

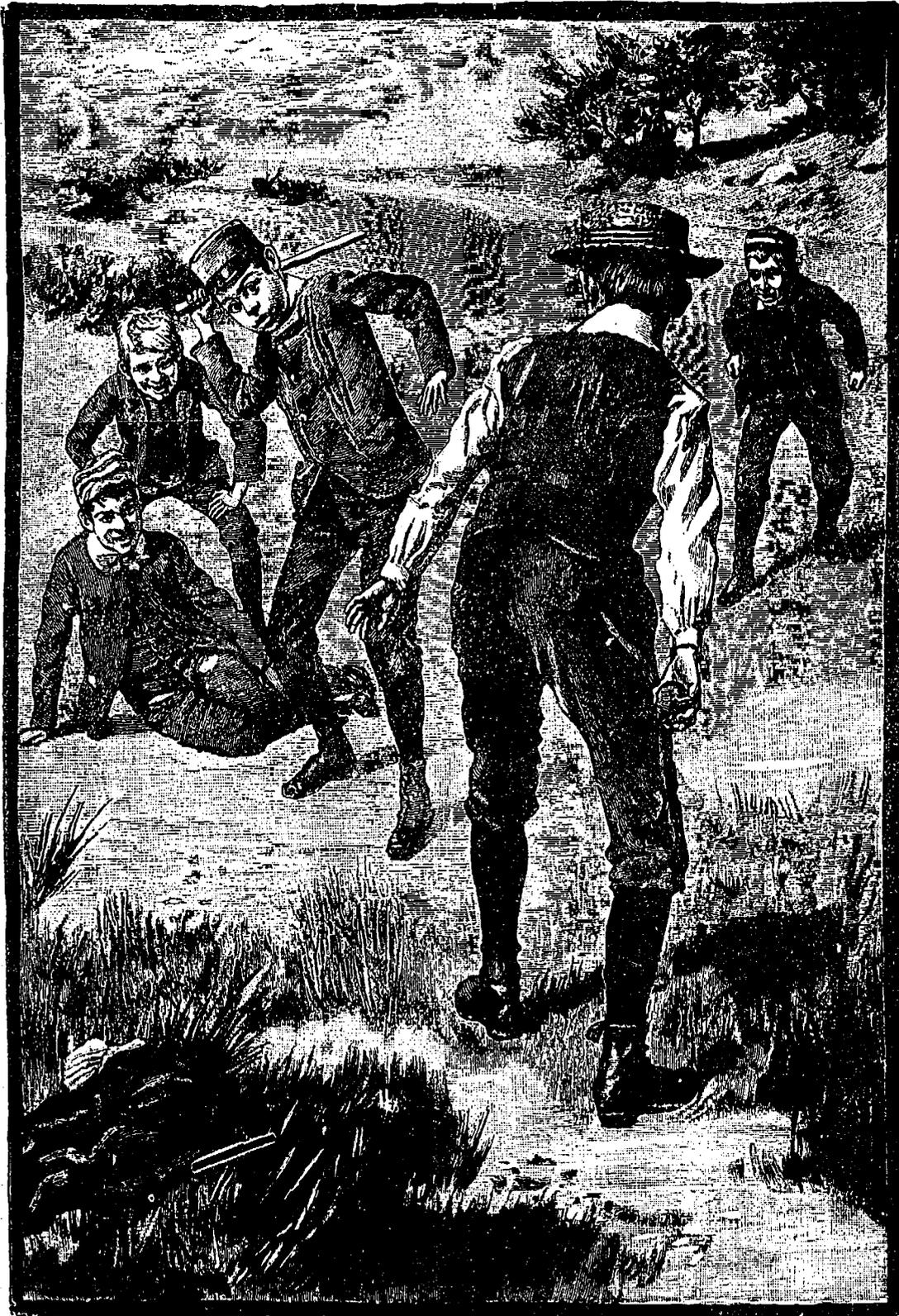
• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

August Number

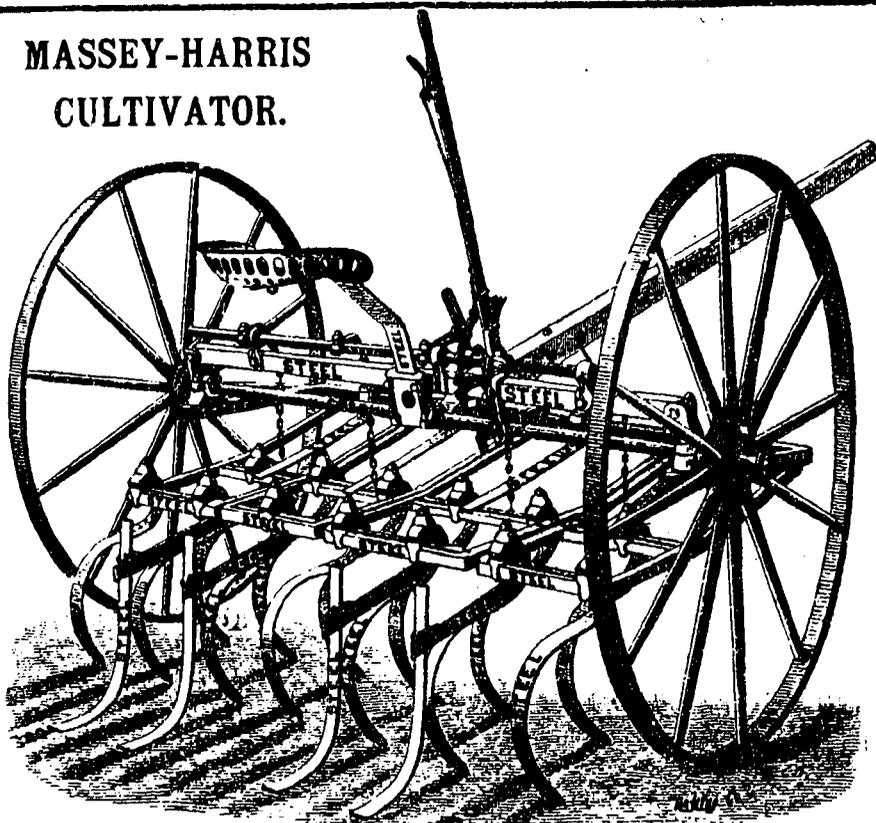
New Series, Vol. 5, No. 8.

Toronto, August, 1893.



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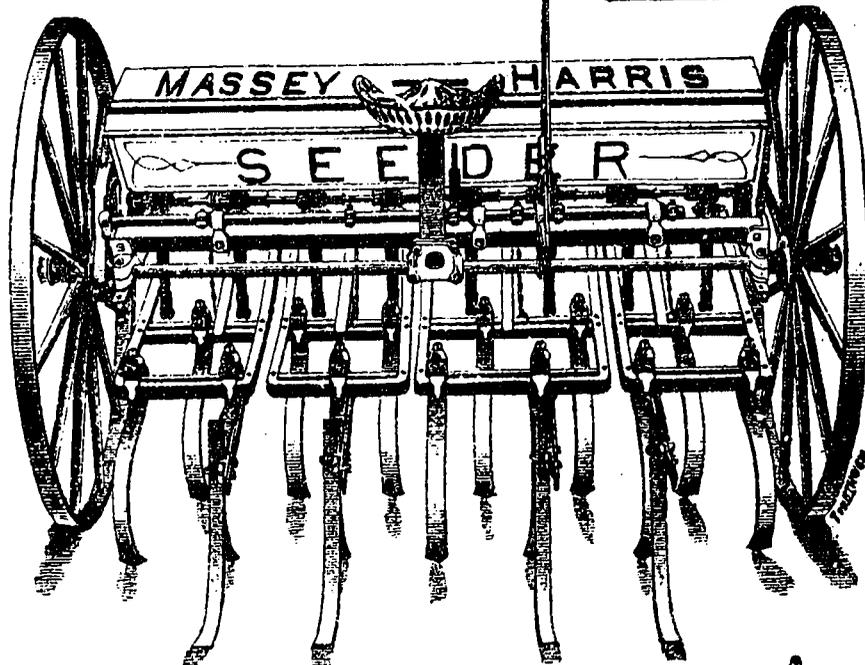
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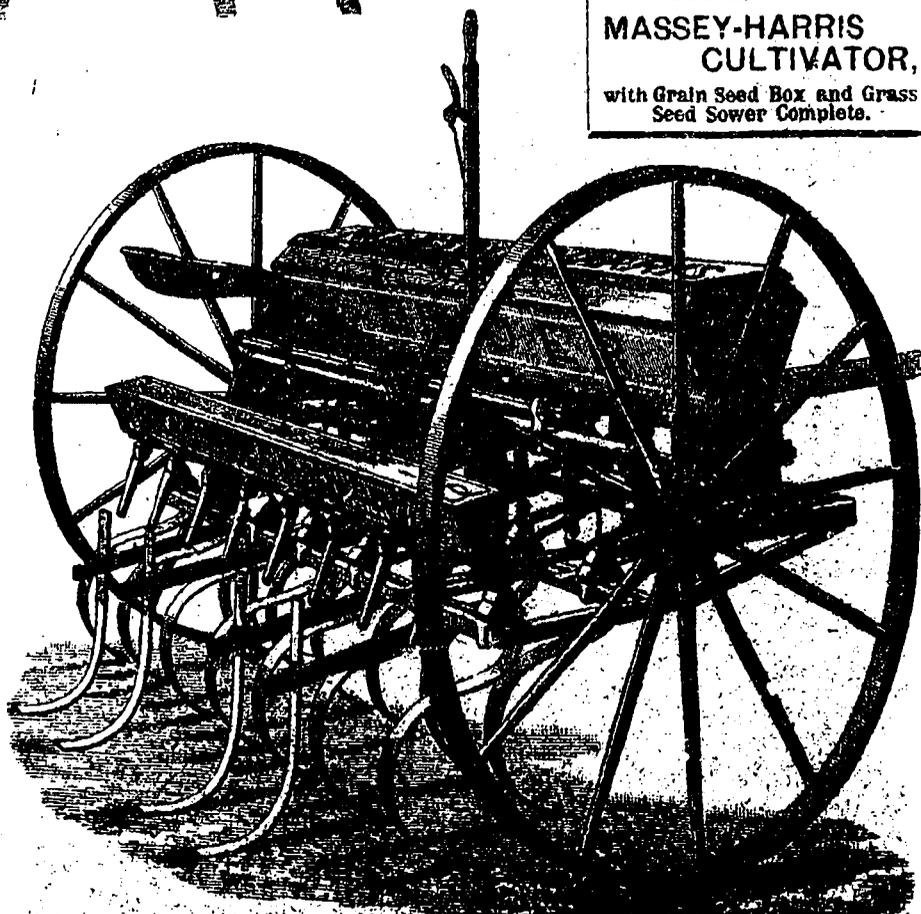
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• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST, 1893.

[VOL. 5, No. 8.

Song of the River.

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shadow and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming wear;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undeified for the undeified;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf, and sewer, and slimy bank;
Darker and darker, the farther I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow,
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood-gates are open, away to the sea;
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again,
Undeified for the undeified;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

—Kingsley.

A Night in an Indian Canoe.

(CONCLUDED.)

JUST then the moon rose above the cloud, and threw its undiminished light full upon the water and the surrounding land; at the same time the

light on the mountain top disappeared, and seemed to fall upon the hills of the Indian village on the opposite shore. Inspired by this omen, refreshed by the short rest, and strengthened, perhaps, by faith in the efficacy of the piteous prayer she had uttered, she seized again the broad-bladed paddle an hour before relinquished for want of strength to wield, and drew it through the water with the skill of an Indian brave.

The encampment lay some quarter of a mile distant, and primeval forest intervened. Madrine knew that many paths led to it from different directions, and fearlessly entering the dense woods, she instinctively threaded a way to the smoking village. With the lithe, stealthy tread of the Indian she made her way to the tall wigwam of the chief. He had been kind to her in her childhood, and his daughter had been her playmate.

Not stopping to utter the salutation, she lifted the dried deerskin that covered the doorway, pushed aside the spruce boughs as she entered, and sat down on a mat at the feet of the chief. Several young braves were clustered about the

fire that burned in the centre of the camp, tell of their exploits in the grand hunt they were just returned from. Madrine had glided in and past them so quickly that they did not see her till she sat among them. The chief, who was seated on a pile of deer-skins, on the side of the camp farthest removed from the door, immediately recognized her, and in tokens she well knew, bade her a kindly welcome.

Hurriedly she told them of the proclamation on the tree, and of the party of men from Port Royal on their way to surprise and kill them, and urged them to flee to some place of safety where they could not be found.

As she talked, dark shadows came over the faces of the braves, and the old chief laid down his pipe of peace he had been smoking, and taking an arrow from the quiver behind him, placed it on the fire, and watched it burn, and said to Madrine,—

“You are a brave girl. You shall stay with us, and we will kill all these pale-faced cowards who come to scalp women and paposes for money.”

Madrine was terrified. She had not intended



MOONLIGHT ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

to let them know that her father and lover were of the party, but now she must tell them.

Pleadingly she laid her hands on the feet of the chief, and told him that her father was with these men; how she loved him, and of his probable death if they had an encounter; told him of a brave young man who would be her husband when the next moon had hung three evenings in the sky, and that he was with the party, that they were not cowards, but brave and good; that she could not stay with them, but must go back to her home before the morning light returned, and her father must never know that she had warned them.

The shadow on the faces of the braves had turned into a scowl, and the chief made no sign, but looked—stern and stony—into the fire. Alarmed at this, she spoke of the wonderful light on the top of Blomidon,—when all over the land and water it was dark,—how she prayed, how the moon came out from the black clouds, and shone over the water, how the light left the mountain and rested on the trees over the encampment, how her strength came back to her, and how the canoe had sped like an arrow over the dangerous waters.

Now she saw that the scowl had left the faces of the braves and the stony look of the chief was gone, and quiet light came into his eyes as he watched the fire till the arrow was burned to ashes; then rising to his feet, he laid his great copper-colored hands gently on her head, and gravely said,—

“Brave daughter of the pale-faced cowards, you shall go to your father and your husband. The Great Spirit wills it. And Pedousaghtigh’s braves will spare the white-faced wolves because you ask it.”

Then turning to the women, he bade them welcome the maiden and give her food, and silently strode out into the night followed by his silent braves.

The women of the chief’s family were warm in their welcome, but Madrine was frightened at her situation, despite the kindness shown her, and she wondered where the chief had gone and what he would do. It seemed a long time when he returned, alone, and motioned to her to go with him. With an Indian farewell to the women, she stepped out into the dark forest, and silently followed the stealthy strong steps of her guide, whose eagle feathers seemed to mingle with the tops of the trees.

By a shorter path than she had come, they reached the water, but not at the cove where she had landed. Her canoe was not there, but a large strong one sat on the beach, with a pair of deer horns fixed to the bow, and deer-skins spread in the bottom.

Madrine had seen this canoe before, and knew it belonged to the chief, and was used only on great occasions. She had been told that the horns on the bow were taken from the leader of a herd of deer that appeared suddenly on the top of Blomidon, at a time when long famine had wasted the people, and many of the deer were killed for food, and the horns were sacred. Two men stood near the canoe. They were not the braves she saw at the camp, but she knew them. They were mighty hunters and warriors, and wore eagle feathers like the chief’s. As she came near them, each in turn laid his hand on the flowing hair, and said,—

“You are welcome, brave child of the pale-face.”

Madrine asked the chief for her own canoe.

“Not to-night,” he said, “a mighty storm coming. Some time it will come to you,” and lifting her like a child, placed her in the strong canoe the men had handed into the water, and bade her sit low on the deer-skin, and keep very still. The men took their places, one near each end, signed to the chief, and struck the

strong paddles into the water, and the canoe sprang out over the dark surface with the speed of a startled deer, leaving a long line of white-fringed, eddying holes behind it.

On with steady speed went the canoe till the shadow of Blomidon fell upon it, then the intrepid men drew in the paddles, and lifting their bronzed faces supplicatingly to the sacred peak and rested. Then again, with the energy of engines of steel, they plied the strong paddles.

The rapid tide and hurrying wind were with them, and the canoe rushed like a terrified thing for the distant shore. But the driving storm behind was more terrible in its speed, and the dark green, foam-crested billows rolled and surged on after it like angry pursuers.

An hour or more of this speed, and the canoe trembled, and she saw a broad belt of foam on either side, and the men paused and looked back, and then bent to their work with the energy of such men in struggle for life. The tough ash paddles bent like wands, and the canoe leaped out of the belt of foam, and shot ahead of the storm with the speed of an arrow, and the land

was almost reached when the canoe again trembled, and the belt of foam was far ahead and wide. The waves had won the race, and the storm was upon them. Still the iron-nerved men drew the paddles through the seething water with unbated strength, and soon in the grey morning light they could see the shore, now white with the surf of the waves.

The Indians could not possibly return until the storm was over. But Madrine, knowing the price set upon their lives, and fearing the possible early return of the men, dared not offer them shelter. So with a few hasty words of farewell she hurried through the morning gloom and storm to the house near by, the brave men carrying the canoe up the shore where the woods lined the water, and where they could remain with safety till the out-going tide of the next night. Entering the house, Madrine found a bright bed of coals under the raked ashes, and soon had a glowing fire. Tired and utterly exhausted, she laid down on the broad wooden settee in front of the fire, and slept soundly for several hours.



The evening of the next day her father returned. He did not speak to her of where he had been. But Baptiste told her of the long, fruitless journey, how they had found the encampment deserted, not even a fur of any value left to pay them for their trouble. Many were the conjectures as to how the Indians could have known of their intended attack, but no one suspected Madrine. The storm and high tides had carried off much property, and this accounted for the loss of her canoe.

The old moon quickly wore away, and all else was forgotten in the preparations for the coming wedding. All the village was interested in it, each one of his own stores, according to the custom, giving a portion, to provide the household with food for a twelvemonth. No one thought of the Indians, and great was the surprise on the day of the wedding, as the gay procession wound its way from the Parish Church to the new house on the hill, to see on the steps in front of the door, Madrine's canoe, filled with valuable furs and useful ornamental articles of bark and wicker work, with only the Micmac totem on the bow to show from whence it came.

Why the Indians should, at such a time, send presents of such value, and how they could have found the missing canoe and known of the wedding, no one could tell but Madrine, and she kept silent.

Years after, when peace was concluded with the Indians, and the old friendly relations renewed between them and the Acadians, standing at her father's door one evening, with the blue waters of the Bason before her, her husband beside her, and her father within the porch, she told it; all the years that had intervened, and the long silence she had kept about it; making

it seem almost as much of a wonder to herself as to the two men, who, for the first time, knew why the encampment had been found empty, and why the canoe had been sent as a wedding gift.—*Youth's Companion*.

DOMINIQUE.

MORK had stopped on all the Acadian plantations in St. Mary's and Vermilion parishes. Was not to-morrow the first day of La Carême, when all fun and dancing and feasting must cease for forty days? Was not to-day Mardi-Gras? The excitement of the great carnival at New Orleans could not reach these remote, solitary parishes, but in all the isolated farm-houses scattered among the bayoux, the Acadians made ready to celebrate the *fete*.

There was to be a grand pic-nic in the live-oak forest, near to Louis Des Vaches' plantation, and in the evening a dance at the Widow Bernard Baudry's. Everybody went to early mass, and then gayly-dressed troops, on foot, on horseback, or in rickety calèches, began to cross the country to the Plantation Des Vaches.

It was a sunny day in March. The innumerable bayoux, streams, and ponds that covered the flat, green country glittered like silver in the sun, as the wind swept over them from the Gulf, rolling in heavy purple clouds of mist now

and then, which blotted out the landscape for a while, and then rose in trailing fragments of wet brilliance. A heavy mass of shadow in the distance showed where the forest of live-oaks stood. Everybody pressed towards it, chattering and laughing and singing.

In the woods young Dominique Baudry was busy helping the Des Vaches family make ready for their guests. True the fête was to be at his mother's house that evening, but Dominique had enough energy and fun in him to start a dozen balls and out-door *fetes*.

The Des Vaches had no hesitation in asking him to come over and help them arrange the trays on the grass, which were to be heaped with bread, cheese and little sugar cakes, and the glasses and cups for Nisette cordial and coffee. The Acadians of Louisiana are as simple in their tastes as their French ancestors, and find as keen delight in little pleasures.

The scattered groups all gathered at last under the enormous trees, while the long waving moss made a spectral, uncertain shadow overhead. The elder women sat apart and sipped their neighbor's cordials, gave each other recipes, and petted the babies, throwing a gay joke now and then to their husbands, who were busy talking of the coming rice crop. The young people strolled away in couples, and brought back masses of roses or purple flags.

Everywhere, as they all remembered after-



wards, Dominique Baudry was busy, saucy, handsome, joking. It was he who piled a heap of moss for old Mère Flandreau, and set the cross old body to laughing; and it was he who started the games for the children. He had a kind word and a bit of fun for everybody; even the poor negroes, who had followed their masters.

Nobody blamed the Veuve Baudry, as she sat silent, watching him with evident pride.

"You have a good son, madame," said her old friend Caseau, from the Teche Country. "I hear he had the banner crop of rice in your parish last year."

"Yes," said old Jacques Des Vaches; "and Dominique is foremost in play as in work. A good-looking dog, too! I think he resembles me as I was forty years ago," at which they all laughed.

Madame Baudry was not ill-pleased to hear this praise of her son from Monsieur Caseau.

It was Gertrude Caseau that Dominique had loved since he was a boy. His mother had been his only confidant. Gertrude was a wild, airy little creature, who had apparently cared nothing for him. But to-day she had been gentler and more tender than ever before. His mother had watched the blushes come and go whenever Dominique came near her.

On the whole, it was as well that M. Caseau should know what manner of man it was who had chosen his daughter.

Little Jean trotted about after Dominique wherever he went. Jean was the son of Louis Baudry, who was dead, and Dominique loved the child who had slept in his arms since he was a baby as dearly as he loved Gertrude, perhaps. But the young fellow had a big heart, with plenty of room in it for all who were dear to him. The girl's kind words made him frantic with happiness to-day, but he did not forget little Louis for a moment. Indeed he took him aside, and whispered to him,—

"Do you see that beautiful lady? You must put her in your prayers now, *mon bebe*, for perhaps she will some day live with us, and be kind to you, as your poor mother was who is dead. But hush-h!"

Louis nodded his wise little head, and kept the secret.

It was just at this time that the strange occurrence happened, which kept all the parishes from Bayou Teche to La Fourche in wonder for a long time.

Dominique, with some of the other young fellows, had waded into the swamp in the morning to bring out certain pink flowers which the girls admired. Gertrude Caseau now asked him for some, to dress her hair for the fête, and Dominique, his cheeks burning and his eyes shining with pleasure, ran up to where the thicket was dense, that he might be hidden while he rolled up his trousers, and plunged into the water.

He was so long gone that the young men shouted for him again and again. At last he came out of the thicket, and halted, looking at them. Young Jacques Des Vaches, who ran to meet him, told him that his features were shrunken and nipped, and wore a ghastly pallor as if he had been suddenly struck with death.

He (Des Vaches) alleged that he was so alarmed that he drew back, on which Dominique gave a hoarse bitter laugh. Then he demanded what was wrong, thinking, perhaps, he had been bitten by a mocassin snake, the bite of which is fatal.

Dominique made no answer, but threw down the pink flowers on the ground, motioning towards M. Caseau's daughter.

Des Vaches then called the child, Jean, to come and see what ailed Dominique, knowing how dear the child was to him.

But Baudry at that cried,—
"No, no! Keep him back!" and then turned and plunged into the swamp.

Des Vaches was so bewildered that he did not follow him, but gathering the bunches of roses, gave them to Gertrude, saying that M. Baudry would soon return.

When Dominique was missed, it was supposed by all, even by his mother, that he had returned home to make ready for his guests. But

when Widow Baudry went to her house early in the evening (a few neighbors going with her to give their help in the simple preparations for the fête), it was dark and closed.

The table was arranged as she had left it, but no lamp was lighted nor fire kindled. His mother, crying out that her boy must be ill, ran up to his room. It was open, and vacant. Dominique was very orderly. His clothes, papers, etc., were always arranged as by a neat woman. But now drawers and armoire stood open, some of the garments were trailed on the floor, everything showed the preparation for sudden flight.

Now, the lad had never been twenty miles from home in his life. His mother cried out helplessly, and sank on the ground. The other neighbors came trooping in, and then Jacques De Vaches told his story, and all was wonder and wild conjecture.

The Baudrys had no kinsfolk who could have sent him a sudden summons. Dominique was a hard-working, devout lad, with no enemy, nor secret tendency to crime.

Where had he gone?

What had he seen in the swamp?

Some of his friends thought that he had been bitten by a serpent, whose poison had maddened him, and others that he had met a Voudou witch who had cast an evil eye on him.

When it was found, however, that he had taken his mother's picture out of his desk, these stories were not believed.

Search was made all that night. The day which began in joy set in a blank horror.

All through the solemn season of Carême the search went on. The swamps were hunted with blood hounds, the sluggish bright bayoux were dragged, but all in vain; Dominique Baudry had vanished. He had been carried off, it was now believed, by an evil spirit.

The key to the mystery was simple.

Coming out of the swamp, his arms full of roses, whistling and singing with triumph, Dominique stooped to pull on his long worsted stockings. Below the knee he saw a white shining spot on the skin. It had not been there this morning. He stooped—staring at it, trembling. It was not a sore, it was not a scar; it was—or he believed it to be—*leprosy*.

Had he not seen the accursed lepers in Vermilion parish before they were removed to the House of Lepers in New Orleans? Who went there never returned.

One thinks swiftly in such throes of life as this. Dominique understood all that awaited him, before Jacques came to him in the swamp. He would send the roses to her. This was the end—the last! Jean should not come to him. He could never kiss the poor baby again—nor his mother.

He hid in the swamp like a wild beast that afternoon, watching them all,—his mother, who would have nobody to turn to when he was gone, little Jean, and—Gertrude.

Why, he had loved her since he was a child! And now, when his hand was stretched out to seize this topmost joy of life, when he thought, like other men, to marry, he was snatched back to be—what? A living corpse.

Then the temptation came. It was the devil, as honest Dominique knew. Why need he go? It would be weeks, months, perhaps, before the disease would develop. He could conceal it. He could enjoy his home. He could marry.

"Why not?" he shouted, madly. "Why shall I not have my wife, my love, my home? I, too, am a man!"

There in the swamp alone, the poor Acadian fought his fight with selfishness and greed and passion. We all of us have that fight some day. Dominique conquered. But he was so afraid of his own weakness that he ran to the house, gathered up a few clothes and his mother's picture, and before night fell was pushing his bateau far down the bayou.

It was a journey of many weeks, by this way, to New Orleans. Through flats, the thick jungles of palmetto, of rank flowers, where every kind of poison serpent hid, through the interminable cypress forests, hung with moss, through the rich sugar plantations and the rice flats, the sluggish bayou crept. Heavy malarious

mists hung over it at night, and when the sun warmed it, the alligators thrust their jaws out of the water and watched him with dead, hungry eyes.

If the malaria would give him the plague! If the alligators would drag him down! If death in any shape would come to his help! He thought he could bear what was coming better if he could have left a single word for his mother, to explain what had happened. But if she knew she would follow him to the House of Lepers.

His leg burned and swelled. He was not at last able to row, but lay in the bottom of the boat and drifted down stream, creeping on shore at night for food. He would take it from the negro cabins, leaving a coin in payment.

Every day the fever in his veins rose higher and he grew weaker, until, when the little boat drifted out of the bay into the gulf, Dominique lay on the bottom like one dead. The crew of a lugger bound for New Orleans saw the boat, took him aboard and nursed him carefully.

On the day they made port, Dominique regained his senses. The captain found him lying with his eyes open, looking out on the water. He, too, was a "Cajan."

"Good-day, friend," he said, in their own tongue. "Thou hast had a tough fight."

Dominique looked at him, reason and memory struggling back into his dull eyes.

"Where wast thou going, in thy little boat?"

"To the House of Lepers."

The man and one of the crew who had come into the cabin, started back from him in horror. Dominique pointed to his leg.

"*Grace a Dieu!*" shouted the captain, wild with excitement. "It is not leprosy. It is poison from dead shell fish. You were in a swamp—"

"Yes—yes!" gasped Dominique, struggling out of his bunk, and thrusting out his leg. The swelling, the dead white spot, were gone!

Dominique gave a hoarse yell of triumph, and the fell upon his knees crying and praying at once.

The rice was ready to harvest before he could earn enough money to go home. But when he did, there was rejoicing in Vermilion and St. Mary's parishes enough for many Mardis Gras.

Dominique is married now, and one of the leading men among the planters. But there is a strange flavor of mystery and heroic adventure about him, and his stories of his long voyage are as dear to his proud neighbors as the tales of the Troubadours were to their ancestors long ago.—*Youth's Companion*.

Points About Newspapers.

THE names of Russian newspapers are noted for their brevity! and the ease with which English-speaking people may pronounce them. Here are a few specimens: Wjedomosty Gradonatshalstwa, Olonetskija Gubernskija, Psloffsky Gorodskoi Listok, Jekaterinoslawsky Listok, Wostotshuoje Objaafuenij, Estlandskija Gonbernsk Wjedomosty.

The tongue of the newsboy, which is seemingly capable of pronouncing almost everything unintelligible, would certainly require a great deal of twisting to shout the names and latest editions of these papers.

Among the various periodicals all over the world there are papers devoted to no less than 82 separate and distinct trades, while of class papers and those devoted to religious dogmas, creeds and scientific theories, there are 253 distinct groups.

It is an interesting fact, quite worthy of mention, that newspapers of the United States are printed in more languages than those of any other country, no less than 21 being used at the present time. In Austria-Hungary 16 languages are used, in India 16, Russia 10, Germany 4. The five principal languages used in the world's newspapers in the order of their importance are English, German, French, Spanish and Italian.

Forgiveness.

A STREET boy was run over several weeks ago by a heavy wagon in New York City. He was in the gutter, in the act of stooping and did not see the approaching team. Another gamin, who had been taunting him, ran away when the accident happened. The injured boy was taken to the nearest hospital, where he was found to be fatally hurt.

After he had been in the hospital a few days a small boy, as ragged and friendless as himself, called to ask about him and to leave an orange for the injured lad. The visitor was shy and embarrassed, and would answer no questions.

He soon came again with an apple, to be used for the same purpose. After that almost every day he appeared at the hospital, bringing some small gift.

One day the nurse told the little visitor that his friend could not get well. The boy lingered in the receiving-room, and then with great hesitation asked if he could see John. He had been invited before, but had refused.

The little patient was lying on his cot, very pale and weak. His eyes opened in dull surprise when he was told that he had a visitor. Before he knew it two little arms were about his neck, and a familiar, grimy face bent over his and sobbed:

"I say, Johnny, can yer forgive a feller? We was always fightin', an' I know I hurt yer, an' I am sorry. Won't ye tell me, Johnny, that ye hain't got no grudge agin me?"

The boy reached up his thin arms and locked them around his little mate's neck, and said: "Don't cry, Bobby. Don't feel bad. I was frin' a rock at yer when the wagon hit me. You forgive me? Yes, you forgive me—an' I'll forgive you, an' then we'll be square. The folks here learned me a prayer. How does it go, nurse?"

"Forgive us our trespasses," said the white-robed nurse, softly.

The next morning Bob was a little late. The kind nurse met him with a grave face. Johnny, she said, had just died. She led the little boy to the place where his little friend lay shrouded from sight. He looked at the dead face a moment, and turned away with streaming eyes.

"Didn't he say—nothin'—about me?"

"He spoke of you before he died, and asked if you were here," replied the nurse.

"Are you sure he forgiv' me?" pleaded the trembling voice.

"I am quite sure."

"Then—may I—may I go to ther funeral?"

"Indeed you may," said the nurse, tenderly.

"Poor Johnny hasn't any friends."

He was the only mourner; his little heart the only one that ached, and his the only tears shed over the pauper sod. But Bob had exchanged

forgiveness with his friend before he died, and felt his conscience clear with his small world.

If such nobility of feeling can be found in the midst of ignorance and vice, what excuse can there be for us if we fail to exhibit it? His teaching, "Who spake as never man spake," is emphatic: "Forgive if ye have ought against any, that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses."

AMONG the many stories told of the childhood of Queen Victoria is one of a visit made with her mother at Wentworth House in Yorkshire. While there the princess delighted in running about by herself in the gardens and shrubberies.

One wet morning soon after her arrival the old gardener, who did not then know her, saw her about to descend a treacherous bit of ground from the terrace and called out;

"Be careful, miss, it's slape!" a Yorkshire word for slippery.

The ever-curious princess, turning her head, asked, "What's slape?" and at the same instant her feet flew from under her, and she came down.

The old gardener ran to lift her, saying, as he did so, "That's slape, miss."





AMONG THE BIRDS.

TO GILBERT WHITE.

(Author "Natural History of Selborne.")

The streams that bear your Selborne rains,
One north, one south, to diverse seas,
The hollow water-fretted lanes,
The sloping Hanger's graceful trees,

That climbed the hill you loved to praise,
The quiet street, the church, the yew,
Shew'd scarcely altered since the days
When your true pen their picture drew.

O'er house and garden, field and wood,
The pale September sunlight fell:
Peace was everywhere, and good
It seemed amid such peace to dwell.

The martins in the sunshine wheel'd,
The woodpecker with laughter shrill
Gave notice where he hung conceal'd
Among the beeches on your hill.

We listened, look'd, but might not stay,
Hot travellers of a hurrying age:
You spent your life here, we a day,
You read the book, we skimmed a page.

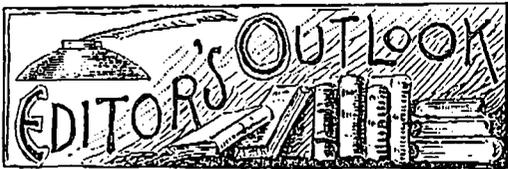
The note of every summer bird,
The winter wild-fowl's "figured flight,"
The drumming snipe, in spring-time heard,
Woke in your heart a still delight.

Along the South Downs as you rode
So fresh a spirit went with you,
So glad to praise, the chalk-hills shew'd
"Majestic mountains" to your view.

Not skill alone of ear and eye
Was yours, but something more—a heart
That found in nature a reply,
A mirror, and a counterpart.

Rich were you with a little store,
And all your days in peace you spent,
Wise with a very simple lore,
And in a narrow room content.

—H. J.



WITH the usual promptitude which characterizes the management of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, arrangements for the great fair are already well forward in every department, and the expectation of the directors is that the exhibition will surpass all previous efforts by exhibitors, while they are sanguine of success so far as the crowds of visitors are concerned. A visit to the grounds revealed the fact that many new improvements are being made. The buildings are being put in fresh condition and here and there renovated, but what will delight the average farmer visitor will be the fine new stables that are being put up. In this department there will be accommodation for 900 horses and the stalls are arranged length-ways along the passages so that visitors will get a side view of the horses from the alley way. The stalls will be very comfortable and will be, practically, open box stalls, with a board protection about four feet high, above which a rail will run at the height of a foot or fourteen inches. There are also to be new cattle sheds with pen accommodation for at least 800 head, a complete change and improvement on the old building. The poultry

department will probably contain the finest poultry show ever held on this continent. Last year's show was a revelation to many exhibitors, but there are special reasons why the entries this year will be of special excellence. Toronto will be one of the selecting points for the World's Fair, and as a matter of course the very best birds will be sent for the double purpose of showing at Toronto and at Chicago, and keeping this in view the prize list shows prizes for almost every species of domestic fowl. A question has been raised as to the conditions applying to the quarantine of stock to be sent to the World's Fair, and so far as facts can be ascertained at the time of this writing, they are that cattle sent to Chicago must on their return to Canada

undergo the ninety days' quarantine imposed on all cattle from the United States. Intending exhibitors ought to make sure of this before taking the risk of shipping their best animals to Chicago. A ninety days' quarantine would not only prevent them from showing at Toronto, but would be attended with much inconvenience and expense. The Agricultural Implement Department will as usual be well-filled. Farmers ought to make up their minds to devote as much time as possible to the Agricultural Hall. It will pay them to become conversant with all the latest improvements which make machinery for the farm and implements of husbandry more serviceable and valuable. In the Prize List we observe a number of additional prizes for horses, new classes are provided for standard bred trotters, registered in the American Trotting Register; and for Hackneys registered in the Canadian Hackney Stud Book. For cattle additional prizes are given for certain classes of Guernseys and Holsteins. For the latter the Holstein Friesian Association of Canada will give special prizes of the same value as those given by the Industrial Exhibition Association, for other breeds at the Toronto Exhibition of 1893, for the best fat Holstein grade, or thoroughbred steers or heifers, of black and white color, the age to be under three years. A special prize is offered by the American Oxford Down Sheep Record Association for the best pen of five Oxford Down lambs of either sex, bred and owned by the exhibitor and recorded in the American Oxford Down Record. The American Berkshire Association offers a special prize for the best recorded sow and litter of not less than five recorded pigs under six months of age, bred and owned by the exhibitor; and several associations have combined to give special prizes for cheese. Of course there are many special prizes, but those here named are new ones this year. The correspondence with intending exhibitors would indicate great demand for information by new men and the interest in the fair does not seem to be in the least interfered with because of the World's Fair, Chicago.

THE most representative and interesting live stock market in Great Britain is the Inverness sheep and wool fair, an institution which dates more than a hundred years back. The prices for the season are largely determined at this gathering, at which the most influential dealers in the United Kingdom congregate and remain for a few days. It is held towards the end of July and the particulars of this year's market have just come to hand. Briefly told, the story amounts to this—the price of wool was maintained at last year's figure, while there was a drop of from two to five shillings in sheep. This taken with last year's drop, forms a large depreciation in the course of two years. Ewes and lambs have suffered a heavier fall as a rule—not without exceptions—than widders. In other words, animals fit to be sent directly, or almost directly, from their grazings to the butchers are in more request than store ones. Buyers were anxious before making bids to ascertain the effect of the season on different dis-

tricts and stocks. They found that while in one place the drought had left first-class flocks in lean condition, it had improved the flocks of other places which usually suffer from superabundant moisture. Wool is now of small account, prices are low and the demand stagnant. The long continued drought in Britain has been a complete contrast to the wet weather of last year. Since March, it has been really one long, dry, hot summer, the one drawback being lack of moisture, only broken by a thunderstorm or two, so that pasture is parched up. England has suffered very much and Scotland has not escaped the effects of such a long spell of heat. Potatoes, however, will be good everywhere, and turnips, so much relied upon for cattle feeding, are not a failure, but a heavy crop is not expected. The agricultural depression has not lightened, but perceptively deepened since this time last year, and the outlook is far from cheering to the average British farmer. The failure of the hay crop has been seized upon by Canadian newspapers as a bonanza to the Canadian farmer, but much that has been written in this respect is of no value, as the practical farmer well knows, taken as a whole Ontario does not produce more hay than is needed to keep alive the stock of the country. It would be better, as a contemporary remarks, if they raised more hay and kept more stock. The farmer who sells his hay habitually and in large quantities is doing permanent injury to his land, and any transitory advantage in ready cash would be followed by bad crops in the future.

THE following facts regarding the agricultural implement business of the United States are interesting. They are culled from the census returns. Forty-six concerns employing \$14,500,000 capital have an annual output valued at nearly \$10,000,000. The capital employed and value of goods manufactured at the places reported are as follows, in round numbers: At Evansville, Ind., capital \$316,000, value of goods manufactured, \$257,000; Albany, N. Y., capital \$264,000, goods \$382,000; Norfolk, Va., capital \$304,000, goods \$282,000; Minneapolis, capital \$2,882,000, goods \$850,000; Quincy, Ill., capital \$264,000, goods \$883,000; Auburn, N. Y., capital \$6,465,000, goods \$3,616,000; Louisville, capital \$1,256,000, goods \$1,054,000; Richmond, Va., capital \$267,000, goods \$223,000; Canton, capital \$4,496,000, goods \$1,775,000; Syracuse, N. Y., capital \$537,000, goods \$325,000.

THE Canadian Government has offered to pay the expenses of twelve British tenant farmers to come to Canada to see the country and report to their fellow farmers on their return home, the object being to bring the resources of Canada as a farming country before the British public. We hope the offer will be taken up at once so that the visitors may see our waving fields before the sickle has been put in. The farmers of Ontario and Manitoba it is expected will, through their organizations, give a cordial welcome to the Britishers and give them every facility for seeing our grand country.

SIR Charles Tupper, who leaves London about the middle of this month for a visit to Canada, has been specially charged by Right Hon. Sir George Trevelyan, Secretary of State for Scotland, to enquire into the condition of the Crofter settlements at Saltcoats, Man. Complaint has been made by these Crofters that the conditions of settlement are oppressive and they have petitioned for relief. No doubt Sir Charles Tupper will make a report such as will lead to the removal of any grievances that may exist, for it must be the desire of the government to place settlers in such a condition as will prove an inducement to others to follow their example in coming to this country for a home.

THE investigation into the affairs of the Agricultural College, Guelph, was brought to an end at the close of last month and the government's report will be issued in a few weeks. The enquiry was open to the public and the evidence taken is pretty well before the country through the press. The whole affair seems to be a misunderstanding between the officers of the college who could not see eye to eye on a variety of matters. The two chief men, Principal Mills and Professor Shaw, whose troubles seem to rise from opposing views of things, are both able and diligent officers and their differences ought to be smoothed over. The institution, as we have had frequent occasion to remark, is one in which the farmers of the Province take a pride and a deep interest, and Hon. John Dryden will render the farming community no small service if he can settle the dispute and still retain the services of a professor who has thrown life into his department and has turned out practical farmers in a manner superior to any of his predecessors.

THE bulletin issued by the Ontario bureau of industries giving the condition of the crops for last month says:—In fall wheat the prospects are that the total yield will fall below the average, and the production per acre will also fall somewhat below the average. The acreage of spring wheat has also diminished, but, while taking the province as a whole, the spring wheat crop is not altogether satisfactory, the production will be in slight excess of 1892. The barley crop will be a little late, and will be quite a bit under the average in quantity; but, unless unfavorable weather occurs during July, it will be fully up to or above the average in quality. The yield of oats is expected to be above the average, weather permitting. Rye appears to be limited, but in good condition. The corn crop was backward, but is doing well, and the prospects were exceedingly good on July 1st. The pea crop will be quite up to the average and generally satisfactory. Buckwheat and beans are doing well, the former with an increased area. The hay crop is excellent, especially for clover, and the yield will be unusually high. Potatoes are doing well, but are endangered by the Colorado beetle. Indications as to roots are not numerous, but are hopeful where given. In fruit the indications are that the year will be a little below the average, small fruits doing better than large ones. The bulletin closes by pointing out the advantage and necessity of more thorough draining in Ontario, the reports generally showing the best crops on high and well-drained fields. Clover and timothy hay stand ahead of all other crops so far. Grain crops are fair, fruit crops poor. All crops will be a little late in being harvested.

THE hay crop in Ontario has been heavy and has been harvested in pretty fair condition. The wheat harvest is upon us and farmers are busy preparing for the same. The *Epitomist* gives the following brief hints to farmers in connection with this season, and they will be found simple but practical:—"One great aid in beginning operations promptly and carrying the work forward smoothly and expeditiously is to have all tools in good repair and ready for business before harvest begins. A careful inspection of a binder or mower may reveal some part so worn that its disability is only a matter of a short time. Then a duplicate piece should be secured, ready to go on duty on or before the day that the old one gives out. It is very poor economy to run a machine as long as it will go before repairs are made, and no good business farmer will do so. With the best of care, however, occasional breaks are liable to occur in the field, and in these cases the ingenious farmer can often save time by making temporary repairs, with material at hand, that will answer until the rush is over. But a machine or tool all tied up with wire and strings, allowing it to remain so from year to year, is very liable to sudden collapse one of these fine days, and that

through no fault of construction. It pays to buy the best new tools and keep them new just as long as possible. One should not expect a machine to quarry rock or shave wire grass from the face of mother earth all day without whetting the edge. Better use a little "elbow grease" in this way than ruin one's temper and machine, and abuse our faithful animals by trying to mow or reap with dull knives. And with all our grinding we should grind the edge of each section clear along evenly, and not make the bevel too long. Keep the journals well oiled. This can not be done by filling the oil holes all round once or twice a day. Some slow moving journals do not need oil often, while others require it very frequently. 'Little and often' should be the rule for these. With the binder, and especially when starting a new machine, look out for the journals connected with the main gear and crank shaft. It is not enough to blindly pour oil in the oil cup, but be sure it reaches the bearings. Skillful reeling is perhaps the most important point under the control of the operator in making square, well formed bundles. The requirements vary so much with different kinds and conditions of grain that the best position can only be determined by experiment. Shift the reel up, down, back, forward, until the best results are obtained. The reel should not stand parallel with the sickle, but the outer end should stand forward in order to throw the grain upon the canvas, with the butts in advance of the heads. Unless this is done, the butts being retarded by coming in contact with the falling grain causes the straw to be elevated tops first, when, upon reaching the deck, it 'strings out,' causing ill-shaped bundles."

Principal Canadian Fairs.

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

PLACE OF FAIR.	DATES.
Stanstead, Que.	Aug. 23rd and 24th.
Toronto.	Sept. 4th to 16th.
Sherbrooke, Que.	Sept. 4th to 7th.
Picton.	Sept. 12th to 13th.
London.	Sept. 14th to 23rd.
Wellesley.	Sept. 19th and 20th.
Renfrew.	Sept. 19th and 20th.
Guelph.	Sept. 19th to 21st.
Whitby.	Sept. 19th to 21st.
Perth.	Sept. 19th to 21st.
Belleville.	Sept. 19th to 22nd.
Ottawa.	Sept. 22nd to 30th.
Peterboro.	Sept. 25th to 27th.
St. Catharines.	Sept. 25th to 27th.
Kingston.	Sept. 25th to 29th.
Woodstock.	Sept. 26th and 27th.
Milverton.	Sept. 26th and 27th.
Durham.	Sept. 26th and 27th.
Paisley.	Sept. 26th and 27th.
Brantford.	Sept. 26th to 28th.
Walkerton.	Sept. 26th to 28th.
Collingwood.	Sept. 26th to 29th.
Lindsay.	Sept. 27th to 29th.
Cambridge.	Sept. 28th and 29th.
Brampton.	Sept. 28th and 29th.
Tilsonburg.	Sept. 28th and 29th.
Stratford.	Sept. 28th and 29th.
Aylmer.	Oct. 2nd and 4th.
Cayuga.	Oct. 3rd and 4th.
Paris.	Oct. 3rd and 4th.
Arthur.	Oct. 3rd and 4th.
Stayner.	Oct. 3rd to 5th.
Almonte.	Oct. 3rd to 5th.
Chatham.	Oct. 3rd to 5th.
Markham.	Oct. 4th to 6th.
Elora.	Oct. 5th and 6th.
Beachburg.	Oct. 5th and 6th.
Otterville.	Oct. 6th and 7th.
Ridgectown.	Oct. 9th to 11th.
Woodbridge.	Oct. 17th and 18th.
Simcoe.	Oct. 17th to 19th.

A meeting of the Canadian Fairs and Exhibitions will be held in the Directors' Room at the offices on the Toronto Exhibition grounds, during the second week of the Exhibition. All Exhibition Associations are invited to send delegates.

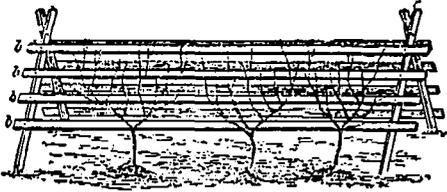


- 1st.—Wheat went up three cents a bushel in Chicago. Charles W. Drayton, the New postmaster of New York City, took office. Mr. Lovell, Canada's oldest printer, died at Montreal.
- 3rd.—Toronto's assessment rate fixed at 17½ mills on the dollar. The Canada Club, of London, Eng., dined Lord Aberdeen on his appointment as Governor-General. Mr. Herbert Gardener stated that it would be impossible to raise the embargo on Canadian cattle.
- 4th.—One hundred and thirty miners entombed by a colliery explosion at Thornhill, Yorkshire. Hon. Thos. F. Bayard, U.S. Ambassador, gave a Fourth of July reception at London. Mr. L. Henderson appointed treasurer and solicitor of Belleville, Ont.
- 5th.—H. N. Love, a C.P.R. brakeman, accidentally killed on the track at Rat Portage. Reported that a Republic has been established in Greece. Winnipeg merchants petitioned for an extension of the Great Northern Railway Co. to their city. Hamilton carried by-laws in favor of bonusing smelling works and the Hamilton, Grimsby and Beamsville Railway.
- 6th.—Toronto City Council decided to take a plebiscite on Sunday street cars on August 26th. N. N. Macdonald, Winnipeg, died from injuries received by a bicycle pitching him. Henry J. Tiffin, Montreal, donated his collection of books, valued at \$8,000, for the formation of a public library.
- 7th.—Army Bill introduced to German Reichstag. Dr. Dincen, displaced U.S. Consul at Belleville, was presented with a parting present by the citizens. Prince Etel Frederick, second son of Emperor William, celebrated his 10th birthday by entering the first regiment of the Foot Guards as second lieutenant.
- 8th.—Farewell address presented to Lord Derby by City Council of Ottawa. The Peary Arctic expedition sailed from Portland, Maine. Warrant issued for extradition of Rev. A. R. Reams, at Victoria, B.C., for abducting a young girl from California.
- 10th.—Christian Endeavor Convention at Montreal closed. The Nabob of Rampur, India, passed through Winnipeg on his way to the World's Fair. Chas. Hird and a Swiss named Gattlieb, were drowned in the Niagara River near Lasalle, Ont.
- 11th.—Three cases of small pox discovered at Chicago. Prof. Nettleship died at Oxford, Eng. Lord Coleridge taken suddenly ill at Newcastle Assizes.
- 12th.—Demonstrations throughout Canada in honor of the Twelfth. Lord Derby, Lady Derby and suite left Ottawa en route for England.
- 13th.—The Sultan of Zanzibar proclaimed the cession of all the Benadir ports and territories to Italy for three years. President Palmer has asked Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to co-operate in raising a fund for Duke Veragua, who is financially ruined.
- 14th.—Father Nicholas Maurich, head of the Redemptionist order, is dead. M. Emile Zola appointed to the Legion of Honor. Two French warships forced their way through the bar of the Meime river.
- 15th.—The Army Bill passed the Reichstag by 16 votes majority. Extreme heat prevailed in Chicago. Mr. H. L. Stark, of Toronto, appointed a vice-president of the Baptist Convention at Indianapolis, Ind.
- 17th.—Bishop Racine died at Sherbrooke, Que. Court-martial on the Victoria disaster opened in Malta. Mr. Thos. Griffith, a farmer of Drummond township, Ont., killed by lightning.
- 18th.—Earl Aberdeen kissed hands with Her Majesty on his appointment of governor-general, and received his commission. Belgian Chamber of Deputies passed a resolution providing for the payment of its members, four thousand marks each per year.
- 19th.—Mr. Adam Brown, Hamilton, appointed a judge representing the British Empire at World's Fair. Funeral of Thos. J. Richardson, of the Canadian Hansard Staff, took place at Ottawa. The case of John Browne, the Montreal architect who is suffering from ill health, is considered hopeless.
- 20.—Cholera rampant in Moscow. The village of St. Anne de la Parade, Que., partially destroyed by fire.
- 21.—William Whitworth retiring from Hudson Bay Company after service of 32 years. James Gibbs Shaw, Port Warden, Montreal, has resigned.
- 22nd.—Industrial Fair at Winnipeg closed. T. B. Griffith, manager of the Hamilton Street Railway, died. The Gaudaur-Hanlan race at Orillia declared a foul.
- 24th.—Ruins of a prehistoric city discovered in Colorado. Dr. W. A. Anderson commenced his duties as U.S. Consul at Montreal.
- 26th.—Demand for Canadian hay in England reported as abating. Mass meeting of Anti-Sunday street car citizens held in Toronto.
- 26th.—Montreal sugar refiners made a reduction of ½ per cent. per pound on granulated sugar.
- 27th.—The Italian frigate *Etna* arrived at Quebec on her trip to Canada.
- 28th.—Nawab of Rampur arrived in New York on way to World's Fair.
- 29th.—The strikers of Danville returned to work. Mr. Burt, Brockville, appointed Principal Brantford Collegiate Institute.
- 31st.—Full particulars received of Siam's surrender to the demands of France.



Tomato Trellis.

A SIMPLE and very convenient tomato trellis is shown in the engraving from a sketch by F. H. Valentine. It may be made long or short, to suit the convenience of the gardener, though it is more convenient to have two or more short ones than to have one too heavy and cumbersome to move easily. The trellis consists of two or more pairs of slanting timbers 2x4 and six feet long, hinged together at the upper ends by crossing and passing bolts through holes bored near the ends of each. Narrow strips of board are then nailed on each side, the trellis is ready for use. It is to be placed between two rows of tomatoes, and the vines trained up the



slanting sides. The trellis should extend north and south, so that all the vines may get the sun at some time during the day. When the crop is gathered and the vines removed, the trellis may be folded together and put away for use another season. Poles may be used instead of boards if more convenient.—*American Agriculturist.*

Corn Culture.

JOHN GOULD gives the following description of how he cultivates for corn:—"Before planting we make the land as fine and smooth as we could with cutaway, harrow, and plank. This year we marked the field before starting the planter, using a marker that made a wide, shallow mark, as wide as the roller that is behind the planter hoe. The corn drill was set to plant 2 inches deep, so that when the field was planted the corn rows presented this appearance.

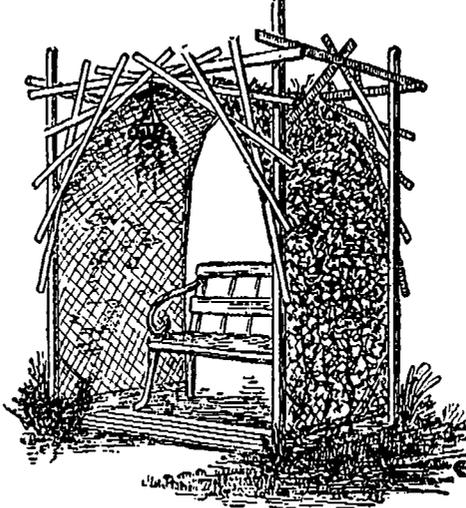


Just as the corn began to make its appearance, the fields were rolled with a heavy land roller to crush out every remaining lump, and then the field was gone over with the harrow, the team in both cases being driven lengthwise of the rows, and turned on the headlands. The team is driven very slowly, and by this plan the depression is not filled. A few days later the field is again rolled (which is a great destroyer of crusting of the soil) and again dragged, and when the corn is 6 inches high, the Breeder's weeder are put to work, both the original and the "Zephaniah." This about finishes up the weeds that germinate without nearer contact with the surface, and from now on, the matter of cultivation is to prevent soil evaporation. We have discarded the two-horse cultivator as a combined weed and corn destroyer, and now finish up with a light Planet Jr., set to run as shallow as possible, and to make this a sure thing I bolt on a cross-bar of wood 1½ inches square, to the two widest apart shovels, and on the back side, so as to let the shovels project about 2 inches below the bar. This bar is cut 4 inches shorter than the width of the row, and as the cultivator is driven along the soil behind it is left ideally smooth and level; the fine soil as it rolls up over the bar seems to leave all the few remaining weeds with their tiny roots in the air, and the earth pushed

to one side by this same bar, puts a little fresh earth about the stalks of the corn, and leaves the field hoed as no man can do it for effectiveness.

Arched Arbor.

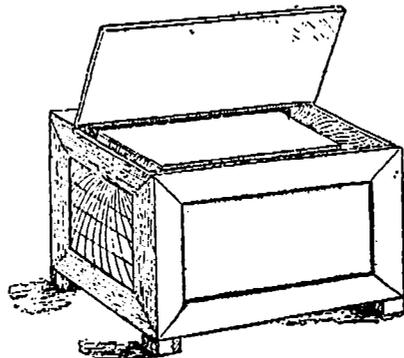
IN summer and autumn the cool shade of the arbor is ever welcome at intervals in the house work. Here is an illustration of an easily constructed one. The eight foot corner posts are made of four-inch scantling set in post-holes in the corners of a plot four by six feet; when the corners are plumb and firmly set complete the



frame work of narrow boards at the base of the sides of the house and horizontal strips crossing each other at the corners seven and one-half feet from the ground; along the front and rear cross pieces and down the corner posts mark off four one-foot spaces, thus locating the intersection of the narrow strips, which can then be nailed on as indicated in the sketch; these strips form the interior arched foundation, which can be covered with fence netting, or horizontal laths two inches apart. Some bracing pieces at the top and bottom of the sides will make the framework firm. This will have a very pretty appearance if built over a garden walk or placed in any part of the grounds to shelter a settee.

Home-Made Refrigerator.

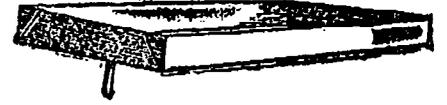
A WRITER in the *Country Gentleman* says:—"I saw a refrigerator constructed last summer at an actual outlay of so few cents, which did such good work, both in its economical use of ice and in its preservation of the food placed in it, that it appears little short of a duty to describe it. Two dry-goods packing cases were secured, one considerably smaller than the other. The size of the inner box will represent the capacity of the ice-chest (it is to be remembered when choosing a box for this purpose) while the outer box should afford a space three



or four inches all around the box to be placed within. It should also afford two inches of space between the bottom of the inner box and its own, and two inches also between the cover of the inner box and its own. All these surrounding spaces, except that above the inner box, are to be filled with dry sawdust. The interior of the inner box should be painted white,

for if left in the natural wood, butter and some other articles placed in it may have a decidedly "woody" taste.

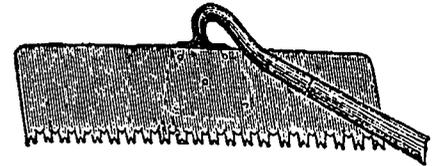
So far the ice-chest has cost but a trifle, but now it will pay to spend a little for a galvanized iron tray to fit exactly into the bottom of the inner box, provided with a tube in one end, as shown in the cut, of sufficient length to pass



down through the bottoms of both boxes, which will carry off all water from the melting ice. This tray can be made of tin, or even sheet-iron, in which case it should be well painted, both within and without, to prevent rusting. The chest mentioned did not have this tray, but it is really very desirable.

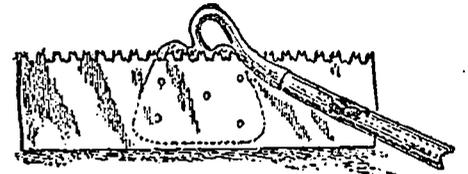
Home-Made Weed Hoe.

AN excellent home-made weed hoe can be made by rivetting a piece of cross-cut saw to a worn-out hoe, and it can be made more useful by turning down the teeth for the edge instead



of leaving them in the air useless. They are made of hard steel, and will last a long time, and the longer the better. No implement equals the steel rake for destroying young weeds, and the saw blade, teeth down, resembles it. The implement should not be more than 14 inches wide.

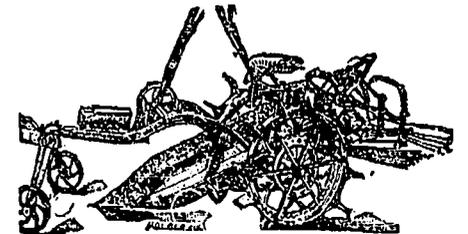
Another useful hoe can be made from a piece of old cross saw blade as shown in the following cut.



It is meant for killing weeds, rather than for scraping and hauling of earth.

Potato Digger.

THE cut here given indicates in a general way the appearance of the Hoover machine for digging potatoes. It is said that it will operate easily and well in soils of all descriptions, in all conditions as to texture, moisture and rocki-



ness, or weediness, in potatoes with green tops or dead; will drop the weeds and tops at one side and leave the potatoes all in a row on top of the ground with the earth shaken off. The plow and lower end of elevator are on a level, the plow runs under the hills and earth, potatoes and all are carried up the elevator which shakes constantly, most of the earth falling through before the potatoes get to the top; then they fall into another shaker and are finally deposited behind the machine, while a set of revolving forks force off the grass and tops, if any, into a carrier, which deposits them at one side of the machine.

Libe Stock.

ROCK salt helps to avoid waste.

A DORSET lamb is not always a cosset.

LET the stock exercise at every opportunity.

MAINTAIN a steady growth with all young stock.

GOOD action is quite an item in selecting a large horse.

THE demand for Guernseys is growing in the New England State.

BETTER feed liberally twice a day than give three scanty feeds.

DRY food holds its own against roots for the fattening of cattle, sheep and hogs.

THE real value of a sow for breeding will not be known until she has been bred two or three times.

THE stock must be well used and well cared for if they are to make the best animals and give the best results.

DORSET sheep are said to be dog proof, i.e., that they can fight dogs or at least are not scared by them.

WITHOUT exercise the sheep are liable to become constipated and feverish and to fall off in their appetites.

MANY young mares are ruined by being put to work and worked too hard before their limbs are properly hardened.

THE total number of beef cattle received in the Chicago market in 1892 was 2,569,266, or 319,000 more than in 1891.

It is said that the smallest sheep in the world are the "Bretons," native of France, which are "but little larger than a rabbit."

EXPERIMENTS by G. W. Curtis, of Texas Station No. B. 21, have shown that cotton seed or cotton seed meal is dangerous feeding to swine.

To improve the dairy qualities of your cows, without decreasing size so much as the use of Jersey bulls would, you should try Guernseys. The bulls of this breed often exceed 2,000 lb. in weight.

It is a pleasure for a farmer to see his live stock when he has plenty of warm sheds and stables to keep them in and a good supply of feed; and the better blooded are his animals the more interest he will take in them.

BREED a young sow to a well-matured boar that has done good service. Liberal feeding is necessary more so than with older and more matured sows for a reason that part of the food given her is needed for the development of her own frame. If the feeding is not liberal the young pigs will suffer.

THE following remedy is suggested for ner-

vous dyspepsia in horses:—Take powdered gentian root 2 parts, powdered Colombo root 1 part, powdered cayenne pepper 1-30; mix; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful on bran mash three times daily. Feed light and easily digested food, ground oats, &c.,; no corn; give bran mash often.

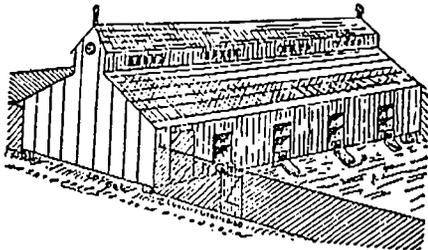
It is a very great mistake to think that because pigs like dirt they thrive better on dirty feed. A hog's stomach should be as well looked after as any other animal and you will have sweeter and more healthy meat. Feed your hogs on a combination of grass and wheat, milk, roots and corn. Pork made from such an ideal food will always command a higher price.

"S" writes to the *Rural New Yorker*:—In the reports in reply to the question "What to do for garget?" the best remedy I have ever used is not mentioned. I have had some year's experience in the dairy business, and for caked udder I have never found anything to equal mother tincture of aconite—10 drops night and morning. The animals should not be exposed to bad weather or allowed to lie on damp ground. The easiest way to administer the dose is to fit a cork closely in the bottom of the neck of a fair-sized bottle, so that the part above the cork will hold nearly a tablespoonful, put the medicine in the neck and fill up with water. The dose can then be very easily poured well back on the tongue and is so small that seldom is any left.

The Poultry Yard.

Poultry House.

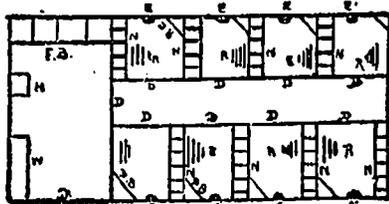
JOHN W. CAUGHNEY, writes to the *Country Gentleman*:—"A neatly-arranged and economical plan for a poultry building is shown in fig. 1, sketched from the first poultry house of any size owned by the writer. In its arrange-



ment it was roomy and convenient. It does not matter how roughly a building is constructed, provided it answers the purpose, because fine fowls and profitable flocks are very often sheltered in a mere shed, but it must be comfortable, and as convenient as possible to make it.

These and previous sketches are to help the farmer and breeder of poultry to gradually improve the appearance and arrangement of the hen-house without any very great expense, and to supplant the rough shed as often as he can with one more in keeping with his farm. He thus combines comfort, utility and neatness.

The ground plan (fig. 2) is plain and easily seen to be what is desired in a poultry building. This is 50 feet in length, 34 in width, 9 high, making it with an upper part for ventilation, this part being 3 feet or the entire height of



building 12 feet. The pens are on either side of a passageway, each pen being 8 by 15 feet, the passageway 4 feet, making everything as roomy

as practiceable and ample for the accommodation of 80 hens without crowding them. The room at the side is 16 by 34 feet, and contains as customary the bins for feed, *FB*; the work bench or table, *WB*, and the cook stove or heater which always comes in handy. The building is well lighted on either side by four windows of moderate size, and below each one an entrance door leads to the runs in the yard on either side of the building, and when found necessary these openings may be closed up by dropping a board by means of a pulley extending outside along the passageway avoiding the necessity of going into the coops at all. Roosts, *R*; nests, *N*; dust box, *DB*; entrance, *D*—explains all abbreviations found in the ground plan.

JUST think of it, chicken costs less than pork and is much better.

CHOPPED clover hay scalded and mixed with bran, is a good morning food

THE man who economizes on the feed of the fowls, never gets eggs in winter.

KEEP the drinking vessels clean. Disease often lurks in the drinking fountains.

A LITTLE charcoal mixed with the soft feed will aid digestion, and prevent disease.

WHEN fattening geese, give a mixture of corn and wheat, with a cooked mess given warm daily.

WELL fed fowls never become too fat when they are compelled to scratch among a lot of litter for their grain.

REMEMBER a draught in the hen house will give fowls cold as quickly as you would catch one if you were similarly exposed.

LITTLE chicks do much better in the garden than any other place, if you can confine the hens to prevent them making trouble.

ONE of the most profitable birds to raise is the Gray Call duck, a species of wild duck but easily domesticated, and very prolific.

THERE'D be fewer folks with bitter mouths from swallowing life's dregs, if all the barley now in beer, were fed to hens for eggs.—*Rural New Yorker*.

It is not at all necessary to have a pond or stream for ducks or geese, a trough is all that is necessary. Ducks should be inclosed until about nine o'clock each day to prevent them laying away.

KEEP the wee chicks dry. Not a few are lost every year by carelessness in this particular during showery weather. A tight roof and a coop raised a little from the bottom so that they can run under is all that is necessary.

THE comb of the fowl is a fair index to the condition of its health. When the comb is of a bright red all is well with the fowl, but when it becomes of a whitish color or turns dark red at the ends something is seriously wrong.

No broody hens wanted this month. Therefore discourage them at once. Keep them alone but in sight of the flock, or tie by the leg to a stake, or keep in a hen house without a nest and only roosts. Adapt the feed to egg production. That will cure her.



The Little Rain Maker.

"Scurious like!" sat the tree-toad,
 "I've twittered for rain all day;
 And I got up soon
 And hollered till noon,
 But the sun hit blazed away
 Till I just climbed down in a crawfish hole,
 Weary at heart and sick at soul!"

"Dozed away for an hour,
 And I tackled the thing again;
 And I sung and sung,
 'Till I knowed my lung
 Was just about to give in;
 And then, thinks I, if it don't rain now,
 There's nothin' in singin' anyhow!"

"Once in a while some farmer
 Would come a-drivin' past,
 And he'd hear my cry,
 And stop and sigh,
 Till I just laid back at last,
 And hollered rain till I thought my throat
 Would burst wide open at every note!"

"But I fetched her! Oh, I fetched her!
 'Cause a little while ago,
 As I kind o' set with one eye shet,
 And a-singin' sof and low,
 A voice dropped down on my fevered brain,
 Sayin', 'If you'll just hush I'll rain!'"

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A Dog at Work.

You would hardly think that a dog could give efficient service in laying the wires that are used for electric lighting, but the *London Graphic* tells us about a very interesting case of that kind.

Strip's method of working is as follows: The workmen lay down in the desired position a short length of the stout, iron pipe which is to shelter a corresponding length of the copper wire along which the electric current will ultimately pass. The iron pipe having been fixed,

Strip is called, has the end of the wire fastened to her collar, and at the workman's sign, goes in at one end of the pipe—"And comes out of the other end," says an intelligent but too hasty reader. Not so, however. The other end of the iron pipe has a bar across it, over which the copper wire must be strained to keep it taut. Strip, having entered the pipe with the wire fastened to her collar, presents herself at the other end to the workman awaiting her there, who thrusts his hand under the bar, unfastens Strip's collar, and draws it and the wire out. Strip, when she feels her collar gone, turns round, retraces her steps, comes out again at the same end she went in at, and lies down on the workman's coats until she is wanted again.

During the last bitter cold winter Strip sometimes longed to shirk, and showed a moment's hesitation when told to enter the dark, cold iron pipe, but the kindness a good workman is ever ready to show to animals never failed to provide a bone or two every morning to be kept handy for these moments of reluctance in Strip's working-day. With one of these tempting morsels the gallant little worker was then encouraged and rewarded, and all went well.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Some Odd and Wonderful Clocks.

NICHOLAS Grollier de Servere, an old soldier, who had served in the Italian army and who died in 1689, devoted his latter days to the invention and construction of a variety of whimsical clocks, some of which he made for the sole purpose of delighting and surprising his visitors.

A figure of a tortoise dropped into a plate of water having the hours marked on the rim would float around and stop at the proper hour, telling what o'clock it was like a "learned pig." A lizard ascended a pillar on which the hours were marked and pointed to the time as it advanced. A mouse did the same by creeping along an hour-marked cornice.

Dr. Heylin thus describes a famous clock and

dial which was in the Cathedral of Lunden, Denmark: "In the dial are to be seen the year, month, week, day and every hour of the day throughout the year, with the feasts, both those which are fixed and movable, together with the motions of the sun and moon with their passages through each degree of the zodiac.

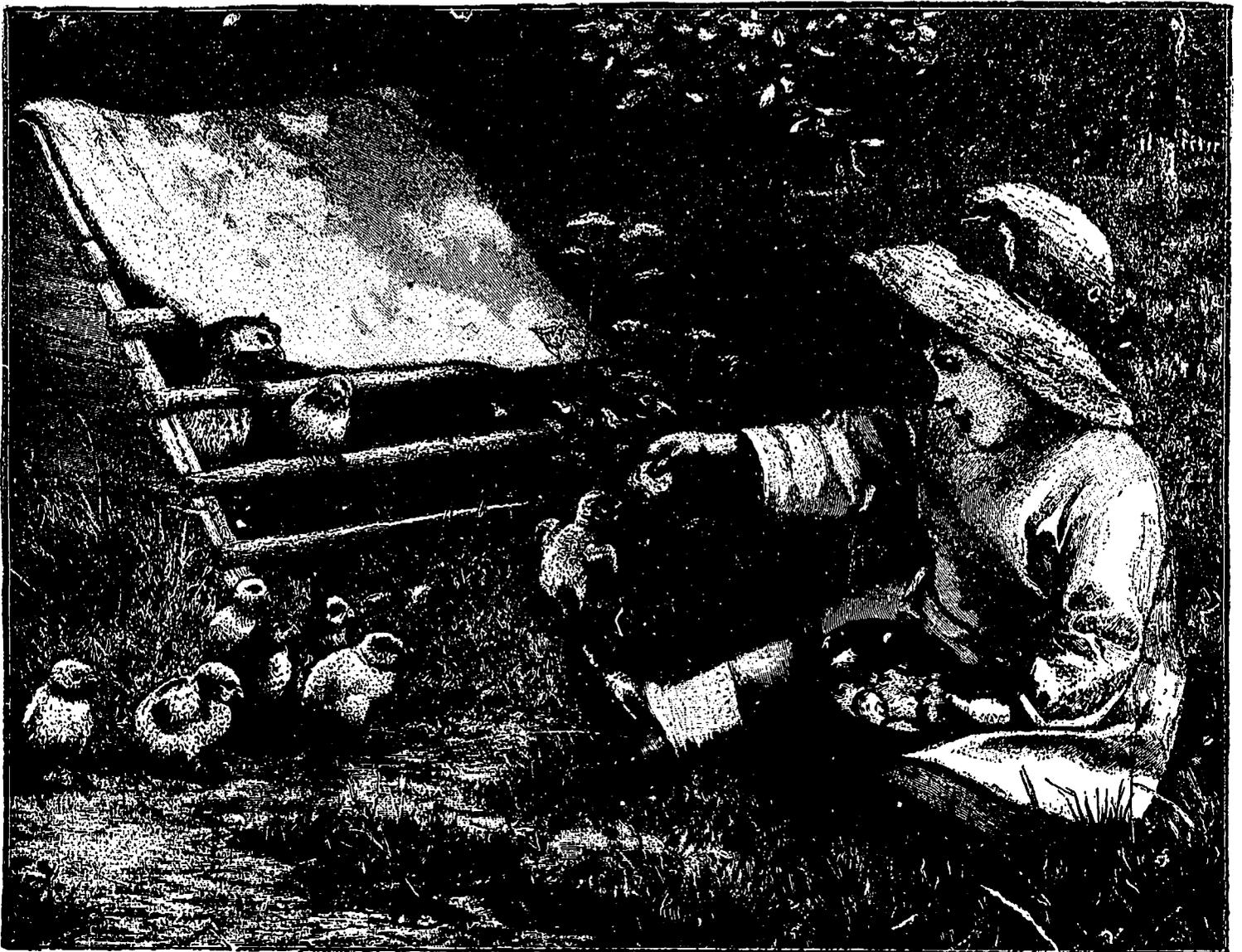
"It is so formed that whenever the clock is to strike two horsemen encounter each other, giving as many blows apiece as the bell sounds hours, and on the opening of a door there appeareth a theater, the Virgin Mary on a throne with Christ in her arms, and the three kings of magi with their several trains marching in order doing humble reverence and presenting gifts, two trumpeters sounding all the while to adorn the pomp of the procession."

Smallest Birds in the World.

Two of the smallest birds in the world, and the only two known to be in captivity, have been attracting a great deal of attention in a Broadway window, says the *New York Herald*. They are known as the pajara mosca, or "fly-eaters," and were brought to this country from Cuba by Senor Pubillones. He controls the circus privileges of the island, and is familiarly known as "Little Barnum."

The birds are about one-third smaller than humming-birds of this country, to which family they belong. Being so diminutive and fly-with remarkable swiftness, it is almost impossible to catch them, and it was only by an accident that these specimens were captured. A laborer discovered the nest while the birds were fledglings, and he placed a bottomless cage over the nest, and kept it there until the birds were strong enough to fly.

They are fed on honey diluted with water, and in order to reach this the little creatures keep themselves stationery in the air by the lightning-like motions of their wings and plunge their long narrow bills repeatedly into the vessels. An offer of \$50 for the pair has been refused.





A Five O'clock Tea-Table.

PERHAPS the simplest table for this purpose that I have seen was shown us by the wife of an army officer. It was made from four pieces of inch square pine stuff, each thirty inches long, and two covers of cheese boxes. One of the covers was fastened to the four standards at the top, taking care to have them an equal distance apart and placing the rim of the cover upward. The second was fastened about twelve inches from the floor, and the whole was stained mahogany. Tea-tables look prettier low and we would suggest that any imitator of this idea should make hers not higher than 26 inches. It can be enamelled white and gold if preferred, but for this the wood should be sandpapered until perfectly smooth so that it will have a fine and highly polished surface.



For Those Who Wear Glasses.

To make a holder for glasses like the one illustrated in Fig. 1, roll a piece of cardboard into the shape of a cylinder, draw the upper end open

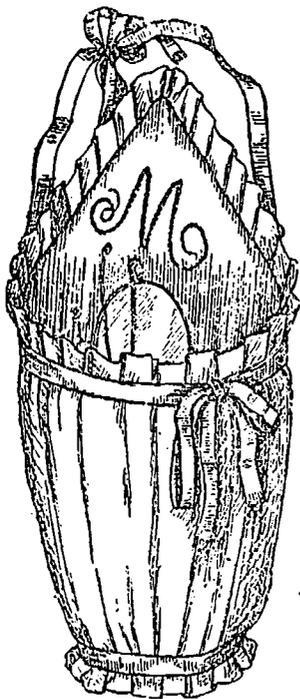


FIG. 1.—HOLDER FOR GLASSES.

a little wider than the lower, and tack the overlapping edges together; trim off the bottom smoothly, and shape the top, as shown in the sketch, so that the back will rise in a point above the curved front. The overlapping edges should come in front. Cut the tacking and smooth out the foundation, cover one side with plain, yellow silk, spread over sheet wadding, lapping it well over on the other side, around the edges, and tack it as before, with the silk inside for a lining. Overhand to the bottom a small, silk-covered circular piece of cardboard, that will just fit the opening. The outside has a puffed cover of yellow silk, with edges forming ruffles around the top and bottom. Over the gathering threads are tied ribbons of a deeper but harmonizing shade of yellow. The sketch shows how the ribbons at the top are tied at the back to form a loop, by which to hang the holder. The initial letter on the back should be worked before the lining is applied, and the pocket should be

just deep enough to allow the glasses to be seen above the edge. Such holders are always handy for those who use glasses, and, if tastefully made, of pretty material, are also quite ornamental. Fig. 2 shows a novel design for a handy little wiper for the glasses, which may be conveniently kept in the holder, ready for



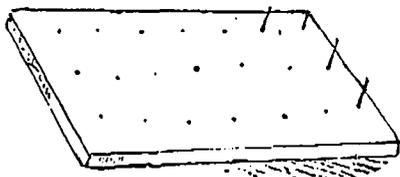
FIG. 2.—WIPER FOR GLASSES.

use. It is made of three small, scalloped, circular pieces of chamois, plain or tinted, fastened together with a piece of silk cord, which passes down through the centre and back again, and is then tied in a mite of a bow at the top. Above the ends the cords are wound with silk, and the ends are picked out to form miniature tassels. —*American Agriculturist.*

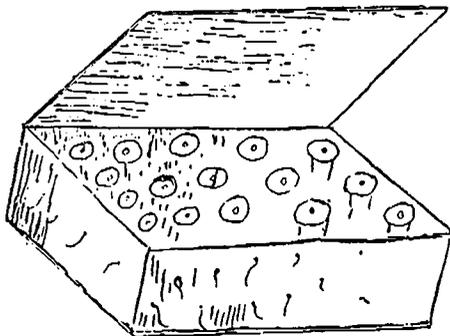
What a Boy Can Make.

MAMMA'S work-basket is usually the receptacle for the children's caps and mittens, the baby's toys, and the odds and ends of the family generally. This is hard on mamma's spools, and not less on her temper, for though we all know *what* is the end of a spool of cotton left to work its own sweet will in the heterogeneous collection of articles, with perhaps a stray kitten or two about to introduce an added element of confusion, we do not often know *where* the end is.

A boy of my acquaintance has amended this

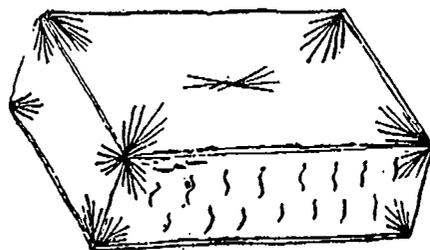


state of affairs in one family at least. He obtained from the grocer a cigar box of sufficient depth to hold the largest spool of thread and leave a small space between the top of the space and the cover. He loosened the pictures inside and out with a damp cloth and scraped them off with a knife, then sandpapered the wood down to a smooth surface. Next he put a few extra brads in the joinings to strengthen it, and fastened the lid on with two small brass hinges. A thin piece of board, just large enough to fit inside the box, was marked off in squares so that the spools could stand closely but with-



out interfering with each other. At each intersection of the lines a hole was bored with a very small gimlet and a round wire nail, long enough to hold the spool, was driven in. These nails should be graduated to fit the spools, and none should come above the top of the spool. This false bottom was put in the box, and as many tiny holes bored along the front and ends as there were spools inside. Then the bottom was removed, while it and the box were treated to three coats of ebony enamel, as much to remove the odor of cigars as to embellish the box. A very small brass handle, like those used on old-

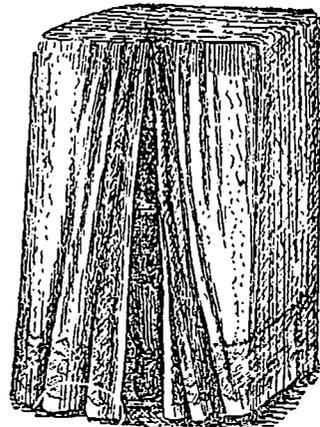
time bureaus, which can now be found at all furnishing stores, was screwed on the top and



added to its neat appearance. The number of the spool whose thread was passed through each hole in the front and ends of the box, was indicated by being lettered on in gilt. A single coat of varnish would probably effectually remove the smell of cigars, and would make a very pretty box, and one easier of manufacture. —*Country Gentleman.*

Draped Boot and Shoe Box.

THOUGH there is nothing new in the idea of a draped dry goods box with inner shelves, yet the one herewith represented is draped in a simple, graceful manner, and is certainly very convenient. Where closets are scarce, and boots, slippers, shoes and rubbers have to be tucked away here and there, or left lying about, a box of this kind is almost a necessity, and it takes but a short time to prepare one. The model was made to supply such a need. The box selected was about the height of a lamp stand, thirty-three inches, and the top eighteen by twenty-one inches; two shelves were slipped in, to rest on cleats tacked on each side, and the lower part was left high enough to admit rubber boots. Then a pretty red and olive tablecloth, nearly two and one-half yards long, was used to drape the box. The cloth was arranged so that the border resembled a band of trimming along the bottom of the folds fell straight to the floor, completely hiding the inside. They never



parted of themselves but could be thrown aside out of the way in an instant. In our illustration the curtains are drawn apart, to disclose the inner shelves. Such a cover remains clean a long time, but may be readily removed for cleansing by drawing out a few tacks. The top, which is slightly padded, makes a convenient stand for a lamp or work basket. A similar box would make a commode, or a magazine case. The box described was found so convenient that another one was made for the exclusive use of the men. A wider box was chosen, which would fit snugly into an obscure corner or a small entry way, usually littered with boots, overshoes and slippers. The cover was a square, red tablecloth, which, as it could be used whole, was not injured for other uses. It was spread smoothly over the top, with nearly all of the cloth falling in front; beginning at the middle of the front edge, it was gathered up into straight folds, which were tacked to the middle of the box at the top, thus producing divided front curtains, so full at the middle as to make the parting invisible. All of the cloth not needed was allowed to fall at the back side, where a few tacks held it securely. As it stood in the entry, the sides of the box were not seen, but in an exposed position the sides would have to be stained or painted.



Wife (to corpulent husband)—"Stand just there and let me sit in the shade."

Maudie—"Did he marry her for her money?" Lella—"No; for her father's."

She—"I wonder why they call these angel sleeves?" He—"What else could they be when you wear them?"

She—"What a homely man is talking to Miss S! I am sure he is of low origin. Do you know him?" He—"Yes; he is my brother."

Mrs. Naggs—"Words cannot express my contempt for you," Naggs—"I am glad to hear it. Now I will have a little peace."

WESTERN FARMER (from his cyclone cellar)—"Tell yer what; it ain't no use us a-tryin' to keep house in this country."

DISCOURAGING.

Hard labor—Dusty Dolliver—"D'yer find it hard work ter git any grub herabouts?" Ragged Robert—"Yes; awful hard. Most uv th' houses sets 'way back from th' fence."

Guest—"I don't understand what this extra dollar is for in my bill." Proprietor—"The night watchman overheard you whistling 'After the Ball.'"

Not likely—"Look here, now, when are you going to pay me the hundred dollars I lent you six weeks ago?" How can I tell? Do you take me for a prophet?"

Kate—"I don't believe this fountain was designed by a woman?" "Why?" "Well it should have been for ice cream soda instead of water."

Mr. South—"I'll buy some of those new scarfs you so much admire if you refer me to somebody to tie the knot." Miss North—"Why don't you see our pastor?"

Young wife—"Now, sir, I've given you half my pie-nice pies, and you promised to work for them—" "Tramp—" Bless your sweet eyes, mum, I did—as I wuz catin' of 'em."

Wool—"I have been living for a month at a cost of eight cents a day." Van Pelt—"That all it cost you?" Wool—"Oh, no; I paid \$20 a week. Eight cents a day was what it cost my landlady."

Farmer—"Well, my son, did you mark the words of the minister today when he said 'Leave no stone unturned?'" Son—"Yes, pop, but I don't think he had any reference to the grindstone."

Charlie Sappie—"No, I don't go in for yachting much since the time I was knocked overboard and lost my senses." Miss Spright—"How sad! and you never recovered them, did you?"

Among the ups and downs of life That fill a mortal with disney, Of special grief are those which strike Your collar on a sultry day.

Daughter—"Yes, I know Mr. Staylate comes very often, but it isn't my fault. I do everything I can to drive him away." Old Gentleman—"Fudge! I haven't heard you sing to him once!"

"It's a shame, when she is so well dressed, that she let's everyone know she's from the country." Clara—"What did she do?" "Thanked a gentlemen for giving her his seat."

"Well, my fine little fellow, you have got quite well again! I was sure that the pills I left would cure you. How did you take them, in water, or in cake?" "Oh, I used them in my popgun."

A DRAMA OF THE WEST.

There was a young love-stricken Sion;
Who called on a maiden to wion;
But her father was there
And deprived him of hair,
And gave him the toe of his shioux.

"Latin is a dead language, isn't it?" said the boy who is out of school and glad of it. "Yes," replied his sister. "Well, I'm in favor of cremation. Let's build a fire with this Caesar."

Miss Giddy—"I was born in '69." Jones—"This century?"

Two heads are certainly better than one when the problem is to produce a kiss.

Jobson's—"Money is tight all the time now." Hobson—"Yes, that's why it should have the gold cure."

When a woman sets her face against anything it usually has to go—except it happens to be a mustache.

No matter whether the mosquito's music is good, bad, or indifferent, he never forgets to present his little bill for it.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"My husband is a great inventor." Mrs. Yeast—"Indeed! What does he invent?" "Excuses."

"Where did you get your new waitress, Hawley?" "Down on the Jersey coast." "Really?" "Yes. She is one of the breakers."

Dicks—"What did Fulbizz say when they told him of the million his uncle had left him?" Danks—"Just two words: 'Capital, capital.'"

Cholly—"Fweddy, we can't get through this crowd." Fweedy—"Wait a minute, Cholly. Here comes a lady with a parasol. We will follow her."

He—"What the mischief is this?" His wife—"You will have to eat your oatmeal in a flower pot this morning, my dear. I haven't been able to get to a china shop since our girl left."

Her father—"You wish to marry my daughter, I understand." Her adorer—"I do, sir. I do, sir." Her father (severely)—"My wife tells me you are a fool." Her adorer—"Well, I suppose I am."

She—"I never saw such a man! He never has any money but he fritters it away." He—"Aren't you then afraid of marrying him?" She—"Oh, dear, no. After he has married me he'll never have any money."

Miss Plainly—"Your charming little boy talks so cunning, Mrs. Newmarm. I gave him some bonbons. 'Miss Plainly,' he said, like a little man. 'I think you are bootiful.'" "Delighted mamma.—" "Do you know, that child will say anything for sweatmeats."

"No, father," said the young man with his college medal, "no farming in mine; you are going to hear from me in the world." "I reckon we will," exclaimed the old man "an' in about ten seconds; John, reach me that hickory!"

"You see that young couple in front of us? Well, they're just married." "How do you know?" "Because he treads so carelessly on the skirt of her dress." "But that is no sign." "Oh, yes, it is; he'll be much more careful when he finds out what her dresses cost."

"Queer thing about the sun," said the summer young man. "What do you mean?" said the summer girl. "I understand there are spots on it." "Well," she answered, spitefully, "I am glad of it. Let the horrid old thing get a few freckles himself and see how he likes it."

Seads—"I wish you to understand once for all, young man, that if my daughter marries you I shall will all my property to charity." Przym—"I am very glad that you have made just that point, sir, for I assure you that under such condition we will soon be most deserving."

Master—"You were shamefully intoxicated last night, John. Just think, if any one were to find you in that condition in the street!" Servant—"You needn't be uneasy on that account, sir, because I always make a point to carry one of your visiting cards along with me wherever I go."

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER.

The Holmes family are studying French, and the children are required to ask for what they want at table in native Paris. Charles, the youngest small boy, was asked for the French name of milk.

"Set," said the youngster.

"Is that correct?" asked his mother, sternly.

"You bet."

"You are wrong, Charles," answered Mrs. Holmes "The French word for milk is lait (lay)."

"Well," retorted the boy, "I knew it was something about a hen."

If anything unkind you hear
About some one you know, my dear,
Do not, I pray you, it repeat,
When you that some one chance to meet;
For such news has a leaden way
Of clouding o'er a sunny day.

But if you something pleasant hear
About some one you know, my dear,
Make haste—to make great haste 'twere well—
To her or him the same to tell;
For such news has a golden way
Of lighting up a cloudy day.

A GRATUITOUS COMPLIMENT.

"Gentlemen," said the sheriff, putting his head into the jury room, "if there is no chance of your agreeing immediately on a verdict, the judge will step out to lunch."

"Tell his honor he may go to lunch," said the foreman.

"I was about to add," continued the sheriff, "that the circus comes into town at two o'clock, and it's twenty minutes to two now."

"H'm!" said the foreman, "tell the judge to hold on half a minute."

No flower is jealous of another.
Don't talk your good deeds to death.
God is in everything; in man alone is he put to shame.
There's nothing conceited about a church bell. It is always willing to be tolled.

A dictionary comes about as near defining what love is as a grain of sand comes to filling the ocean.

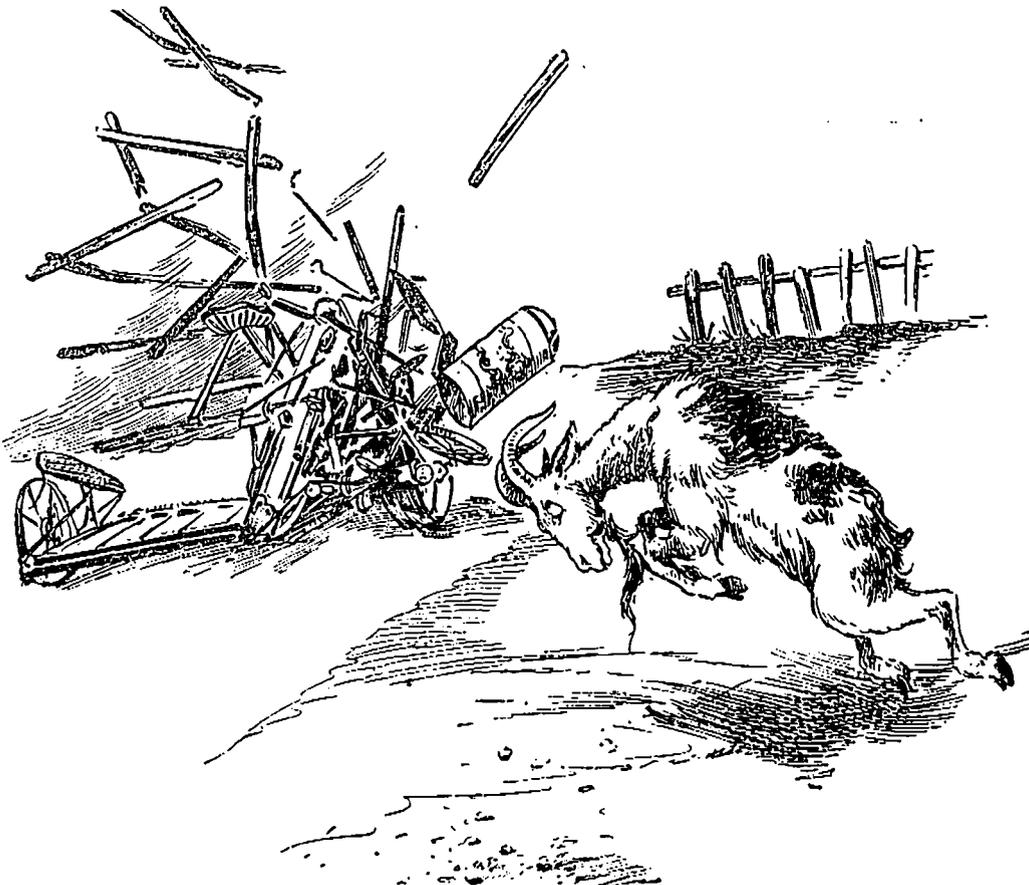
Nobody likes a man who is always finding fault, but everybody is glad to take advantage of the improvements that his constant kicking brings about.

An observing little girl, who lives in the upper part of the city, does her own thinking and speaks right out with juvenile frankness, was looking at some pictures the other evening and came across one which represented a woman in a full-sized hoop skirt, such as was worn when the style was at its height. She studied it as a rare curiosity for a second, and then exclaimed: "Mamma, just look at this lady with an umbrella on."

"Hot?" "Well, I should rejoice to shiver!"

"Did Bilkem leave anything when he died?" "Yes; his creditors. They're the worst left lot you ever saw."

"What made you think the collection was taken up to get the minister a new suit?" "Because so many of the congregation put in buttons."



A NEW BUTTER AT WORK ON BINDER.
(Patent not applied for.)

Rubber Belting!

THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO. OF MONTREAL

Manufacture the Best Threshing Machine Belts in America.

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

RUBBER **WESTERN BRANCH:** **BELTING**
Cor. Front & Yonge Sts., TORONTO.

"My, wife," said Squills, proudly, "is queen of the teatable; and she never reigns but she pours."

Visitor—"How does the land lie out this way?" Native—"It ain't the land that lies, sir. It's the land agents."

One could stand some men "going off in a flight of eloquence" if it would only take them out of hearing.

The dude has his use in this world, after all. Anything is good, they say, that has a tendency to excite a hearty laugh.

"Highnote says he was attracted first by his wife's voice." "Why, she can't sing a note." "Yes, that's what pleased him so."

"Did Miss Goldeoin look upon your suit with favor?" "Oh, yes; she thought the clothes were all right, but she objected to the wearer."

The utter recklessness of bacilli in regard to what becomes of them has been demonstrated by the discovery of them in boarding house butter.

"Now," said the editor, "I want you to write up Chicago's magnificence as a pork centre." "I see," replied the reporter, "a pen picture."

Victim of injustice—"Goodness me, Johnny! What are you crying about now?" "Cause Tommy dreamed about catin' pie last night, and I didn't."

The married man—I tell my wife everything, sir, everything. The bachelor—Ever tell her a lie? The married man—Didn't I say I tell her everything?

"I don't know that you ever told me why you resigned your club." "It was no place for a poor man." The members got to be mostly all plumbers and icemen."

Judge—"Prisoner, have you any visible means of support?" Prisoner—"Yes, sor, your honor. (To his wife) Bridget, stand up, so that the court can see yez."

"Do play something, please, Miss Pianothump," said the hostess advancing to her music-loving guest, "it's getting pretty late, but not half the guests are gone yet."

Before singing the song of "The Letter That Never Came," the woman should look in her husband's overcoat pocket. He may have failed to deliver it as expected.

A—"Hello, old chap! Congratulations! I hear you have married a lady with an independent fortune?" B—"No; I married a fortune with an independent lady."

Tommy—"There's a girl at our school, mamma, they call Postscript. Do you know why?" Mamma—"No, dear." Tommy—"Because her name is Adaline Moore."

There is little more tantalizing to a man than to go home with something on his mind he wants to scold about, and find company there and be obliged to act agreeably.

Clerk (to emigrant)—Yes, that's all right for the passage money; and now as to your trunk? Emigrant—And hwat would Oi be dooin' wid a trunk, sorr? Clerk—Oh, to put your clothes in. Emigrant—Hwuat! and me go naked?

If a lot of little mouses
Are a lot of little mice,
Why are not a lot of houses
Called a lot of little hiecs?

Daughter (looking up from her novel)—"Papa, in time of trial what do you suppose brings the most comfort to a man?" Papa (who is district judge)—"An acquittal, I should think."

Inquiring person—"What time did the hotel catch fire?" Fireman—"Midnight." Inquiring person—"Everybody get out safely?" Officer—"All except the night watchman. They couldn't wake him up in time."

A New York writer declares that the vegetarian who enjoys carrots, potatoes, beets, beans and the pungent onion is the lowest on the scale, while the most refined is the person who takes to the "High-swinging nuts." The monkey is a living endorsement of this view of the matter.

"Look here," he said indignantly to the man with the hungry cow, "don't you see that 'Keep Off the Grass' sign?" "Yes." "Well, yer cow's on the grass." "I know it, mister," was the placid answer. "I know jest as well as you do. You see, that cow can't read."

"Do you think cigarettes make a man proof against epidemics?" "I do," replied the physician; "they don't wait to give the epidemic a chance."

With every increasing probability of a cholera visitation there will be an increase in the attendance at church.

Ireland sends annually 40,000 tons—in round numbers some 610,000,000—of eggs to England. This is something of an offset to the English yolk of which she complains.

While waiting for a great opportunity some men ignore the little ones. Others don't. The latter are always to be found in the ranks of the successful.

Servant to his master, a very young doctor, who is at a banquet—"Come home quickly, sir. There's a patient waiting for you. (Aside.) I've locked the office door on him so that he can't escape."

"Wise men hesitate; only fools are certain," remarked a Mountain street man to his wife, a few evenings ago, when she was arguing a point with him. "I don't know about that," she said testily. "Well, I'm certain of it," he replied, so emphatically that she laughed in his face; and he has been wondering ever since what she thought was so funny about it.



ESTABLISHED 1864.

BELL



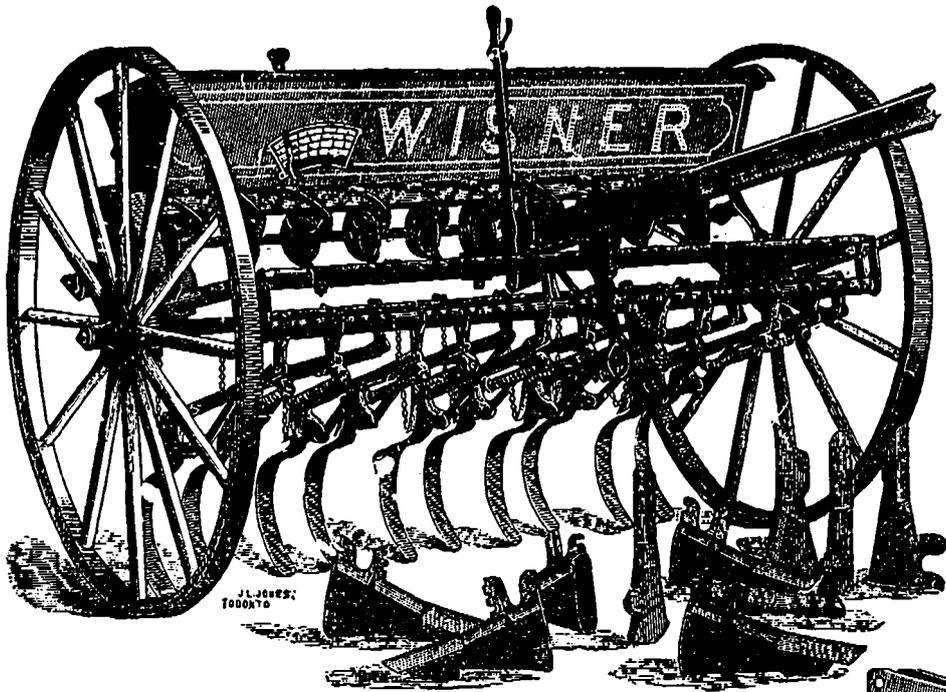
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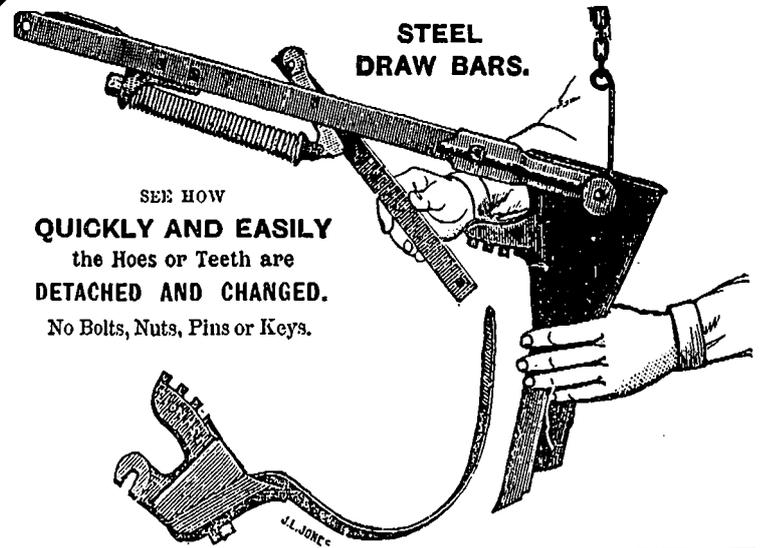
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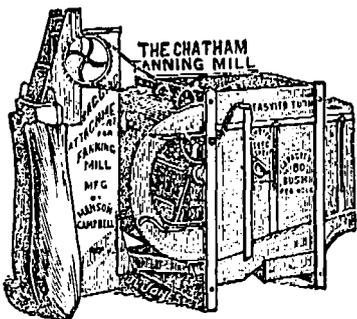
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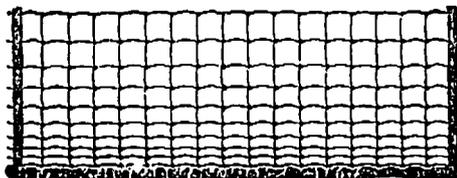
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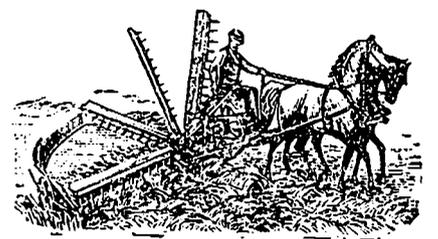
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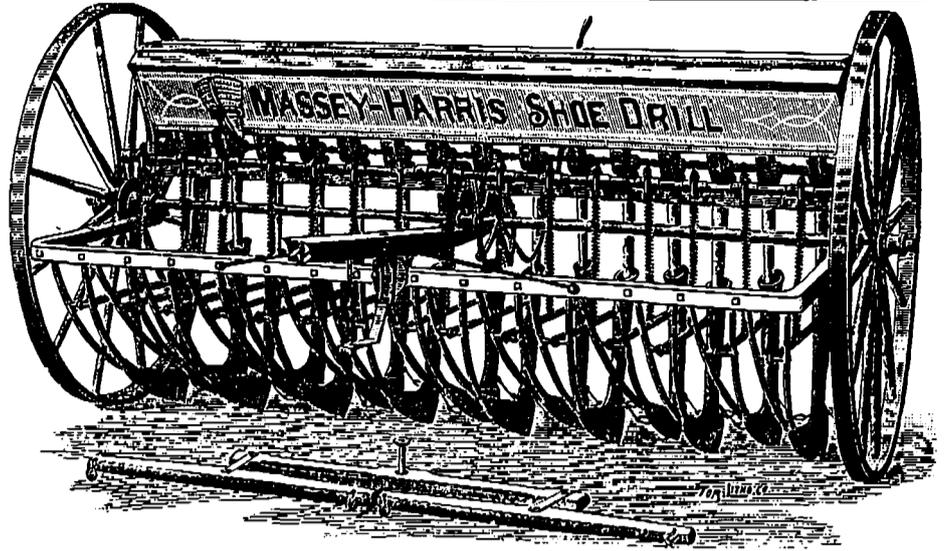
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many styles of frames, adopted for the Massey-Harris Shoe Drill a frame made from a single and continuous bar of high grade angle steel, which possesses the requisite strength and elasticity necessary to secure a proper foundation upon which to support the seed hopper, attach the draw-bars, shoes, lifting levers, etc. This frame is exactly the same as that used on the Massey-Harris Cultivators and Sectional Seeders. There are no joints in the frame, and there is no tendency whatever to twist. It will successfully resist the most sudden shock. No doubt this solid steel frame is the strongest, lightest and most attractive in appearance yet produced.

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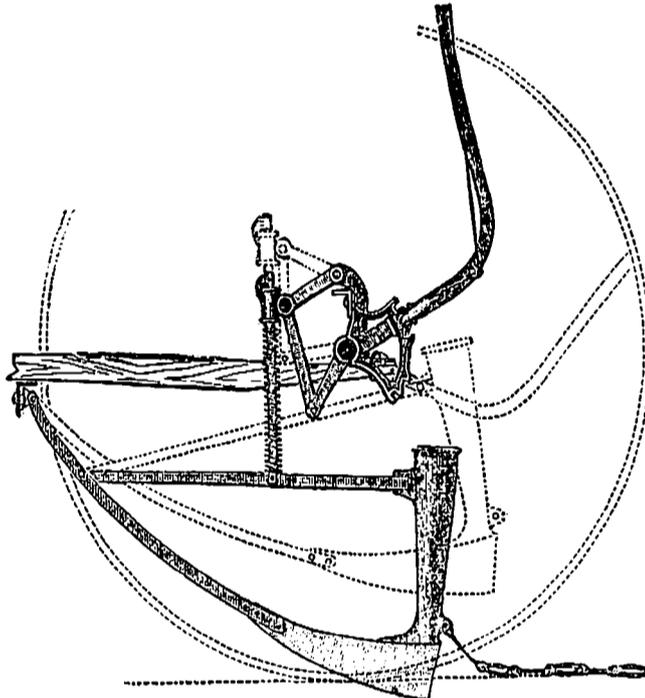
Controlling Lever.—This is most conveniently located, and by it a very light pressure or an exceedingly strong one may be applied. This same lever, when thrown in the opposite direction, will lift the runners up from the ground, ready for transportation.

The Pressure.—This can, as stated above, be made as light or heavy as desired; does not prevent the shoes or runners from following the unevenness of the ground surface and readily passing over obstructions which may be encountered. Each runner acts independently. By our method there is greater flexibility than in any other machine yet invented.

The Feed Runs or Distributors are the same as used on the Massey-Harris Sectional Seeders.

Rubber Conductors.—These are extra long and will never stop up when working on soft land, as the ends are not cut off square but on the slant, which results in other advantages also. These special rubber tubes are used on all the Seeders and Drills we make.

Whiffletrees complete are sent out with each Shoe Drill.



This shows the action of the Lever. Shaded portions of cut show the pressure applied, and the dotted lines indicate the position of the lever and parts when shoes are lifted for transportation

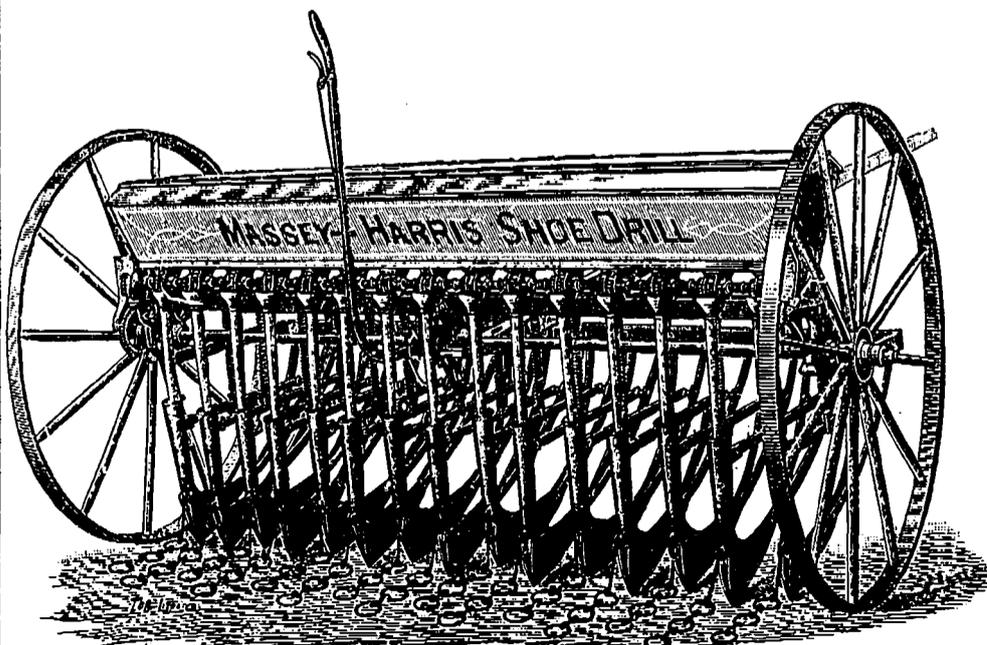
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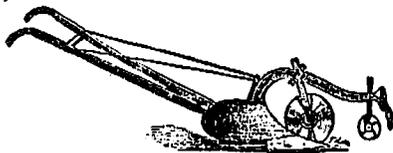
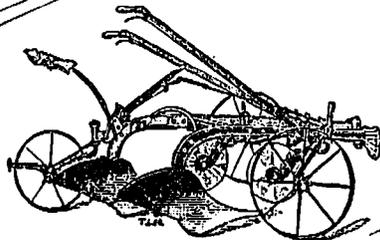
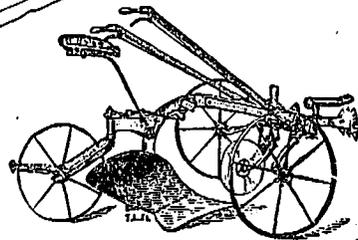
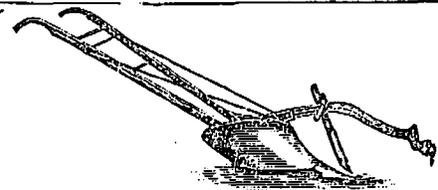
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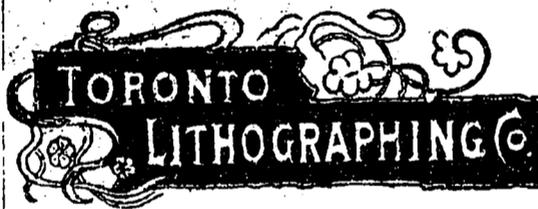
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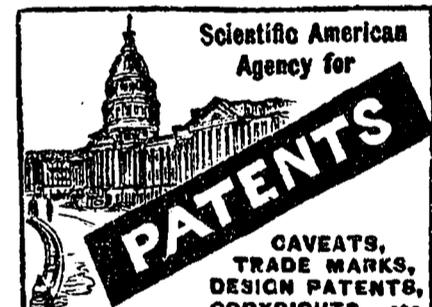
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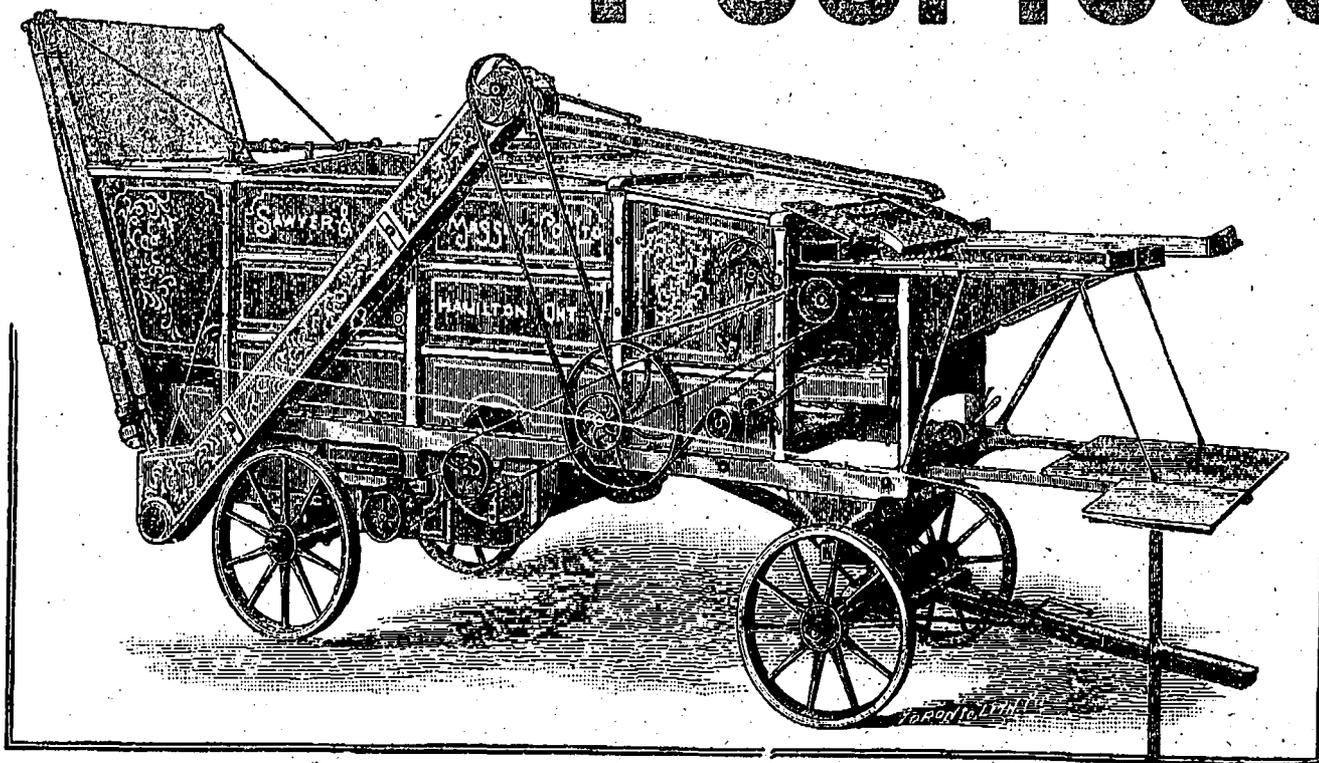
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