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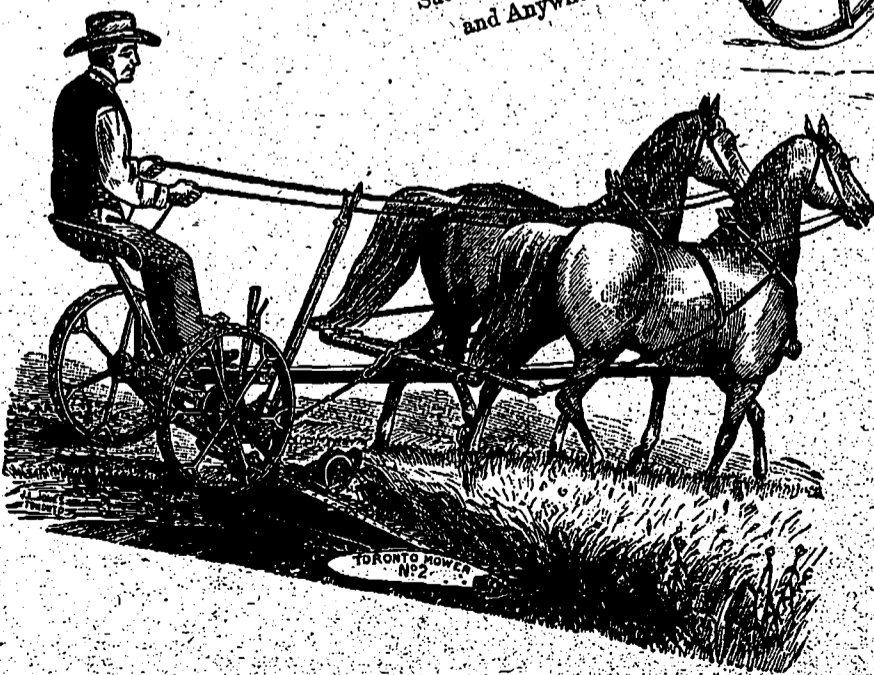
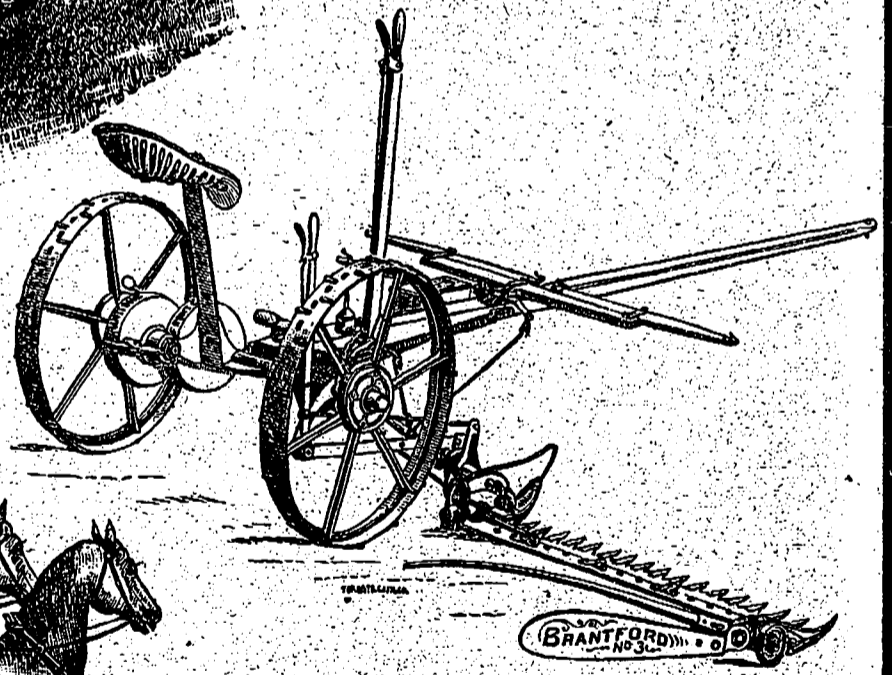
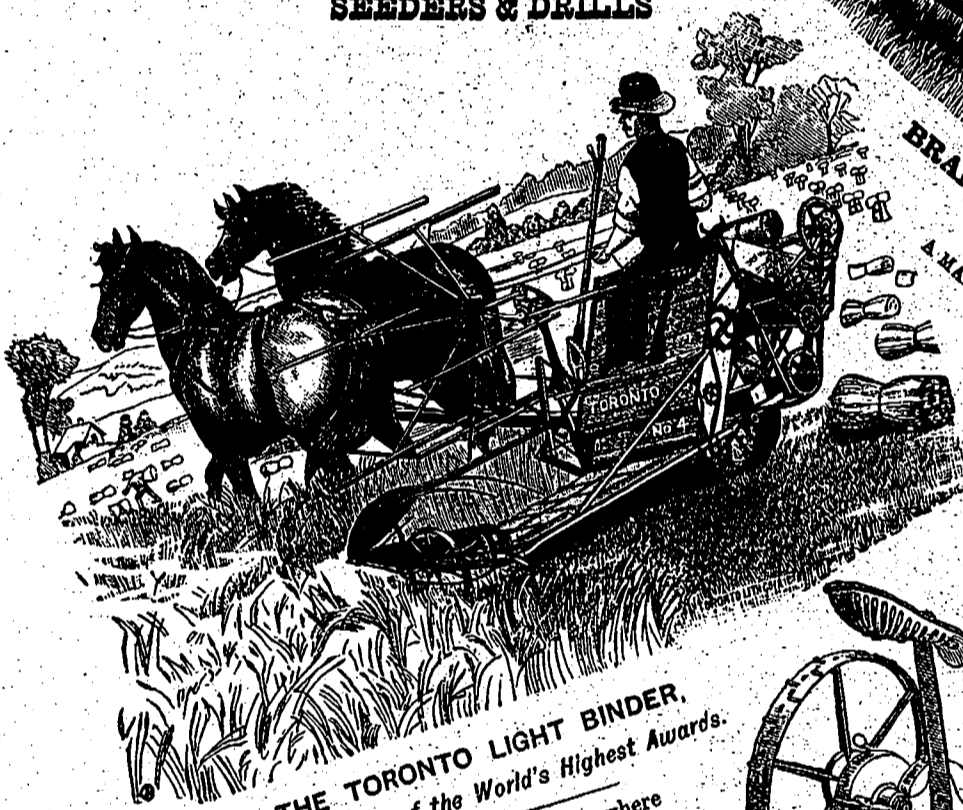
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Massey's Illustrated

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER, 1891.

[Vol. 3, No. 10.]



Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

Joe Broggs;

OR,

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

BY D. McFADYEN.

PART I.

RAIN fell in torrents—the night was dark—clouds scudded across the sky—no sound was heard but the moaning of the trees and the roaring of the wind, as it swept through the streets. All kept within doors, and were thankful for the bright fires and cosy rooms and happy family circle.

Looking out of the window into Princess Street might be seen a woman, her clothes threadbare, her face pale and careworn, carrying in her arms a child—the thin shawl around which scarcely saved it from the cold blast. The woman's hair was wildly blown about her shoulders, and her shivering arms were bare to the elbows. She passed and left us thinking—thinking of the woe in our cities—of the sad hearts, the hopeless hearts—the broken hearts of our great cities.

She made her way to the House of Refuge. Full of fear and shame, she approached the place and tremblingly knocked for admittance. An official came, asked the usual questions, and heard the old, old tale of woe—of a drunken father and a brutal husband.

"Well, Mrs. Broggs, you may stay here to-night. We will see what can be done for you in the morning. It is a fearful night."

"Yes, sir," she answered, "a fearful night for me," and with a low cry she fell to the floor in a swoon. The child—poor, sickly, little Em, was picked up by a pauper, around whom three or four other unfortunates gathered. The excitement over, they grouped around the fire, and old Norman, who made his home there, broke out with,—“I

never knowed the likes on it. Seven years ago Joe Broggs had a big farm with 'osses, and cows, and everything. He tuck to drinkin' and bettin' and playin', so his place soon went to flitters. Then he solled out and come here, and 'tween drinkin' and loafin' he came to want. I never had his chance. Now he is 'orsler for old Simes at the Central. Yes, he went from bad to worse, and from worse to here.

That there woman is his wife. I knowed her when—"

Dong! Dong! Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

The story teller stopped. Broggs was forgotten. Outside was a seething mass of people making for the fire.

"Where is it?"—"Which way?"—"It is the

THE WOMAN'S HAIR WAS WILDLY BLOWN ABOUT HER SHOULDERS.

court house!"—"No, it is the Central, where Simes keeps."—"Out of my way!" Curses and murmurs, smoke and rain, cries and trampling fill the midnight air.

Onward pressed the crowd to Simes' hotel. The second story was now ablaze. Women were seen running hysterically from window to window,

choked and blinded with smoke. Willing hands rushed to the rescue—windows chopped away—women carried down ladders—prodigies of valor executed, and at last all are safe. The building must go, and the firemen bend their energies to save adjoining buildings.

Suddenly screams are heard from the third story. Every man held his breath. Amid the crackling and roaring flames can be heard a woman's voice.

"Oh, save me! For God's sake, save me! Help! Help!" Then all was still.

A man springs wildly to the building, throws off his coat, and in a hoarse voice, cries, "O, God forgive me! My child, my Milly, has perished in the flames. A ladder, curse you, a ladder here. My child, my child!"

Ladders were brought, but proved too short. Ten feet more and there was a chance. But see! It is Joe Broggs. He is up on the next building. a leap of ten feet and he is on the hotel roof (cheers from the crowd). He creeps to the edge of the roof and hacks like a madman at the overhanging part. But, O horror! he falls. No, he clings with one hand to a rafter, and with his foot is kicking in the window; he drops, but catches the ledge; the stillness of death reigns. A scramble, a struggle, and he has a better hold. Slowly he breaks the panes with one hand. Blood drips to the sidewalk. He cannot hold out much longer. But a mighty effort, and he is in the room. Hurrah for Broggs! At last—yes, he has found her. He comes to the window with Milly in his arms. He looks up—no one is there; down—no one moves. People seem transfixed. Then he points with his bloody hand to the roof, and is understood. Three men climb to the roof and a rope is handed to them. O, heavens! what a time they take. They move like snails. The beams are giving way, and soon the house will be down. Many a silent prayer is offered in their behalf by the now hopeless spectators. But the men are there, the rope lowered, and soon Milly is in the strong grasp of a fireman on the roof. Crash! Boom! The floor is down. Where is Broggs? When the smoke clears he is seen hanging on the outside of the wall, holding on for life—his hair scorched, his hands and face badly burned, and his strength failing. He cannot hold out much longer. The rope is lowered, and just in time. He slips his hand into the noose, and is hauled into comparative safety. A cry from the crowd calls the attention of the men, and they see the roof caving in. Away they go for life, and not a moment too soon, for just as the last man is off the roof, the building collapses. Flames and sparks rise up and seem to reach the very stars, but all are safe. Two hours after the excitement is over, and people ask for the cause of the fire. No one knows, until next day the town is thrown into great excitement when it became known that Broggs was arrested on suspicion.

He was imprisoned, but public opinion was on his side. Those who knew him best said, "Joe Broggs never did it."

The day following he was taken before the magistrate, and charged with burning the building. He pleaded "Not guilty," but some witnesses gave damaging evidence.

Tom Pinkney told how he was continually cursing Simes, and one day said, "I wish that hotel was burned." Simes, the hotel keeper, told how he had threatened him when he had refused to give him (Broggs) drink.

So he was remanded to prison to await his trial at the next assizes.

Poor Mrs. Broggs, when she heard this, was

frantic with grief and shame. The excitement brought on brain fever. In her delirium she prayed for her husband, spoke soothingly to her two daughters, and sometimes screamed out in terror, "Oh, Joe, don't kill us." Then getting quieter, she would cry, "Joe, dear, please try to give up gambling and drinking. Be as you once were, a loving husband and a tender father."

Broggs was allowed to see his wife. When he entered the room he heard her incoherent utterances of fear, dread, and pleading. The sweat stood on his forehead in great drops and the attending constable had to support him. He cried, "My God, forgive me," then turning to his attendant, said, "Sir, you are a witness before God and man that Joe Broggs will never drink—never gamble—any more."

Poor Joe, he could stand no more, so asked to be taken back to his dreary cell. Truly penitent, sad-hearted, Joe found how much the human heart can bear and not break.

But time moves—even though slowly—to the sad and broken-hearted. Joe's trial came on. The prisoner sat in his place pale but with a gleam of hope in his eye. To the question, "Do you plead Guilty or Not Guilty?" his clear, ringing, "Not Guilty, my lord," seemed to many sympathising listeners an evidence of his innocence.

The witnesses were examined. Their evidence agreed, and a good case was made against the prisoner. The judge, charging the jury, said, "Joseph Broggs, the prisoner, stableman for Simes, is charged with a grave offence. We must punish such offences severely to insure the safety of our property. Gentlemen, you have a difficult case to decide. Let not your sympathies stand between you and justice. On evidence, Broggs was shown to be a drunkard and a gambler—a dangerous man when under the influence of alcohol—a man who always laid the blame of his downfall at the door of Simes' Hotel. You will remember that he twice threatened Simes—charged him with ruining himself and family, and then refusing him a glass of whiskey. Next witness, Thomas Pinkney, testifies that the prisoner was heard to say, 'Simes should be burnt out. O, I should like to see him begging.' At the fire he was heard to cry out, 'God forgive me—my daughter—my Em.' Now, it rests with you as a jury to decide whether this is sufficient evidence to prove the prisoner guilty. It is circumstantial, but that is often the only means of bringing a criminal to justice. Remember that as judges you are to hold no prejudice against him—no favor for him. True, no one saw him do the deed. True, he was at home at eleven that night, but he had been drinking heavily. Now I leave the case with you and to aid you in coming to a conclusion you may consider, (1) Could the fire be set before 10:30, and not break out until 2; (2) Is the prisoner's character such that he would be likely to do the deed."

The jury retired and as it was the last case for that day, all waited in suspense. No one moved, but each watched the door by which the jury would re-enter the court room.

Ten minutes passed. Twenty minutes. No jury. Half an hour. No jury.

Excitement was at its height when the door opened and the jury filed in. Broggs turned to view them. Men and women bent forward to listen. The foreman arose and said, "We find the prisoner 'Not Guilty.'" Cheer after cheer echoed through the room, and even the judicial face of the judge beamed with satisfaction as Broggs went out a free man.

Happy—I guess he was—he felt like a new man, and resolved to become a new one. Next day he secured work as a fireman in a mill, where he stayed for four months. When his wife recovered, he determined to go to the North-West, as he would not have the same temptations there. Friends got up a subscription and with \$450 he started on his journey to begin life in the West. So farewell, Joe Broggs, for the present.

To be concluded in our next.

Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

A Lost Letter.

BY F. O. DONR.

PART II.

IT was September. Three years ago our story opened. Mr. Hewitt walked slowly along the street of a rising North-West town. He passed the door of a small saloon, about which was gathered a group of rough-looking men. Scarcely had he passed when he heard the remark, "Blackcoat looks glum to-day."

"Guess business isn't prospering," added a second gruff voice. "Don't like the idea of competition, I guess. There's another blackcoat come to town." Mr. Hewitt heard no more. His first thought was to reproach himself for allowing his gloomy feelings to master him, then one of joy. Could it be possible that he was to have a sympathizer? For four months he had labored, and now he was well nigh discouraged. The town, situated near the mines just opened, and surrounded by a wide tract of cattle and ranching country, was inhabited by a moving population of cowboys and miners, as well as by numbers of men engaged in building the railroad. Among these the saloon prospered much better than the church. What Mr. Hewitt had heard was good news, and as he walked towards home his step quickened, and he forgot his troubles in thinking of his "competitor" in "business." He even smiled at the coarse joke of his critic. When he entered, his wife looked up with a question in her eyes, but before it could reach her lips, Mr. Hewitt began to tell his news, closing with, "Tomorrow I am going to find my 'competitor.'"

Next day, Mr. Hewitt set out to find the minister who was to work with him, and to whom he looked for fellowship and sympathy. He found him at the hotel of the place just preparing to set out in search of a house. After an introduction, and a half hour's talk, Mr. Hewitt went out with the new comer to examine one or two houses which were vacant. Then they parted, and Mr. Hewitt went home to tell his wife the result of his visit. The look of pleasure and satisfaction upon his face told her more than words, and she listened patiently as her husband described the new comer, told that he was a Presbyterian, of their expedition in search of a house, and how he was most favorably impressed, before she asked eagerly,

"Has he a wife and children?"

"Ah, now," said her husband, "in my selfishness I forgot what I might have known you were most wanting to hear about. He has no wife, only a daughter. I saw her for only a few moments, but I take her to be a very interesting girl or young lady, I don't know which to call her. I feel sure you will like her."

"I am sure I shall," said Mrs. Hewitt. "How lonely she must be down at the hotel. Don't you think I ought to call on her?"

"Yes, most certainly. How thoughtless of me not to tell her that you would do so."

Two weeks later, Mr. Frazer and Mary were comfortably settled in their new field of labor. During the three years that had passed, Mary had changed. Then she was the light hearted girl just entering on womanhood; three years had changed her to the woman just leaving girlhood. Perhaps events had hastened the change. Mr. Frazer's health, never strong, had two years ago given way to a complication of lung and throat troubles, and he was forced to resign his charge at Virgille. A sojourn in the more favorable climate of Colorado had so far restored him, that he determined to again return to the work which he had given up and fearing that the climate of Ontario might again bring on an attack of his troubles, he had offered his services to the Mission Board of his church in the North-West Territories. He was gladly welcomed and appointed to the field where we now find him.

As months went by, the warmest friendship sprung up between the two ministers. The work in their field was difficult and they constantly met with discouragements, and although they belonged to different denominations they felt they were working in a common cause, and looked to each other for support and sympathy. And whilst they were united in a common cause, their temperaments seemed suited to each other. As for Mrs. Hewitt and Mary, their liking had been mutual from the first day that they met. Mrs. Hewitt, with no children of her own, whilst she felt towards Mary as a mother towards a daughter, looked upon her as a friend and a companion, and Mary, on her part, returned a daughter's love and respect. Many were the meetings and councils in Mrs. Hewitt's little parlor, or in Mr. Frazer's study, to discuss the work in the town, and the ways and means to make it more successful. Then the council of four would break up into committees of two, Mr. Frazer and Mr. Hewitt at one end of the room, and Mrs. Hewitt with Mary at the other. The talk would drift off into discussion of general topics between the ministers, and very frequently to questions of household economy at the other end of the room. On one such occasion, Mrs. Hewitt had left the room and Mary stood looking out of the window. Mr. Hewitt was telling of his work in his late field, and Mary listened in a careless way, more interested in the gambols of two dogs in the street without. Suddenly she started. Her father was saying, "Merlin, Merlin, why that is where the Scott boys are, isn't it, Mary?"

Without turning, she answered, "Yes, papa."

"They used to belong to my congregation in Ontario," continued Mr. Frazer. "Two fine

boys they were. Did you know Tom and Will Scott, Mr. Hewitt?"

"Yes, they used to attend our meetings quite regularly. They were very successful farmers."

Mary heard no more, for just then Mrs. Hewitt called her to the kitchen. Her strange look struck Mrs. Hewitt, but she said nothing, and very soon they were deeply engaged in discussing a new cake which was baking.

"Here, Mary, is the flower which I promised you a month ago," said Mrs. Hewitt, as Mary and her father were leaving the house. "I've wrapped it in this paper to keep the earth around the roots, so that you can put earth and flower in your pot together."

Mary thanked her, and on reaching home spent the rest of the evening among her flowers.

How she loved her flowers.

Every plant was to her a friend. She watered them, examined them to see if any promised to reward her care by sending forth flowers. She arranged and re-arranged the pots as she thought they would look best when the plants were in bloom. Then, smiling at her own enthusiasm, she turned away. On the floor lay the paper in which Mrs. Hewitt had wrapped the flower. Mary picked it up and folding it carefully, intended to preserve it for future use. In doing so her eye fell on the name, Merlin, printed in capitals. It was a small local paper published in the town, which was the



centre of the district which it represented. Mechanically Mary read the items of news contributed by some rural scribe from the Merlin settlement. Suddenly she stopped, the paper dropped from her hand, and she turned deathly white. Without seeming to know what she did, she opened the stove door, stooped and threw the *Barton Recorder* as far back as possible on the red coals, watched it blaze up and disappear, then, taking a lamp, she went to her room.

Poor Mary! She threw herself upon the bed and lay thinking, thinking. She remembered that walk on a clear September evening more than three years before, then what the news of Tom Scott's sudden departure had revealed to her, when she for the first time realized her love for him. Then she recalled the first letter she had received from him in his new home, warm, generous, brotherly, but to her had meant so much; the pleasant interchange of letters in the months which followed. Then came a time when she waited week after week for a letter from him. One, two, three, four months passed, and she had gone south. In the care of her father, and the change of travel she had thought she had forgotten. But to-day her father's question, which among her flowers she had entirely forgotten, and now that paper with its miserable gossip, had recalled all. Only four lines, which read—

"Another of our young men, Mr. Thos. Scott, has resigned his bachelorhood. A young bride now graces the old time bachelor's hall. We extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Scott.

How much they meant to Mary. The room grew cold, but she lay there still thinking. Suddenly she rose, undressed, and crept shivering under the bed clothes. Now she knew all, she must, she would forget and go to sleep. Still the words of that stiffly-written four lines kept running through her head. She knew them every one, and over and over they forced themselves upon her, till at last she fell asleep.

Next day brought the weekly mail, and with it came three or four letters for Mary. One by one she took them up and studied the post marks and handwriting on each. She had waited a whole week, and why not now prolong the pleasure of anticipation. The last lay with face downward upon the table. She slowly took it up, examined the back of the envelope, and turned it over. The hand writing was Nellie's; she would delay no longer. She hastily tore open the envelope, and opened the letter, a very short one, for her girl friend usually wrote seven or eight pages. She read—

DEAR MARY,—What good news I have to tell you! I am coming to see you. Yes, really coming to see you and the boys. I shall leave here Thursday next, and will go to see the boys first. I don't know how long I shall stay with them, but I shall reach you in due time. Good bye, now. Trunks to pack and who knows what else.

Yours lovingly,

NELLIE.

Such news was too good to be kept, so Mary hurried away to find her father, and having told him, she went out to tell Mrs. Hewitt. When she entered she found Mrs. Hewitt engaged mending her husband's heavy overcoat, and Mr. Hewitt sitting reading at the other end of the room. Without taking off hat or shawl, Mary threw herself on the nearest chair, and began to pour forth the good news. Mr. Hewitt listened, and rising, asked—

"What did you say was your friend's name?"

"The Scott," replied Mary. "You knew her brothers at Merlin."

"Oh, a sister of the Scott Boys. Well, I'm glad we're going to have a visitor," he replied, as he went out of the room, leaving the women to talk over the matter alone. Presently Mrs. Hewitt changed the subject by asking, "Did you hear of the accident at the mines yesterday?"

"No," answered Mary; "was any one seriously hurt?"

"Yes, three of the men are in a very dangerous condition," said Mrs. Hewitt. "Mr. Hewitt was at the camp this morning."

"I must tell papa," said Mary. "Perhaps he can do something for them."

"Yes, poor fellows, they will need all the care we can give them," returned Mrs. Hewitt, as she turned over the heavy coat on her knee to examine its lining.

"Why, what is here," she exclaimed, "a paper or a letter in the skirt of the coat. I must see what it is."

With her scissors she cut an opening in the lining and pulled through it an envelope.

"Why, it's a letter. How could it get there? It's so dirty I can scarcely see the address. 'Miss—Mary,' why it's 'Frazer,' your name."

"My name," exclaimed Mary, as she bent over the letter. Then she turned deathly pale, for the hand writing was Tom Scott's. "It is my letter," she said, taking it and tearing open the envelope. Scarcely knowing what she did, she read, then without a word folded it. Her look frightened and touched Mrs. Hewitt, and she said, kindly—

"What is it, dear; can I help you?"

Mary handed her the letter, saying—"Read it."

The letter was the same which Tom had given Mr. Hewitt nearly three years before. Mrs. Hewitt read—

DEAR MARY,—You may think what I have to say rather strange. We have been like brother and sister all our lives, and perhaps you still think of me as nothing more than a brother. But, Mary, I must tell you the truth, I love you, I have loved you long. Mary, could you return my love, could you be my wife? Not now, unless you wish it. I know your father must be first. I have a home here; may it not be yours some day. It cannot be a home for me unless you will call it yours. I shall write no more now.

Yours as ever, TOM.

P.S.—I shall send this to Barton with Mr. Hewitt to-morrow, so that it will reach you a week earlier than usual.

T. S.

Putting down the letter, Mrs. Hewitt drew Mary gently towards, and with her arm about her, sat in silence. As they sat, the hard look in Mary's face gave way, and her friend said, "Tell me about it, dear."

In a very few words Mary told her all.

"But how do you know he is married?" said Mrs. Hewitt.

"That paper said so, the paper you gave me with the flowers."

Mary rose, and with her friend's kiss upon her cheek, left the house. Opening the hall door, she came face to face with her father. She would have given much to have evaded him just then; he must be told, but not now. To try to hurry past him was no use. He noticed the change from the radiance of only an hour before, and laying his hand upon her shoulder, he asked, "What is it, my daughter?"

For answer, Mary handed him the letter. He read it, and with a look of bewilderment, said, "It's dated nearly three years ago. Where did you get it, my child?"

"The paper was—he felt like as have a direct advantage to be de. work as a f in view of the great found in the Dominion are

Mr. Frazer effect of keeping the soil of disseminated attract

and was go way to the camps attract found him and his wife discussing on. had so unexpectedly been found. They examining the overcoat pocket, and Mr. Hewitt saying:

"The top of the pocket has been mended. The letter must have slipped through when the hole was there."

"Yes; but how did you get it?" asked his wife.

"I can't remember getting it, but no doubt it was given me to post. They used often to do that at the out-stations," answered Mr. Hewitt.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Hewitt, "it is too late now. How does she seem to feel, Mr. Frazer?"

"She seems to take it hard. She went to her room, so I thought it best to leave her alone. Will you tell me about it, Mrs. Hewitt?"

In a few words as possible, Mrs. Hewitt told just what had happened, adding, "She will be best left to herself."

Little more was said, and Mr. Frazer rose, saying, "You have heard of the accident at the mines, Mr. Hewitt? I am going down to the camp now."

"I was there early this morning. Three poor fellows are very low indeed. They will need every care."

Mary appeared at tea, but nothing was said on the subject most in their thoughts. At breakfast she seemed to have gained control of herself, and her face indicated a determination to keep it. When her father had finished his meal, he said,—

"Mary, I think you might be of use to those poor fellows down at the camp. Will you go with me?"

"Yes, papa, if you think I can be of any use," and she went off for hat and cloak.

How quickly the days passed during the next few weeks. Mary forgot herself and scarcely thought of her trouble in her care of the injured miners. At night she slept from sheer weariness, and so the day drew near when Nellie should come. When Mary thought of it, she wished it farther away, for it must bring a return of her pain to hear Nellie talk of her brothers, as she was sure to do.

But the day came at last, and in the joy of her friend's presence, Mary forgot all. They were girls at Virgille again. They chatted and laughed, exchanged secrets, and even romped as of old. Mr. Frazer was not present at tea, and who knows the pleasure which two girl friends left alone can get over the tea table. Then dish washing—how the clatter of dishes seems to stimulate the rattling on of tongues. Then the quiet *tete-a-tete* of two girls after going to their bedroom has a charm of which the uninitiated know nothing.

Mary and Nellie lay out on the carpet with elbows rested on the low window sill. Presently Nellie began to talk of her visit to her brothers.

"Did I tell you that Will was married. He's got the nicest little wife."

"No; is Will married, too?" asked Mary, drawing back into the dark to hide her face.

"Of course you know Jack was married two years ago. Do you know, for a long time I couldn't like Jack's wife. She seemed to make me feel as if she had stolen Jack from me altogether. I did

I heard Will was later, Mr. Frazier felt this is particularly in their new field of sheep. Considerable exhibits of grain, fruit, and tobacco, the North-West, showed to advantage soil, and evoked admiration from the draw. abruptly.

Tom Barton."

"You? We'd a lot of fun A young school teacher, who had just come to Merlin, wrote it. He got Tom's and Nellie's names mixed," laughed Nellie. "But you English girl, you know better. Come, tell your friend one secret—didn't you correspond with this brother of mine."

"Yes," and here followed the whole story. Then Mary closed, Nellie sprang up, saying, "I'll write to Tom this very minute. I wondered what made Tom so strange when I talked about you. Where are pen and ink?"

"No, not now, Nellie. Come to bed; there's time to-morrow morning."

The two girls crept into bed, and in ten minutes Nellie, tired with her journey, was asleep. Mary lay awake a long time, too much overcome with sadness to think or to sleep.

Next morning, when Mary awoke, Nellie sat writing a letter to Tom. Mary saw no more than the postscript, "You must come."

Taking a pen she wrote beneath, the one word, "Come."

Need I say that Tom did come.

THE END.



Life in the Wild North Land.

BY EGBERTON R. YOUNG.

SINCE the opening up of the heart of Africa in these later years, by the indomitable courage and valour of such men as Livingstone, Speke, Baker, Stanley, Cameron, Bishop Taylor, and others, perhaps now the least known portion of this habitable globe of ours, to English and American readers, is the northern part of the great Dominion of Canada. Yet there is a vast country of almost boundless resources and possibilities where millions of people will yet find happy homes.

It is true that there are large portions of it that are of little value, but it is also true that there are hundreds of millions of acres of land as fine as any in the world, and in spite of all the drawbacks incident to a wild new country, thousands of people are crowding in every year and taking possession of what is to be one of the great wheat producing portions of this world.

In this, until very recently, unknown region, extending from Red River, which empties into Lake Winnipeg, far away west to the Rocky Mountains, and reaching far into the mighty Mackenzie River country, there is a very fertile region as large as a dozen Englands, enjoying a climate that is exceedingly healthy.

Not only is it admirably adapted for grains, but enormous coal fields have already been discovered, and in the regions north, silver, iron, copper, and lead have been found, and nuggets of gold have been picked up in some of the streams. Vast salt mines have been known there for years and there are immense regions of petroleum springs.

The climate is bracing and healthy. Few who do not care for the cold, bright winters of the more western region of the Dominion will be prepared to believe, as there, although in the same latitude, the country is so influenced by the Pacific breezes and its warm ocean currents that a winter as mild as that of Pennsylvania can be found.

But north of these fertile regions of this great North-West, is a vast country that as yet is not considered of much value. It has its magnificent lakes and rivers, with their untold wealth of fish. Its forests and morasses abound in fur-bearing animals of great value.

Various tribes of Indians reside in these regions and live altogether by fishing and hunting. They are not warlike, like the tribes of the great prairies, but in their pagan state they have many vile and abominable habits which show they are just as bad as those who delight in war.

The industrious, hardy ones can make a comfortable living by hunting and fishing, as an almost endless variety of animals exists in their country, from the fierce grizzly to the spotless ermine.

Missionaries of different churches live with some of these Indian tribes, and thousands of the natives have renounced their paganism and have become earnest, genuine Christians. The testimony of the missionaries is that these red men in their native wilds are neither thievish nor treacherous as some persons would try to make us believe.

To reach some of the roving bands and to do them the good that his heart desires, the missionary has to make his home with them and follow them as they roam about from one place to another in search of game. In summer these trips are made with birch-bark canoes, and in winter with dog trains.

We need not here spend much time describing canoe traveling as it has been so well done before. All I need say is that during the nine years that I lived in that Wild North land I traveled many thousands of miles in a canoe. I ever admired the skill and courage with which the Indians guided it down roaring rapids or saved us from sinking or upsetting in the wild storms which frequently arose on the great lakes we were crossing.

Traveling with dogs is so interesting that we must refer to it at greater length. In that land where we had neither horses nor oxen, our dogs dragged home our wood from the forests and our fish from the distant fisheries. Harnessing eight of the dogs to a plow, I plowed up several acres of land and put in several bushels of wheat which we had dragged by dog train a distance of several hundred miles.

It is one of the remarkable facts of history that for nearly three thousand years, little progress was made in the science of locomotion; but marvelous has been the progress this last century. The old galleys and sailing vessels have given place to the ocean palaces propelled by steam; and the stage coaches have been supplanted by the iron horse whose shrieks awake the echoes in every civilized land, and men go to and fro in comfort and safety with a speed undreamed of by their forefathers. Still it is well to remember that there are vast sections of this great American continent where the solitudes have never yet been disturbed by the whistle of the locomotive, and all who for adventure or gain or duty travel in those northern regions, do it in the most primitive manner.

Of the few methods possible for winter traveling in those high latitudes, the most successful and speedy is with the dog trains, and it is a cause of thankfulness to such as dwell in those interior re-

gions, I thought of and brought

During our residence of many years in the wild regions, hundreds of miles north of the now flourishing city of Winnipeg, in the province of Manitoba, away north of those fertile prairies where the waves of Anglo-Saxon civilization are now surging, laying the foundations of nations yet to be, duty called me, in visiting the isolated Indian bands, to travel several thousand miles each year with dogs.

My obligation as a missionary of one of the churches believing in the possibility of the Indian's conversion from debasing paganism, and in the amelioration of his sad condition, made it imperative that long journeys should be made in order that the success desired might in a measure be realized.

Into these dreary regions the surveyor or hardy pioneer had not yet ventured. The blaze of the backwoodsman's axe upon the trees had not yet been seen. No great highways of travel, no ordinary roads, nor even trails, were there. So seldom does an adventurous fur-trader or explorer or even a band of Indians pass through that solitary land that no impress of the foot is left to give evidence of the direction of the trail or any assurance that the missionary and his faithful Indians are not lost in the awful solitudes. This lack, added to the many dangers that encompassed us in our journeyings to and fro, gave us many opportunities for observing that marvelous gift or instinct possessed by some of our Indians who were infallible guides in traveling through these regions where the landmarks are so few and the dangers of becoming bewildered and lost are so great.

Too many look down upon the poor Indian with contempt and scorn, and call him stupid and ignorant, but in the narrow circle of the humble life in which he moves he is often very highly educated.

It was my privilege during those long years of intimate life among them, to come in contact with some who made what I knew in certain lines of education, dwarf and shrivel into things of naught. Owing, perhaps, to the school in which they are taught, their perceptive faculties are of a high order, and are often so thoroughly developed that in competition with them the pale-faced brother is often left far behind.

With no other companions than these faithful Indians, we traveled over vast areas of country without compass or chart, liable to be caught in the treacherous wintry blizzard or to have the clouds hide the sun for days from our vision. Sometimes night has overtaken us ere we reached the camping ground or the friendly wigwam. Yet to these intelligent guides, it made but little difference whether the stars shone out brightly or Egyptian darkness shrouded our way; whether the moon cast her silvery light upon the trail, or the fickle inconstant aurora with its deceptive light flashed and scintillated with bewildering glare upon us; with unerring accuracy they journeyed on straight to their destination without hesitancy, with an assurance, that, to the tired missionary struggling to keep up, savored of presumption, and with a speed that often severely taxed all his energies, but with an accuracy that ever won his admiration.

"How long is it," I once asked one of these northern Crees, who, as a guide, was directing our steps as we were struggling along in the bitter cold, in the wild Nelson River country north-west of Hudson's Bay, "since you traveled through this land? You seem to know every portage and crossing, and you strike the points you say you will, although for days I have not seen the least vestige of a trail or pathway or the slightest evidence that human beings have ever penetrated these wilds before?"

"Missionary," he replied, "I never made this trip but once before, and that was many winters ago, when I came this way with my father."

Great indeed was my astonishment, as for days I had admired his skill and judgment as with never failing accuracy, he had cheerily led us on through that unmarked wilderness—a trip of over three hundred miles.



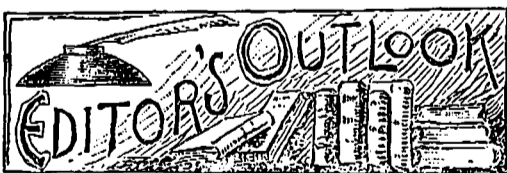
October.

The sunlight falls on the valley,
On purple and gold and red;
And soon there will glide down the pathway,
Our queen of the gold-crowned head.

We have no buds of the spring time,
With their leaves of the shimmering green;
Must we fold our arms that are empty
And welcome our queen, our queen?

We have never a June rose-bud,
For the breezes tossed them away;
Must we clasp our hands that are empty,
And our fair queen's pardon pray?

A hush that is sweeter than music,
A pathway glittering with sheen,
She is come! With arms that are empty,
We embrace her, our queen, our queen!



THE exodus of settlers from South Dakota to Manitoba and the North-West is assuming large proportions. They give vent to their feelings by having banners fastened to their cars with mottoes in large capitals painted on them, bidding good-bye to Dakota, the land of "Blizzards and hail and drought," and "Ten years' hard labor," and that they are bound for the "Land of wheat, and grain, and hay, and wood, and water, and plenty."

AFTER a session of five months, one of the longest on record, Parliament was prorogued on September 30th. The session will be a memorable one in the history of Canada. It has been conspicuous

for the exposure of bribery and corruption in the workings of several of the Departments, resulting not only in the summary discharge of officials concerned in the scandals, but in the resignation of Sir Hector Langevin, as Minister of Public Works, and the expulsion from the House of Commons of Hon. Thomas McGreevy, member of Parliament for Quebec West. Another of the principal scandals was that implicating the Premier of Quebec and others in connection with the Baie des Chaleurs Railway subsidies, which has been referred to a royal commission. The fair fame of Canada has been blackened by these grave scandals, as they have demonstrated to the world that political morality in this country is at a very low ebb. The government has declared its intention to deal rigorously with the bribers as well as the bribed, and a thorough cleansing of the political atmosphere may be expected. It is the universal hope that in this instance good may come out of evil. The session was characterized by bitter personalities and disgraceful wranglings, more particularly in the Committees of the House, which will not redound to the credit of those concerned.

RECENTLY Mr. Gordon Mowat, better known as "Moses Oates," delivered an interesting address before the Agricultural Committee of the House of Commons on the relation of climatology to agriculture. The great importance of the matter has been recognized by the powers that be, and it is now proposed to give effect to his suggestions and to that end a sort of climatic survey, based on meteorological observations and considerations of the influence of topography, and taking special account of local climatic capacity for the culture of varieties of fruit, grain and other vegetables, will be made. It will include the charting, or the otherwise indicating the temperature of the grow-

ing season, the length of the continuously frostless season, the cold of winter, the rainfall and such other conditions of local climate as have a direct bearing on agriculture. The advantages to be derived from such a survey in view of the great variety of climate to be found in the Dominion are obvious. It would have the effect of keeping Canadian farmers at home, developing the soil of their own country and, if properly disseminated abroad, would tend more than ever to attract settlers to our shores.

A MATTER of great interest to dairymen and farmers generally was the milking test at the Toronto Exhibition, conducted by Professor James Robertson and Mr. Frank T. Shutt from the Dominion Experimental Farm. They have completed their analysis, and have awarded the prizes as follows:—

COMPETITORS.	Breed of Cows.	Value of Milk.	Value of Feed.	Return per \$1 worth of feed.	Order of Prizes.
D No ton & Sons, Hamilton, Ont.....	Ayrshire ..	\$1.75	33.93	5.15	1st.
Dawes & Smith, Lachine, Que., & Grimsby, Ont.	Jersey ...	1.32	27.03	4.91	2nd
Wm. Stewart, Jr., Monticello, Ont.....	Ayrshire ..	1.49	34.87	4.27	3rd

Full particulars of data and calculations will be forwarded by the judges to the agricultural papers for the November issue.

At the opening of the Carleton county fair last month, Hon. Mr. Carling, Minister of Agriculture, in the course of his address, referred to the broad and liberal system of education at present enjoyed in Ontario, and suggested that this system could be improved, and put to great advantage to the future of the country, by adopting a system of teaching the theories of agriculture in the schools. There were at present five hundred thousand children attending the schools of Ontario, and he would advocate that each teacher, school-master or school-mistress should be certificated as being able to lecture on agriculture, and should devote at least a portion of one afternoon each week to the study of agriculture and the science of farming. We are exceedingly gratified to find such an important personage as the Dominion Minister of Agriculture expressing an opinion so much in sympathy with what we have advocated time and again, and we sincerely hope that the Ontario Minister of Education will soon recognize the fact that he is acting injudiciously by opposing the introduction of a system which is so obviously of such vast importance to the best interests of agriculture. We sincerely hope that our Farmers' Institutes will take the matter up vigorously at their forthcoming meetings, and sink all party differences in bringing about this most desirable innovation in our rural schools. It is unnecessary for us to again advance the arguments in favor of the introduction of the system as they must be by this time quite familiar to our readers. When the time comes sooner or later that a school teacher will be required to pass an examination on agriculture and our normal schools have a teacher in agriculture, there will not be much trouble in grading up the stock.

THIS year's Toronto Industrial Exhibition, better known as Canada's Great Fair, is numbered with the things of the past. That it still retains its wide-spread popularity among the farming community was shown by the immense attendance of Farmers' Day, which was the largest of any day since the Exhibition was inaugurated. The gate receipts this year amounted to \$87,564.65, showing a decrease as compared with last year of \$1,743.20. The deficiency is accounted for by the fact that the electric railway to the grounds was not running this year. That the Exhibition was a success goes

without saying. The exhibits of live stock were never surpassed at any previous exhibition, and this is particularly true in regard to cattle and sheep. Considerable interest was evinced in the exhibits of grain, fruit, and vegetables from Manitoba, the North-West, and British Columbia, which showed to advantage the wonderful fertility of the soil, and evoked expressions of surprise and admiration from the thousands of visitors. One great drawback to the future advancement and prosperity of the fair is the lack of space and accommodation, both for exhibitors and sightseers. The fair has now attained such vast proportions that unless this need is overcome without further delay, it will have the effect of damaging the prospects of next year's show. The grounds and buildings are quite inadequate to the requirements, and people will prefer to stay at home rather than be almost crushed to death in the jam in almost all the buildings, besides suffering other discomforts. The fault does not lie with the directors of the Exhibition, who have left no stone unturned to procure additional space, and it is to be hoped that their persistent efforts in this direction will soon be crowned with success.

THE American Agriculturist has made an exhaustive study of the world's food supply and declares that the half has not been told about the European shortage in breadstuffs, which not even a bountiful crop this year would have relieved. Continental powers, especially Russia, suppress the facts as far as possible. The European reserves that have heretofore eked out insufficient harvests are everywhere exhausted. Accepting the largest estimates of production both at home and abroad, and even assuming that the United States and Canada can export 225,000,000 bushels, our contemporary still finds a deficit of at least 200,000,000 bushels of wheat and rye, with a possibility of the shortage being twice as great. Added to this is the almost total failure of the potato crop in Ireland, and a serious curtailment in the yield of potatoes on the continent. Even with the utmost economy of distribution, and an unheard-of consumption of American maize, grave distress is before the masses of Europe. The enormous exports of wheat and flour from the United States in August proves that Europe regards the situation as worse than it has yet been painted. For the first time in years wheat, bran, and middlings are being exported to Europe thus early in the season. It accepts these circumstances as the strongest possible reason for believing that the prices of wheat are to-day unusually low. It looks for a sharp advance in all cereals as soon as the demand realizes the limited extent of the world's actual supply. Although noted for its conservatism, it renews its judgment that every bushel of high grade wheat is to-day worth fully one dollar on the farm where it grew.

THE air with which the earth is surrounded is not so pure and subtle as the ether, being impregnated with a multitude of particles and exhalations which are continually detached from the earth and the waters. The air thus blended forms the atmosphere. Its inferior region, or that which is next the earth, is compressed by the superior stratum of air, and is consequently more dense. The proof of this is ascertained by those people who ascend high mountains; their respiration becomes more painful and difficult in proportion to their ascent. It is impossible to determine the exact height of the atmosphere, because we cannot ascend very high in the air; neither can it be inferred with certainty, from the duration of twilight, how far the mass of air extends. Granting that the morning twilight begins, and that of the evening terminates, when the sun is eighteen degrees below the horizon, and that the latter twilight is produced by the rays which strike upon the earth and are reflected by the most elevated parts of the atmosphere, many difficulties will yet remain to be explained. However this may be, the atmosphere is divided into three regions. The lower region extends from the earth to that place where the air is no longer heated by the rays reflected from the earth. This region is the warmest. The middle region begins where the preceding one ter-

minates, and reaches to the summit of the highest mountains, or even to the most elevated clouds, and is the place where rain, hail and snow are formed. This region is much colder than the lower one, for it is only warmed by the rays which pass directly through it. The third region is still colder, and extends from the middle one to the utmost limits of the atmosphere; these boundaries, however, are not exactly ascertained. The particles which rise from the earth into the atmosphere are of different kinds; there are aqueous, earthy, metallic, and sulphurous particles, with many others. As some of these are more abundant in certain districts than in others, there results a great diversity in the air, and the difference is evident even at a small elevation. Heavy air is more favorable to the health than that which is light. When the air is dense it is commonly serene, whilst a light air is generally accompanied with clouds, rain or snow. An air too dry is very injurious to the human body; but this is seldom experienced except in sandy countries. A very moist air is equally unwholesome, by relaxing the system and impeding the insensible perspiration. When the air is very hot, great languor and debility are produced, with copious perspiration; and when it is very cold, rigidity, obstructions and inflammations are the consequences. The most salubrious air is that which is a just medium between all these extremes. It is in the atmosphere that clouds, rain, snow, hail, dew, thunder and various meteors are engendered. To the atmosphere we owe the morning and evening twilight; as the rays of light are refracted and reflected and bent in different directions in this volume of air, we see them before the sun rises, and enjoy them some time after it is set. Hence those people who live under the polar circles enjoy during the winter some rays of light, even while the sun is yet below the horizon. The atmosphere is the habitation of the winds, which have so much influence upon the fertility of the earth and the health of man. If the air was to be in a state of uninterrupted serenity, cities and provinces would soon be deprived of their inhabitants, and exchange their gaiety for the dreariness of a desert; if occasional storms and tempests did not sometimes rage, and by their ebullitions agitate the calm air, the whole world would become one vast sepulchre, in which every living creature would moulder into annihilation.

List of Fall Fairs.

NAME	PLACE	DATE
Wroxeter	Wroxeter	Oct. 6 and 7
St. Vincent	Meaford	Oct. 6 and 7
Brook	Sunderland	Oct. 6 and 7
East Luther	Grand Valley	Oct. 6 and 7
York, N	Newmarket	Oct. 6 and 7
Welland	Welland	Oct. 6 and 7
West Williams	Parkhill	Oct. 6 and 7
Tavistock	Tavistock	Oct. 6 and 7
East Wawanosh	Belgrave	Oct. 6 and 7
West Northumberland	Cobourg	Oct. 6 and 7
North Brant	Paris	Oct. 6 and 7
Collingwood, Tp.	Clarksburg	Oct. 6 and 7
Eldon	Woodville	Oct. 7
Yorkton	Yorkton, N.W.T.	Oct. 7
Elgin	St. Thomas	Oct. 6 to 8
East Algoma	Sault Ste Marie	Oct. 6 to 8
Huntley Township	Carp	Oct. 7 and 8
Ingersoll	Ingersoll	Oct. 7 and 8
North Norwich	Norwich	Oct. 7 and 8
Central Muskoka	Utterson	Oct. 7 and 8
York, E	Markham	Oct. 7 to 9
Blanshard	Kirkton	Oct. 8 and 9
Morris	Blyth	Oct. 8 and 9
Centre Wellington	Fergus	Oct. 8 and 9
Blenheim	Drumbo	Oct. 8 and 9
Orangeville		Oct. 8 and 9
Derby	Kitleyth	Oct. 8 and 9
Halton	Milton	Oct. 8 and 9
Bruce Township	Underwood	Oct. 9
West Zorra	Embro	Oct. 9
Oxford	Highgate	Oct. 10
Toronto Tp	Cooksville	Oct. 13
World's Fair	Rockton	Oct. 13 and 14
King	Schomberg	Oct. 13 and 14
Chatham & Sombra	Wallaceburg	Oct. 13 and 14
East Peterborough	Norwood	Oct. 13 and 14
Norfolk Union	Simcoe	Oct. 13 and 14
Delaware	Delaware	Oct. 14
Erin Township	Erin	Oct. 14 and 15
North Bruce	Port Elgin	Oct. 14 and 15
East Kent	Thamesville	Oct. 14 to 16
Soot	Udora	Oct. 15
Cardwell	Beeton	Oct. 15 and 16
Luther	Grand Valley	Oct. 20 and 21
York W	Woodbridge	Oct. 20 and 21
Gwillimbury, W., and Bradford	Bradford	Oct. 20 and 21



- 1st.—Four passengers killed and eight fatally injured by a railway accident near Evansville, Ind. . . . Five thousand acres of hay land studded with stacks, swept clean by a prairie fire in North Dakota.
- 2nd.—Legislature of Victoria passes the Federation bill with an amendment excluding New Zealand. . . . Bad crop prospects reported in Burnah, owing to drought.
- 3rd.—Decree signed rescinding the prohibition placed upon the importation of American pork into Germany.
- 4th.—Premier Abbott introduces a bill in the Senate for the suppression of frauds upon the Government.
- 6th.—The Sultan of Zanzibar hands over to the British the details of civil and military administration. . . . Discovery reported of great coal oil fields in the region of the Caspian Sea.
- 6th.—Owing to further great damage to crops in North Wales, prayers offered in the churches for fine weather.
- 7th.—Sir Hector Langevin's resignation as Minister of Public Works accepted by the Government. . . . Annual Convention of the National Electrical Association opened in Montreal.
- 8th.—Toronto Exhibition formally opened by Major General Herbert. . . . Halifax, N. S., visited by a terrific storm, which causes great damage.
- 9th.—Death of L. M. Jules Grevy, ex-President of France. . . . Mails by the C. P. R. route from Yokohama delivered in London, England, in 21 days, 10 days under the scheduled time, which causes a sensation.
- 10th.—Millions of dollars worth of property and many lives destroyed by an earthquake in San Salvador. . . . Senator Lacoste appointed Chief Justice of Quebec.
- 11th.—Over sixty persons drowned by a collision between an Italian steamer and a Greek steamer, off Cape Callona. . . . The Jewish Colonization Association with a capital of £2,000,000, registered in London, England.
- 12th.—Serious outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia reported in Cumberland, England, and valuable cattle being slaughtered. . . . Close of the great Trades' Union Congress in Newcastle, England.
- 13th.—Roman Catholic Church of Cap Blanc, Me., and twenty houses destroyed by fire.
- 14th.—Reported that nearly three thousand people have perished by floods in the Province of Toledo, Spain, and immense damage done to property. . . . About 1500 men employed in the lumber mills at the Chaudière, Ottawa, go out on strike.
- 15th.—Death of Sir John Steele, the celebrated Scotch sculptor. . . . The striking mill hands at the Chaudière commit acts of violence and the military ordered out. . . . Dr. MacLagan enthroned as Archbishop of York with great pomp.
- 16th.—Lieut. Governor Angers, of Quebec, insists upon the appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into the Baie des Chaleurs Railway scandal.
- 17th.—Formal openings of the Montreal and London Exhibitions. . . . Reported that phylloxera is ravaging the vines in Styria.
- 18th.—Premier Mercier accedes to the demand of the Lieutenant Governor for a Royal Commission. . . . Steamship Mondego with cattle from Montreal to Dundee, Scotland, wrecked on the banks of Newfoundland.
- 19th.—Four railway wrecks in different parts of the States; eleven persons killed and several injured. . . . Ex-President Balmaceda, of Chili, commits suicide. . . . The St. Clair tunnel between Sarnia and Port Huron formally opened for traffic.
- 23rd.—Immense destruction of timber and property by forest fires in North Western Minnesota, North Dakota and Wisconsin. . . . Ontario Court of Appeal gives judgment upholding the validity of the Local Option legislation.
- 24th.—Close of the Montreal Exhibition, which has proved a great success. . . . Nine persons killed in a railway collision near Newcastle, Pa.
- 25th.—Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church votes to admit women to general conferences as lay delegates. . . . Death of Rev. Dr. Burohard, of three R's fame, in the Presidential campaign of 1884.
- 26th.—Earthquake shocks felt in parts of Illinois and Missouri. . . . Destructive fire in Craig Street, Montreal, loss \$15,000. . . . A farmer, his wife, and several small children, hemmed in by forest fires near Turtle Lake, Minn., and burned to death.
- 28th.—Reported that James S. Sinclair, farmer, Dakota N.D., has become Earl of Caithness, through unexpected deaths in the direct line. . . . Opening of the Industrial Fair at Winnipeg, Man.
- 29th.—Hon. Thomas McGreevy, member for Quebec West in the House of Commons, expelled from the House by formal resolution. . . . Mayor Porter, of Belleville, Ont., fined \$100 and to be confined in gaol for 24 hours for voting twice during recent Dominion elections.
- 30th.—Prorogation of the Dominion Parliament. . . . Suicide of Gen. Boulanger. . . . Disturbances in Brazil; in some parts the troops have mutinied.



A Yankee Fence.

IN many localities rail fences are still in use, but the scarcity of timber prevents them from being rebuilt; hence various plans are adopted to still keep up the fence with less wooden material. A fence that is not only neat, but truly economical of timber, may be constructed as follows:—Sound pieces of rails or other material are used for posts, which may be either set or driven, and as rails are usually cut twelve feet in length, the posts should be set eleven feet apart from centre to centre. The general appearance of the fence when finished is shown in Fig. 1, while the manner of attaching the

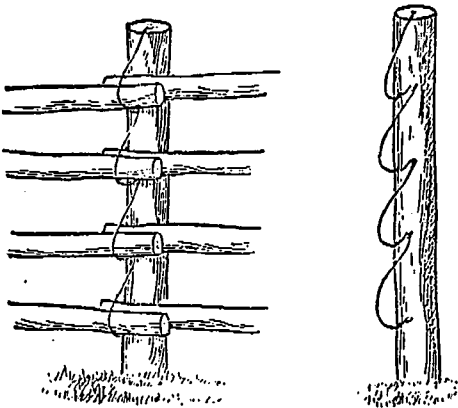
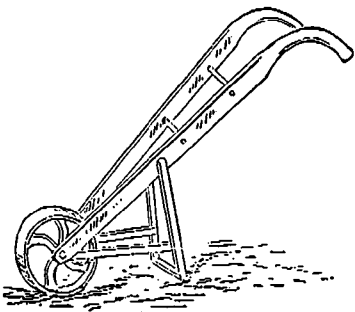


Fig. 1.—The Complete Fence. Fig. 2.—Post and Wire

wire is shown in Fig. 2. Either rails, poles, boards, or slabs can be used in this manner. Each panel can be used or opened as a drive way, and in the spring all posts that have been disturbed by the frost can be readily redriven without removing the rails or boards. Four rails make as good a cattle, horse, and sheep fence as seven rails would laid up in the common zigzag form, occupy less ground, and will be found very desirable. No. 9 or 10 galvanized wire should be used, drawing each staple in so that it will grip the wire.—*American Agriculturist*.

Home Made Weed Wheeler.

THIS comes handy for use among the cabbage beds, onions, etc. The handles from an old cultivator and the wheel came from an old plow. In the wheel insert a bolt about five inches long, first plugging up the axle hole with wood and boring a

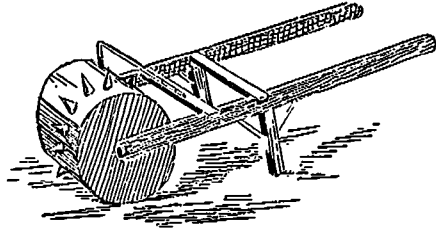


hole of the right size. Take a piece of good hoop iron about 25 inches long, for a cutter. Bend it in the shape shown and attach to the handles about six inches from the wheel holes. Attach two braces about two inches from the bend in the cutter, and after sharpening the front edge of the cutter bar, you are ready to work.

A Wheel Dibber.

THIS can be made easily and cheaply. Get a piece of maple, oak or other hard wood log, say 15 inches in diameter by a foot long. Have it turned nicely, and a hole bored through for a bolt to serve as an axle. Handles are to be attached in the way shown in the illustration. It is then a roller and may be used for that purpose in the garden, follow-

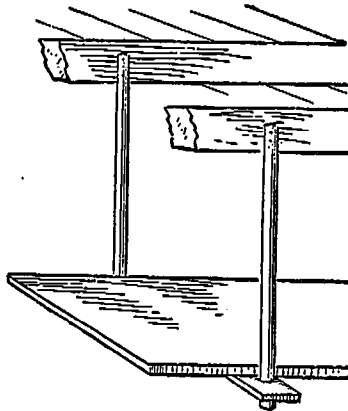
ing after the seed sower, or in any place where the use of a small roller is desirable. Inch holes are bored in a circle around the roller, middle way between the two ends, four inches apart, and wooden



pegs or pins are inserted to act as dibbers. The weight of the roller presses each peg clear down into the soil, and thus holes just right for the young onion plants are made as fast as a person can walk. For lettuce, celery, cabbage, or other plants, some of these pegs or pins may be left out or removed, and holes may thus be opened eight or twelve inches apart. Of course, the size of the roller should be such that the circumference is exactly three or four feet, otherwise the pegs must be inserted nearer together or further apart, so that their number will be divisible by twelve. A marker may be attached in the way shown.

Hanging Cellar Shelf.

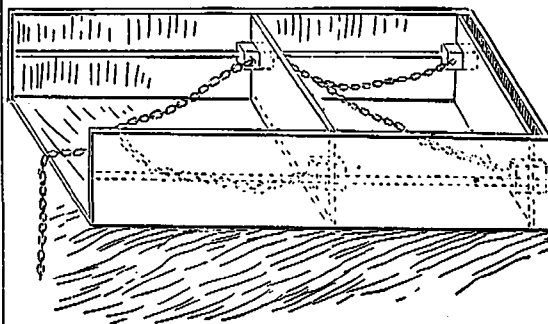
IT is desirable to have in the cellar a shelf beyond the reach of mice. The cat cannot be allowed in the cellar; the trap is not set until after the mice have made themselves known by their nibbling. It is better always to keep articles of food



upon a hanging shelf. Such a shelf is usually suspended from the joists by cords, but this plan allows the shelf to sway back and forth, spilling the contents of full dishes. It is usually thought that if rigid supports are used, the mice can run on them to the shelf; but if a shelf is suspended as shown in the engraving, not a mouse can reach it. The supports are round, smooth sticks.

Hauling Out Manure.

I would suggest the plan shown below. Put a rod on each side of the wagon-box and fit two stout boards with notches, so that they will run readily on the rods. Bolt blocks to the boards, as shown, and fasten a chain in the blocks. Then place the



boards as shown in the sketch, with the chains out of the box, and throw in the manure. With the Sherwood harness, which I use, it requires but a moment to unhitch from the pole, hitch to the chain, and pull the manure out of the wagon-box. This is somewhat on the principle of the shire slings, which are so useful in unloading hay.—*J. H. BROWN, in Rural New Yorker.*

By pouring a little bi-sulphide of carbon into their holes, ground moles can be driven from fields. A tablespoonful every rod along their burrows will compel them to leave the ground, for awhile at least, or until the suffocating fumes of the sulphide have all disappeared. After this, set mole traps about the place and catch as many as possible.

FARMING cannot be made profitable without the use of animal as well as commercial manures, and the best way in which the common farmer can obtain the former is by feeding stock for the butcher. If by doing so, no direct profits are realized, the increased productiveness of the farm due to the judicious use of the manures made, will afford full compensation.

PURE charcoal dust contains little or no fertilizing elements, but it is valuable to mix with the soil from its known properties of absorbing ammonia from air and water, releasing it for the use of plants during dry weather. Charcoal, when gathered from old pits, usually contains more or less ashes, and these are always valuable as a fertilizer, because rich in potash.

THE common method of wintering cabbages is to pull them as late as it can be done without permitting them to be frozen in, and turn them, flat down, in beds six or eight feet wide, where they grew. They should be left in this condition, there is danger of the ground between the beds freezing so that it cannot be dug; when they are covered with the soil between the beds, to a depth of six or seven inches, or enough to almost quite cover the roots. After the ground has become frozen, cover with straw, leaves or strong manure to a depth of three or four inches, to protect from extreme freezing, and to facilitate getting the cabbages during cold weather. There should be no difficulty in wintering cabbages by this method on ground where the water will not stand.

IT is a mistake to put seed-clover in the barn. Hulling the clover makes a dust so very fine and penetrating, that, in spite of all that can be done, the barn will be sadly fouled. On this account the workmen find their work almost unendurable if it must be done where the air is in the least confined. The better place for hulling is in the centre of the field on which the haulm may be applied directly or after a compost. Seed-clover may be kept in good condition in barracks. These may be inexpensive and of a temporary character. The clover itself will go far toward supporting the upright timbers, which need not be set in the ground, but need be only well braced together. Fencing boards securely nailed will answer for braces. The roof may be of boards, lapped. The sides need be inclosed only half way down from the roof. The boards can be knocked off before the hulling begins, and of course are put on after the seed-clover is put in the barracks.

IT is impossible to rid ourselves of water courses where the inclines of the land meet. On hillsides we may lessen gullying by stopping some channels as soon as they are made. But we must have some channels, for the water will flow off the land. It is idle to stop streams, for the water will make another way for itself, and the loss of soil will be greater than if nothing had been done. Wise measures consist in closing unnecessary channels, and in so managing others that the loss of soil and the inconvenience in cultivation will be the least possible. Where the amount of water to be carried off is not large, and the incline is not sharp, the deepening or widening of the channel can be prevented by seeding it to grass, and leaving the grass when the field is put in cultivated crops. It may be necessary to raise the channel somewhat first, which can be done by putting in occasional dams of brush, stumps or stones to catch the "wash." The channel should be no deeper than is necessary to carry off the water, that the difficulty of crossing with teams and implements may be reduced to a minimum.

Where stones are abundant it will be profitable to pave the streams which are too large to be controlled by grass. If this work at first sight seems laborious, it is well to reflect that it need not all be done in a day, a week, or a year.

EVERY farmer should put at least two varieties of potatoes into his cellar, a good early variety for fall and early winter use, and a good keeper for late winter and spring. The exact time potatoes should be harvested depends on the character of the season and weather. Excessive wet weather, followed by rotting of the tuber, necessitates immediate digging to save the crop. But in an average fall, with its even balance of rain and sunshine, it will be more advantageous to put off the potato harvest as late a day as possible without danger of their freezing. The tubers, from their long imprisonment in the earth after the vines have matured and withered, have become tough-skinned and fortified against abrasion in future handling. They should be thoroughly sun-dried before placing in store, and should be permanently stored in a cool, dry, dark cellar in shallow bins. Avoid rough handling of the tubers under any circumstances. Violent knocking about will break the toughest skin, and a potato with a torn skin has taken the first step in deterioration. Assort the tubers in the field, place in baskets or bushel boxes with slat and draw to the storing place. The baskets can then be carried from the wagon and loaded without further handling. This plan saves revents rough usage, and preserves the skin

Live Stock.

EARLY maturity is now a well-established condition of improved hogs, so that the need of keeping a sow year after year, in order to get strong vigorous pigs, is not now demanded.

THERE is often more harm done to milch cows by exposure to the chilling dews of autumn nights than the extreme cold of winter. They should be stabled nights as early as the first cold heavy dews come.

A farmer who is fattening two thousand head of sheep, says an exchange, feeds the following rations: For breakfast they get 30 bushels of corn and a ton of hay. The flock run together over the fields.

THERE is no other domestic animal so sensitive to the abuse of man as the pregnant Merino ewe. When she is half starved, she has no flow of milk and her maternal instinct dies. The meanness of her owner is reflected and magnified in her unnatural behaviour toward her offspring.

A prominent horse breeder says: "I am very strongly opposed to keeping horses constantly blanketed in the stables in cold weather. Horses wearing a stable blanket are much more easily cleaned and cared for; but their health is in much greater danger from colds, lung fever, &c., when worked or driven. Horses should be blanketed when allowed to stand still out-of-doors in cold weather after exercise of any kind. When an animal comes into a stable warm, I let him stand a few minutes and then put the blanket on; thus the blanket does not get wet or the horse chilled through. In a stable fit for horses of any kind, no protection for head, ears or legs is needed. In our stable we blanket a horse only in case of sickness or when he has been brought into the stable very warm, and I do not think a healthier stable of horses can be found."

IN training a colt you must let him know you are master of the situation every time, never letting him escape without doing what you intended he

should do. To train to harness, and for driving, as a rule, leave him until at least three years old. When you wish to begin on a colt, for a few weeks before the time increase his grain ration, groom him well, and get him in splendid condition, so that he feels, as the expression goes, "like a peacock," and has some vim in him. Never have a blinder on him at any time, and you will seldom, if ever, have a horse that will shy at anything. Don't be in a hurry to see how fast he can trot, but first of all find out how fast he can walk. Give him miles of a walking gait to rods of trotting. If he starts as a slow walker, put him in by the side of a good walker, and so work him up to a good walker himself. When driving or working him, keep cool yourself and you will never have a nervous horse. Let this be a rule without exception. Never get mad at the same time a colt does. When you begin to train colts, have them in every day if possible, only use them as colts, not ask them to do what a mature horse can do. Let your work and feed agree in amount. The first months or year of using never ask them to pull what they cannot; always be sure they can start what they are asked to, and you will soon have a team that will never expect to be set with a load. Let them know you have confidence in them and they will seldom, if ever, betray that confidence.

A correspondent in *Cattle Breeding* says: "What the practical farmer wants is the cheapest ration which is also a good ration. The best way to get at this is generally to consider what is the cheapest food in the section in which we live each year, and make that the basis. If wheat is very low, bran will probably be one of the cheapest substances we can use. Corn may be still cheaper. The usual fluctuations in the markets may drive us from one food to another, but it will pay to change if many head are to be fed through the winter. Wheat bran, clover hay and cut oats is one of the best combinations I have ever tried, and for a little increase of flesh production, a small addition of linseed-oil cake is very good. Under ordinary circumstances I do not believe that cooked and steamed food is desirable, particularly from an economic point of view. Corn is more heating than wheat bran, but its excellence as a cattle food cannot be denied. For young animals it is best fed as meal; for older animals, roughly crushed. The rationale of this is obvious. The smooth, flinty, outer coatings of the grain do not offer a ready access to the gastric juices, and a large part of the grain passes out into the draught unaffected by the digestive processes. A great economy is, therefore, effected by feeding crushed corn. Of course, in all cases, the hay or straw should be fed with the grain. The digestive processes of all ruminants require an abundance of 'roughness' for healthy action. There is no room for dogmatism in the matter of foods. All sorts of grains, roots, forage plants, &c., have their claims, and it is largely a question of locality, and what can be cheaply and advantageously grown in any given place. I find no single thing more useful in feeding than sorghum. It has the greatest fattening qualities, is eaten greedily, increases to a marvelous degree the flow of milk, and from the end of August to the first of December, it is one of my chief resources. What sorghum is to me, roots are in the farm economy of Canada. They cannot raise sorghum to advantage; we cannot raise roots. Each latitude must adapt itself to its climatic and other conditions."

The Poultry Yard.

ALL who keep poultry should study the characteristics of the breeds. It is better to keep one kind only than to keep two breeds, entirely unlike, together, as the food for one is not suitable for the other. The active breeds do not fatten so readily as the slow, heavy breeds, and can therefore be fed more liberally with grain, but if a hen is laying well and shows no disposition to incubate, she is being fed correctly, but the food she requires may cause another hen to store fat and become useless. These points are worthy of consideration by all who prefer to make a specialty of eggs rather than of poultry for market.

IN the morning, between nine and eleven, when the dew is off the grass, a stroll in the meadow will benefit the growing chicks. They pick up grubs and various insects, as well as seed, from field weeds. Damp or cloudy weather should find them penned up. A neglectful farmer overlooks such care, but it pays, nevertheless.

THIS is a period of rest with all breeds of poultry. Fowls should not be neglected during this most critical season of the year, for they have many ills and vicissitudes to encounter between the loss of feathers and the chilly winds and cold rains of autumn. They should be warmly housed and bountifully supplied with strengthening food and drink.

NEVER attempt to give ventilation to young chicks, as they are close to the floor (being small) and get all the draughts that come in. Never allow them in the open air, except on clear, dry days. The cold is not as injurious as dampness. Water should be kept constantly before them, but they must be allowed only to get their beaks in the fountain when drinking.

FALL is a good time to erect new poultry buildings. A location exposed to the south is considered advantageous, for the sun of the morning gets on the building, and after a cold winter night brings delight and comfort to the huddling flock within. It should always be kept in mind, to keep within a pen just half the number of birds the space will accommodate. The results of crowding poultry are sad.

THE Leghorn crossed on the Brahma produces an excellent broiler to the weight of one pound, and grows as rapidly as any, but if the combs (due to Leghorn blood) appear, the birds will be considered by purchasers as too old. An excellent cross is a Wyandotte, Plymouth Rock or Dominique male on Asiatic or cross-bred, large hens. It is not an easy matter to fatten a chick, as the food is mostly converted into growth and warmth; hence, after they are five weeks old, one should feed in connection with other food, cooked corn-meal bread. When a chick is fat, a yellow streak may be noticed on both sides of the spine and then it is dry-picked and dressed for market.

FOR healthy and rapid development, young pullets should be allowed all they will eat three times a day. Their rations may consist of one-fourth cooked food, as boiled cracked corn and wheat, one-fourth ground grain, and the remaining half of raw grain. The same ration is excellent for laying hens, taking care that in warm weather three-fourths of their allowance shall consist of those foods which furnish a preponderance of material for egg-making, as wheat and oats; and the rest of Indian corn, potatoes, etc., which go to make heat and fat. In cold weather the proportion of corn may be increased, and more meat given to take the place of insects. An abundant supply of milk at all seasons is invaluable when used in this direction.

THE best hens for hatchers are those that are clean-legged and not too heavy. Very heavy hens are apt to crush the eggs when going on and off the nest—one of the most annoying and unprofitable incidents connected with sitting hens. Feathered legs and toes often entangle the little chicks and cause their death. Of course, all the non-sitting breeds cannot be relied on for sitters; yet a few of any of them are sometimes broody and sit well, but the first cross of any of them with sitting breeds will make good mothers. Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, and Dominiques make excellent sitters, but for carefulness, gentleness and long continued care for their chicks, the Dorkings are considered the best of all. It is not compulsory that they should be bred pure for mothers, as their excellent characteristics are imparted to all their crosses.



CONDUCTED BY AUNT TUTU.

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

Work Bag in the Shape of a Muff.

THIS is made of plush, velvet, or cloth, ornamented on one side with a scroll of appliqué embroidered or beaded work. Ostrich feathers down the left side, finished off at the mouth with



a nodding tip, the tail of a Paradise bird. Holder in corded ribbon. It is used for an ornamental bag to hold a dainty piece of fancy work, and to serve for an ornament when suspended from a cabinet or other piece of furniture in a room.

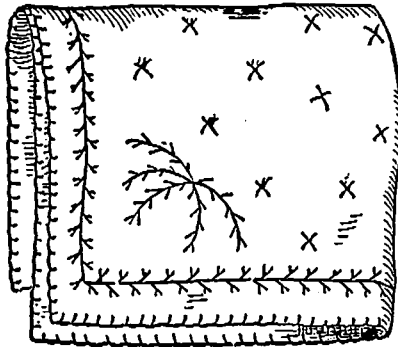
Home-Made Standing Work-Basket.

EVERY woman appreciates the convenience of a standing work-basket, but the expense of the frail, dainty wicker ones sold in the shops deters many from gratifying their fancy. Here is a pretty, ornamental little affair that can be easily made by any moderately clever person and at comparatively small cost, while it serves every purpose for holding work, and being "a thing of beauty," is therefore "a joy forever." The legs are formed of pieces of broom-sticks cut twenty-two inches in length and securely nailed together in tripod fashion. Any strong, flat basket about thirteen inches in diameter, is then fastened firmly on top,



and the whole given two coats of either white or black enamel paint; while, if a very fancy stand is desired, touches of liquid gilt may also be added. The basket is lined with yellow, or any other light-colored sateen, one yard and a half being quite sufficient, and tiny pockets are neatly sewed on the sides for holding spools, buttons, etc. The whole is finished by three bows of ribbon, placed as in the illustration, and matching the tint of the lining.

A Cosy.



A cosy is a soft little cover to throw over the body when taking its daily nap. It is very easy to make one. Take two squares of cheese-cloth about a yard and a quarter square; place a layer of cotton between and baste smoothly together. Now turn in the edges and button-hole stitch with zephyr. Briar-stitch a border all around with the same color. A cluster of curved lines in each corner may also be briar-stitched, while the centre is tufted here and there with bits of zephyr.

Brush Pocket.

THIS is a convenient pocket to hang in a hall; it is made on a foundation of stout card-board, cut thirteen inches long and nine wide; it is covered with coffee brown plush, embroidered with gold-colored silk, put over a slight padding of wadding. The back is lined with sateen. The pockets are formed of strips of gold-colored brocade or em-



broidered silk, lined with Indian silk. They are cut in one strip, measuring thirteen inches long and five inches deep. This strip is sewn to the back at each side, and in the center. Two semicircular pieces of card, covered with silk, are sewn in to form a bottom to the pocket. The edge is finished by silk cord, which is arranged in loops.

For potato croquettes, take butter the size of an egg, beat it to a cream; add to it gradually two eggs, one teaspoonful of flour, one saltspoonful of salt, and six heaped tablespoonfuls of grated potatoes, which have been boiled and then peeled. Form this mass into sausage-shaped croquettes, the size of a large thumb; turn them in beaten egg, then in fine bread or cracker crumbs, and fry them in plenty of hot lard until of a golden yellow.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Cover a nail with soap and it will drive in hard wood easily.

Creaking boots may be prevented by driving a peg into the sole.

Berry stains upon the hands will disappear if moistened and held over the fumes of a burning match.

It is stated that sciatica may be cured by applying a coating of flowers of sulphur to the afflicted limb.

Bee stings can be relieved by applying soda, either baking soda or washing soda, ammonia or vinegar.

An egg beaten up, rubbed well into the scalp and then washed out in several waters, is a good pomatum.

Mildew may be removed by rubbing common yellow soap on it; then salt and starch over that; rub all in well and lay in the bright sunshine.

Turpentine and black varnish is the blacking used by ironware dealers for protecting stoves. If properly put on, it will last throughout the season.

It is said asthma may be greatly relieved by soaking blotting or tissue paper in strong saltpetre water; dry it, then burn it at night in the sleeping-room.

Put a teaspoonful of borax in your rinsing water, it will whiten the clothes and also remove the yellow cast on garments that have been laid aside for two or three years.

Butter contracts during cold weather, forcing the brine to the surface, and the water, evaporating, leaves the salt that was in the brine in flakes on the outside of the butter.

It is said that wood charcoal added to soil darkens the color of dahlias, petunias, and hyacinths. Sulphate of soda gives these and many other flowers a redder shade.

Disinfect all drains, sinks and places where stagnant water lies with lime water, salt or copperas; dissolve the copperas in hot water and pour into any places from which bad odors come.

A carpet—particularly a dark carpet—often looks dusty when it does not need sweeping. Wring out a sponge quite dry in water, and wipe off the dust from the carpet. This saves much labor in sweeping.

Steaming the face at night over a bowl of very hot water and then bathing it with very cold water is a simple method of giving it a Russian bath, and will tend to make the skin whiter and smoother and the flesh firmer.

If any person who is liable to poison with poison ivy will take pure olive oil after being exposed to it he will feel no bad effects, and the oil will neutralize the evils of the poison if a few doses be taken even after the poison has broken out.

Spirits of turpentine will take grease or drops of paint out of cloth; apply it till the paint can be scraped off. Put French chalk or magnesia on silk or ribbon that has been greased, and hold near the fire; this will absorb the grease so that it may be brushed off.

The following, it is stated, will afford a relief in rheumatism. Cover the limb affected with bags filled with hot alder-leaves; put a blanket doubled over to keep in the heat. This often gives great relief in bad cases, and in mild ones has been known to work a cure.

A first-class composition for cleaning marble of all descriptions is made by adding whiting to common soft-soap till it is as thick as good paste, then put it on the marble and leave it for a day or two—the longer the better—and, when the paste is taken off, all the stains will be removed.

There is nothing better for a cut than powdered resin. Pound it until fine, and put it into an empty clean pepper box with perforated top; then you can easily sift it out on to the cut. Put a soft cloth around the injured member, and wet it with cold water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness.



Obedience.



THERE are few things which add so much to the charm of home as obedient children. We can, almost all of us in our own experience, draw comparisons between visits paid to a home where the younger members of a family are self-indulgent and indulged, and one where they

have been brought up in perfect obedience to their parents. Not only do we observe in the latter case a great reduction in the care and worry of the latter; but the contentment visible in the children themselves, where obedience has been established as the rule, is quite perceptible.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the infinitely greater pleasure to visitors and other inmates of the household where children are not indulged; that is everywhere conceded; but it is perhaps not quite so readily accepted that obedience constitutes a greater happiness for the children themselves as well as for their parents and other members of the household. Nevertheless, such is the case, and a little reflection should serve to convince us of it. In the case of children unaccustomed to prompt and immediate obedience, we do not find, as at first might be supposed to be the case, that they escape correction and reproof any more than their obedient fellows; indeed it is quite the contrary, for children are sure to persist in having their own way and to ask for more indulgence, until, in their own interest, if not in the interest of others, it becomes necessary to check them; and when this is done, it is usually done as the result of patience exhausted on the part of the parent, and in consequence the reproof is usually the more severe when it does come. On the other hand, children accustomed from their infancy to understand that the parent's "yes" means "yes," and "no," "no," will be found to dismiss the indulgences asked for from their thoughts, or to perform the duty objected to cheerfully, from their realization of the utter uselessness of resistance or discussion. In other words, it is simply the application of the old axiom that "contentment gives more happiness than gratification." Experience certainly teaches that among obedient children, tears and grumbling are less prevalent than among the spoiled darlings whose parents know not how to govern them.

About Voices.

DID you ever think of the importance of a voice? I do not mean of the quality of a voice, whether it be soft and low, or harsh and grating, although a pleasant voice is something to be desired. I mean what the voice utters. You are what you speak. It is this that can never die even for a time. The great thoughts of great men to which they gave utterance centuries and centuries ago still live. The men themselves have been dead for ages, their voices will never die. You cannot muffle or silence a voice. By the side of the Red Sea is a lonely ruin where eighteen hundred years ago John the Baptist was imprisoned by Herod and where he died. Herod thought to muffle this voice that was crying,

"Repent, repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," but it was rung down through the ages and will be heard as long as the world stands. Don't say "I am only a boy," or "only a girl." Even your voice, small though it be, has power for good or evil. Guard your words well, then. You may not be able to utter great thoughts like philosophers and statesmen, but you can speak sweet, pleasant words that will make people happier. You can say "thank you," and "if you please," to father, mother, brother, and sister for the commonest courtesies of life. These little things are too often unheeded among the members of a family where we should be most particular to put them in practice. I was calling on a friend one day when her little boy came in the room, and asked her to tie his shoe. She did it, continuing her conversation meanwhile. "Thank you," said the child very sweetly. His mamma made no response, when, after waiting until there was a lull in the conversation, he said quite gravely, "I said, thank you, mamma." "You are quite welcome, dear," said his mamma smiling, and the little gentleman went out of the room satisfied. The old fairy tale of "Toads and Diamonds" has a deeper meaning than was apparent to our childish minds. Kind, gracious, loving words are better than pearls and diamonds, and cruel, harsh, pert, or fretful words are as disagreeable as toads and reptiles.

The Baby's Photograph.

THEY were getting the baby's picture taken, and while the operator was manipulating the impression among the chemicals, the baby's attendants were waiting in an ante-room, discussing the probability of the artist doing full justice to his subject; there was the baby to begin with—the brightest, sweetest, handsomest baby in the world—its father and mother very young and proud of the baby—its grandmother, who never took her eyes from its angelic countenance, its uncles and aunts and cousins, and several unrelated personages, to whom the great privilege of seeing baby have its first picture taken, was vouchsafed. When the photograph man came out of his den very much smirched, with a piece of glass in his hand, with several spots on it intended for eyes, nose and mouth, and a pudgy outline of round cheeks, each one gazed at it with awe and admiration. "So like the little darling!" "The sweetest thing I ever saw!" "Isn't it perfectly wonderful, his very expression—so wise and—and—sensible!" "One dozen, cabinet size!" said the young father in a business-like tone. He could have hugged the photographer, the baby and all the company, he was so happy and proud; but a man does not like to express all he thinks, so he kept within bounds. Then they squeezed the baby several hundred times, put on his cloak and mittens and a comforter, and more comforters, and an afghan and leggings, and when he looked like a little Esquimaux, they all filed after him, one with his carriage cushions, another carrying his toys, and all the rest with some badge of slavery that belonged to him. And who, seeing them, could help saying: "It's love, love, love that makes the world go round?" Strange love! Strange life! The counterpart of that beautiful child hangs on the wall in a glory of smiling eyes and ruby lips, and innocent, gleeful expression of cherub-like content, and all these kindred hearts racked with the cruelty of possession, while yet it is the dearest thing in the world to them. Beside the living, breathing baby with the features that were made in His image, this is the veriest mockery; but oh, friends, there is no longer any baby—no cooing, ruby lips, no smiling eyes, no wise, thoughtful look—there are only hearts that ache, a home that is darkened, a flower-strewn grave in Elmwood—

"The little boy we used to love is dead."

Amusing Little Children.

As the evenings grow longer and the length of time between sunset and bedtime increases, something is needed to entertain the little ones. Those who are too young to read or play games can pass many an hour pleasantly with a quantity of peanuts and some rather short pins. Stick four pins into a peanut for legs, two at each end; then one more for a tail, and you have a dog. Split one lengthwise through the centre and you have a boat, in which may be placed a smaller nut upright, which, with pins added to represent arms or oars, makes a boatman rowing his boat. A squad of soldiers may be formed, each with his pin bayonet at his side, commanded by a captain who may be made to appear on horse-back by carefully splitting the lower half of the commander and placing him astride of a peanut horse. There are so many queer shapes which will suggest different animals, birds, etc., that with a little help the children will soon have quite a menagerie, and a large amount of sport out of a pint of peanuts and a paper of pins.

Another source of amusement to the smaller children is a quantity of clean sand in a pan. The sand should be slightly damp. Now provide the child with a quantity of wooden toothpicks, and by sticking them in the sand a great many ways of using them will at once suggest themselves to the average child. For instance, a picket fence may be formed to inclose a yard in which may be built a house, barn, etc. A squadron of soldiers may be formed by sticking the toothpicks in the sand at regular intervals; also geometrical forms, such as squares, triangles, circles, as well as stars and other familiar objects; while nothing is nicer to teach little ones their letters than to form them with the toothpicks in the sand, although for this purpose peas or beans are perhaps to be preferred.

"The Great Art o' Letter Writin'."

WHAT a thing a letter is to give a body away! A good letter, well written, well spelled, but far over all, well *talked*, prejudices us in the writer's favor at once. A poorly written epistle makes us shrug our shoulders and lift our critical eyebrows! The worst of it is, *our* letters may produce exactly the same impression on somebody else. Thus doth it behoove us to take heed to our ways and our letters. Especially does this seem a needed warning to girls, as we learn our comfortable and uncomfortable habits before our dresses get much below the tops of our boots. I think we will imagine how many "chances" are lost, yes, and how many are gained, too, through the medium of a letter that by its good or bad impression upon some other mind goes to our undoing, or our doing. Fortunately, a well-written letter isn't a novelty; the writing-desks are full of them. Unfortunately, the waste baskets are more than full of questionable epistles. The dainty slopes and witching little flourishes are well enough if they carry real thoughts, well expressed, under their quirls and quirks. But, girls, it's the ease of expression and evidences of intelligence that go to make up the favorable opinion of you that your correspondent receives. A spicy, bright letter is a real dose of sunshine.





A jail-bird has no wings at all, but he gets there just the same.

The German opera ought to be a success in New Orleans, if nowhere else.

The distant relative is the one who is afraid that you are going to borrow five dollars from him.

The *Ram's Horn* says when you want to see the crooked made straight, look at a railroad map.

STR—"It's a bull, and he's coming right at us! What shall we do?" He—"Well, don't stand there doin' nothing! Come and help me to climb this tree!"

BOUND TO BE PREPARED.—Wife (to husband about to go to New York) "Land sakes! John, why are you packing all these things in your trunk? Here are rubber boots, rubber gloves, a rubber coat, and even a rubber hat. Do you expect a d-luge?" Husband—"None of those electric light wires are going to kill me. I'm going to be insulated."

Was Mary, who's only known to fame
As owning a single sheep,
Related in any particular way
To the well-known little Ro-Peep?
Because, though Mary's lamb is gone—
Though in no spot you'll find it—
We've the story still, or, so t' speak,
It left its tale behind it.



FARMER WOODLOTS (to his hired men).—Is that what ye call workin'? You're the two laziest critters in the county—ain't got life enough in ye to put one foot in front of t'other!



(Just then the dinner-horn was heard.)

WHERE'S THE SHEARS?

Mrs. MAJOR WHEELOCK, wife of the old pioneer and eminently respected citizen of that name, leaned over the banister the other morning and answered him:—"The shears! Why, they are right down there somewhere. I was using them not five minn'es ago." The Major wanted them to trim off a horse blanket at the barn, and he marched into the sitting-room and up to the family work-basket. Of course they were not there. He tumbled a ball of yarn, a paper of pins, a half-made garment, a button-box and a pin-cushion off on the floor, made a dive among the bodkins, worsted, threads, and darning-needles, and the shears did not turn up. He stood the work-basket on his head, but it was no good. Then he went over to the what-not and raked off three or four photographs, rattled down a lot of shells and knocked off two books, but the shears were not there. He was red in the face when he went into the hall and called out: "I can't find head nor hair of 'em, and I don't believe you ever had any!" "Now look again—that's a good man," she replied. "I know they are right there." The Major got down on hands and knees and looked under the lounge. No shears. Then he stood up and looked on the mantel. The nearest approach to shears there was a bent hair-pin. Then he walked around and surveyed each window-sill, and gave the work-basket another racket. "I tell you there ain't no shears here, or else I'm blunder'n a hat!" he shouted from the hall, after he had given the hall tree a looking over. "Why, Major, how impatient you are." "There's no impatience about it. I tell you the shears ain't here. No one can ever find anything in this house. I had to look a straight hour the other day to find the gimlet." "If you don't see them in the bedroom I'll come down." He entered the bedroom, glanced over the bureau and stand, pulled the shams off the pillows, and whirled the pillows around, and then took down a hair oil bottle from a bracket and looked into it. The shears were not in the bottle, nor anywhere else. Stay. They might have been carried under the bed by that mysterious household tide which carries articles from room to room in an invisible manner. He crawled under, bumped his head on the slats, got dust in his throat, and was backing out with blood in his eye, when his wife called out: "Well, what on earth are you after?" "After?" "After?" he shouted, as he almost coughed his head off—"I'm after the infernal shears!" "Why here they are!" They were lying in my sewing chair, right in plain sight." "I don't believe it—I'll never believe it! I looked into that chair ten thousand times!" "Well, there they are." "It's no such thing! You've lost 'em or pawned 'em or traded 'em for gum. You've no more order in your house than an old cooper shop!" He walked past the chair into the hall, and was going out, when she called: "Dear, aren't you going to take the shears?" "Shears? What shears? I'm going over to the store and buy me a pair of shears, and if any human being in this house ever puts a finger on 'em they'll suffer for it! I'll see if I can't have a pair of shears in my house after being married for upwards of forty-three years!" And he pulled down his hat and slammed the door with all his might as he went out.

It was raining heavily when Parson Surplus Eel, in crossing the street, met a poorly-clad boy, whose clothes were soaked. "My dear little boy, why don't you get an umbrella?" said the kind-hearted clergyman. "Since pa has quit going to church he never brings home any more umbrellas."

"You want a pension for damage to your eyesight, do you?" "Yes, sir; I strained my eyes trying to see a battle from a safe distance."

"Speakin' of twins," said Chumpkins, "there was two boys raised in our neighborhood that looked just alike till their dyin' days. Ben didn't have any teeth, and his brother Dave did, but they looked precisely alike all the same. The only way you could tell 'em apart was to put your finger in Ben's mouth, and, if he bit yer, 'twas Dave."

"Come to think of it, there is a great deal of push required in this business," murmured the manufacturer of baby coaches.

Sunday School Teacher—Johnny, who was the Prodigal Son? Johnny—O, that was the fellow who went away a dude and came back a tramp.

Jinks—Waite would be a good man to start a church. Filkins—Why so? Jinks—He has sisters enough among our leading families to start a good sized congregation.

First Jeweler—"Do you sell that new house of Upson, Down & Co?" Second Jeweler—"No longer: I sold them several large bills. They paid promptly at maturity, so I stopped."

If you wish to listen to an interesting agricultural address engage a man to deliver it who never even planted his foot on a farm.

CORRESPONDENCE

J. F., Madoc, Ont., writes: I kill Canada thistles with salt by putting it on the root when it is hollow, which is when the bloom begins to ripen. It is sure death if applied then. Cut the thistle about one half, or one inch, below the surface, and a spoonful of salt on the root does the work, if stock do not eat it before it dissolves. If followed by a rain, the death is very certain. Be sure the root is hollow, as it will do no good applied before. If the field is in pasture, apply brine. I have on several occasions eradicated large patches by this means, sometimes not a fiber over appearing again. It is a good plan to clip the heads of the first to bloom, and wait to let others somewhat mature before the salt is applied, in order that the roots become hollow, then the rains carry the salt to the end of the roots.

ALICE B., Dunnville, Ont., writes: The geranium is a universal favorite, and no plant is more deserving of popularity. It is easily propagated from cuttings. The cuttings should never be cut from the old plants, but broken almost off and then left for several hours until the sap has dried. A place shaded from the noonday sun, and well drained, is the best in which to start them. I have a rocky mound on the north side of a large pine tree where I start my cuttings. I water them when first planted, then give a small quantity of water every evening. If they are kept too wet they will rot. In about ten days they will be rooted, then they are ready to be transplanted to pots, or in the open beds. If they are desired for winter blooming, they should be kept in the shade during summer, and have all the buds picked off, since they, like all other plants, require a season of rest. An open border for geraniums should be prepared as follows: One-third good garden soil, one-third sand, and one-third well rotted manure. In watering plants, be careful not to pour any water on the foliage; that is the great secret of success in cultivating them. To keep them in constant bloom, water them occasionally with liquid manure, or water in which old coffee-grounds have been boiled.

J. F. M., Goderich, Ont., writes: Asparagus is becoming one of the essentials of the vegetable garden, and well it deserves to, for there is nothing more palatable in early spring than this seasonable dish. It appears as if some deem it too expensive to maintain a bed of this vegetable, but taking its early utility into consideration, I cannot see why a good profit should not be derived from raising it by most anyone who will go to work in a practical way. Asparagus may be raised from seed, but it requires two years' growth to make the roots strong enough to bear cutting. The seed should be sown in the fall or spring, in light, rich soil, in drills two feet apart, and about one inch deep. If well cultivated, the plants may be transplanted to the permanent bed when one year old. The bed should be a light soil, well enriched, as it is of the greatest importance to have a warm soil, in order to bring it to perfection as early as possible. The ground should be thoroughly plowed or spaded as speedily as possible. Roots should then be planted in trenches, covering with just enough soil to hold them in place, when a good layer of well-rotted compost should be scattered over them, after which cover with more soil. In the spring, the ground should be cultivated to keep clear of weeds. The asparagus may be kept hoed down till about the last of spring, but then should be allowed to grow up, and cultivation only take place between the rows. Rich compost should be spread about the plants several times a year. Asparagus should be allowed to get six or eight inches high before cutting, when it should be cut a little below the surface of the soil.

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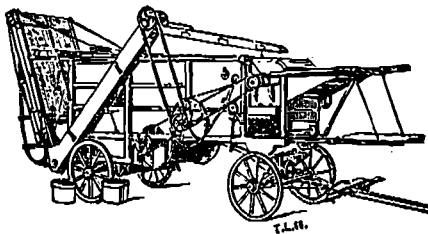
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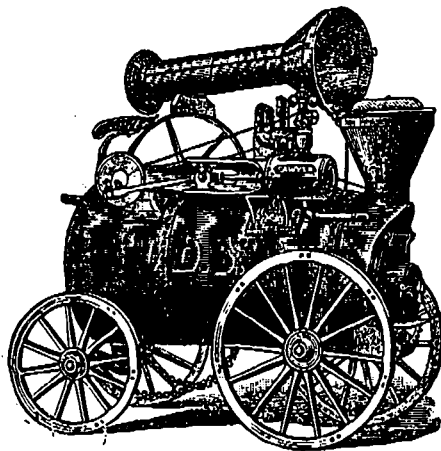
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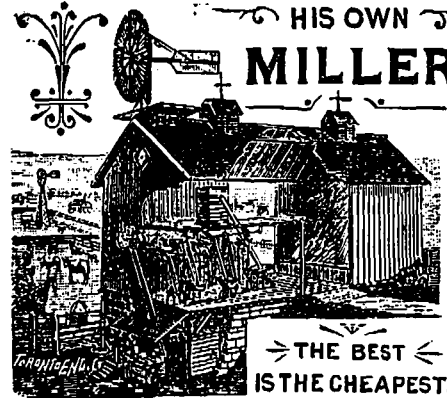
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G. M. Anderson,

Tyneside, Ont.

Native Dogs of the Far North.

The dogs generally used in the far north are of the Esquimo or Huskie breed. They are about as large as an average sized Newfoundland dog. They have fox-like muzzles, sharp pointed ears, warm, furry coats, and very curly tails. It is a common saying among the dog drivers up there, that if you want to get a pure Esquimo dog, you must get one with his tail so curled up that it lifts his hind legs off the ground.

These dogs are great thieves. Nothing that is eatable and many things not so apparently, can be left within their reach in safety. They will destroy, if not devour, fur caps, mitts, leather shirts, whips, and robes. They will eat the harness from each other's backs, and, as an actual fact, I have known them to eat the moccasins from the feet of a sleeping Indian, without waking him—but then he was drunk.

I got disgusted with such dogs, and discouraged in my efforts to break them of their thievish habits. This weakness seemed ingrained in their very nature. I have gone to the house or wigwam of an Indian and have purchased from him some young puppies, and have lavishly supplied them with food and endeavored to bring them up in the way in which they ought to go, but I never could get them to stay there.

My good wife and I got tired of living on white fish three times a day for nearly six months, and so one year when I came down to the province of Manitoba, I purchased a sheep and carried it back with me, nearly four hundred miles, to our northern home. I made a strong stockade fence, ten or twelve feet high, around a little yard, and foolishly fancied my sheep would be safe there until I wished to kill it. One night the dogs cut their way in and devoured my sheep.

The next summer I carried out with me in an open row boat, a couple of pigs. I put them in a good log stable with a two inch plank door. The dogs with their sharp teeth, cut their way into the stable and devoured my pigs.

So I banished these dogs and obtained from some good friends in Hamilton, Montreal, and Ottawa, some splendid St. Bernards and Newfoundlands. These gallant fellows had all the good qualities of the Esquimo and none of their miserable tricks.

The dog sleds are like the toboggans of the province of Quebec. The average load for a good dog train is about five hundred pounds. Four dogs constitute a train and they are harnessed tandem style. The speed with which they travel depends, of course, on the character of the road. I have traveled ninety miles a day on the frozen surface of Lake Winnipeg, and I have sometimes in the dense forests or among the steep hills and ravines not made more than twenty-five miles in the same time, and yet have suffered much more severely.

As there are no houses of accommodation along the way, and often for many days not even the wigwam of the friendly Indian, we are obliged to carry with us, on our dog sleds, everything requisite for camping out when night overtakes us.

Selecting as favorable a spot as possible, and often there is not much to choose from, we, using our snow shoes as shovels, clear away the snow from a space about eight feet square. Here we scatter a layer of spruce or balsam boughs, if we can find any. On these we spread out our robes and blankets. In winter traveling we never carry a tent, but if there is a breeze blowing, and material can be found, we erect a brush barrier about four feet high. Close to this spot we build our fire, where our meals are cooked and the frozen fish for our faithful dogs are thawed out. After supper and prayers, we wrap ourselves in our robes and blankets and go to sleep.

Of course we were obliged to keep our heads well covered up, as at times the temperature went down to forty, and even to fifty, degrees below zero. It was a very hard lesson for me to learn. The stifling, smothering sensation from being under such a covering for hours, was horrible, and yet it had to be endured, as exposure to such an atmosphere would quickly have frozen us to death. One night after my faithful guide had tucked me up in my bed with all a mother's care, for I was very much exhausted with a forty miles' snow shoe tramp, I went to sleep all right, but in the night, I unconsciously pushed down the robes from my face, and soon after awoke with my nose and one ear well frozen.—E. R. Young.

LATEST VICTORIES

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In Germany

At the **INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIALS, Falkenrehde, near Potsdam**, after a test of several days in Rye, Oats, Barley, and Wheat (July 20th-Aug. 7th, 1891), the **Brantford Binder** achieves a great triumph,

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The **FIRST PRIZE** of £20 Sterling

was awarded the **Brantford Binder** for its magnificent work at the International Field Trial held at **Morpeth, Northumberland, Sept. 4, 1891,**

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McCormick	}	AMERICAN.
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N.B.—The **Toronto** and **Brantford** have won the highest awards at all the great International Field Trials of 1891.

Great Victories

WON BY THE TORONTO LIGHT BINDER IN

AUSTRALASIA.

85 PRIZES, 4 GOLD MEDALS, AND THE GRAND CHAMPION TROPHY.

Some of our American Competitors were inclined at first to lay claim to some of our victories. The Walter A. Wood Co., of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., gracefully acknowledge their error in a circular issued by its President to their agents. This circular was sent out from their London, Eng., office. We reproduce it below.

36 WORSHIP STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Re AUSTRALIAN PRIZES, SEASON 1890.

TO AGENTS,—

In July last I issued a list of Australian First Prizes claimed for my Binder, and now learn that it included seven First Prizes awarded to other Machines, viz. :—

THE MASSEY,	FOUR	Firsts—at Dookie, Nathalia, Ballarat, and Romsey.
THE McCORMICK,	TWO	" " Orroroo and Shepparton.
THE HORNSBY,	ONE	" " Romsey—Farmers' Class.

Also that at Shepparton HORNSBY was not defeated by WOOD.

My List was issued in perfect good faith as to its correctness, but Competitors having pointed out these discrepancies a few days since, I am prepared to accept their evidence, and greatly regret that the information I had at the time was evidently incorrect. I feel it due to the Competitors named, and to Agents to whom I sent my List, to make these corrections, and withdraw it at this the earliest possible moment.

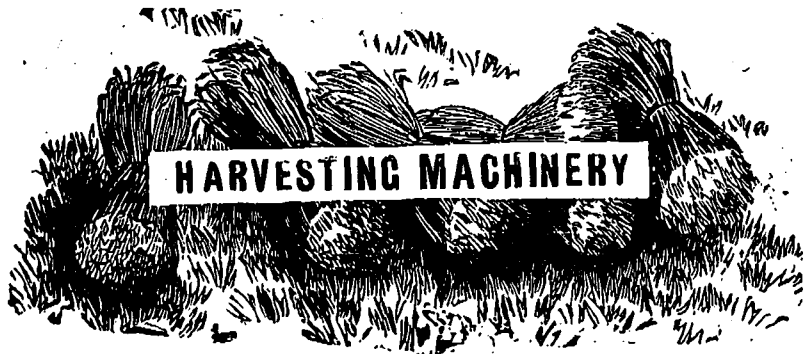
Yours truly,

WALTER A. WOOD.

September 7th, 1891.

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Three of the Methods of Settlement
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A return in cash of \$176 for each \$100 paid in premiums. This is equal to a return of all premiums, with simple interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum added.

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This would be equivalent at maturity to a return in cash to the policy-holder's heirs of \$395.53 for each \$100 paid in premiums.

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An annual return in cash (for life) of nearly 13½ per cent. on the premiums paid, in addition to the protection furnished by the life assurance for 20 years.

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A return in cash of \$132.36 for each \$100 paid in premiums. This is equal to a return of all premiums, with simple interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum added.

Or 2. Paid-up Value (No further Premiums to pay) \$13,380.00

This would be equivalent, at maturity, to a return in cash to the policy-holder's heirs of \$245.50 for each \$100 paid in premiums.

Or 3. Surplus \$4,154.30

Under this settlement the policy-holder would draw the Surplus (\$4,154.30) in cash, and continue the policy (10,000), paying premiums, as heretofore, less annual dividends.

N.B.—It must not be forgotten that these results are in addition to the protection furnished by the assurance for twenty years.

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with Bagging Attachment (run with Chain Belt that cannot slip, and with Elevator Cups attached to Endless Chain Belt that cannot slip nor clog) still takes the lead in all parts of Canada, as the following sales will show—

1000 sold in 1884
1330 sold in 1885
2000 sold in 1886
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More than have been sold by any ten Factories in Canada put together.

Over 4000 Bagging Attachments now in use.

The Mill is fitted with Screens and Riddles to clean and separate all kinds of Grain and Seed, and is sold with or without a Bagger.

TEMPERANCEVILLE, County of York, Jan. 20, 1891.

Mr. M. CAMPBELL, CHATHAM.

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HIRAM WHITE.

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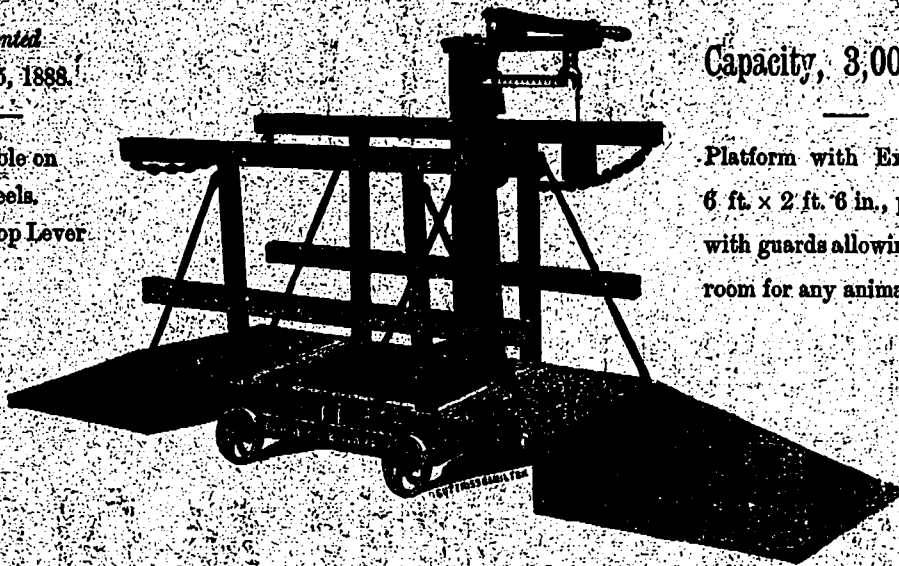
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Capacity, 3,000 lbs.

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6 ft. x 2 ft. 6 in., provided
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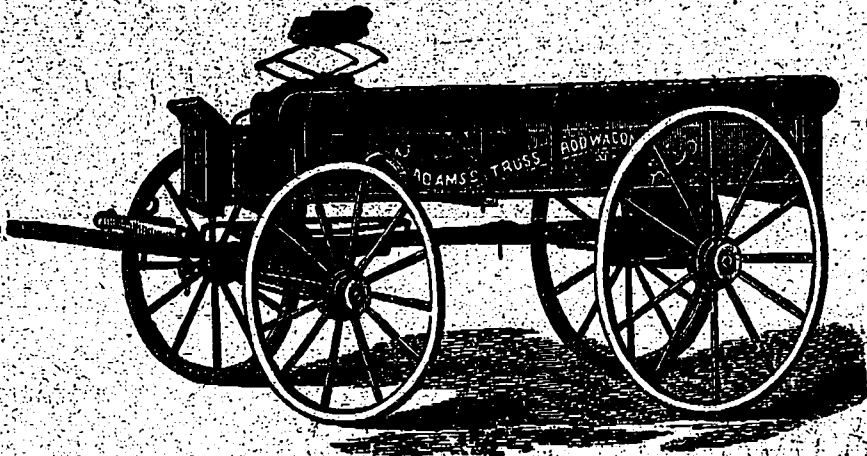
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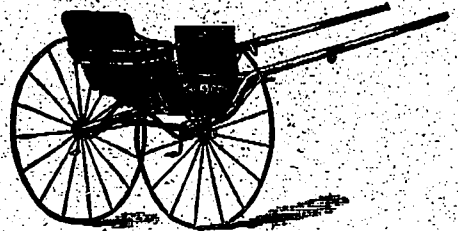
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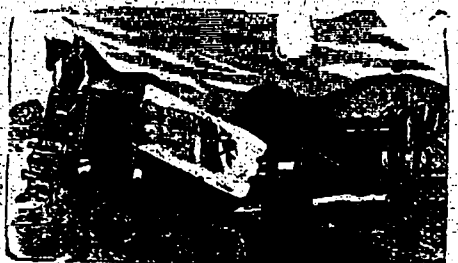


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