—And how did poor William meet his death? WESTERN FRIEND.—He didn't meet it at all, ma'am. The boys had ter chase him ten miles before they could catch him and put the rope round his neck.

"How is it that you are always in debt? You should be ashamed of yourself."

"Come, now, don't be too hard on a fellow; you would perhaps be in debt, too, if you were in my place."

"What place?"

"Able to get credit."

"Has your son any special talent?" asked one man.

"Yes," replied the other, "I think he's an inventor."

"Has he invented many things?"

"Yes; most of them reasons why I should give him money."

JUDGE (to prisoner).—We are now going to read to you a list of your former convictions." PRISONER.—In that case, perhaps your lordship will allow me to sit down.



AN EARLY MORNING REFLECTION.

"Here comes the man I've been laying for."

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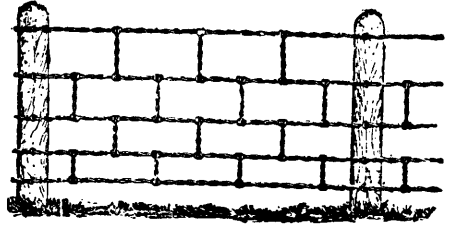
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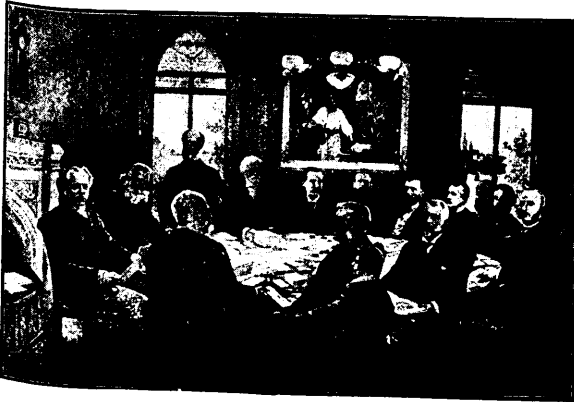
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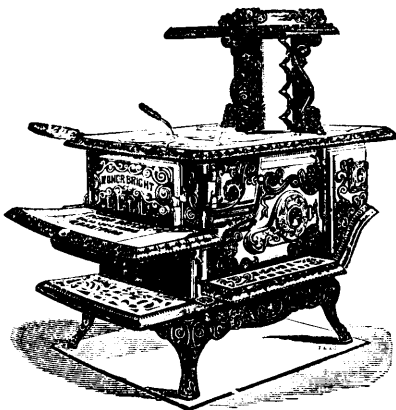
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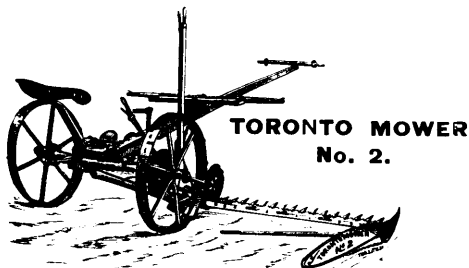
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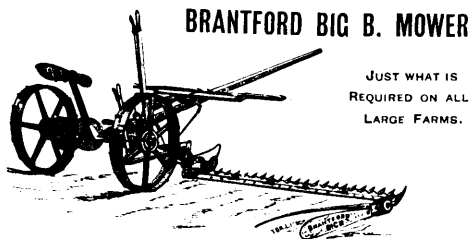
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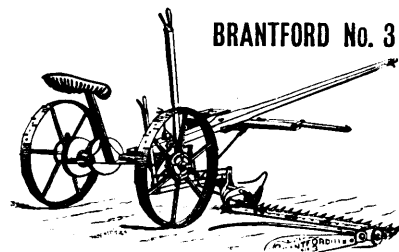
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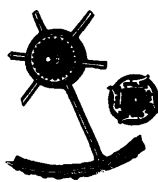


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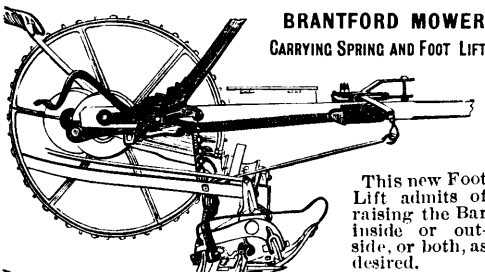


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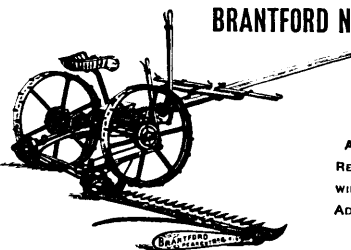
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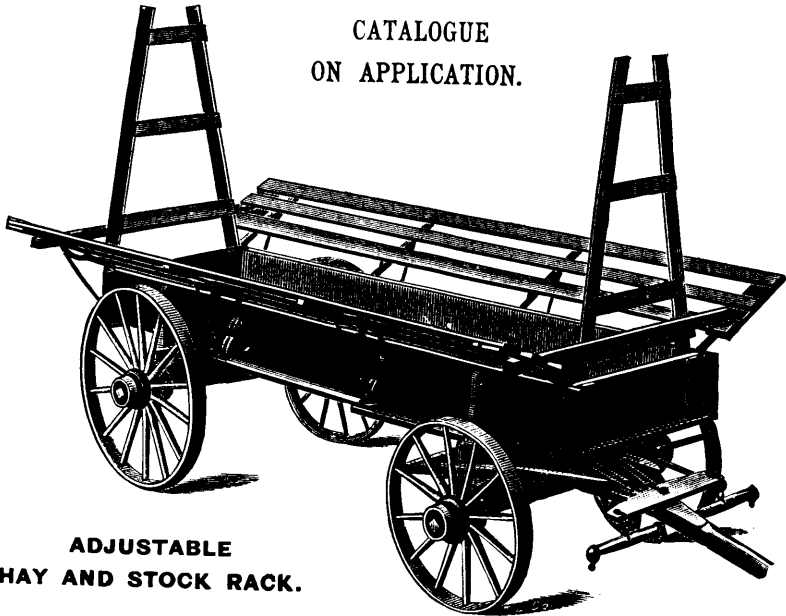
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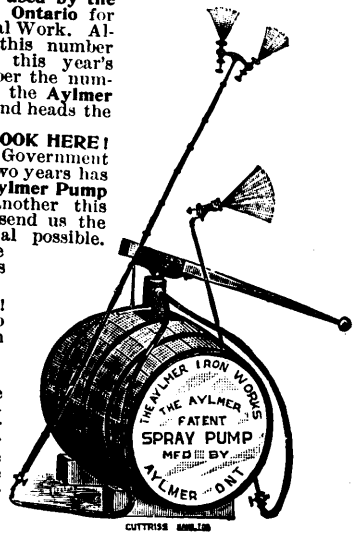
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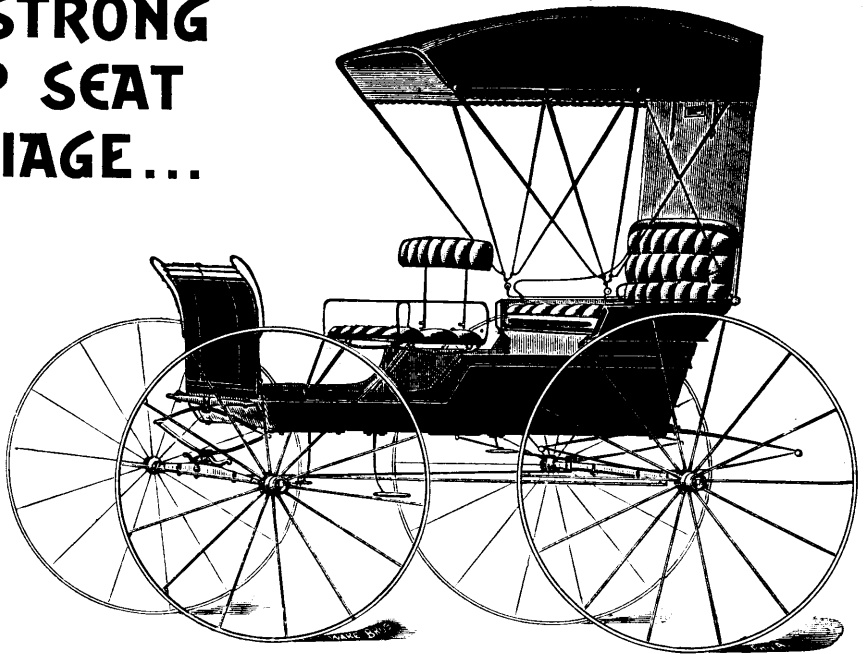


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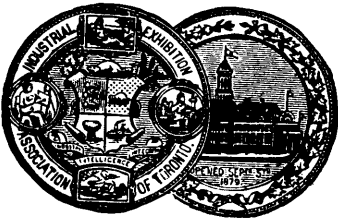
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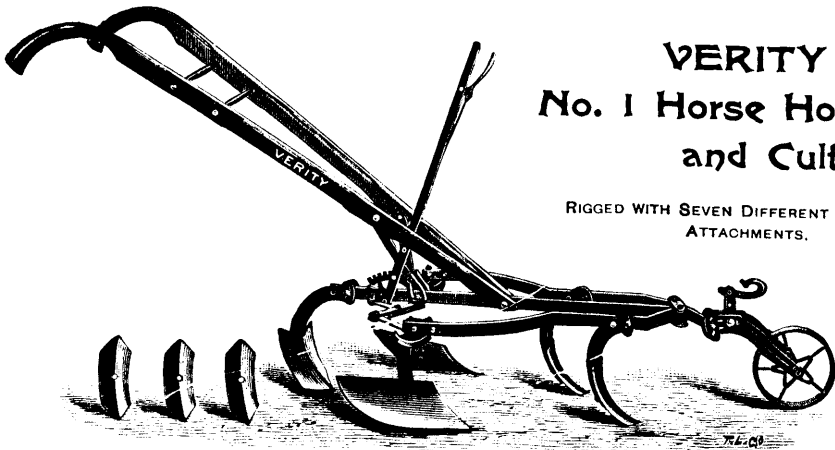
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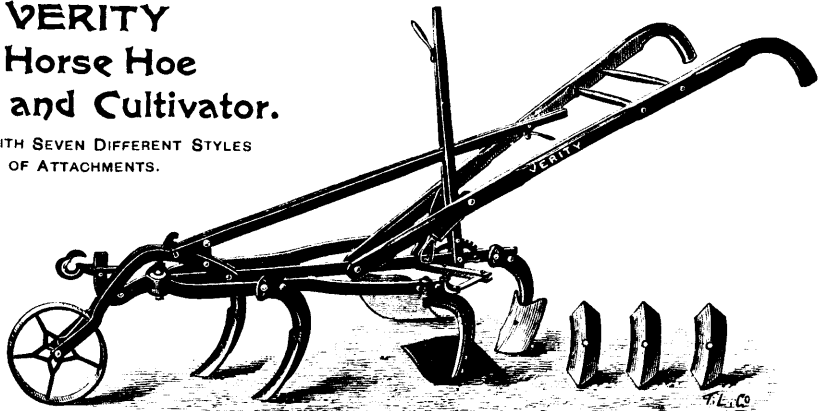
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**No. 1 Horse Hoe**  
**and Cultivator.**

RIGGED WITH SEVEN DIFFERENT STYLES OF ATTACHMENTS.

Furnished with 1 Lever, 5 Standards, 5 Diamond or Oval Points, 2 Short Hillers, and 1 Shovel Blade. Long Hillers furnished, if desired. Made of best quality Steel. Strong enough to stand immense strain. Light and easy to handle. By use of Lever the width can be instantly and easily changed while in motion. Standards are hollow Steel, pressed to a shape that will stand the greatest strain, and are guaranteed not to bend. All blades are of the highest quality tempered steel.

**VERITY**  
**No. 2 Horse Hoe**  
**and Cultivator.**

RIGGED WITH SEVEN DIFFERENT STYLES OF ATTACHMENTS.



Same as our No. 1, but with two Levers, one for changing the width and one to change the depth, as well as to turn easily at the end of the row. Both levers operated easily and while in motion. Standards are hollow Steel and adjustable to any desired pitch. Diamond or Oval Points furnished as ordered. Both are reversible. The Short Hillers are reversible, and can be set to throw the soil inwards or outwards, as desired. A complete tool. Handles are adjustable in height and can be moved sidewise to clear berry bushes when passing between the rows.

**VERITY PLOW CO., LTD. BRANTFORD, ONT.**

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