

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

March Number

New Series, Vol. 3, No. 3.]

[Toronto, March, 1891.



SUBSCRIPTION PRICE 50c. PER ANNUM.
5c. PER COPY.



ONTARIO The Massey Mfg. Co.,
Toronto, Ont.
With Branch Houses and Sub-Agencies
throughout the Province.

NORTH-WEST Massey & Co.,
Limited,
Winnipeg, Man.
With Branch Houses throughout Mani-
toba, the Territories and British
Columbia.

QUEBEC The Massey Mfg. Co.,
86 McGill St., Montreal.
With Sub-Agencies throughout the
entire Province.

Maritime Provinces.
W. F. Burditt & Co., St. John, N.B.
With Sub-Agencies throughout the Mari-
time Provinces.

EUROPE The Massey Mfg. Co.,
54 & 55 Bunhill Row,
London, England.
With Sub-Agencies throughout the Brit-
ish Isles, all European Countries, Asia
Minor, and North Africa.

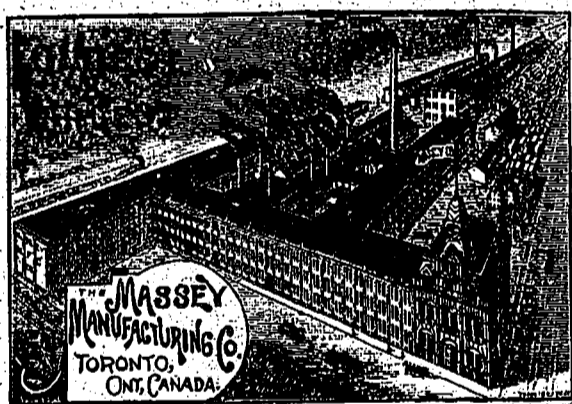
AUSTRALIA The Massey Mfg. Co.,
522 Little Collins St.,
Melbourne, Vic.
With Sub-Agencies throughout the Aus-
tralian Colonies and Tasmania.

NEW ZEALAND.
The Massey Mfg. Co., Dunedin.
With Sub-Agencies throughout the Island.

SOUTH AFRICA R. M. Ross & Co.,
Cape Town,
Cape Colony.
General Agents for the Colony.



H. A. MASSEY,
President and General Manager.



C. D. MASSEY,
Vice-President.

Argentine Republic.
Moore & Tudor,
Buenos Ayres and Rosario.
With Sub-Agencies throughout the Con-
federation.

Chili Republic.
Williamson, Barbour & Co.,
Valparaiso.
With Sub-Agencies throughout the
Republic.



W. E. H. MASSEY,
Secretary and Treasurer.

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH, 1891.

[Vol. 3, No. 3.]

Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.]

[All rights reserved.]

The Wreckers of Sable Island,

BY

J. Macdonald Oxley.
Author of "Bert Lloyd's Boyhood," "Up Among the Ice Floes," and
"The Chore Boy of Camp Kippewa."

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THE WRECKERS

QUICK as Evil-Eye's movements were, Eric's dauntless defender was quicker. With a short deep growl that sounded like a distant clap of thunder, Prince launched his huge body full at the ruffian's throat. His aim was unerring, and utterly unprepared for so violent an attack, the man rolled over upon the sand, the sword falling harmlessly from his hand.

Having thus achieved Evil-Eye's down-fall, Prince did not pursue his advantage, but stood over the prostrate scoundrel, who, thoroughly frightened, made no attempt to move, while he implored Ben to take the dog off him.

Ben at first seemed in no hurry to comply. He evidently enjoyed his companion's sudden discomfiture, and felt no sympathy for him in his unpleasant predicament. Then, as he glanced from the mastiff to his young master, in whose countenance fear for himself was already giving way to admira-

tion for his noble dog, a happy thought struck him. His face brightened. He was almost smiling as, turning to Evil-Eye, who scarce dared to breathe lest those great jaws should again close upon his throat, he said:

"Say, Evil-Eye—I'll take the dog off on one condition."

"What is that?" groaned Evil-Eye.

"Why—I've taken a fancy to this lad and his dog, and am willing that they should be my share of the plunder," replied Ben. "Now if you'll swear to me that no harm shall come to them so long as I want them, I'll take the dog off. If you won't—I'll just let you two have it out."

Evil-Eye was silent for a moment. Twisting his head he looked around to see if any other of his companions were near, but there was not a soul in sight, and the storm was still raging furiously.

"All right, Ben. I'll swear," he said, sulkily, and then a crafty look came into his baleful orb, as he added: "and will you give me the rest of your share if I stand by you for the boy?"

Ben was about to say something bitter in reply,



"THERE'S A RING FOR YOU, MY HEARTIES!"

but checked himself as if second thoughts were best. Yet he could not altogether conceal his contempt in making answer :

"As you like. These two are all I want this time. But mind you, Evil-Eye, if any harm come to either through your doing, your own blood shall pay for it." Then turning to Eric he said, in his ordinary gruff tones :

"Here, boy ; call off your dog."

Eric obeyed without hesitation. "Come here, Prince," he commanded. "Come to me, sir."

Prince wagged his tail to indicate that he heard his master's orders, but he was evidently very reluctant to obey them. According to his way of thinking, the best place for Evil-Eye was just where he had him, and he would like to keep him there for a while at all events.

But Eric persisted in calling to him, and at length he obeyed, turning to glance back at his discomfited foe when he had reached his master's side, as though he longed to have another tussle with him.

Looking very much out of humor, Evil-Eye rose to his feet, and put his hand to his throat to feel if Prince's fangs had done him any injury. Fortunately the deep collar of the thick coat he wore had been turned up all around to keep out the wet, and it had fulfilled a still more important service by keeping out the mastiff's teeth, so that no actual harm had been done.

Feeling somewhat more amiably inclined on ascertaining this, Evil-Eye now condescended to take a good look at Eric, who by this time had risen to his feet, the excitement of the past few minutes having caused him to forget his weakness and suffering.

"Humph—Rather a likely lad," he grunted. "But he may give us trouble some time yet. Have you thought of that?" addressing Ben.

"No—but it doesn't matter," answered Ben. "I'll be warrant for his not getting us into trouble."

"Let us be off then," said Evil-Eye. "We've lost enough time already."

The all-prevailing gloom of the day was already deepening into the early dark of late autumn as, led by Evil-Eye, the three set forth across the sands, the spray that the storm tore from the billows' crests dashing in their faces as they advanced. Eric could not have gone far only that Ben threw his brawny arm about him and almost carried him along. Prince trotted quietly at his heels, having quite regained his normal dignity of demeanor.

In this fashion they had gone about a hundred yards, and their leader was about to diverge to the right, towards the interior of the island, when Prince suddenly threw up his head, sniffed the air eagerly, and bounded off in the direction of the water. The men paused to watch him, and following him closely with his eyes, Eric saw that he had stopped beside a dark object that made a strange silhouette upon the glistening sand. He smelt it for a moment, and then lifting his head, gave utterance to a long weird howl that rose above the roar of the tempest, and sent an inexplicable thrill through those that heard it.

Obedying an impulse for which he could have given no reason beyond a vague sense of dread, Eric hastened as fast as he could to see what Prince had found. He had gone but half-way before he made out that it was a human form, and a few steps more revealed to him that the form was his mother's ! Forgetting all weariness and pain, he rushed forward, and threw himself down beside the body, lifting the cold pallid face out of the sand, and crying passionately :

"Mother !—mother ! look at me—speak to me !"

But his mother answered not, and as her head lay heavy and motionless in his hands, he realized that Ben had spoken truly. His mother was lost to him forever.

He was too stunned and bewildered to speak or cry. He felt powerless to do anything. His eyes wandered over his mother's form, and fell upon her left hand which was spread open, palm downward. Instantly he gave a start of horror, for he saw that the third finger on which she had always worn a ring of peculiar beauty and value, the gift of her husband, an heirloom in the Copeland family for generations past, was missing. It had been roughly hacked off close to the palm, evidently in order to obtain the ring, which, fitting very tightly, had refused to leave its place at the rough bidding of the reckless despoiler.

Oh ! the agony of that moment ! The poor boy's brain reeled, and it seemed as though his heart must burst. The most harrowing suspicions sprang up in his mind. Who were these wild, fierce-looking men amongst whom he had fallen, and what part had they in compassing his mother's death, and for aught he knew, his father's also ? The one that was called Ben, could surely have had no hand in deeds so foul, but Evil-Eye—the hideous ruffian who wore a gallows-face if ever man did—of what atrocity might he not be capable ?

Stung to fury by these thoughts, Eric, his grief submerged in a mad passion for revenge, leaped to his feet, and made as though he would rush upon Evil-Eye, who stood a little way off, regarding him with a cynical leer. Weaponless as he was, he could have done his foe no harm, and the ruffian, seeming fully to understand the boy's movement, never stirred nor checked his evil smile.

But Eric had miscalculated his strength. Before he got within striking distance of Evil-Eye a paralyzing weakness seized him, he staggered blindly, threw up his hands with a piteous cry, and fell forward in a dead faint, just as Ben rushed up to catch him in his arms.

When he came to himself he was lying in a sort of bunk, in a corner of a large room, containing a number of men, whose forms and faces were made visible by the light of an immense wood fire that roared and crackled at the farther end of the room. There was at least a score of the men, and so far as Eric could make out they were all shaggy, fierce and unprepossessing in appearance, like Ben and Evil-Eye. The latter he could see distinctly, sitting beside a table with a flagon before him, from which he had just taken a long deep draught.

The liquor apparently loosened his tongue for looking about him with his single eye, whose glare was simply diabolical as the fine light flashed upon it, he began to talk very vigorously to those who were sitting near him. At first Eric paid no heed to what he was saying, but when Evil-Eye held up something for the others to see, he leaned forward curiously to try and make out what it was. There was not sufficient light for him to accomplish this, and he would have turned his attention to something else, had not Evil-Eye called out in an exultant tone :

"There's a ring for you, my hearties. It'll bring a pot of money, I'll wager you—and it ought to, too. I had trouble enough getting it."

"How was that, Scar-Cheek ?" inquired a man at his side.

"The confounded thing wouldn't come off—stuck on so tight. Had to chop off the finger before I could get it," answered the scoundrel, turning the ring over so that its circle of diamonds

might scintillate for the benefit of his companions.

A thrill of horror went through Eric at these words. This, then, was the heartless monster who had not scrupled to mutilate his mother's body ere yet it was cold in death, if indeed he had not hastened the departure of her life. He grew faint and sick at heart, and looked anxiously about the room in search of Ben, the one ray of comfort in this awful gloom into which he had plunged. But Ben was not in sight. Prince was, however, stretched out upon the floor beside the bunk, and sleeping away as composedly as if he were in his own cosy quarters at Oakdene. The sight of him comforted Eric a little, and he called softly :

"Prince—Prince—come here."

The mastiff did not hear at first, but Eric repeating his call, he awoke, lifted his head to see what was wanted, and then got up, and coming over to the bunk, laid his huge head on his master's breast.

"Dear old dog," murmured Eric, fondling him lovingly. "Oh ! Prince, don't you wish we were back at Oakdene again ?" and then, as the thought of those happy days when the little family circle was all unbroken rushed in upon his mind, he burst into a passion of tears. The great fond creature at his side looked inquiringly into his face, licked his hands with his rough tongue, and in other ways sought to show his sympathy. But Eric was not to be consoled even by such genuine sympathy as this, and not until the first force of his grief had spent itself, could he control his feelings sufficiently to regain composure.

In the meantime some more men had entered the room, and among them Eric was glad to recognize Ben, who at once came over to him, and sitting down on the bunk, asked him in quite a kindly tone :

"Feeling any better, my lad ? You'll soon be all right again, won't you ?"

Eric wiped away his tears as he replied respectfully : "I feel a little better, sir."

"Well, just keep still, and I'll get you a bite of something. You must be nigh starving," said Ben.

There was a large pot hanging on a kind of crane beside the fire, and taking a tin dish from the table, Ben proceeded to fill it with the savoury stew which the pot contained. Adding a pewter spoon to the dish he brought it over to Eric.

Half distracted by disturbing fears and feelings as the boy was, he had eaten nothing since breakfast that morning, and the smoking stew was just what he needed. Grief may dull appetite in older people, but with hearty, healthy boys, hunger is paramount, and Eric surely was not blameworthy if he found temporary surcease of sorrow in the nourishing food his protector brought him.

Ben was evidently very well pleased at the vigor of his appetite.

"That's right, my lad," said he, approvingly : "That'll do you more good than doctor's trash. Now then, lie you down again, and I'll see that the dog has a good bellyfull, too."

Eric felt decidedly better for his hearty meal. A luxurious sense of warmth and languor stole over him. He sank back upon his rude but comfortable couch, and soon fell into the blessed oblivion of deep dreamless sleep, while Prince, having appeased his hunger, also resumed his position on the floor beside the bunk.

It was broad daylight when Eric awoke, and he felt greatly relieved on finding himself alone in the room, save for Ben, who sat by the table evidently waiting for him to awake. He had hardly opened his eyes before the latter noticed it, and coming over to the bunk, said to him in his gruff way :

"Ah! awake at last. Thought you were going to sleep all day. Feel like turning out?"

"Of course," answered Eric brightly. "I'm all right now."

On getting out of the bunk, however, he found that he was so dreadfully stiff and sore that it was actual agony to move about, and he had much difficulty in dragging himself over to the table where he found a pile of ship's biscuit, and a pannikin of tea awaiting his attention. He did not feel so hungry as he had done the evening previous, and this very plain repast seemed utterly unattractive to him, accustomed all his life to the best of fare. He nibbled at a biscuit, took a sip of the tea, and then pushed the things away saying:

"I'm not hungry. I'll wait till dinner time."

Ben was too shrewd not to appreciate the true reason of Eric's indifferent appetite, and, looking at him with a grim smile, he said:

"Not much choice of grub on Sable Island. You'll have to take kindly to hard tack and tea if you don't want to starve."

"But really I'm not a bit hungry," explained Eric. "If I were, I'd eat the biscuits quickly enough, for I quite like them."

Ben now proceeded to fill and light a big pipe, and having got this in full blast he went out into the open air, saying:

"You'd best stay about the hut to-day since you feel so stiff. I'm going out. I'll be back by mid-day."

Eric would much have preferred for Ben to remain with him, but he had not the courage to say so, and making his way to the door, he regretfully watched his tall figure striding swiftly over the sand until it disappeared behind a hillock beyond which Eric thought must be the ocean that had dealt so cruelly with the ill-fated *Francis*.

Thus left entirely to his own resources the boy's curiosity asserted itself. Did he know where to go, and had he the strength to execute his desire, his first impulse would certainly have been to set forth in search of the scene of the wreck, if haply he might find further traces of his parents, and be assured beyond a doubt that his father had share his mother's fate, and that he was, what he seemed to be, the only survivor of the shipwreck. But neither did he know in what direction to search, nor had he the power to walk many hundred yards. He might be miles from the beach that must now be strewn with the sad tokens of the brig's destruction, and any way Evil-Eye was sure to be there, and he shuddered at the thought of encountering him. So he proceeded to examine his surroundings in this strange place, where he knew not what was to become of him.

The hut or building of which he was now the sole occupant was a very curious structure. It had evidently been constructed by many hands, out of the wreckage of many ships, and the builders had possessed more knowledge of ship carpentry than of house-joining, the consequence being an extraordinary combination of knees, planking, stanchions, and bulk-heads, with the result of a long low-ceilinged but roomy building, something after the shape of a large vessel's poop. For light and ventilation, it depended upon a number of port-holes put in not with any regularity, but in obedience to the exigencies of the curious structure. Being of different sizes they produced a very odd effect yet accomplished their purpose well enough. Running round two sides of the room was a row of bunks much like those in a fore-castle, the tier being two high. Eric counted them. There were just thirty,

and he wondered if each had an occupant. If so he must have slept in Ben's last night, and where then had Ben himself slept?

Upon the walls of the other two sides of the room hung a great number of weapons of various kinds, cutlasses, muskets, dirks, pistols, a perfect armory, all carefully burnished and in perfect condition. They strongly appealed to Eric's interest, and he spent a long time examining them one by one. One pair of pistols especially attracted his attention. They were of the very latest make, and the handles were beautifully inlaid with silver. He took one up and aimed at one of the port-holes with it, and as he did, a thought flashed into his brain that set it on fire, and sent the blood bounding through his veins.

If that port-hole were only the evil countenance of Scar-Cheek, and the pistol loaded instead of empty! Would not his fore-finger press upon the hair-trigger, and the bullet be sent upon its mission of retribution, even though his own life paid the forfeit the moment after? So intense was his excitement that before he knew it he had pulled the trigger, and the hammer fell with a sharp click that caused Prince, dozing upon the floor, to spring to his feet, and regard Eric with an expression of surprised inquiry.

Recalled to himself by the mastiff's movement Eric flushed as though he were guilty of doing something foolish, and hurriedly replaced the pistol. Yet he was conscious of the birth within him of a purpose such as his life had never known before. Smooth, clear, and bright as the lovely stream that ran through the meadows at Oakdene had been the current of his existence hitherto. To no boy had the lines fallen in pleasanter places. Yet this happy fortune had not rendered him enervated or irresolute. He was capable of conceiving and executing anything that lay within the range of a boy's powers. The Copeland courage, and the Copeland doggedness were his inheritance. Once committed heart and soul to a design, and nothing short of its absolute impossibility would cause him to relinquish it.

What was it that had so stirred him now? The answer may be easily anticipated. Rightly or wrongly he held Evil-Eye responsible for his parents' death. Without knowing why, he cherished the conviction that, like himself, they had both reached the shore alive, and might have been saved. Their blood was upon those villainous hands, and it cried to him for vengeance. Henceforth the supreme purpose of his life should be to answer that cry.

Possessed by these thoughts—strange thoughts indeed for one so young—he paced up and down the room, while Prince watched him with wonder in his big loving eyes. His eyes were fixed upon the floor, and he did not observe any one's approach until, as he happened to be near the door, it suddenly opened, and Evil-Eye, the subject of his thoughts, stood in the entrance!

(To be continued.)

Truth—Chain Verse—Unidentified.

The last word of each line opens the following line.

Nerve thy soul with doctrines noble,
Noble in the walks of time,
Time that leads to an eternal,
An eternal life sublime;
Life sublime in moral beauty,
Beauty that shall ever be;
Ever be to lure thee onward,
Onward to the fountain free:
Free to every earnest seeker,
Seeker for the fount of youth,
Youth exultant in its beauty,
Beauty of the living truth.



Peter and Melinda Ann.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

I HAD a real hard time out, for the last few weeks, and I feel beat out. But it all seemed Providential, and could not be helped, and it worked out unexpected good in the end, that paid us for it. But I wouldn't go through it agin for a one dollar bill.

You see the way on't is. I sot out in married life determined to do as well, or better, by the relations on his side, than I did by them on my own side. I wuz bound to do well by all on em, just bound to—

But I made up my mind like iron, that I would stand more, take more sass, be more obleegin', and suffer and be calm more from hisen, than from mine—and I would do awful, awful well by both sides.

And it wuz these beliefs carried out, and spread out into practice that caused my agonies, and sufferin's that I have went through for the last few weeks.

You see the way on't was—I had a letter from the city from my great aunt Melinda Lyons, that her oldest girl Melinda Ann (a old maiden) wuz all run down, with nervous prostration, nervous fits, and things, and she asked me if I would be willin' to have her come down into the country and stay a few weeks with me.

Wall, aunt Melinda had done a good many good turns by me when I wuz a girl, and then I sot quite a good deal of store by Melinda Ann—she and I was just about of a age—and I talked t over with Joseph, and we give our consents, and writ the etter, and the next week Melinda Ann come on bag and baggage. A leather bag, and a trunk for baggage.

Wall we found Melinda Ann wuz very good dispositioned and a Christian, but hard to get along with.

The least thing that we could do or say that was not just so, would throw her into a fit, a nervous fit, you know. She would have spazzums, and straighten right out straight and act.

And then I would have to soothe her down, and soften her up, with catnip, and mustard poultices, and rub her in different places, and apply a soap stuff to her.

Why, one night Josiah happened to throw the boot-jack down kinder hard (he had a corn, and hit it, bein' the cause).

Wall, I stood over Melinda over two hours after that, three poultices bein' applied in vain for relief, till arneky softened the blow to her.

And one night the slate come out of the hired man's bed, jist across the hall from horn, and it took mor'n a quart of catnip to make her hull again.

And the cat fell through the sullar winder, we have got a blind cat that acts like fury, always a fallin' round and a prowlin'—

Wall, I thought Melinda Ann would never come to—

She thought it was Injuns, and the cat did scream awful, I'll admit, it fell onto some tinware piled up onto a table under the winder and it skairt even the cat most to death. So that you can imagine the state it throwed Melinda into. I thought it was ghosts and so did Josiah, and felt riz up in my mind, and full of or.

But I am eppisodin' and to resume.

Wall I guess Melinda Ann had been there about a week, and as well as I liked aunt Melinda, and as well as I loved Duty, I wuz a beginnin' to feel pretty beat out, and fearfully run down in my mind and depreasted, for fits is depressin', no matter how much duty and nobility of soul you may bring to bear onto 'em or catnip.

Wall I wuz beginnin' to look beat out, and so wuz Josiah, although Josiah, though I am far from approv' of his course, yet it is the truth that he seemed to find some relief in givin vent to his feelin's, out on one side, and blowin' round, and groanin', out by the barn, and in the wood-house—more than I did, who took it calm, and considered it a Dispensation from the first and took it as such.

Wall, if you'll believe it; right on top of these sufferin's, come a letter from a relation of Josiah, a widower man by the name of Peter Tweedle—

He was a distant relation of Josiah Allen's and lived about forty-three miles away.

But he writ that he was lonesome, he had lost his companion for the third time, and it wore on him. He felt that the country air would do him good. (We found out afterwards that he had rented his house since his bereavement, and had lived in a boarding house and had been warned out by the crazed land-lady and the infuriated boarders, owing to reasons which will appear hereafter, and had to move on.)

Wall, he wanted to come and visit round to our house first, and then to the other relations.

And I sez to myself—it is one of 'em on his side, and not one word will I say against the idee, not a word, not if I fall down in my traots.

And Josiah wuz so kinder beat out with Melinda, and depressed, and kinder wore out by havin' to go round in his stookin' feet so much, and whispering that he said "that any change would be a agreeable one, and he should write fer Peter to come."

And I, boyed up by my principle, never said a word against the idee, only just this:

"Think of it well, Josiah Allen, before you make the move."

And says Josiah, "It will be a comfort to make a move of any kind."

He had been kep awful still I'll admit, and kinder bound down. But I couldn't see how it was goin' to make it any better to have another relation let in on whomsoever's side they wuz.

Howsumever, I see that Josiah wuz determined and I felt a delicacy about interferin', knowing well that I had one of the relations on my own side in the house—who wuz I, I sez to myself—who be I, to set up against hisen. No I never will, I never will, so the letter of acceptance wuz writ, and in less than a week's time Peter Tweedle came.

We spozed he would bring a satchel bag with him, mebbly a big one, but good land! Josiah had to go after the baggage with the Democrat wagon. We see he had come to stay, it wuzn't a evanescent visit, but a long campane.

We didn't know at the time that they wuz most all musical instruments, we thought they wuz clothes.

I see a black shadder came over my companion's face as he shouldered the 5th trunk and took it up two flights of stairs into the attic.

He had filled his bedroom and the hall.

Wall, I guess he hadn't been in the house over three quarters of a hour, before he walked up to the organ and asked me if it was in good repair, I sez, "I guess so."

Sez he "How many banks of reeds is in it?"

Sez I "I don't know."

Sez he "Have you any objections to my trying it?"

I sez "No."

Sez he "Since my last affliction I have turned my mind agin towards music, I find it soothes," sez he—"After my first be-reavement, I took up the pickelo—I still play on it at intervals, I learned that, and the snare drum, durin' these dark hours," sez he. "And I still play on 'em in lonesome moments, I have 'em both with me," sez he.

"During my next affliction, I learned the clarionette, the fife, and the base violin. Now," sez he, "I am turnin' my mind on to the brass horn in different keys. But I have brought all my instruments with me," sez he, in a encouragi' axent. "I frequently turn from one to another. When I get lonesome in the night," sez he. "I frequently run from one to another, till I have exhausted the capabilities of each, so to speak."

I sithed, and couldn't help it, but I held firm on the outside—and he turned to the organ.

"I love the organ," sez he—and with that he set onto the musick stool, opened up all the loud bases, the double octave coupler, blowed hard and bust out in song.

Wall, it all come jest as sudden onto Melinda as a thunder

clap out of a parlor ceilin', or a tornado out of a tea cup—it wuz perfectly unexpected, and unlooked for as they would be—and just as skairful—

For this wuz one of her bad days, and bein' a old maid, wo thought mebbly it would excite her to know a widower wuz in the house—so we had kep it from her.

And the first intimation she had of Peter'ses presence wuz this awful loud blast of sound.

His voice was loud in the extreme, and heavy, and it was "Cornation" he bust out in.

He's pious, there hain't a doubt on't, but still Cornation is the loudest him in the him book.

Wall, the very first line he blasted forth, I knew just es well es I knew afterwards, what the result would be.

I hastened up stairs, and there she wuz, there Melinda Ann sot in a fit. She hadn't had time to get onto the bed, and there she sat bolt upright in her rockin' chair in a historical fit; straightened right out over the rockers.

We had better let her know he wuz there.

Wall I histed her onto the bed as quick as I could, and holloed down the back stairs for catnip.

And as soon as I had limbered her up a little, she would clenoh right into me and groan and choke, and sort o' froth to the mouth.

And I'll be hanged if I didn't feel like it myself, for right down under our feet I heard that loud thunderin' organ—for his legs wuz strong, and he blowed hard.

But yet, so curious is human nater, especially women human nater, right there in my agony, I couldn't help being proud of that instrument. I had no idee, I said to myself—not a idee—that it held such a volumn of sound.

But loud as that wuz, Peter'ses clarion voice rung out louder, and high above it.

It was a fearful time—véry. But even at that moment I says to myself again—

"He is a relation on his side—be calm!" and I wuz calm.

Wall I rubbed Melinda, and explained it to her and poulticed her, and got her kinder settled down.

And I see it kinder took up her mind some. She didn't seem to dislike it now after the first wuz over.

And I left her propped up on her piller a listenin', and went down and got supper.

Wall it was all I could do to get that man away from the instrument long enough to eat.

He seemed to be kinder absent minded, and lost like, till he got back to it agin.

Wall, it had been kinder still for some time, you couldn't hear a thing from the dinin' room, up in Melinda's room. And when he bust out agin immedigly after supper, it wuz too much! too much! for I spoze she had been in a drowse—

It was "Hold the Fort," he bust out in then with all the steam on. He had a way, Peter did, of bustin' out loudest when he begun, and then would kinder dwindle down towards the last of the piece. (But it wuz one of 'em, on his side and I didn't murmur, not out loud, I didn't—)

Wall, I knew what wuz before me at the first volley of sound I sez to myself—

"Melinda Ann! Melinda Ann!" and hurried up stairs—

And there she wuz layin' back on her pillers with her eyes rolled up in her head, and fixed, and her nuckels clinched.

Wall, I melloved her up again after a long and tegis process—and then again I see that she sort o' enjoyed it; and I left her propped up, and went down and helped do up the work.

Wall Peter never stopped playin' till a late bed time.

And then I might have slept some at first, only Josiah Allen began when he left off, a scoldin' and a jawin'.

And oh! my sufferin's that I sufferd with that man. I reminded him that he wuz a relation on his side—No avall.

I brung up his lonesome state.

He said, "He'd ort to be lonesome! He'd ort to be far away in the middle of the desert, or on a island in the depths of the seas. Alone! Alone!"

He raved, he swore, he said "Dumb him!" repeatedly.

You see Josiah hated music any way, only the very softest, lowest kind, and Peter's wuz powerful, powerful and continuous.

But I reminded Josiah Allen in the course of duty, that he had complained, "that the house was too still, since Melinda Ann had come, and he wanted a noise."

"I never wanted to be in a Lunatick Asylum," sez he. "I didn't hanker for Bedlam," he yelled.

Wall, suffice it to say, that I never got a wink of sleep till past midnight. And mebbly it wuz about one o'clock—

When all of a sudden—we all wuz waked up by a low rumb. lin' noise, strange and weird.

My first thought wuz a earthquake, and then a cyclone.

But Josiah Allen had waked up first, and he had got his senses quicker, and sez he—

"It is that dumb fool a playin' on a base viol."

And that wuz what it proved to be. He had got lonesome in the night, and got up and unpacked the base viol, and wuz playin' a low mournful piece on it, so's not to wake us up.

He said in the mornin' that he held it in for that purpose.

He wuz a good natured creature, and a mourner, there haint no doubt on it, and so I told Josiah.

And he snapped out enough to take my head off.

"He'd ort to mourn! I mourn," sez he. "Heaven knows I do! But I shan't moura after the first ray of daylight, for I'll take his trunks and throw 'em out doors, and him on top of 'em. And I'll cast Melinda Ann out like a viper," sez he.

"I'll empty the house of the hull crew of fools and lunaticks!" "I'll do it," sez he, "if I have a breath left in my body."

When he says this I thought of Melinda Ann. Had she got a breath left? Was she alive? Or wuz she not?

I just sprung over Josiah Allen. I trampled on him, I won't deny it, in my haste to get up—and I left him groanin' and a sayin' in a low mournful axent—

"That foot could never be stepped on again, by him."

But I didn't stop to comfort him—no, my mind wuz too much took up with the relations on my side.

I hastened up stairs, and there wuz my worst fears realized. Melinda Ann was wild as a hen hawk.

She had got the window up and wuz just a springin' out. I ketched her by her limb, and hollered for Josiah. Before he got there she got her hands clinched into my hair, and wuz a trying to choke me.

But good land, she didn't know what she wuz a doin'.

Wall, Josiah Allen by main force got her into the house again, and after a tussle we got her onto the bed. And I began to doctor her up.

Wall, I never tried to go to bed agin' that night; for it wuz daylight before I got her quieted down.

Wall, Josiah had to go off that mornin' early, on business to be gone all day. And I was glad on't, for I wuz afraid in spite of all I could do, he would do somethin' to disgrace himself in the eyes of both sides. His last words to me wuz.

"If I find either of them cussed fools in the house when I get back, I'll burn the house down over their heads."

But I knew he wouldn't. I knew he would quiet down while he wuz gone, and he did.

But my sufferin's through that day, can't never be told of sung. And the martyrs that I called on, and the groans and sithes that I smothered in my breast waist, couldn't be told.

For just as I expected when he first blasted out on the clarionette—loud and strong, not bein' afraid of wakin' any body up, I had to drop everything and go right up to Melinda Ann. But the attack wuz light, and as usual, after she got over the first shock, she enjoyed it.

And I happened to mention, havin' that pride I have mentioned, on wantin' his relations to stand on their best foot before them on my side—

I happened to mention that Peter got up and played in the night because he wuz lonesome, and that he said he would give half his property (he wuz well off) if he had somebody to play the organ while he played the clarionette.

I see she grow more mellow lookin', and brightened up, and she says;

"I used to be a good player."

And if you'll believe it; I don't spoze you will, for Josiah wouldn't, when I first told him that night—

But when Josiah Allen came home that night, they wuz playin' together like a pair of turkle doves. She a playin' the organ and he a settin' by her a tootin', both as happy as kings. And from that time out she never got skairt again, when he bust out sudden, or begun gradual. Her fits grew lighter and lighter.

And though our sufferin's wuz heavy and sovero, to hear that organ and clarettee, or base viol, or pickelo a goin' day and night—Yet I seemed to see what wuz comin' out, and held Josiah by main force to stand still, and let providential circumstances have a straight path to move on in.

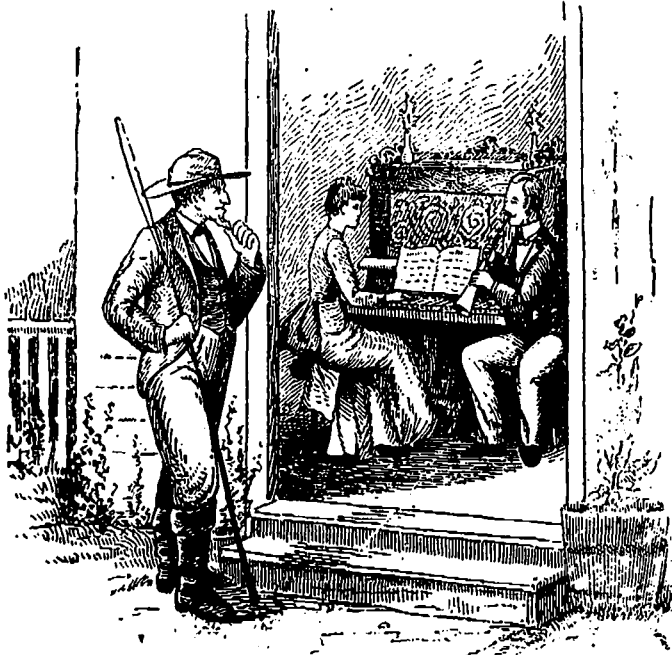
Wall, after two weeks of sufferin' on our part, almost unexampled in history, ancient or modern—the end come!

Peter took Josiah out one side and told him, as bein' the only male relation Melinda Ann had, handy to get at—"That he had in his mind to marry her quietly, and take her to one of his house in the city" and asked Josiah if he had any objections.

And Josiah told me that he spoke out fervently, and earnestly,—and says,

"No! heaven knows I hain't."

And he encouraged Peter warm, to have the weddin' sudden



"THEY WUZ A PLAYIN' TOGETHER LIKE A PAIR OF TURKLE DOVES."

and to once—that very day, and hour, and offered to get the minister there inside of twenty minutes.

But I wuz bound to have things carried on decent. So I set the day most a week off, and sent for aunt Melinda, and for his children that wuz married, and the single ones—and we had a quiet little weddin'. But the last thing that they done in the house before they left was to get the hull crew on 'em to bust out in a weddin' song, loud enough almost to raise the ruff.

Wall, Peter writ to Josiah that he hadn't been lonesome since it took place, not a minute.

And Melinda Ann writ to me that she hain't had a fit since, not one nor a spazzum.

So as I told Josiah Allen, "Our sufferin's brung about good to two lonesome, and onbappy and fifty creatures—and we ort to be thankful when we look back on our troubles and afflictions with 'em.

And he looked at me enough to take my head off, if looks could gulentine, and sez he:

"Thankful! Oh, my gracious heavens! hear her! Thankful!"

And his tone was such, that I hain't dasted to bring up the subject since—No, I don't dast to, but I do inside of me feel paid for all I went through.

Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

En Route for Inland China.

[Extracts from private letters from WILLIAM TAYLOR. Concluded from last month's issue.]

Thursday, Nov. 27th, 1890.

We left Yokohama about 7.30 a.m. Tuesday morning, Nov. 25th, and were soon pitching and rolling in the Pacific swells again. Our next stop is at Nagasaki, on the south coast, where we expect to arrive on Thursday evening (Nov. 27th.)

SHANGHAI, Dec. 1st.

The *Abyssinia* stopped at the beautiful Nagasaki harbor to replenish her coal supply, and the replenishing was a sight to see. They have no steam winches here, so all has to be done by human hands. When I went on deck on Friday morning at about 7.30 a.m., there were four or five coal boats alongside our steamer with 30 or 40 young girls in each, as well as a few men. In a short time they had adjusted a series of long steps down the side of our vessel to the coal vessels. Then two girls stood on each step all the way up to the *Abyssinia's* deck and all the way down to the hold of the coal-vessel, and baskets of coal (weighing I should think about 30 or 40 pounds) were handed from one to another and emptied into a larger vessel at the top, and weighed, and then emptied into one of the *Abyssinia's* coal holes. It was astonishing how quick these young girls (most of them from 14 to 18) handled the coal, and also how they seemed to enjoy themselves. Though the dust from the coal was filling their noses and eyes, yet they were jabbering away continually and would at times burst into a roar of laughter and merriment at, I suppose, some word of wit from some one of them. They are paid from 5c. to 20c. a day, according to age and experience. This seems low pay, but when one remembers that they can live comfortably in native style on 2c. or 3c. a day, it is not so bad.

We went ashore after breakfast and had a walk around Nagasaki and went, for the first time, into some four or five idol temples. We also visited a large cemetery in which incense, etc., was being burnt. We came across the photographer's shop and purchased the photographs which I trust you have already received. The "Jin-riki-sha" men did not bother us so much as in Yokohama, but they did harass and torment us in a measure by their obstinate persistence.

We left Nagasaki at about 5 p.m. on Friday afternoon (Nov. 28th) and after passing the historic and interesting Paffenburg rock, from the top of which, in 1634, some 600 or 700 Jesuits, charged with being agents in starting a rebellion

against the Japanese government, were hurled into the sea, were soon commencing to roll on the China Sea.

The day and a half we spent on the China Sea were uneventful, but rough. I think Friday night was the worst night of the whole voyage. The swell of the water is not so great as on the middle of the Pacific, but it is shorter and sharper. It continued rough till yesterday morning, when, as we neared land, it settled down calmer.

We reached Woosong about noon yesterday, and after some delays, were transferred to the steam launch, *Hung Yun*, which conveyed us to Shanghai, twelve miles up the river from Woosong. On the way up we passed five or six Chinese war vessels, and, as we neared Shanghai, we saw many fine residences and manufactories. It was sad to see an immense building near where we landed, with the sign, "Empire Brewery." We landed at Shanghai at 5.15 p.m.

GAN-KING, Dec. 7th.

We said good bye to the Shanghai friends on Wednesday evening, Dec. 3rd, and went on board the *Yuen Ho*, one of the European steamers which ply up and down the Yang-tse-kiang. The steamer did not leave till about three o'clock in the morning, owing to the tide. We travelled as Chinese second-class, and therefore had Chinese fare to eat. Knowing this the friends in Shanghai kindly and wisely provided us with two baskets of European food, as it takes some time for some persons to acquire a taste for Chinese food. Most of our party of ten (four Swedes, one German, one Dutchman, two English, one Canadian, and one American) ate to a limited extent of the Chinese food—some more and some less. I was one of the "less" ones—for I could not eat any except the rice. Of course we ate with chop-sticks, and one good thing about these sticks is, that you cannot eat too fast. One intends and expects to take a good mouthful up with the sticks, but intentions and expectations are not facts, for by the time the sticks reach the mouth, only a few lonely grains, as a rule, remain. But time and use will change this, and then intentions and expectations will be realized.

Our cabin on the steamer was about seventeen feet long and twelve feet wide. In this space eleven slept, so you may imagine we were somewhat crowded. The most unpleasant thing was that in the surrounding rooms opium was smoked freely, and the smell was sickening. The pleasant feature of this unpleasantness was that opium sends to sleep—and the only time we were obliged to remain in our cabin was at night.

On Thursday evening we reached Chin-kiang, and as the steamer was not leaving for three or four hours, we went ashore to the station of our Mission, near at hand. Mr. and Mrs. Hutton are in charge and gave us a hearty welcome. Miss Lucas (of the first Canadian party) was there also. She told us of her sickness, and how the Lord raised her up and has kept her since.

On Friday morning we passed Wuhu. This city contains about 100,000 inhabitants. In the few minutes we stopped there, some natives came alongside with fruit, nuts, etc. I purchased two mandarin oranges for eight cash—and it takes about 11 or 12 cash to make a Canadian cent.

There was not much rest for us Friday night, as we had to have all our things down in the baggage room about midnight. There is no landing stage at Gan-king, but a barge comes alongside and passengers and baggage are transferred to it. We soon reached the Chinese inn, and after having a cup of tea, the servants prepared our resting-

places. As on the boat, no bedding is provided, so we carry with us what is called a "pu-kai," which consists of a mattress-bed seven feet long and about eight feet wide, and two pieces of matting. To sleep, the mats are first laid down, and then the mattress-bed half under and half over the sleeper, who only takes off his outer garments. The sleeping places in the inn were various—some of us on boards and some on the floor. These inns are very public, and one has full view of all near him. There being no doors, but simply open places, the privacy we are used to is abolished, and you are watched in your lying down and rising up. The reason we had to go to the inn was that the gates of the city are shut from nine or ten in the evening till between six and seven in the morning. We were roused about six in the morning, and after passing through the gates of the city, soon reached the training home of the China Inland Mission.

December 25th.

We are very pleasantly situated here in Gan-king. The home is not more than two or three minutes walk from the North Gate, outside of which the country is open and pleasant for walking. Chinese streets are as bad as the descriptions we read of them, for if you combine all the Canadian abominable smells you know of together, they would not surpass the air in most parts of the streets of Gan-king. The streets are not more than twelve feet wide. A narrow stone pavement, about eighteen inches wide, is supposed to run down the centre of the street, but in very many places the stones are gone, and those that remain are irregular and rough. This pavement is not for pedestrians, but for barrows and coolies, and very often one has to step aside into the mud to allow these to pass. So it is a great advantage to be near the Gate, that we can get away into pure air and pleasant walking. And it is pleasant walking outside the city through and between the rice and corn fields on the narrow paths. One pleasant feature is, that no signs, "Trespassers will be prosecuted," are to be seen; for the Chinese, with very rare exceptions, never object to your going across their property, if you behave yourself.

One thing which seems very strange to us is, that the Chinese cannot understand what we go out walking for. They themselves never think of walking for exercise, and many of them have often asked different friends in the Home why the "yang-sien-songs" (foreign teachers) go so much and so often outside the North Gate, and do not seem able to understand or believe that it is only for exercise, but think we must have some other object in view. When a Chinese saw some Englishmen playing cricket in Shanghai, he wanted to know why they did so, and said he thought they were rich enough to hire coolies to run after the ball. Evidently the Chinese ideal of comfort is a lazy luxury.

I can say a few words to my teacher now, and we often try hard to understand each other. He evidently thinks I need lessons in etiquette (you know what a name the Chinese have for politeness), and so often reviews me on this line. Here is some conversation I have learned from him lately:—

TEACHER.—"Kuei-sing" (honorable name)?

PUPIL.—"Pi-sing-Teh" (my unworthy name is Teh).

TEACHER.—"Tsuen-keng" (your honorable age)?

PUPIL.—"Ch'i-chang-re-shih-ih" (I have grown up a fool for twenty-one years).

And so on with other things. One can, perhaps, be very near the real truth in answering in Chinese way.



March.

There are jewels in the hedges—chilly pearls and frozen diamonds—

Not a leaf and not a tassel on the linden or the larch ;
But we know the winter's waning, and we know the buds are coming,
And we'll sing a song for merry, honest March.

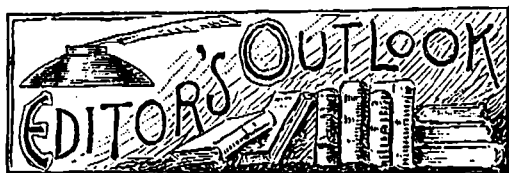
He tramps along the roadway and he whistles weird and shrilly,
And we think our friend December is returning once again ;
But anon he smiles a cheerful smile, and weeps a tender tear-drop,
And we catch a glimpse of April's sweetness then.

We hear him in the night time hurling sleet upon our dwelling,
Hear his boisterous gales of laughter as he shakes our very door ;
But we know, with contrite spirit he'll dissolve his frigid jewels,
Though it only be to make a place for more.

Just beyond his frozen borders there are yellow hearted jonquils,
And daffodils and crocuses, and bells of bonny blue ;
He hints of these to cheer our hearts, and then he grows as surly
And gruff as if such sweet things never grew.

'Tis his way, to tease and try us, like a rude and romping school-boy,
Who must play his pranks and antics while yet he has his day ;
Who will worry and torment us with his changing moods and tempers,
And leaves us sorry when he goes away.

We know him keen and eager for a rough and tumble battle—
The prelude most he favors is a rattle or a slam ;
But some day we'll find him meek and mild, and placid as a cherub,
And our lion will be as gentle as a lamb.



THE result of the School Teachers' Prize Story Competition will be published in our next issue.

THE Russian Government has appointed a commission to initiate a system of credit advances to aid farmers hampered by the stagnation resulting from prohibitive duties on imported farm machinery.

THERE is a strong probability that a beet sugar factory will be established at Rolandrie farm near Whitewood, N.W.T., by Count de Roffignac to be controlled by a Parisian company with a capital of \$500,000. The only difficulty in the way is the Customs duties on the machinery. The Count is endeavoring to secure from the Government the free entry of the necessary plant.

THE Dominion Government has decided to establish dairy schools in different parts of the dominion, under the supervision of Prof. Robertson, where butter-making can be studied on scientific principles and the results made known for the benefit of all concerned. By this means it is hoped that

dairymen will be enabled to make such a superior grade of butter that the British markets will willingly take all that can be exported. Britain imports about 187,000,000 lbs of butter annually of which Canada last year contributed only 902,000 lbs., whereas Denmark supplied 69,000,000 lbs, France 49,000,000 lbs, Germany 18,000,000 lbs, and Holland 16,000,000 lbs.

OFFICIAL returns show that the total number of immigrants to the United States last year was 491,026 as compared with 426,712 for the previous year, an increase of 64,314. There are, however, certain significant features which are exciting remark. The immigration from England and Wales was 70,000 less last year than in 1889, Ireland 7,500 less, and Scotland 1,600 less. France and Denmark also show a decrease. On the other hand there is a marked increase from Russia, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Poland, and Italy, particularly the latter. The arrivals from Italy alone have swelled from 29,600 in 1889 to 62,492 last year. It is felt by some of our neighbours that these are not the sort of people they would select to help in building up a nation. Canada doesn't want them.

ONE of the most appalling accidents that has cast a gloom over this fair Dominion occurred at the Springhill coal mines, Nova Scotia, on Feb. 21st. One hundred and twenty one lives were lost, almost every family in the village being in mourning for a father or son. The cause of the accident will probably never be known. A day or two before the explosion the mine was thoroughly examined and everything was found in perfect order. The people of Canada have quickly and nobly responded to the cry for help, thousands of dollars having been sent within a few days to aid the bereft families. A singular thing in connection with the accident is that some days before an old lady prophesied that a dire calamity would overtake the miners in that particular mine, which caused the owners to make the thorough examination referred to.

OLD campaigners say that the present political battle has been fought with more stubbornness and skill by both parties than any other within their experience. Every available weapon has been brought into the fight and personal abuse of opponents has not been wanting. The cry of treason has been raised and utilized to the best advantage: private letters procured in some mysterious way have found their way into print; and startling surprises were almost of daily occurrence, keeping the excitement up to fever heat. The great question was "How will the farmers vote?" Will it be for unrestricted reciprocity with the United States or what? By the time this number reaches our readers these questions will have been answered at the polls. Our earnest hope is that the result of the elections will be for the ultimate good of the country.

THE Department of Agriculture last month issued a statement showing our exports of agricultural produce from and to the United States during the year ended June 30th, 1890, which will no doubt be of interest to our readers. The imports are those for home consumption only, and the exports are products of Canada only. The total amount of these imports during the year was \$5,343,120, and of the exports \$11,219,043, the larger items being as follows:—

Imports.		Exports.	
Corn.....	\$1,170,022	Barley.....	\$4,582,562
Pork.....	844,816	Horses.....	1,887,895
Bacon, hams.....	323,513	Eggs.....	1,793,104
Cornmeal.....	381,511	Hay.....	922,797
Flour (wheat).....	697,333	Sheep.....	761,565
Lard.....	301,028	Peas.....	371,332
Green apples.....	243,332	Potatoes.....	308,915
Sheep.....	107,074	Green apples.....	149,479
Wheat.....	149,994	Barley malt.....	149,810
Peaches.....	107,636	Cattle.....	104,023

SPEAKING of the decline of agriculture in some of the States, a Boston paper propounds a problem and leaves it to be settled by those who read it. It says: Something of a puzzle is offered to the

closest student of political economy by the decadence of farming interests in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, while they seem to have increased slightly in the other New England States. Exhaustion of the soil, as official reports show, will not account for the difference. The land is not worn out in the townships in New Hampshire and Vermont, which are being depopulated. The rivers and railroads afford them markets. Every sentiment and feeling which can attach to the soil is there—tradition, the graveyard, the old homes which have come down from generations, the roof-tree and the hearthstone are being abandoned, and homes are left desolate. The deserted homes and farms of these States are replete with suggestions of the wind and soil. It is something even more than a stern necessity that is driving the farmers out of these states. It would seem as if the near access to the seaboard and the markets of the rich manufacturing districts should keep alive agricultural interests there.

THE Clydesdale Horse Show will be again held in the Drill Shed, Toronto, on March 11th and 12th. The entries are good and a fine exhibition of these splendid animals may be expected. It is a pity that a better and more commodious place cannot be found for the annual show, as the drill shed is quite inadequate to meet the requirements both for exhibition purposes and the accommodation and comfort of visitors. People come from all quarters to this show who evince the liveliest interest in the animals exhibited and we feel sure that the number would be increased considerably if the accommodation for visitors was better than it is. It is not a difficult matter at any time to draw a crowd to a horse show as most people are interested, more or less, in this noble animal which is almost the only one that ministers alike to the necessities and pleasures of man. Successful agriculture in almost every country in the world is dependent on the horse. It was at one time thought that the general introduction of railroads and other methods of transportation by means of steam power would cause fewer horses to be used in business and for pleasure, but it was soon found that the reverse was the case. It has been declared that the civilization of a country could be best estimated by the number and character of the horses it contained and in this respect Canada should rank amongst the highest. In parts of the world where there are no horses there is no civilization. The culture of the soil is neglected, and there is little intercourse among people separated by only a few miles. In such places the transportation of goods is limited to such articles as can be carried on the backs of men. Horses carry goods everywhere, and with them carry intelligence. Civilization took its first vigorous start when some phenomenal savage twisted the fork of a tree into a rope and used it in catching a wild horse, which he subdued. With it as an aid, he was the equal of any ten men in his tribe. When more horses were caught and trained and more men taught to ride them the tribe became a great power. It was able to conquer other tribes even if they occupied territory a long way off. The horse showed the necessity for improved roads, and with roads came carriages, ferry boats and bridges. It is not strange, therefore, that men should take an interest in the noble creature that has done so much for civilization.

THERE is a good deal of misconception on the part of farmers regarding the proper temperature for churning, and various conflicting opinions have been given. On this subject the *Agricultural Gazette* of London, England says: One would have thought that after all that has been said and written by butter-making experts, the fundamental principles of the art would have been settled long ago, and that there would be no need to re-open such a threadbare subject as the proper temperature at which to churn cream. The late Mr. H. M. Jenkins, made dairying a special subject of his own, long before the present rage for dairy schools and demonstrations was thought of, and in his lectures and articles he laid down as an average rule that the cream should be churned at 60 degrees Fabr., the churn driven at sixty strokes per minute, and the butter ought to come in thirty minutes, slight vari-

ations being made from these to suit particular conditions. The late secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, of course, learned his dairying on the continent, travelling about among those people who have now got the control, more or less, of our butter supply, and later on all our dairy schools and teachers adopted and taught that 58 to 62 degrees was the proper range, the lower temperature in the warmer weather, and vice versa, and now this is the almost universal rule with all our trained maids and men. But Mr. Nuttall, the well known authority, has quite recently affirmed that as low as 54 degrees, and not higher than 60 degrees, is the proper range for making produce of the finest quality. The various butter making competitions are to blame for the adoption of the higher figures. It is well known that at the higher temperature the butter will come more quickly, while at the lower degrees the churning may drag on for over an hour. Now, our smart and picturesque dairymaids at the various competitions do not relish the idea of a prolonged period of treadmill work with the handle of a churn in full view of a critical crowd, and in order to curtail this drudgery have used higher temperatures, and so at last these have come to be laid down as the rule to be adopted. If the quality of the produce were equally good, then, of course, the quicker the methods the better, but it is contended that the lower temperature produces the best flavor, and this is, of course, a matter of great importance. If it were any ordinary person who was enunciating a new theory we could perhaps afford to ignore the matter, but when a veteran butter-maker like Mr. Nuttall is the author, then there is bound to be a good deal in it. At the same time, the subject is not entirely new; and there is a great deal of corroborative evidence in favor of a low temperature.

We are pleased to observe that our persistent advocacy of the teaching of agriculture in our rural schools is likely to bear good fruit. It had, at any rate, evidently stirred up the Central Farmers' Institute to take some action, as at their annual meeting in Toronto last month a special committee was appointed to consider the question, who submitted the following resolution which was carried almost unanimously: "Believing that the time has come when the study of the elementary principles of good farming should constitute a part of the training of every pupil educated in our rural public schools, we, the members of the Central Farmers' Institute, recommend to the honorable the Minister of Education and the honorable the Minister of Agriculture that the elementary principles of agriculture be made a subject of compulsory study in all public schools of Ontario in rural sections, and that agriculture be made a necessary subject of examination for all teachers desiring to have certificates qualifying them to teach in public schools." Now, then, gentlemen of the Institute don't be satisfied to merely pass the resolution but do everything in your power to have it given practical effect as early as possible. The Public School Inspectors have for the past two years at their meetings passed resolutions of a similar character and that was the last heard of them. When the Local Legislature re-assembles this month a strong deputation should wait upon the Ministers and push the matter to an issue. In other countries the experiment has been tried and found of incalculable benefit to the rising generation in rural sections and there is no earthly reason why it should not be introduced in our country. As showing how important the teaching of agriculture is looked upon in England we may mention that in the county of Essex a scheme is under consideration which may be briefly described as follows: (1) The establishment of a central institution in Chelmsford (the county town) in connection with the Essex Field Club's Museum, with large laboratories and class-room, furnished with apparatus and preparations for practical teaching, and in which, as occasion may arise, examinations could be conducted; the institution being also amply provided with lecturing and class-teaching appliances so arranged in travelling cases that they could be easily sent to any part of the county for use at the local lectures and classes. (2) The arrangement of peripatetic courses of classes and lectures, conducted by specially qualified teachers either supplemental to local efforts, or at the sole

instance and cost of the institution) for imparting instruction in science and technology in any parts of the county particularly in rural and maritime districts. The teaching given to be either elementary or more advanced, but always, as far as possible, of a thoroughly practical character, and such as will give a knowledge of things rather than words, and develop the faculties of seeing and doing. The most important of the subjects proposed to be taught may thus be grouped: (a) Elementary drawing, practical geometry, carpentry, modelling etc., and their applications in the study and practice of the following subjects. (b) Practical elementary physics and chemistry, and their applications in agriculture, industries, etc. (c) Biology, including practical botany and the principles of vegetable physiology, and their applications in agriculture, gardening, etc. (d) The principles of geology and mineralogy, and their applications in agriculture, water-supply, etc. (e) Human physiology and the laws of health or hygiene. (f) Geography and physiology, including practical meteorology. (g) The principles and practice of agriculture and agricultural chemistry, live-stock management, fruit-growing and preserving, dairy management, etc. (h) Forestry, arboriculture, and gardening. (i) The structure, life-histories, diseases, distribution, etc., of fish, molluscs, crustacea, etc., with special reference to the Essex fisheries, oyster culture, etc. (j) Courses of instruction on the diseases of plants and animals, and on beneficial and injurious birds, insects, injurious fungi, etc. (k) Special courses of instruction on the scientific principles and practice of any local industries. (l) Navigation, fishing, etc. (m) Cookery and minor domestic duties. The stock of apparatus, models, preparations, maps, specimens, etc., in the central institution would allow of the teaching in these lectures and classes being illustrated and made practical in a way that would be impossible in the case of rural centres and villages under any other system. In schemes of elementary, scientific, and technical instruction hitherto put forward, towns and populous centres have alone been considered. The present scheme would permit of the best kind of instruction being given not only in towns but also in rural and maritime districts, and that at a minimum cost. It should be noted also that if in the future an extension of the institution in any direction should be considered desirable by the County Council of Essex, the plans proposed will readily allow of such development without any interference with the work then being carried on. The management of the classes would be in the hands of a special committee or committees, appointed by the Council of the Club, not necessarily chosen from the members, which committee or committees would have control over the apparatus. The Council claims that the scheme above set forth is of a wide-reaching character, embracing the whole county and not any particular district; that it will supplement in a very useful way the work of existing educational centres; and that it is calculated to be particularly serviceable in those districts not provided for by urban educational institutions. It has been formulated under the advice of some eminent practical educators and above all, it is considered perfectly workable provided sufficient funds are available for the purpose. Regarding such a scheme a leading English educator says: "To my mind the only practical way in which to carry on agricultural teaching is to have a central system. You must, I think, group together different villages and different schools, and have peripatetic teachers. If you do this you will find that the extra cost to school managers on the one hand, and to the rate-payers on the other, will be very small indeed, and yet you will be able to carry out an excellent system of agricultural education."

L. TROTTER, Niagara Falls, Ont., writes that the destructive black-rot of grapes is successfully treated by a preparation of lime and salts of copper, called the Bordeaux mixture which is made as follows: Dissolve six pounds of sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) in sixteen gallons of water; and in another vessel slake six pounds of lime in six gallons of water. When the latter is cool pour it slowly into the solution, stirring constantly to keep well mixed. This is diluted at the rate of one gallon of the mixture to twenty gallons of water and applied by being forced through a spray nozzle.



- 1st.—Collision between two freight trains on the Grand Trunk near Kingston, Ont., through a telegraph operator's oversight; one man killed and several injured.
 - 2nd.—Mr. James McShane elected Mayor of Montreal. . . . The Manitoba Court of Appeal sustains Judge Kilbarr's decision which upheld the act abolishing Separate schools.
 - 3rd.—Opening of the fourth annual meeting of the Central Farmers' Institute at Toronto.
 - 4th.—Mining disaster at Jeaneville, Pa.; seventeen lives lost. . . . Sleeping car on the C.P.R. express thrown from the track over a bridge, falling a distance of 50 feet to the ground, near Schreiber, on the Lake Superior section; ten passengers injured.
 - 5th.—Bishop's College of Lennoxville Que., destroyed by fire; loss \$40,000. . . . Annual meeting of the Dominion Ayrshire Breeders' Association at Toronto.
 - 6th.—Destructive fire at Gananoque, Ont.; loss over \$70,000. . . . Sir Charles Tupper arrives in Ottawa to take part in the campaign.
 - 7th.—Death of Judge Rainville, Montreal, at Paris, France.
 - 8th.—McLaren's sawmills, New Edinburgh, Rideau Ward, Ottawa, destroyed by fire; loss \$150,000.
 - 9th.—Great strike inaugurated in the Cornwallville, Pa., coke regions; 16,000 miners go out.
 - 10th.—Death of Thomas Darling, one of Montreal's best known citizens.
 - 11th.—The Bonaventure freight depot, Montreal, destroyed by fire. . . . Opening of the Ontario Legislature; Mr. Ballantyne, member for South Perth, elected speaker.
 - 12th.—Explosion at the works of the Quebec Worsted Company, Quebec; twenty killed and several injured. . . . Owing to the breaking of a dyke, half the city of Cordova, near Buenos Ayres, inundated; 150 lives lost and three million dollars damage done.
 - 13th.—Another Whitechapel murder attributed to Jack-the-Ripper. . . . The new general hospital at Galt, Ont., formally opened. . . . Death of Admiral Porter, of the U.S. service, at Washington.
 - 14th.—The *Canadien* and *L'Evenement* office, Quebec, gutted by fire; loss about \$50,000. . . . Death of Speaker Winram, of the Manitoba Legislature. . . . Death of the famous General Sherman, at New York.
 - 15th.—The First Congregational Church, Kingston, Ont., destroyed by fire; loss \$80,000. . . . Conflagration in New Westminster, B. C.; loss \$300,000.
 - 16th.—Dominion Glove Works, Glenwilliams, Ont., destroyed by fire.
 - 17th.—Great destruction of property by floods in Pennsylvania. . . . Local option carried in Oakland township, Brant county, Ont.
 - 18th.—Lieut. George A. Badgerow, Q.O.R., Toronto, thrown from his horse and instantly killed.
 - 19th.—Death of Felix Geoffrion, ex-Minister of Inland Revenue, at Vercheres, Que. . . . The Mayor and aldermen of Minneapolis, Minn., meet with a cordial reception in Montreal. . . . Egyptian troops gain a brilliant victory over the Dervishes at Tokar; Osman Digna in full retreat.
 - 20th.—Local passenger train on the New York Central runs into another train in the Fourth Avenue tunnel, New York city; four lives lost and several persons injured. . . . Collision between two freight trains, on the C.P.R. near Lachute, Que.; a fireman killed and three men injured.
 - 21st.—Ex-Governor Charles Foster, of Ohio, nominated Secretary of the U.S. Treasury. . . . Dreadful accident at the Spring Hill, N.S., Coal miners; 121 lives lost.
 - 22nd.—Death of James Hunter, M.P.P., at Durham, Ont.
 - 23rd.—The American ship *Elizabeth*, wrecked off North Head, San Francisco, and 19 lives lost.
 - 24th.—Col. Gibson elected M.P.P. over Mr. Stinson in Hamilton, Ont., by 711 majority. . . . Fire in the Bonsecours market, Montreal; loss \$40,000.
 - 25th.—Death of George Sylvain, ex M.P. for Rimouski, Que. . . . Destructive fire at Annprior, Ont.; loss, \$10,000.
 - 26th.—The Manitoba Legislature meets and adjourns till March 10th. . . . Nominations for the Dominion elections; eight Conservatives and two Reformers elected by acclamation. . . . General de Fonseca elected President of Brazil.
 - 27th.—Heavy rainstorms and floods on the Pacific coast, entailing great damage to property in California and Mexico. . . . Empress Frederick of Germany leaves Paris, her visit having aroused bitter feelings amongst the Parisians against the Germans.
 - 28th.—Floods in Arizona; great loss of life feared. . . . Cossacks massacre a number of Jews who were escaping across the frontier into Prussia.
- "The soil of California is so fruitful," said a native of the Golden State, "that a man who accidentally dropped a box of matches in his field discovered the next year a fine forest of telegraph poles." "That's nothing to my State," said a native of Illinois. "A cousin of mine who lives there lost a button off his jacket, and in less than a month he found a brand new suit of clothes hanging on the fence near the spot."



An Effective Fumigating-Box.

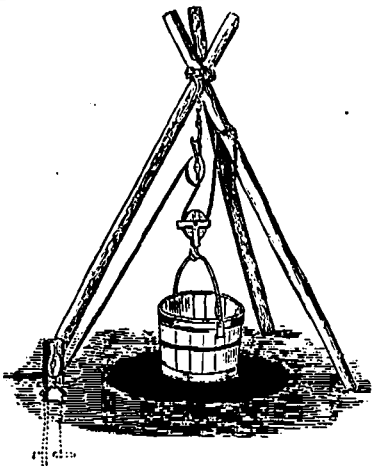
VERY few window-plants are entirely free from that troublesome insect, the green aphid, and the problem of getting rid of it is not always an easy one, on account of want of a place in which to fumigate with tobacco. Our illustration shows a convenient box in which may be placed plants infested with green lice while a smudge of tobacco is being given. There is a piece of zinc in the bottom of the box, to prevent its taking fire from any dropping coals. On this set three flower-pots, and on these the pan containing the leaves. The pan should have a hole in it the size of an egg, to give sufficient draught that the leaves will be all consumed. In starting the smudge, place a few shav-



ings first, then the tobacco leaves, slightly moistened. Those leaves termed "sand leaves" by the growers are best, but stems may be used, and are much cheaper. The shelf over the smudge-pan should be full of holes, or made of lath, in order that the fumes may rise. A large dry goods box will answer the same purpose if it is not desirable to be at the expense of a specially-made box, but it should be quite tight, in order to retain the smoke. Many plants will not bear a very strong fumigating, an example being the heliotropes and cinerarias; but if these be sprinkled before fumigating, it will decrease the danger of their being injured by the smudge. After a trial one will readily learn about what quantity each plant will stand.

Simple Well-Tackle.

A TACKLE of the kind shown in the engraving can be rigged and put in use in a very short time, and out of material which is always at hand. Stout, sound poles are lashed together, forming a tripod,

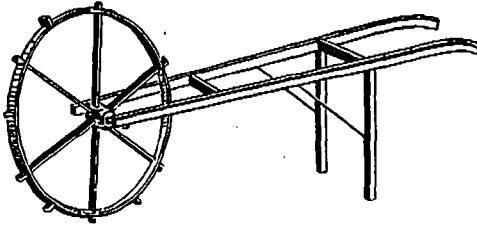


and a common pulley-block is attached where the poles are joined, another one being fastened to a firmly driven or planted stake at the foot of one of the pieces. It is better to use double pulley-blocks

rather than single ones, as more power is obtained and there is less danger of accident. When wells are to be dug, or cleaned out, or deepened, on the farm, this cheap, simple contrivance will be found to be the "right thing in the right place."

A Handy Field Marker.

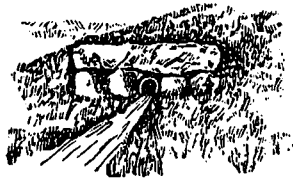
REGULARITY is one of the chief features that make a garden attractive. It is not enough that the rows of vegetables be straight, but such plants as Lettuce, Cabbage, Cauliflower, etc., should also



have a uniform distance in the row, and with the wider planted ones, if possible, also be in line crosswise. A convenient little device to mark not only the rows but also the exact places for each plant in the row is shown in our illustration. The pins which serve to mark the places for plants in the row are put in with a nut, and may be changed to mark intervals of ten, twelve, twenty and twenty-four inches, if the wheel is made plump 38 inches in diameter. A field can be marked with this implement in a short time, and with little effort. For the purposes of marking the rows for sowing seeds of Radishes, Carrots, Table Beets, Lettuce, etc., in the house garden any of the simple home-made garden markers, consisting of a piece of scantling with the necessary number of teeth, and a convenient handle, will answer well enough.

Outlet for Tile Drains.

FARMERS spend time and money on tile or stone underdrains, and then leave the outlet of the main wholly unprotected. Consequently, in a year or so, the cattle or other stock and the action of the frost displace the drain, and partly or wholly fill up the

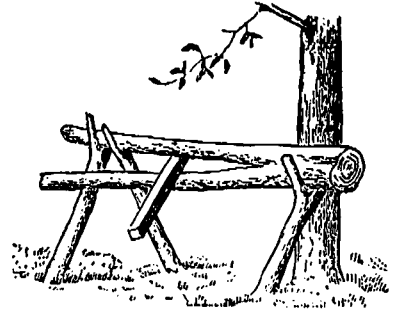


channel. If the fall is but slight, the whole work sometimes proves worthless. For a proper outlet lay a large flat stone, two or more feet square, above the tile, as shown in the engraving. Place a number of small stones each side to aid in supporting the stone in a proper position. If stone can not be had, use a wide piece of plank about three feet long. It will last much longer if the surface is first charred. If stones can not be obtained for the side supports, use blocks of wood or even whole or broken sections of tile. After heavy rains, or at least several times a year, examine the outlet and remove all accumulations of mud or gravel.

If left in the ground, by being buried too deeply, clover seed will often hold its vitality many years. In localities where clover seed is grown, more or less of the seed is lost in harvesting. If the clover seed stubble is ploughed and sown with wheat, that which dropped on the surface will not grow the next spring, as it is buried too deeply. But it will come up in subsequent ploughings for many years afterwards, showing that this seed has retained its vitality underground in all changes of temperature. Farmers sometimes say of such land that "it is natural to clover" or the clover "comes in without seeding." Neither of these phrases is strictly accurate, but the land of which this may be said is always among the best. It shows how long a field remembers by bounteous crops a season of reasonable treatment.

A Forest Convenience.

THE engraving represents what is known among woodsmen as a "brake," and is made to take the place of a vise to hold a stick while it is hewed or



shaved. It consists of a forked piece of timber supported as shown in the engraving. The stick to be worked is inserted in the fork and is held fast by its own weight, aided if desired by pressure on the outer end. It is used for sharpening posts and similar purposes.—*American Agriculturist.*

To prevent rust and preserve the tools and implements on the farm, paint every bright surface with a mixture of equal parts of white lead and unsalted hog's lard, well mixed. Apply with a brush the same as paint, having first thoroughly removed all dirt and dust.

If you want to grow a crop of nice potatoes in your garden, then beware of sprouted seed. If your seed potatoes cannot be retarded otherwise, keep them in the ice house or refrigerator. But in a cool, dark cellar potatoes should not sprout before it will do to plant them.

MANURE should be thoroughly incorporated with the soil. This means more than scratching the earth; it means harrowing the ground so that the manure will not be in chunks, but be pulverized and in a condition to become soluble, dissolved, so that the little roots can feed on it.

It is generally considered good policy to take cultivated crops from land in young orchards, as thereby their cost is greatly lessened. This is specially true concerning apples, as it takes twenty years to bring one into profitable bearing. Sufficient manuring is, of course, essential for the best results.

NEARLY all kinds of garden seeds that are planted early should be planted shallow. Later on a deeper covering should be given, and in a light soil it will aid to secure better germination if the soil is firmed well after the seeds are sown. But in a clay or hard pan soil, or when wet or cold, firming should not be done.

VIGOROUS tap-rooting trees such as walnut, hickory and oak, should be transplanted when one year old. In doing so be careful to cut off a part of the tap-root, or, if they are left till two years old, go along the rows at the end of the first year with a sharp spade and cut under the plants so as to cut the tap-roots. With maples and elms this is not imperative; but none should be left over two years without being transplanted. As regards pines, spruces, firs, arbor-vitæ and other very slow (at first) growers, it is better to leave them untouched for the first two years, unless they are too thick; if so, thin them out, as you would beds of seedlings of any other kinds of plants.

To destroy plantain in lawns a drop or two of sulphuric acid placed by a rod in the crown of each plant will be effective, but the treated ground must not be trodden on for some hours afterwards, for fear that the powerful acid may cut holes through

the shoes. Another way answering well when the ground is quite soft immediately after a heavy rain, is to seize each plant with pincers and pull it out. A pair with long handles would render the work comparatively easy, and much ground might be gone over in a day. If dug with a stiff table knife, care must be taken to go deep enough to leave none of the sprouting root behind. Instead of sulphuric acid, paraffin oil would probably answer, and be less likely to do harm by stepping on it.

Libe Stock.

All specially fattening food should be kept from pigs until the muscles, bones and frame are developed, and more especially from those intended for breeding. A rangy pig is the most profitable for simple feeding purposes. The frame should first be developed before any effort is made to lay on fat.

If the hogs take some time to get up, and lie down most of the time, it is a sure sign their joints are getting stiff. On pleasant days let them out of the pens to take a run. When sows get this way, and have pigs, they will be sure to lie on some of them and they will not get up when a little one squeals.

NEW oats should never be fed to horses when old ones can be obtained. The latter have more substance, pound for pound, and consequently more feeding value. Experienced and judicious horse-men will never feed a valuable horse with oats that are less than eight months old. The difference may be judged with comparative certainty by the taste and appearance. New oats have a fresh, milky taste, and stick to the tongue when chewed. They are more plump and glossy than seasoned oats.

THERE are two kinds of sires which should be avoided. In the draught classes, enormously heavy animals, with round, beefy legs, poor feet, sluggish in their movements and without action, cannot prove desirable stock getters. They cannot impart those qualities they do not possess, and certainly will transmit those they do possess. Another is the fast little weed, with curby hocks, ill-shaped and devoid of any desirable quality except speed. His stock, if not very fast, which is improbable, are worthless animals which no one wants.

THE testing of a cow to be of any use should be complete in every point. Thus, first, the cow should be tested on her regular feed, noting any change in temperature that may be sufficient to change the result. Then gradually increase the feed week by week, noting the results; when the highest yield is noted, continue it as long as may be desirable. The best butter-making food is corn-meal with one-fourth of its bulk of cotton seed meal or pea-meal. Care is to be taken not to overfeed, which will decrease the yield, if the feeding passes the point of healthful digestion.

SHEEP at this season of the year should not have too much dry food. They should have something calculated to relax the system, such as roots and ensilage, and if these are not at hand, a part of the grain ration should be of bran, and some oil meal gives excellent returns in keeping the flock thrifty, and at lambing and shearing time will bring back its cost with good interest added. Clover hay is the best coarse ration for main feed, but sheep do best on a mixed ration, such as contains both nitrogenous and carbonaceous elements pretty well balanced. House the flock from all storms as a wet coat brings loss of condition and disease to the flock. In pleasant weather the breeding ewes should have exercise in a large yard or a run on the permanent pasture field when the snow is not too deep.

THE best food for a cow for a few weeks before calving is two or three pounds of bran and four or

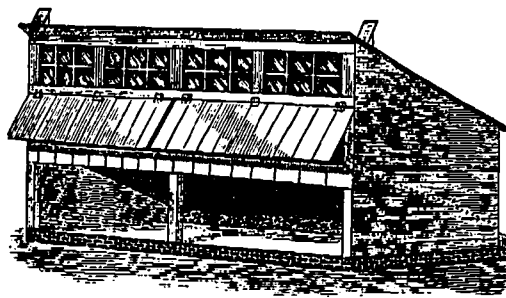
five ears of corn, broken in small pieces, each day, with good clover hay and ensilage, together with a fair amount of exercise. If in a good pasture she will not require so much grain food. Keep close watch of her when near due to calve. If in the habit of running with the rest of the cows let her continue to do so, but shut her from them at night, when she should be kept in a well-ventilated, clean and well-bedded box stall. To keep her away from her companions during the day will worry and irritate her, thus putting her nerves in an excited state and in a condition where it takes but a slight cause to produce fever of greater or less severity, according to her depth and richness as a milker.

A PROMINENT horse breeder speaking of the care and feed of horses says: The main thing is the cost of the food and the way in which it is fed. The stomach of a horse is small, with a capacity of four to six quarts. It cannot, then, contain a great amount of hay and grain and water at the same time. My plan is to offer my horses water the first thing. Then I give some hay and next the grain. I want the grain to follow the hay, so it will not be crowded out of the stomach. Horses often become very thirsty during the night, and the water is a good thing first. I go to the barn always about nine o'clock and see to my horses. This is a good plan, as often they may be found to be sick. The blankets and stable should be looked after. I feed wheat bran with oats, as it is better. More horses die from the effects of colic than otherwise, and this comes from irregular feeding and overfeeding. I have fed a team weighing 2,500 lbs. cut feed, rye straw, and the ration cost 30 cents a day. I feed now as a ration for one day, 14 lbs of hay, 3 lbs of oats, and 5 lbs of wheat bran. This is given in three feeds, equally divided. It is a loss to feed an unbalanced ration. Do not give the horse too much water at a time, and only a swallow when warm. Use a horse where you can. He is made to work, and if well used it does not injure him.

The Poultry Yard.

"Sunbath" Poultry House.

WE illustrate herewith a cheap and convenient poultry house. It is twelve feet long and eight feet wide. The roosts are arranged in ladder form, the lowest one within two feet of the floor, and the highest about the same distance from the roof. Be-



AN INEXPENSIVE POULTRY HOUSE.

neath the roosts is a sloping platform, which may be kept covered with plaster of Paris, dried swamp muck, or sifted coal ashes. At the lower edge of the platform is a box to catch all that rolls down or is scraped down whenever the platform is cleaned. The front of the house may be thrown quite open by lifting the horizontally hinged doors which cover the space above the sloping platform. Beneath the platform are the nest-boxes, open in the rear, but each with a door in front which can be opened to give access to the nests. The open space below the nest-boxes and platform is the sunbath, as it is wholly open to the south throughout the year, except in winter, when it is inclosed in glazed sash. Such a building may be cheaply constructed of rough lumber, double thickness, with building paper between.—*American Agriculturist*.

SETTING hens at this time will need careful attention as the weather is usually very changeable for the next two months.

THE chickens like fresh grass and it is excellent for them, but just give them a chance at some growing rye for a change and see how they relish it. Sow a small patch of rye this spring near the hen house.

THE first batch of eggs laid in spring is generally the best for hatching, but the first laid by pullets should not be set. After a hen has produced, say thirty or forty eggs in succession, the system becomes somewhat enfeebled, and the eggs are more or less wanting in vitality.

FOWLS need far more care during damp, rainy weather than during the clear, cold weather of winter, or the dry, warm weather of summer. Dampness engenders numerous disorders, many of which are difficult to cure. Therefore, it is better to use preventive measures, than to administer medicines when too late.

MANY country dwellers have never thought of raising fruit and poultry in the same yard although they work admirably together. A row of plum or pear trees can be planted along the poultry run, when the choice is made of a location for the poultry buildings. The droppings from the fowls improve the soil about the trees, and the chickens will eat the wormy and curculio-stung fruit when it drops to the ground. There is nothing better for the chickens, and for the trees.

WHILE the pullet is growing, she should not be fed on fattening foods to any great extent, since development of bone and muscle is wanted, not fat, which disarranges the egg-producing structure. Let the food, then, be wheat, oats, bran, middlings, milk, meat or fish, steamed clover, cut fine, with only an occasional feed of cracked corn. When laying has begun, too much care cannot be exercised in avoiding two things—fat and laziness, the latter being the natural result of the former.

RAISING geese and ducks is a simple matter, where there are proper conveniences, and markets for their sale. It is hard to raise geese in confinement, on account of their roaming propensities, but ducks can be so raised with profit. Water is not absolutely necessary to their welfare, as many suppose, but is desirable. When mixed with other poultry, they are sometimes troublesome, on account of their pugnacity. A single stroke of their strong beak is enough to kill a full-grown chick.

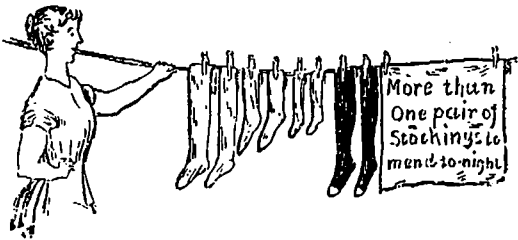
THE refuse bones from the family table should all be saved and broken into small bits for the fowls. They eat them greedily, and where they are not supplied with bones it is a good policy to buy them ground and ready for use. They will not only assist the fowls by supplying the system with a needed desideratum, but act as a preventive, to a certain extent, against bowel diseases. It is not expensive, as it is not necessary to feed much of it at a time; a little every day, or twice a week, at least, will more than pay the additional expense that may attend the use of it.

AT this time, the laying hens should have a little extra attention, and all the room and exercise it is possible to give them. It is a poor plan, if one could help it, to have the broody hen in the same apartment with the layers. How often have sitters been forced to abandon their nests, and valuable eggs broken and discarded altogether, by quarrelsome layers. Old and studious fanciers know the necessity of having a place apart for the brooders, where they can incubate, eat, drink and dust, without molestation. These arrangements should be provided in time, for, on the approach of the broody fever, the hen may be gently moved to a quiet place, and allowed to follow her instincts; whereas, if left with the flock, she is sure of receiving bad treatment, besides breaking up her incubating fever



CONDUCTED BY AUNT TUTU.

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



THE mothers do most of the mending for the world, and this is what one of the most skilful has told me about the art.

In these days when every kind of clothing can be obtained ready made, the tendency with people of limited time is to neglect repairing a garment until it must be replaced by a new one. Thus the old art of mending finds little favor and bids fair to be forgotten by the class of persons who really require this knowledge.

On this account a cheaper quality of garments, not worth repairing, are in demand, and, as it is the case with all "cheap" articles, are dearer in the end; for granted that there are women whose daily duties give them no time for the use of a needle, the hired repairs of a first-class article, taken with the longer exemption from the need of new, would be no more expensive.

This would furnish a new avenue of employment to women whose health or age debars them from more active pursuits, and who could thus find daily work at reasonable rates either in their own homes or those of others.

There is no class of clothing that suffers more from neglect than stockings. So cheaply are they manufactured at the present day that they are often worn by busy men and women until little remains, and they are then mended by a new pair. But there is no item in the wardrobe that is produced in greater variety of excellence and nice finish, with prices to correspond.

Setting aside the dainty webs of silk and lisle thread only suitable for the luxurious woman of wealth, who seldom uses her feet outside her palatial home, we may find substantial fabrics. A single pair of the latter material, with proper care, will outlast many pairs of the mean articles that find so ready a sale.

What is this "proper care"?

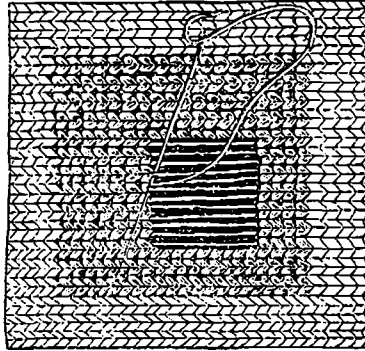
We know the stocking basket is a bugbear in every family, especially where there are active children whose knees and heels are such enemies to tidy stockings; yet even here "the best is the cheapest."

It will be found a saving of time and material if the heels of new stockings are strengthened with a lining of silesia cut crosswise and fitted to the heel with a point extending up the ankle seam. This

should not be "felled on" but "cat stitched" without turning in the edges. In addition, an oval piece, in color like the stocking, felled upon the outside just where there is most friction from the shoes, is a still greater security. These pieces can be renewed several times much easier than the heel can be darned. The knees of children's stockings can be lined in the same fashion. The better parts of old stocking legs may be substituted for silesia.

The old adage, "an ounce of prevention," holds good in stocking mending, for it is far easier, by looking out the thin places and fortifying them with close running on the wrong side, to prevent a hole than to repair it.

This can only be done by the use of a ball over



which the stocking is stretched inch by inch to find the worn places. The best form of ball is not a sphere or oval, but one flattened like a tomato or white turnip, and the wood worker who will put in the market such an article made of light wood will benefit the stocking mender. There is a variety of hard-shelled gourd just adapted to this purpose. Such a gourd has served in one family for nearly thirty years, and has become beautifully polished by the stockings drawn over it.

This running upon the wrong side, as well as all mending of holes, should be done diagonally. Following the line of knitted stitches, which can easily be discerned, this style of darning is more durable, since it "gives" with the texture of the stocking much more than the common rectangular weaving or filling a hole. The mender who wishes to save time soon learns that much elaborate hole-filling may be saved, if she will notice whether the hole is produced by wear or only by the breaking of a single thread, which often causes a gaping wound in the stocking.

Indeed, the best way to begin all repairs is to draw the aperture together with a thread of the same color as the stocking, but finer than the darning yarn. This will often close what seemed an appalling hole by taking up the dropped stitches alternately from each side. Then on the wrong side darn diagonally for some distance both ways, and the texture of the stocking is restored more neatly than by a large darn, however carefully woven. It is well to learn to follow the thread of the knitting, and so mend by the "stocking stitch" to strengthen a worn place in nice stockings, and if skillfully done this mending cannot be detected. Every dropped stitch or broken thread promptly secured saves time.

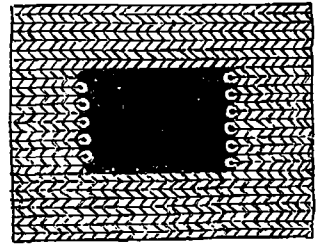
Making over Stockings.

But every thing has an end, and the time will come when the economical housewife will mend no longer, but will make those stockings whose material warrants it, pass through another stage of existence by cutting them over.

There are two ways of doing this; the better one is to follow the original form of the stocking, cutting the heel seam enough farther into the ankle to form a new heel.

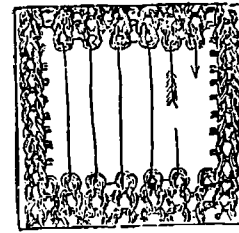
Measuring by another stocking, make the tip of the right length and then cut a bottom or sole of the required size from the leg of another pair of like color, and sew closely together with a small seam. These with the heels lined as above suggested, will last nearly as long as a new pair, and, after a little practice, it will take less time than mending.

A single pair will supply soles for at least four



others, or two pairs of soles may be cut from the tops of a pair of men's stockings.

After a pair of stockings have been made over in this manner and worn out they can be made over again, by making the bottom long enough to form the heel and thus the leg may not be shortened.



There are a variety of uses to which condemned stockings can be turned; when matching in color the legs may repair or replace the worn out sleeves

of undervests. They may serve as sleeve protectors, or white stocking legs quilted together, make excellent dish or cleaning cloths, while colored ones find their proper place on the mop handle.

The darning bag of a family is one of the domestic institutions, and the style so popular for some years at church sales, is not the most desirable, with its pasteboard sides and single receptacle for all yarns. The skilful mender knows she must have a variety of well assorted yarns, which is impracticable if all are to be kept in one compartment.

A more convenient bag is made with a circular bottom of pasteboard 4 to 6 inches in diameter, with a bag gathered around it, within which are several partings for different grades of yarn.

This bag is best made of gingham 1½ breadths in width and about two feet deep, 8 inches of which is turned up inside to form the bags, six or more in number. The two circles for the bottom are covered with the gingham as for a flat pincushion and the gathered edge of the bag is sewed to them. It is more convenient if drawn up with two strings. A needle book made of the same cloth, with flannel leaves for the darning needles, is a useful addition. With such a bag well supplied with needles and yarns, and by practising the above directions, the weekly mending may not be an arduous task.

Hints to Housekeepers.

For an aching tooth, saturate a piece of cotton with ammonia and lay in on the tooth.

WHEN you have a surplus of asparagus, the best known plan to keep it in good condition is to place the thick ends in water or bury half length in sand.

Boiling hot liquid may be safely poured into a glass jar or tumbler, by first putting a silver spoon in the dish. Be careful however, that a draft of cold air does not strike the vessel while hot.

Jewelry can be beautifully cleaned by washing in soap suds, in which a few drops of spirits of ammonia are stirred, shaking off the water and laying in a box of dry sawdust. This method leaves no marks or scratches.

According to an English barber frequent washings of the head will produce baldness. Another important agent in causing baldness is the use of fancy toilet soaps in shampooing the head. A good brush and comb are sufficient to keep the head clean.



A Simple Gymnasium.

"For many a poor hectic girl," says a physician, "a rowing-machine would be a more useful present than a car-load of tonic bitters and cough candies." It would prove a blessing to thousands if such words were laid to heart. Indiscriminate and un-intelligent dosing is to be deprecated on all accounts, while sensible and systematic exercise is on all accounts to be commended.

Not every one can afford a rowing-machine, perhaps, or easily find room for it, but no such objection can lie against a simple contrivance of pulleys, sand-bags and small clothes-line, all of which need not cost more than fifty cents, but which will bring into play all the muscles of the

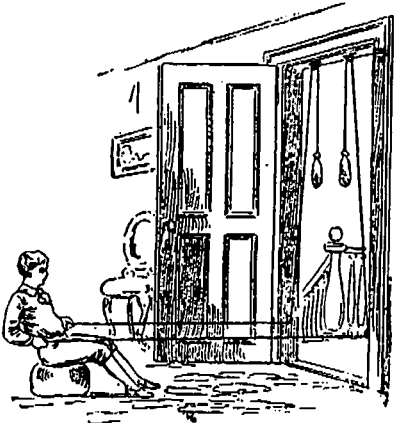


FIG. 1.

body. Four pulleys of from two to three inches are used. Two are screwed fast to the under head-piece of the door-frame, about six inches from the inner side-frames; the other two are screwed fast to the side pieces of the door-frame, about six inches above the door-sill.

Cut in halves about fifteen yards of the string, fasten two of the ends to round sticks for handles, and make shirrs on the other ends to slip over the tops of the sandbags. Use about a yard of muslin for two bags, and regulate the weight of the bags by the quantity of sand.



FIG. 2.

Two small nails or hooks on the sides of the door-frame will keep the lines from obstructing the passage when they are not in use. It would be only a few moments' work to remove the lines and sandbags after using; the pulleys by themselves would attract little notice.

Muscular development, such as is produced by rowing may be obtained by sitting on a footstool

about three yards from the door, and handling the lines as if they were oars. (Fig. 1.)

Chest expansion and a straight back may be secured by turning the back to the door, and moving



FIG. 3.

the arms directly from the shoulders; the weight of the descending bags will cause the shoulder-blades almost to meet. (Fig. 2.)

One may have the benefit of a health-lift by increasing the weights and taking hold of the lines near the lower pulleys, and raising and lowering the body by bending the knees. (Fig. 3.)

In all the motions the arms are exercised, while the variety of the movements enables one to exercise for a long time without weariness. By the discreet use of this contrivance, the invalid will find his strength daily increasing and his hope brightening.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Savings Box for Girls.

It may not be a box at all; it may be a silk bag or a big-welled inkstand, or it may be a Satsuma jar. But have it. Then, when the day is done and the purse is being looked over, count out the pennies and spare some to the savings box. My dear girl, it is your independence. The cents and five cent pieces count up, and then when you want to surprise mother with a birthday gift, when you want to go on a frolic, or when you would like to have a good photograph, a really good one to give to somebody who is very fond of you, the money saved is then brought forth. Just try going without a few things—a car-fare now and then, some candies, or the very latest in collars, and dedicate the ducats to the box. You will be amazed to see how they accumulate. And best of all, the saving habit will come to you. That does not mean lack of generosity; it means thoughts for the future. Some masculine philosopher said women only began to save money when they had passed thirty; but if that is true, it is because the savings box idea was not taught from their youth up.

Devon Cattle.

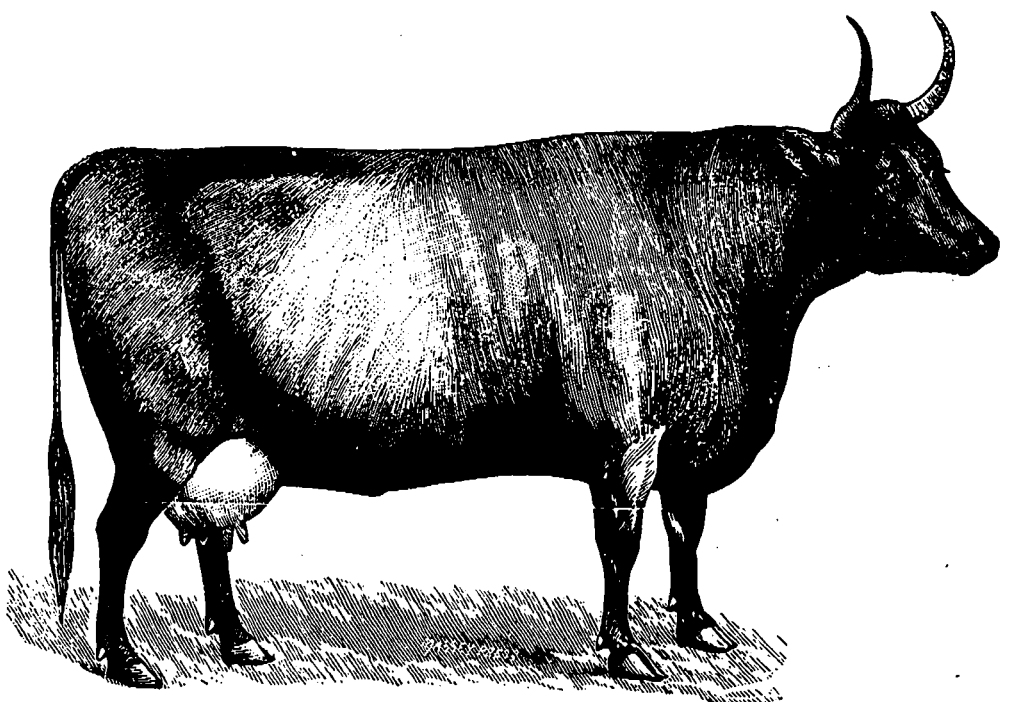
This is claimed to be the most ancient, pure improved breed of English cattle. They are medium in size, of a bright, rich, solid red color; harmonious in form, exquisitely fine in limb, round and smooth in all their points. Their forequarter is generally perfect, the hind one not so much so, as it is apt to lack in lengthening out to the tail, and filling up on the rump like the Shorthorn. They are hardy, active, and thrifty; mature early on grass and hay alone, and fatten on them quite well for the butcher, though it is better to add a small ration of wheat bran per day during the process, and a little oil meal.

They can be bred to suit all the different purposes of the farmer, whether it be for the dairy, or for beef, or working oxen. Their natural walk in plowing is four miles or more per hour, and their trot on the road, yoked to cart or wagon, with a moderate load, may be six miles or a little more per hour. It is cheaper to keep oxen for farm work than horses; weight for weight they will do as much work, and it costs less to feed them. In rocky or rooty ground they are quite superior, being more patient in starting and stopping when plowing, to avoid obstructions, and moving afterward along.

When bred for milk the cow yields a superior quality, an average from sixteen to twenty quarts per day often on grass alone for months after calving; individual cows occasionally much more than this; and holds her milk well till a short time before giving birth to another calf. When not bred especially for the dairy, the cow will yield from one-third to two-thirds of the above quantity. Sometimes this milk is as rich as that of the Jersey cow, and butter can be made by simply stirring it in a bowl with a hand-paddle.

The steers make very choice beef. It commands from a cent and a half to two cents more per pound in the English market than that of any other cattle except the Scotch Highlander, and it is eagerly sought for at extra price in America. The bones of the carcass are very small, the meat finely grained, tender, juicy, and savory, and nicely "marbled," as it is technically termed.

The Devon, like the Hereford, generally shows a first rate forequarter in his carcass, but in the hind-quarter he is apt to be a little deficient, it not coming out level and square to the tail, and well rounded and full down the thigh like the Shorthorn; but this is a point that breeders are now improving, and in time they may get it quite as perfect as in the Shorthorn, or what is nearer in size, the best specimens of the Scotch Highland cattle.





"I'm glad my ma don't wear slippers like them."

The Young Agricultural Editor.

I HAVE had considerable experience as an agricultural editor, but, fortunately, it was condensed into a very brief period of my life. Shortly after leaving college I bought out a small paper in a country town, and I launched myself upon what I then called the career of a "journalist."

My "Agricultural Department" was the pride of my heart, and to it I brought all the ripe culture and experience of the recent college graduate. It held the place of honor in many columns, and I am sure that I honestly endeavored to raise the standard of agriculture in the section overshadowed by my editorial tripod. I had been running this department for about three months, when one day a subscriber came in—a farmer of the old school, and a man of considerable prominence in the community. He tossed his hat over the ink-bottle on my table, took a seat, and remarked:

"See here, Mr. Editor, if this 'ere paper of yours doesn't brace up pretty quick, I'm a-goin' to stop my subscription, and I know others that are goin' to stop theirs too."

"Why, what is the matter?" I exclaimed, in consternation. "I flattered myself that I was getting out the best paper in the State, especially for farmers."

"That's jest where the shoe pinches," replied my visitor, frankly. "What you have to say about farming, young man, is ridiklus—simply ridiklus. Now look at this editorial on cows," he continued, pulling a paper from his pocket. "Listen to this sentence: 'The sooner a cow is killed for beef the less milk she will be likely to give'."

"Well, what is the matter with that?" I demanded. "Can you deny that this is a fact?"

"Thunderation, that ain't the pint!" yelled the farmer, removing his boots from my fancy stationery, and pounding the table with his fist. "Of course it's a fact, but ain't it a fact that two and two is four? And did you ever know of anybody's kicking against that? What's the use of telling us what any blamed fool knows before he is weaned?"

A shadow gathered on my handsome brow, and I looked thoughtfully out of the window.

"And here is something else" continued the farmer, running his finger down the column. "Speaking of hens, you say: 'The reason why old hens so seldom have teeth is because as soon as the hen's teeth begin to get loose, they are washed down her throat by her persistent habit of gargling whenever she drinks. If hens could only be taught to lap their drink, as sheep do, their constitutions would be saved the wear and tear of digesting so many hard teeth.'"

"Well, what is there against that?" I asked anxiously. "Don't you believe it yourself?"

"Believe it!" screamed the farmer, as he sprang to his feet and paced round the office with a face the color of a boiled lobster. "Believe it! Do you take me for an ass? Don't you suppose I know where my hair leaves off, and my brain begins? Believe it! Why, I hope I ain't a lunatic yet, nor any of my folks. Confound your gall! You may stop my paper to-day. I won't have such nonsense in the house."

So saying, my indignant visitor swooped up his hat, distributing as he did so, a pint of aniline ink over the table and the floor, and disappeared from the sanctum, leaving me in humiliated astonishment, twirling my mustache and trying to recollect whether hens had gums on one jaw and teeth on the other, or only just plain gums on both jaws.—*Burlington Free Press.*

She Resigned.

"You see how it is, my dear," he said, taking her soft hand which had never done very hard work, and patting it reassuringly. "I'm poor—only a thousand a year, dear—and we shall have a struggle to get along at first."

"I don't mind that in the least," she interrupted, stoutly, rubbing her cheek softly against his hand.

"And," he pursued, graciously having allowed her interrup-

tion—"we shall have to come down to strict economy. But, if you can only manage as my mother does, we shall pull through nicely."

"And how does your mother manage, dear?" she asked smiling—but very happy—at the notion of the mother-in-law cropping out already.

"I don't know," replied the lover, radiantly, but she always manages to have everything neat and cheerful, and something delicious to eat—and she does it all herself, you know! So that we always get along beautifully, and make both ends meet, and father and I still have plenty of spending money. You see when a woman is always hiring her laundry work done, and her gowns and bonnets made, and her scrubbing and stove-blackening done, and all that sort of thing—why, it just walks into a man's income and takes his breath away."

The young woman looked for a moment as if her breath was also inclined for a vacation; but she wisely concealed her dismay, and, being one of the stout-hearted of the earth, she determined to learn a few things of John's mother, so went to her house for a long visit the very next day. Upon the termination of this visit, one fine morning John received, to his blank amazement, a little package containing his engagement ring, accompanied by the following letter:—

"I have learned how your mother 'manages,' and I am going to explain it to you, since you confessed you didn't know. I find that she is a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a business-manager, a hired girl, a laundress, a seamstress, a mender and patcher, a dairy maid, a cook, a nurse, a kitchen gardener and a general slave for a family of five. She works from five in the morning until ten at night; and I almost wept when I kissed her hand—it was so hard and wrinkled and corded and un-kissed! When I saw her polishing the stoves, carrying big buckets of water, and great armfuls of wood, often splitting the latter, I asked her why John didn't do such things for her. 'John!' she repeated, 'John!'—and she sat down with a perfectly dazed look, as if I had asked her why the angels didn't come down and scrub for her. 'Why—John?'—she said, in a trembling, bewildered way—"he works in the office from nine until four, you know, and when he comes home he is very tired; or else—or else—he goes down town." Now, I have become strongly imbued with the conviction that I do not care to be so good a 'manager' as your mother. If the wife must do all sorts of drudgery, so must the husband; if she must cook, he must carry the wood; if she must scrub, he must carry the water; if she must make butter, he must milk the cows. You have allowed your mother to do everything, and all you have to say of her is that she is an 'excellent manager.' I do not care for such a reputation, unless my husband earns the name also; and, judging from your lack of consideration for your mother, I am quite sure you are not the man I thought you were, or one whom I would care to marry. As the son is, the husband is, is a safe and happy rule to follow."

So the letter closed, and John pondered; and he is pondering yet.

"OLD GABRIEL" has just died at Salina, Cal., aged 150 years. The fact that no mention is made of his chewing tobacco for a century without spectacles, chopping two cords of wood a day with his natural teeth, and walking twenty miles the day before he died in the finest print, casts a shadow of suspicion over that particular Gabriel. Every centenarian intended for publication does them as a sure guaranty of good faith.

YOUNG WRITER—Have you read my article in the current number of the *Every Other Monthly Review*, Miss Penelope? Miss Penelope—No; that pleasure is still in store for me. I heard papa say, though, that he had read it. Young Writer—Did he not think that I treated my subject in a very exhaustive manner? Miss Penelope—Yes, I believe he did say something about being tired.

CONFIDENCE IN THE OLD HORSE.—The little son of General Crittenden was devoted to his father's war-horse, that was named for the illustrious John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, the child's grandfather. He asked his father to tell him of a retreat he made during the war, but at a certain point said:

"Father, were you on John J.?" Being answered affirmatively, the youngster slid down from the paternal knee, and was toddling off as fast as his little legs could carry him, when his father said: "Where are you going, my son?" "Father," he said, turning and showing a face full of reproach, "John J. never would have retreated if you hadn't turned him round."

The same boy grew to manhood, and died with his face to the foe with Custer and his men on the Little Big Horn.

THE following example of millionaires' economy is told of a couple of Boston men, named Sears and Gray: They lived in one of the suburbs of Boston, and used to drive in together. There is a toll-gate on the road which they travel. One morning they started in earlier than usual. They had learned that there was a large cargo of sugar to be sold by the underwriters. It was a big deal, and Sears and Gray concluded they had the inside track of the deal. When they reached the toll-gate Sears said: "Gray, you must pay the toll to-day." "I won't do it," Gray replied. "I paid for baiting (feeding) the horse yesterday, and I won't pay the toll to-day." "Well, I won't," said Sears. They kept up this cross-fire for some minutes, and, failing to agree, Sears turned the horse around and drove back home, Gray going with him. They discovered when it was too late that if they had gone into the city they would have made \$400,000 in that deal.

"My husband doesn't chew any more tobacco," said a newly-married lady to a party of friends, "or at least he doesn't where I can see him." "How did you stop him?" they all asked.

"The morning after we were married," began the lady, "and he and I were sitting on the front porch, I noticed that he was ill at ease, and finally asked him what was the matter with him." "My darling," he said, taking my hands,

"there is something I should have told you before we were married." "What is it?" I gasped, as the vision of another woman swept over me. "Love," he answered, "I am an inveterate tobacco-chewer. Can you, will you forgive me?"

As he finished I slipped my hands from his, and, drawing out a box of snuff and a brush, I said: "O, John, I'm so glad you spoke of it, for I am nearly crazy for a 'dip.'" His face was a picture, I can tell you, and in less than three minutes we had entered into a solemn compact to forever abstain from the weed.

"And did you really use snuff before you were married?" asked one of the ladies. "No," answered the wife, "but I was fixed for John."

CORRESPONDENCE.

A "GARDENER," Toronto writes: Not a season passes by without the loss of thousands of choice and valuable plants such as dahlias, chrysanthemums, and clematis, just for the want of a stake for support. The best time to place a stake by the side of such plants is when they are set out in the spring. But as a support can be dispensed with at this time, it is not provided, and frequently delay ends in the breaking down and destruction of plants one regrets to lose. Whenever a person attempts to or proposes to cultivate such plants as I have named, or others requiring stakes for support, they should be made ready in advance of the planting season and placed where they will be ready for use when needed. I know from personal experience how difficult it is to provide such articles months in advance of the time they will be required for use. Still the facts remain all the same, whether we heed them or not.

C. D. L., WINDSOR, Ont.:—I would like to point out how much good can be accomplished by the free use of kerosene oil or petroleum. It is of great service for the extermination or prevention of lice on the poultry by using it freely upon the roosts and about other parts of the poultry house. A little applied to a rusty bolt, or clinging nut, or a rusty screw, will start them, or a drop will take the music out of a creaking hinge. Applied to tools; it prevents rust and helps to remove that already gathered. For paint to be used about farm buildings and fences, it is an improvement to mix a little with the usual linseed oil. It not only cheapens it, but makes it spread more freely and strike in more thoroughly, as it is very penetrating and acts as a preservative to all wooden surfaces to which it is applied. There is nothing better to soften a stiffened piece of leather, and cotton cloth for hotbeds or awnings can be made nearly waterproof by giving it a coating of the oil occasionally. The crude petroleum is better than refined for all these purposes, as it is more penetrating, and consequently more lasting, as well as much cheaper. It can be obtained in barrels and half-barrels at a very low price per gallon, and may be placed in some unused corner about the buildings. With a faucet in the end and an air-hole above the oil, it will run freely. When a barrel is once laid in, one will wonder how he got along without it, he will find so many ways to make use of it. For one who has to use tar for any purpose like the tarring of roofs, and gets it on the hands, nothing will start it like petroleum.

BELTING.

If you want the Finest Threshing Belt made, ask your dealer to get for you the

"MONARCH" BRAND

IT WILL COST MORE AT FIRST, BUT WILL BE ECONOMY IN THE END.

MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY

THE GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER M'FG CO.

OF TORONTO.

43 Yonge Street, - Toronto.

DON'T place your orders for **FRUIT TREES,** ORNAMENTALS,

GRAPE VINES, SMALL FRUITS, Etc., until you send post card for my New Illustrated Free Catalogue for 1881, containing important information and Living Prices. Vines and Plants by Mail a Specialty. Address,

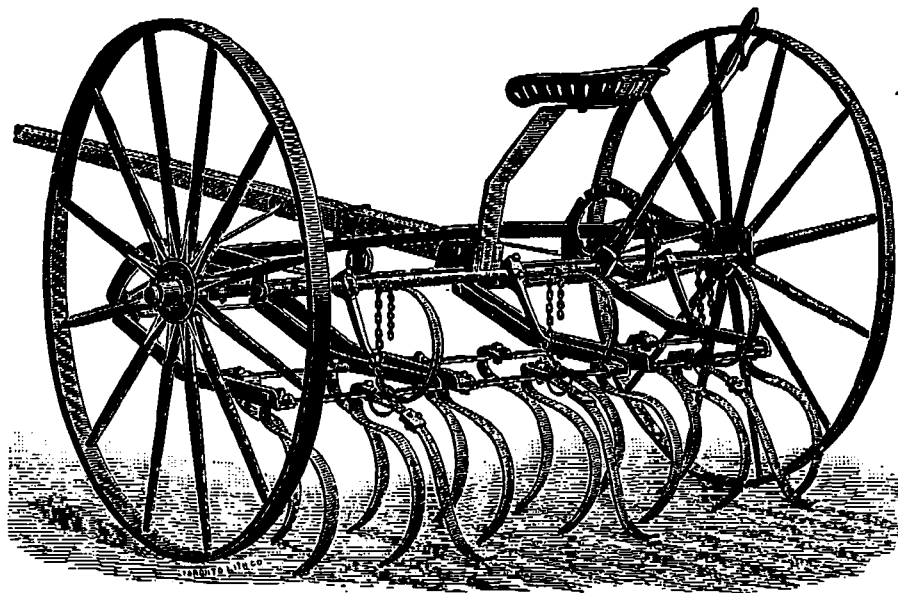
A. G. HULL,

CENTRAL NURSERY, ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Mention this Paper

GIANT CULTIVATOR. Patented.

Solid Steel Frame.



Iron Harrow Sections.

Link Lock Down with Elastic Pressure. The Giant has no equal as a cultivator. See it and try it before purchasing any other make.

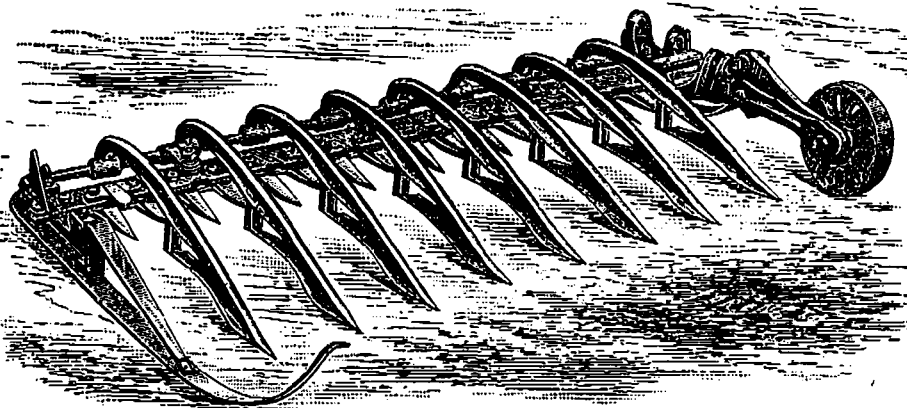
One Lever Only to operate, to either force the harrows into the ground or raise them from the ground. Lever in easy reach of driver whether riding, or walking behind the cultivator. Adjustable Shoes attached to each harrow section, which can be set to allow the teeth to cultivate any required depth.

No wood parts excepting pole and wheels; the wheels have wider tire than any other cultivator. Both grain and grass seed sowers can be furnished for the Giant at any time. Patented and Manufactured by

THE J. W. MANN MFG. CO., Brockville, Ont.

THE GENUINE TOLTON PEA HARVESTER.

Simple, Substantial, Light, Strong, and Durable.



THE MONARCH OF THE PEA FIELD.

This Pea Harvester pays, and is one of the greatest labor-saving machines in use—harvesting from eight to ten acres per day in the most complete manner. It is endorsed by all first-class farmers who have this Harvester to be as useful in the pea field as the mower is in the hay field. It can be attached to any mower bar, and has the only Vertically Acting Lifter, having a practically successful movement to suit the unevenness of the land, of which we are the Sole Manufacturers and Patentees. Send for circular with prices and instructions. Order early and secure one.

TOLTON BROS., GUELPH, ONT.

“ BELL ”

Established 1864.

The Standard Instruments of the World.

Tone Pure and Sweet, Touch Light,
Durability Unequaled, Workmanship
and Material First Class, Constructed on
Modern Principles.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO

W. BELL & CO., GUELPH, ONT.

PIANOS

ORGANS

THE UNEQUALLED RESULTS

—OF—

20-Year Tontine Policies

Issued by the

EQUITABLE

in 1871, Maturing in 1891.

EXAMPLE I.

20-YEAR ENDOWMENT.

Policy No. 66,642. Amount, \$10,000.
Issued at age 28.

Total Premiums paid in 20 years, \$9,630.00

Three of the Methods of Settlement
now offered to the Assured.

1. Cash Value \$16,948.50

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

Or 2. Paid-up Value \$38,090.00

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

Or 3. Annuity for Life \$1,296.00

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

EXAMPLE II.

ORDINARY LIFE POLICY.

Policy No. 66,548. Amount, \$10,000.
Issued at age 36.

Total Premiums paid in 20 years, \$5,450.00

Three of the Methods of Settlement
now offered to the Assured.

1. Cash Value \$7,213.60

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

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

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

Or 3. Surplus \$4,154.30

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

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

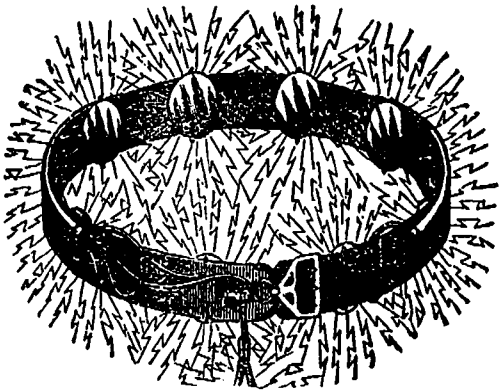
T. R. KEITH, W. S. JONES,
CONFIDENTIAL SPECIALS,
120 Broadway, - NEW YORK

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE CO.

HEAD OFFICE: CHICAGO, ILL.

Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of \$50,000.

LADIES BELT No. 4.



Patented in Canada, Dec., 1877. Patented in U.S., June, 1877.

71 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO, CAN.

G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada.

The Owen Electric Belt and Appliances, by its Steady, Soothing Current that is easily felt will Cure the following:

- | | | |
|--------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| Rheumatism | Liver Complaint | Spermatorrhea |
| Neuralgia | Kidney Disease | Impotency |
| Dyspepsia | Spinal Disease | Sexual Exhaustion |
| Constipation | Nervous Complaints | Epilepsy or Fits |
| Sciatica | Female Complaints | Urinary Diseases |
| Lumbago | Varicocele | Lame Back |
| | General Debility | |

RHEUMATISM.

It is certainly not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indisputable fact that medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined. Some of our leading physicians, recognizing this fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of nature's forces in supplying defects and correcting irregularities.

To Restore Manhood and Womanhood.

As man has not yet discovered all of nature's laws for right living, it follows that everyone has committed more or less errors, which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing to equal the Owen Electric Body Battery. Rest assured any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drugs is practising a most dangerous form of charlatanism. Use the Electric Cure and shun the drug stores.

WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD

to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We could use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.

Other belts have been in the market five or ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.

Beware of Imitations and Cheap Belts.

Our attention having been attracted to the many base imitations of "THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT," we desire to warn the public against purchasing these worthless productions put upon the market by unprincipled men, who, calling themselves electricians, prey upon the unsuspecting, by offering worthless imitations of the Genuine Owen Electric Belt that has stood the test of years and has a continental reputation.

Our Trade Mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen, embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co. None Genuine Without it.

Send Six Cents for Illustrated Catalogue of Information, Testimonials, etc.

The Owen Electric Belt Co.
71 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

THE A. G. PEUCHEN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PURE PARIS GREEN, VARNISH, JAPANS,

Dry Colors, Oils, Lead Grainers, Enamel Colors, etc.

Also Manufacturers of Paints for The Massey Manufacturing Co.

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

FARMERS, YOU CAN SAVE MONEY

By painting your Barn with PEUCHEN'S BARN PAINT, at 50 cents per Imperial Gallon. Put up in small barrels. Nice Red, Brown, and Slate Colors.

By Painting your Buggy or Sleigh with PEUCHEN'S Paint. \$1.00 will paint your Buggy. Paint and Varnish mixed in Six Shades. One tin will finish any vehicle and make it look like new. Price, One Dollar.

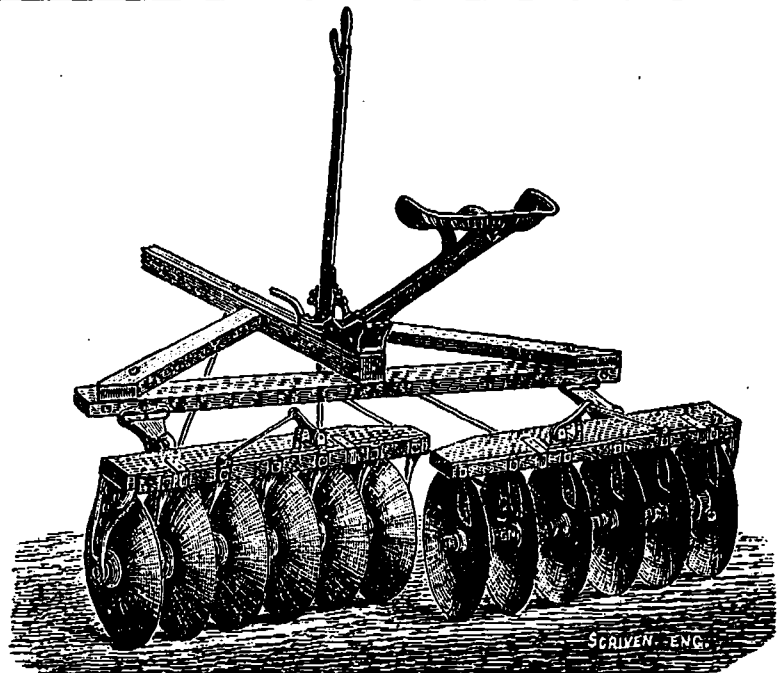
By painting your leaky roof with PEUCHEN'S FIRE and WATERPROOF PAINT. \$10.00 per Barrel of 44 Imperial Gallons. One Barrel will cover 20 squares.

Keep your Implements in Good Order

by Painting your Reapers, Mowers, Rakes, Seed Drills, and all Implements with PEUCHEN'S EVER-LASTING VERMILION. Put up ready for the brush. One Quart will Paint and Varnish any Machine. Only \$1.00.

For particulars write to us direct, or enquire of any Hardware Dealer.

HAMILTON



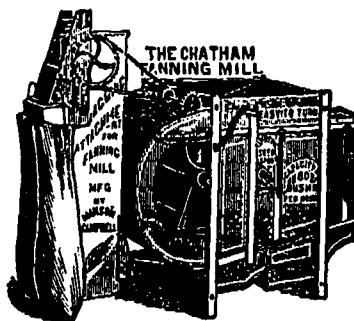
HARROW

This is the most complete and perfect Harrow made. It has no equal in reliability and effectiveness. It is so simple in construction that it can be set up after the Tongue is attached to the main plank without a wrench.

The Discs are placed one slightly behind the other, bringing the two inside Discs close together. By this arrangement there is no part of the ground left unworked, as in other harrows. The Hamilton has many other special features, for particulars of which write to

WILSON MANUFACTURING CO., HAMILTON, ONT.

THE CHATHAM FANNING MILL



with Bagging Attachment (run with Chain Belt that will not slip) still takes the lead in all parts of Canada, as the following sales will show—

- 1000 sold in 1884
- 1330 sold in 1885
- 2000 sold in 1886
- 2300 sold in 1887
- 2500 sold in 1888
- 3500 sold in 1889

More than three times as many as have been sold by any other Factory in Canada.

WESBROOK, Oct. 14th, 1889.

Mr. M. CAMPBELL, CHATHAM.

DEAR SIR,—Received Mill all right, and am well satisfied with it.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully, ALEXANDER HOWIE.

BURRS' FALLS, Oct. 28th, 1889.

Mr. M. CAMPBELL, Chatham.

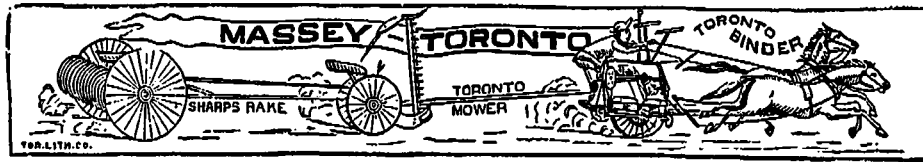
DEAR SIR,—Am well pleased with Fanning Mill. Does its work well in all kinds of grain.

WM. LANE.

For prices and full information apply to

MANSON CAMPBELL, Chatham, Ont.

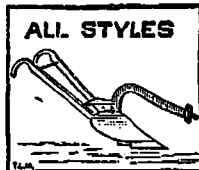
For Sale by all Agents of THE MASSEY MANUFACTURING CO. in Manitoba, N.W.T., and Province of Quebec.



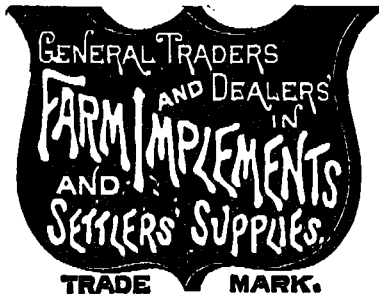
MASSEY & COMPANY
LIMITED
WINNIPEG MANITOBA.

Binders.
Mowers.
Rakes.
Tedders.
Harrow.

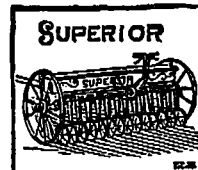
Engines.
Threshers.
Fowers.
Waggons.
Buggies.



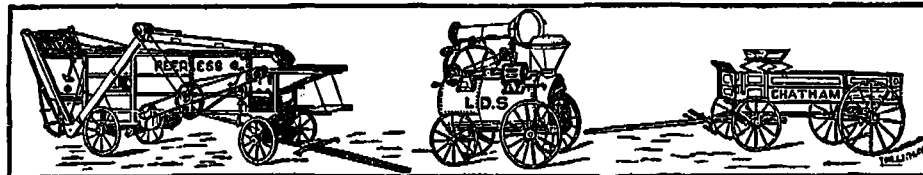
ALL STYLES
Fanning Mills.
Feed Grinders.
Grain Crushers.
Garden Tools.
Windmills.
Pumps and Tanks.
Hay Loaders.
Buckboards.
Etc., Etc., Etc.



TRADE MARK.
Permanent Warehouses and Reliable Agents at all leading centres in Manitoba, the North-West, and British Columbia, from which we supply in season every kind of implement or machine used on a farm. See our Agents or write for Catalogue and Prices.



SUPERIOR
Press Drills.
Broadcast Seeders.
Land Rollers.
Disc Harrows.
Sulky Plows.
Gang Plows.
Wood Goods.
Carts and Sleighs.
Etc., Etc., Etc.



IN THE HIGH COURT OF AGRICULTURE.

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

TORONTO vs. BRANTFORD, MERCER, et al.

Judgment rendered in favor of MASSEY-TORONTO as follows (the Table below being a Summary of the Prizes received at the Great Australasian Field Trials for 1891 at the hands of the Judges:—

	1ST PRIZE.	2ND PRIZE.	3RD PRIZE.	4TH PRIZE.	TOTAL.	Average Draft at Trial.
MASSEY	14	18	7	9	48*	325 lbs.
Brantford	2	3	2	2	9	500 "
MERCER	0	0	4	0	4	Not taken.
HORNSBY	8	5	8	3	24	420 lbs.
McCORMICK	8	6	5	3	22	456 "
WOOD	3	3	3	3	12	500 "
BUCKEYE	2	2	0	4	8	415 "
DEERING	1	1	2	7	11	480 "
HOWARD	0	0	3	0	3	675 "

* **FARMERS, NOTE.**—The MASSEY has been awarded just Twice as many Prizes this season as any other machine in trials where it has competed.

YOUR PERIODICALS

at Greatly Reduced Prices

THROUGH "MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED" SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY.

Anyone sending us 50 cents for a year's subscription to **Massey's Illustrated**, may, by sending his or her subscription through us, obtain any one of the periodicals named below for one year also, at the greatly reduced prices quoted opposite each. Note them!

N.B.—When more than one periodical in the list is wanted, they may be had at prices quoted, except those marked thus *, to the prices of which 25 cents must be added, and to those marked thus † 15 cents must be added.

MONTHLY PERIODICALS.	Publishers' Price.	Our Price.
Scribners' Magazine, N.Y.	\$3 00	\$2 50
Harpers' " N.Y.	4 00	3 50
†Century " N.Y.	4 00	3 50
†St. Nicholas " N.Y.	3 00	2 50
Atlantic Monthly, Boston.	4 00	3 50
Outing, N.Y.	3 00	2 50
Lippincott's Magazine, Phila.	3 00	2 50
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	2 50
Cosmopolitan, N.Y.	2 50	2 00
*Popular Gardening, Buffalo	1 00	50
†Nor'-West Farmer, Winnipeg	1 00	50
†Canadian Live Stock & Farm Journal	1 00	50
†Good Housekeeping, Springfield, Mass.	2 40	1 00
†Poultry Monthly, Albany, N.Y.	1 25	75
†Canadian Poultry Review	1 00	50
Dairy World, Chicago	1 00	50
†American Agriculturist, N.Y.	1 50	1 00
†American Garden, N.Y.	2 00	1 50
Cottage Hearth, Boston	1 50	1 00
*Methodist Magazine, Toronto	2 00	1 50
*Rural Canadian, Toronto	1 00	50
†Canada Lancet, Toronto	3 00	2 75
†Educational Journal, Tor. (semi-Mthly)	1 50	1 15
†Good Health, Battle Creek, Mich.	1 25	1 00
*Household Companion, Boston	1 00	50
*Poultry Bulletin, N.Y.	1 00	80
†Pigeons and Pets, Toronto	50	30
Andover Review, Boston	4 00	3 50
†Mothers' Magazine, N.Y.	1 50	1 00
†Frank Leslie's Budget of Wit, N.Y.	2 25	1 75
* " Pleasant Hours, N.Y.	1 75	1 30
Ladies' Home Journal, Phila.	1 00	1 00
Farmer's Advocate, London (renewals)	1 00	1 00
* " (new subs.)	1 00	75
†Current Literature, N.Y.	3 00	2 50
Short Stories, N.Y.	3 00	2 50
†Chautauquan, Meadville, Pa.	2 00	1 80
Canadian Agriculturist & Home Magazine, Peterboro', Ont.	2 00	1 50
*The Canada Educational Monthly	1 00	75
Fashion Bazaar, N.Y.	3 00	2 50

WEEKLY PERIODICALS.	Publishers' Price.	Our Price.
*Weekly Globe, Toronto.	\$1 00	\$0 50
*Weekly Mail \$1.00,,	1 75	60
*Farm & Fireside 75c.,,,	1 00	50
*Weekly Empire.	1 00	50
*Montreal Weekly Witness	1 00	50
† " Family Herald & Weekly Star	1 00	50
†Grip.	2 00	1 50
†Youth's Companion, Boston (renewals)	1 75	1 65
† " (new sub.)	1 75	1 50
Dominion Illustrated " (new sub.)	4 00	3 50
†Rural New Yorker	2 00	1 50
Cultivator and Country Gentleman	2 50	2 00
Turf, Field, and Farm, N.Y.	5 00	4 50
Forest and Stream, N.Y.	4 00	3 50
Horseman, Chicago	4 00	3 50
Harper's Weekly, N.Y.	4 00	3 50
Harper's Bazaar, N.Y.	4 00	3 50
†Harper's Young People, N.Y.	2 00	1 50
†The Independent, N.Y.	3 00	2 50
†The Breeder's Gazette, Chicago	3 00	1 75
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper	4 00	3 50
†Sunday School Times, Phila.	1 50	1 00
†American Machinist, N.Y.	3 00	2 50
*Weekly News, Toronto (with album)	1 00	60
Illustrated London News, with extra Midsummer and Xmas Nos.	5 00	4 50
Illus. London News, without extra Nos.	4 50	4 00
*Weekly Gazette, Montreal	1 00	60
†Northern Messenger, Montreal	30	15
†Presbyterian Review, Toronto	1 50	1 25
*Canadian Advance,	1 00	60
†Home Journal, N.Y.	2 00	1 50
Puck (comic), N.Y.	5 00	5 00
Judge " with premium	5 00	4 50
Public Opinion, Washington	3 00	2 50
†Scientific American	3 00	2 50
" " Supplement	5 00	4 50
" " and Supplement	7 00	6 50
†Saturday Night, Toronto	2 00	1 50
*Forest & Farm, Toronto, with prem.	1 00	60
Illustrated American, one year	10 00	9 50
" " six months	5 00	4 50
Fireside Companion, N.Y.	3 00	2 50

* † See N.B. above. By sending subscriptions through us the individual not only saves considerable money, but also the trouble of making two or more different remittances to the several publishers.

EXAMPLES—Suppose a subscriber wishes to take MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED and the *Weekly Globe* for one year, he gets the *Globe* at Club Price, 50 cts., and 50 cts. for the ILLUSTRATED, making \$1.00. In other words, he gets both for the price of one, and makes only the one remittance to us. Again, suppose a person wishes to take the ILLUSTRATED, *Harper's Monthly*, *Weekly Empire*, and *Cottage Hearth*, by subscribing through us they would cost :-

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED	\$0 50	At Publishers' regular rates, they would have cost \$7.00. Thus a saving of \$1.25 is effected, besides the saving in stamps, and trouble of making four registered remittances to four different publishers.
Harpers' Monthly, Club Price	3 50	
Weekly Empire, Club Price & 25c. (see N.B.*)	75	
Cottage Hearth	1 00	
Total,	\$5 75	

Anyone wishing a periodical not in the above list, by sending us the full subscription price of such periodical together with 50 cents for MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, may thus procure it through us.

We gladly send a sample copy of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, but applications for sample copies of the various Periodicals appearing in our Clubbing List must be addressed to the individual publishers, who in most cases supply them gratis.

THE MASSEY PRESS, MASSEY ST., TORONTO, ONT.

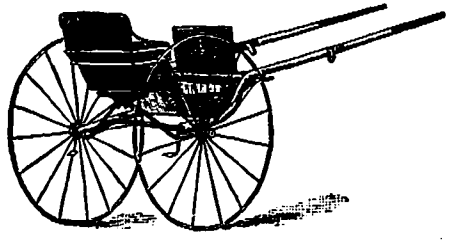
ELIAS ROGERS & CO.



Coal & Wood. Lowest Rates.

J. W. BROWNELL,

(Successor to BROWNELL & FEBLE)



Manufacturer of Fine Carriages, Spring Wagons, Phaetons, Road Carts, and Light Speeding Carts. Wholesale and Retail.

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

Mention this Paper.

Great Inducements to Canvassers for this Magazine.

Drop us a Post Card, and particulars will be forwarded you.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

An Independent Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE MASSEY PRESS.

PROF. SCRUB. Editor.
CHAS. MORRISON, Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE :
To all parts of Canada and United States, only 50 cents per annum, postage prepaid. Stamps taken.

Always address MASSEY PRESS, Massey Street, Toronto, Can.

ADVERTISING RATES on application.

McLAREN'S Celebrated



is best value to the purchaser.
It has high leavening power for its cost and contains no alum, or other dangerous ingredient.
Buy only

McLAREN'S GENUINE COOK'S FRIEND.

SPECIALTIES —

FINE ART * LIVE STOCK * ENGRAVING * MECHANICAL

HIGH CLASS WOOD ENGRAVING

TORONTO ENGRAVING CO.
BRIGDEN MANGER
REMOVED TO
53 KING ST. W.
COR. BAY
TORONTO



ONLY DIRECTORY ON EARTH

Guaranteeing 50,000 Circulation. For 10c. (silver) your name will be inserted and copy mailed you accompanied by positive proof that your name is sent to 50,000 Publishers, Advertisers, Agents, and others, and from these you will receive hundreds, probably thousands, of valuable Samples, Papers, Books, Magazines, etc., ALL FREE. Always address AMERICAN DIRECTORY CO., Buffalo, N. Y. VERNON HILL, Va.—Gentle: I have already received over 1,000 parcels of mail, scores of magazines, etc., for which I had often paid 25c each before. My experience proves your Directory far exceeds all others, as I find most of them are frauds and cheats. R. T. JAMES.

Canada Trade specially solicited.

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.

WESTERN BRANCH.—Cor. Front & Yonge Sts. TORONTO.

Breeders' Directory.

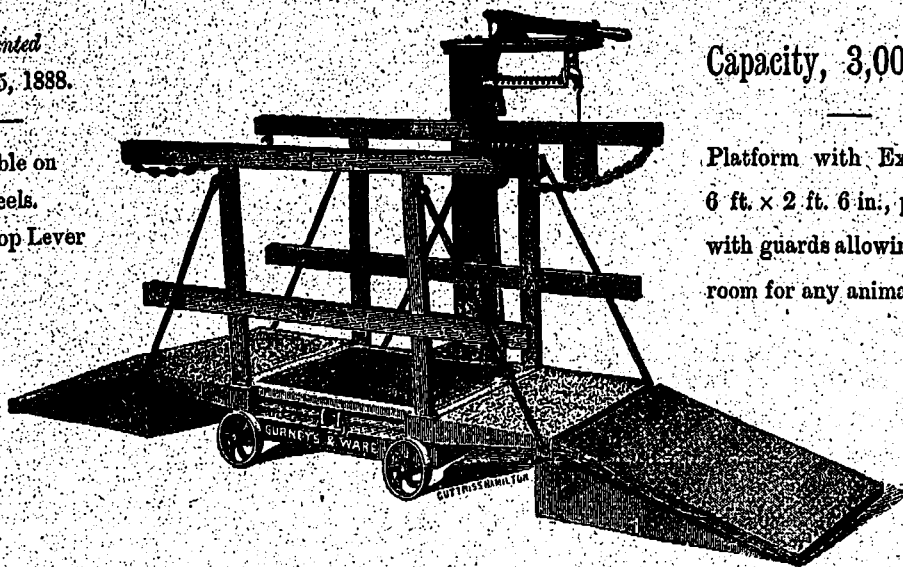
Cards of not less than two line space and not more than five line space inserted for one year at \$2.00 per line, less 25 per cent discount, if paid quarterly in advance.

HOLSTEIN CATTLE.—My Herd at Exhibitions of 1887, '88, and '89 won all the Chief Prizes—winning more Money Prizes, more Gold and Silver Medals, and more Diplomas than were ever won at same number of Exhibitions by any herd of any breed of cattle in the Province. Young Bulls for sale. JOHN LEYS, Toronto, Ont.

GURNEYS' FARM & STOCK SCALE.

Patented
April 25, 1888.

Portable on
Wheels.
With Drop Lever



Capacity, 3,000 lbs.

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

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

Made very strong, of the best material and finish. So constructed that Extensions and Guards can be uncoupled when desired, and Scale used without them.

PRICE. See this Scale at your nearest Hardware Merchant, or write direct to Makers. MODERATE.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

GURNEYS' SCALE CO., HAMILTON, ONT.

THE ADAMS' TRUSS ROD WAGON.

Manufactured only by



ADAMS & SON,
PARIS, ONT.

These celebrated wagons are so well known throughout the entire Dominion that it seems almost superfluous to enumerate their merits. THE TRUSS ROD used on this wagon is superior to any other so-called Truss Rod, because it is the only one that passes through the Skain, thus strengthening the axle without adding to the weight. THE HIND CROCH is much longer than is usually found on any other wagon, thus strengthening the reach and causing the hind gear to run much steadier. THE TURN-OVER SEAT is something appreciated by all farmers when taking heavy loads of bagged grain; it is fitted with Iron Risers, Corner Plates, Seat Pockets and Front Hinges. Without doubt, the ADAMS TRUSS ROD WAGON is the Strongest, Best Proportioned, Best Made, Best Finished, and the Easiest Running Wagon in Canada.

WE ALSO MAKE TO ORDER,

Low-Wheeled Farm Trucks. Low-Wheeled Logging Trucks.

One and Two-Horse Lorries.

Manitoba Sleighs and Ontario Bob-Sleighs (with Patented Wrought-Iron Knees).

J. L. Dunn & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

VARNISHES,

JAPANS, HARD OIL FINISHES,
LIQUID DRYERS, &c., &c.

WINDSOR, - ONT.

Correspondence Solicited. Mention this paper.



MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Electro Gold and Silver Plate.

ARTISTIC AND DURABLE.

Purchasers are cautioned against the worthless trash with which Canada is being flooded through pedlars and unprincipled dealers.

If you want the best goods that can be produced see that this



TRADE MARK

is stamped on each article.

Also KNIVES, FORKS, and SPOONS stamped

"1847 ROGERS BROS. XII."

are genuine Rogers' goods.

Mention this Paper.



Every Stable should have
Peerless Hoof Ointment.

ROGERS' PEERLESS MACHINE OIL is specially manufactured for Farmers' Machinery, and excels in all the qualities necessary for Farmers' use.

BOYS FOR FARM HELP.

The managers of DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES desire to obtain good situations with farmers throughout the country for the boys they are sending out from time to time from their London Homes. There are at present nearly 3,000 children in these Homes, receiving an industrial training and education to fit them for positions of usefulness in life; and those who are sent to Canada will be selected with the utmost care, with a view to their moral and physical suitability for Canadian farm life. Farmers requiring such help are invited to apply to MR. ALFRED B. OWEN, Agent Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.

BUNTIN, REID & CO.

29 WELLINGTON STREET WEST,
TORONTO,

Wholesale Stationers.

Envelope and Blank Book Manufacturers.

PAPER MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS.

Mills at Valleyfield, on the River St. Lawrence.

CONSUMERS' CORDAGE COMPANY,

(LIMITED)

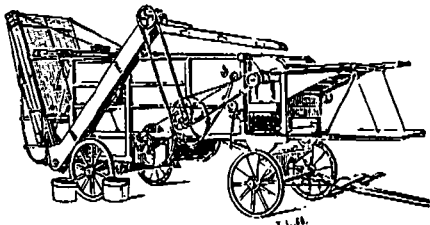
HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL, QUE.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Manila, Sisal, Russian, Jute and New Zealand Cordage. Binder Twine, Jute and Cotton Bags, Etc.

PRICES PROMPTLY GIVEN ON APPLICATION.

Sawyer & Massey Co., Ltd. HAMILTON, ONT.



HIGH CLASS

STEAM THRESHING OUTFITS

Of Various Styles and Sizes, and Suited to Various Countries.

Wood and Coal Burning
Straw Burning and Traction **ENGINES**

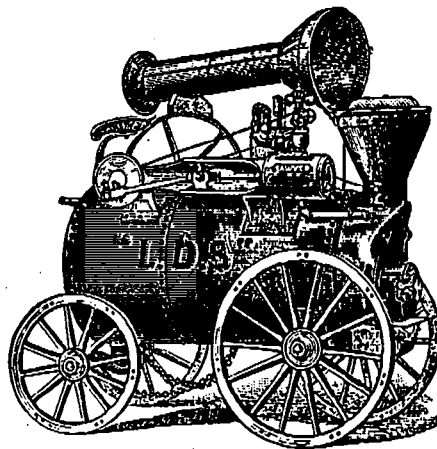
The Most Economical in Fuel and Water.

Also Horse & Tread Powers, Various Sizes
CUTTING BOXES & HARROWS.

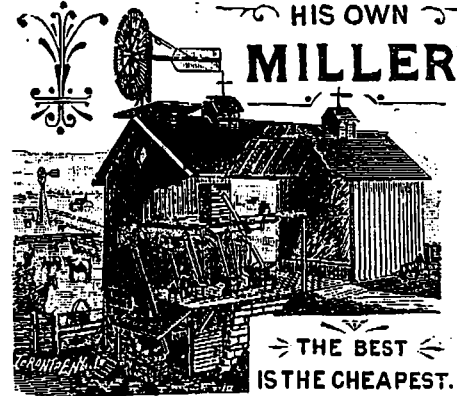
The Best Threshing Machinery to be had.
See Before Buying.

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue and read what the prominent threshermen of the Dominion say about our Engines and Separators.

SAWYER & MASSEY CO., Hamilton, Ont.



EVERY FARMER
HIS OWN
MILLER



THE BEST FARMERS ALWAYS BUY THE

HALLADAY STANDARD

For Pumping Water or Running Machinery, etc.

Large Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on application to

ONTARIO PUMP CO.
TORONTO, ONT.

Mention this Paper.

DONALD C. RIDOUT & CO.,

Patent Experts.

SOLICITORS OF HOME AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1887.

22 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Toronto Lithographing Co.

GLOBE BUILDING.

Show Cards, Labels, Calendars,

Advertising Cards, etc

also, **FINE WOOD ENGRAVING.**



The Great
AMERICAN HOG.

Two-thirds more raised than all breeds in the United States. Rapid growth. Most Pork for food consumed by actual test. Pedigreed. 200 FOR SALE.

G. M. Anderson,

Tyneside, Ont.

