

# • Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

## Christmas Number.

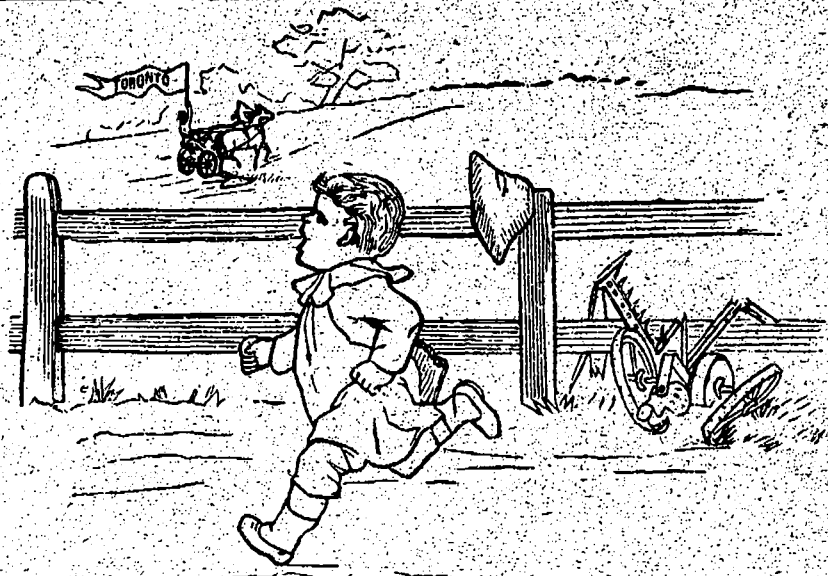
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Toronto, December, 1892.



A CHRISTMAS LETTER TO TIM, OUT IN CANADA.

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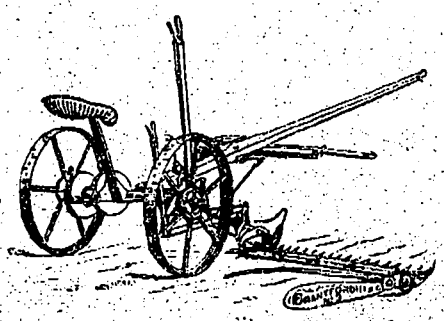
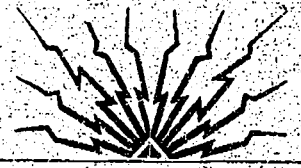
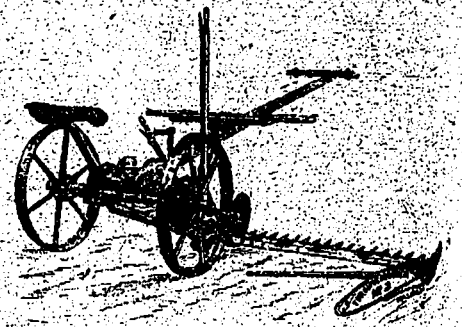


**THIS IS A BOY.**

Can the boy run? Oh, yes, the boy can run. Can the boy hop? Yes, the boy can hop, too. The boy is now hop-ping off af-ter some re-pair parts to fix his pa-pa's ma-chine, and he is hop-ping mad, too; and his pa is mad-der still. Why does the boy run so fast? Be-cause his pa is in a great hur-ry for him to get a new bolt, and a new wheel, and a new pin and some oth-er things. Why don't his pa send for a new ma-chine and be done with it. The boy's pa will get a new mow-er, and it will be a "To-ron-to" or "Brant-ford," you can make sure of that. Then he can mow the grass all day long and all sum-mer long, like his neigh-bor, and then the poor boy will not have to be hop-ping a-round like shot on a sho-vel for re-pairs.—*New Primer.*

**TORONTO  
MOWERS**

**(3 SIZES.)**



**(4 STYLES.)**

**Brantford  
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(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER, 1892.

[Vol. 4, No. 12.]

## Christmas Day on "Old Windy."

THE sun had barely shown the rim of his great red disc above the sombre woods and snow-crowned crags of the opposite ridge, when Dick Herne, his rifle in his hand, stepped out of his father's log cabin, perched high among the precipices of Old Windy Mountain. He waited motionless for a moment, and all the family trooped to the door to assist at the time-honored ceremony of firing a salute to the day.

Suddenly the whole landscape catches a rosy

glow, Dick whips up his rifle, a jet of flame darts swiftly out, a sharp report rings all around the world, and the sun goes grandly up—while the little tow-headed mountaineers hurrah shrilly for "Chris'mus!"

As he began to re-load his gun the small boys clustered around him, their hands in the pockets of their baggy jeans trousers, their heads inquiringly askew.

"They air a-goin' ter hev a pea-fowl fur dinner down yander to Birk's Mill," Dick remarked.

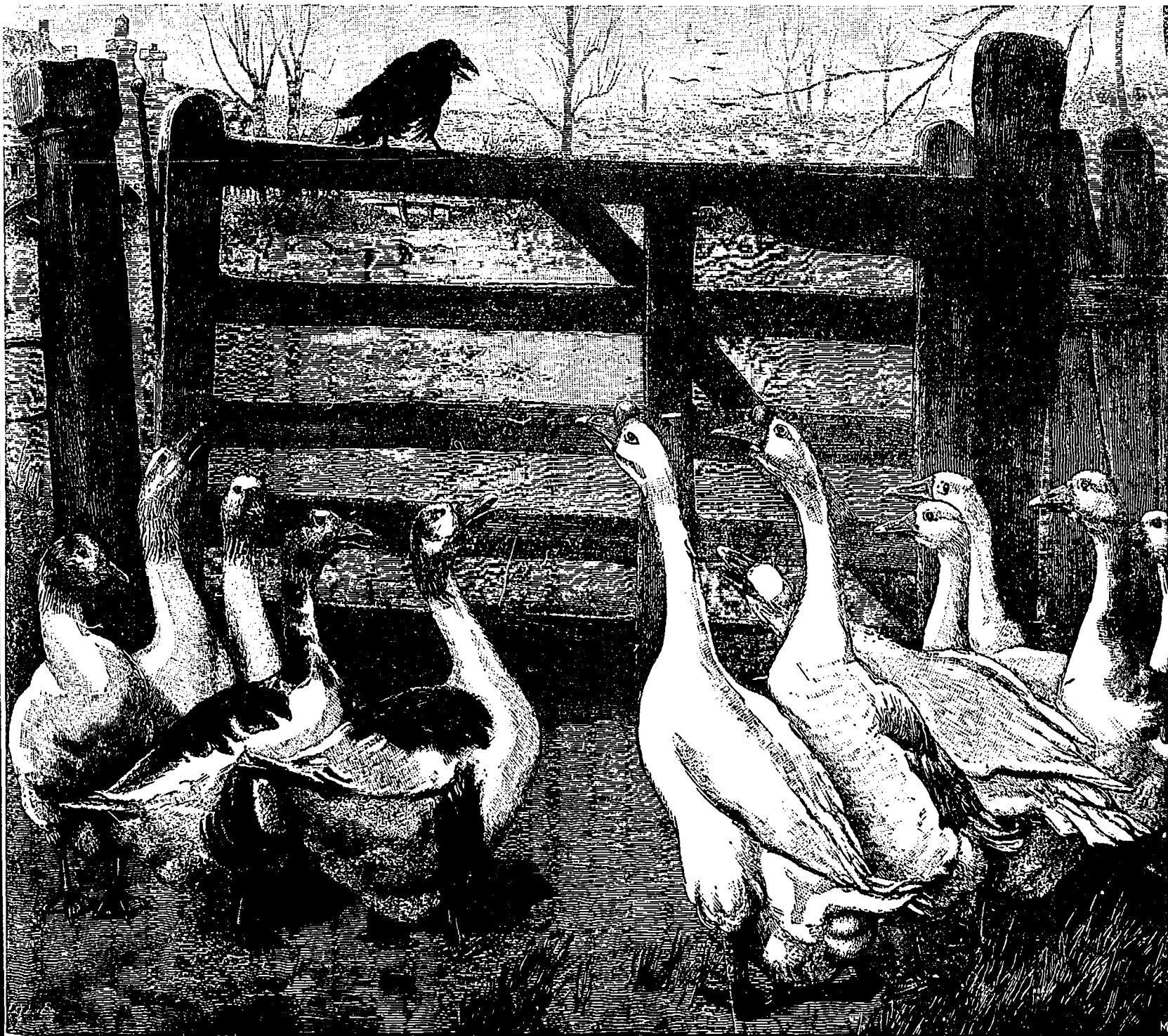
The smallest boy smacked his lips—not that he

knew how pea-fowl tastes, but he imagined unutterable things.

"Somehows I hates fur ye ter go ter eat at Birk's Mill—they air sech a set o' drinkin' men down thar ter Malviny's house," said Dick's mother, as she stood in the doorway, and looked anxiously at him.

For his elder sister was Birk's wife, and to this great feast he was invited as a representative of the family, his father being disabled by "rheumatics," and his mother kept home by the necessity of providing dinner for those four small boys.

"Hain't I done promised ye not ter tech a drap o' liquor this Chris'mus day?" asked Dick.



A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

"That's a fac'," his mother admitted. "But boys, an' men folks gularly, air scandalous easy ter break a promise whar whiskey is in it."

"I'll hev ye ter know that when I gin my word I keeps it!" cried Dick proudly.

He little dreamed how that promise was to be assailed before the sun went down.

He was a tall, sinewy boy, deft of foot as all these mountaineers are, and a seven-mile walk in the snow to Birk's Mill he considered a mere trifle. He tramped along cheerily enough through the silent solitudes of the dense forest.

All at once—it was a terrible shock of surprise—he was sinking! Was there nothing beneath him but the vague depths of air to the base of the mountain? He realized with a quiver of dismay that he had mistaken a huge drift-filled fissure, between a jutting crag and the wall of the ridge, for the solid snow-covered ground. He tossed his arms about wildly in his effort to grasp something firm. The motion only dislodged the drift. He felt that he was falling, and he was going down—down—down with it. He saw the trees on the summit of Old Windy disappear. He caught one glimpse of the neighboring ridges. Then he was blinded and enveloped in this cruel whiteness. What would they say at home and at Birk's Mill? One last thought of the "pea-fowl," and he seemed to slide swiftly away from the world with the snow.

He was unconscious probably only for a few minutes. When he came to himself he found that he was lying, half-submerged in the great drift, on the slope of the mountain, and the dark icicle-begirt cliff towered high above. He stretched his limbs—no bones broken! He could hardly believe that he had fallen unhurt from those heights. He was still a little dizzy and faint, but otherwise uninjured.

Now a great perplexity took hold on him. How was he to make his way back up the mountain, he asked himself, as he looked at the inaccessible cliffs looming high into the air. All the world around him was unfamiliar. He would be half the day in finding the valley road that led to Birk's Mills. He rose to his feet and gazed about him in painful indecision. The next moment a thrill shot through him, to which he was unaccustomed.

For he heard voices! Not from the cliffs above,—but from below! He stood motionless, listening intently, his eyes distended, and his heart beating fast.

All silence! Not even the wind stirred in the pine thicket. Dick rubbed his eyes. It was no dream. There was the thicket—but whose were the voices that had rung out faintly from beneath it?

A crowd of superstitions surged upon him. He was remembering fireside legends, horrible enough to raise the hair on a civilized, educated boy's head; much more horrible, then, to a young barbarian like Dick. On this, the most benign day of all that ever dawns upon the world, was he led into these endless wastes of forest to be terrified by the "harnts"?

Suddenly those voices from the earth again! One was singing a drunken catch—it broke into falsetto, and ended with an unmistakable hiccup.

Dick's blood came back with a rush.

"I hev never hearn toll o' the hoobies gittin' boozy!" he said with a laugh. "That's whar they hev got the upper-hand o' humans."

As he gazed again at the thicket, he saw now what he had been too much agitated to observe before, a column of dense smoke that rose from far down the declivity, and seemed to make haste to hide itself among the low-hanging bows of a clump of fir-trees.

"It's somebody's house down thar," was Dick's conclusion.

When he neared the smoke he paused abruptly, staring once more.

There was no house! The smoke rose from among low pine bushes. Above were the snow-laden branches of the fir.

"Ef thar war a house hyar I reckon I could see it!" said Dick, doubtfully, infinitely mystified.

There was a continual drip, drip, all around. Yet a thaw had not set in. There was heat below certainly, a strong heat, and somebody was keeping the fire up steadily.

"An' air it folks ez live underground like foxes an' sech!" Dick exclaimed, astonished, as he came upon a large, irregularly-shaped rift in the

rocks, and heard the same reeling voice from within beginning to sing once more. But for this bacchanalian melody the noise of Dick's entrance might have given notice of his approach. As it was, the inhabitants of this strange place were even more surprised than he, when, after groping through a dark, low passage, an abrupt turn brought him into a lofty, vaulted apartment. There was a great flare of light, which revealed six or seven muscular men grouped about a large copper vessel built into a rude stone furnace, and all the air was pervaded by an incomparably strong alcoholic odor. The boy started back with a look of terror. That pale terror was reflected on each man's face, as on a mirror. At the sight of the young stranger they all sprang up with the same gesture—each instinctively laid his hand upon the pistol that he wore.

Poor Dick understood it all at last. He had stumbled upon a nest of distillers, only too common among these mountains. He realized that in discovering their stronghold he had learned a secret that was by no means a safe one for him to know. And he was in their power, at their mercy!

"Don't shoot!" he faltered. "I jes' want ter ax the folks ter tell me the way ter Birk's Mill!"

What would he not have given to be on the bleak mountain outside!

One of the men caught him as if anticipating an attempt to run. Two or three, after a low-toned colloquy, took their rifles, and crept cautiously outside to reconnoitre the situation. Dick comprehended their suspicion with new quakings. They imagined that he was a spy, and had been sent among them to discover them plying their forbidden vocation. The penalty of their still was imprisonment for them. His heart sank as he thought of it; they would never let him go.

After a time the reconnoitering party came back.

"Nothin' stirrin'," said the leader, tersely.

"I misdoubts," muttered another, casting a look of deep suspicion on Dick. "Thar air men out thar, I'm a-thinkin', hid somewhar."

"They air furdur 'n a mile off, ennyhow," returned the first speaker. "We never lef' so much ez a bush 'thout sarchin' of it."

"The officers can't find this place no-ways 'thout that thar chap for a guide," said a third, with a surly nod of his head at Dick.

"We're safe enough, boys, safe enough!" cried a stout-built, red-faced, red-bearded man, evidently very drunk, and with a voice that broke into quavering falsetto as he spoke. "This chap can't do nothin'. We hev got him bound hand an' foot. Hyar air the Philistines, boys! Mighty little Philistine, though! hi!" He tried to point jeeringly at Dick, and forgot what he had intended to do before he could fairly extend his hand. Then his rollicking head sank on his breast, and he began to troll again,—

"Old Adam he kem loafin' round,  
He spied the peelin's on the ground!"

One of the more sober of the men had extinguished the fire in order that they might not be betrayed by the smoke outside to the officers whom they fancied were seeking them. The place, chilly enough at best, was growing bitter cold. The strange subterranean beauty of the surroundings, the wall and arches, scintillating wherever they caught the light, were oddly incongruous with the beastly, bloated faces, and uncouth figures of the distillers.

He observed that they were making preparations for flight, and once more the fear of what they would with him clutched at his heart.

"This haar cub will go blab," was the first suggestion.

"He will keep mum," said the vocalist, glancing at the boy with a jovially tipsy combination of leer and wink. "Hyar is the persuader!" He rapped sharply on his pistol. "This 'll scotch his wheel."

"Hold yer own jaw—ye drunken 'possum!" retorted another of the group. "Ef ye fire off that pistol in hyar we'll have all these hyar rocks"—he pointed at the walls and the long colonnades—"answerin' back an' yowin' like a pack o' hounds on a hot scent. Ef thar air folks outside, the noise would fotch 'em down on us fur true!"

Dick breathed more freely. The rocks would speak up for him! He could not be harmed with all these tell-tale witness at hand.

The man who had put out the fire, who had led the reconnoitering party, who had made all the active preparations for departure, who seemed, in

short, to be an executive committee of one—a long, lank, lazy-looking mountaineer, with a decision of action in startling contrast to his whole aspect, now took this matter in hand.

"Nothin' easier," he said, tersely. "Fill him up. Make him ez drunk ez a fraish b'iled owl. Then lead him to the t'other end o' the cave, an' blind-fold him, an' lug him off five mile in the woods, an leave him thar. He'll never know what he hev seen nor done."

In the preparations for departure all the lights had been extinguished, except a single lantern, and a multitude of shadows had come thronging from the deeper recesses of the cave. In the faint glimmer the figures of the men loomed up, indistinct, gigantic, distorted. They hardly seemed men at all to Dick; rather some evil under-ground creature, neither beast nor human.

And he was to be made as besotted, as loathsome, even more helpless, than they, in order that his senses might be sapped away, and he should remember no story to tell. There was his promise to his mother! As the long, lank, lazy-looking mountaineer pressed the whiskey upon him, he threw it off with a gesture so unexpected and vehement that the cracked jug fell to the floor, and was shattered to fragments.

Dick lifted an appealing face to the man who seized him with a strong grip. "I can't—I won't," the boy cried wildly. "I—I—promised my mother!"

He looked around the circle deprecatingly. He expected first a guffaw and then a blow, and he dreaded the ridicule more than the pain.

But there were neither blows nor ridicule. They all gazed at him, astounded. Then a change, which Dick hardly comprehended, flitted across the face of the man who had grasped him. He turned away abruptly, with a bitter laugh that startled all the echoes.

"I—I promised my mother, too!" he cried. "It air good that she's whar she can't know how I hev kep' it."

And then there was a sudden silence. It seemed to Dick, strangely enough, like the sudden silence that comes after a prayer.

The "executive committee" promptly recovered himself. But he made no further attempt to force the whiskey upon the boy. Under some whispered instructions which he gave the others, Dick was half led, half dragged through immensely long black halls of the cave, while one of the men went before carrying the feeble lantern. When the first glimmer of daylight appeared in the distance, he understood that the cave had an outlet other than the one by which he had entered, and evidently miles distant from it. Thus it was that the distillers were well enabled to baffle the law that sought them.

They stopped here and blindfolded the boy. How far and where they dragged him through the snowy mountain wilderness outside, Dick never knew. He was exhausted when at length they allowed him to pause. As he heard their steps dying away in the distance, he tore the bandage from his eyes, and found that they had left him in the midst of the wagon road to make his way to Birk's Mill as best he might. When he reached it the wintry sun was low in the western sky, and the very bones of the "pea-fowl" were picked.

On the whole, it seemed a sorry Christmas Day, as Dick could not know then—indeed, he never knew—what good results it brought forth. For among those who took the benefit of the clemency extended by the government to the "moonshiners" of this region, on condition that they discontinued illicit distilling for the future, was a certain long, lank, lazy-looking mountaineer who suddenly became sober and steady and a law-abiding citizen. He had been reminded, this Christmas Day, of a broken promise to a dead mother.—*Youth's Companion*.

To clean a stove zinc or zinc-lined bathtub, mix ammonia and whiting to a smooth paste, apply it to the zinc and let it dry. Then rub it off until no dust remains.

BROWN BREAD.—Take one pint sweet milk, one teacup of molasses, put on the stove and let it come to the boiling point. Take from the fire and add at once, one quart of brown flour, a tablespoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of soda. Bake immediately.

## Smoky Days.

IN SIX CHAPTERS

### CHAP. IV.—RAIN IN THE BRAZEAU.—Continued.

The mother rose, and stood staggering.

"Where's Pete?" she cried.

"I don't know, Mrs. Armstrong. The letter—it's from Mr. Bracy. He and Pete went through the fire together."

"The fire didn't get them?"

"No, ma'am."

"Oh, thank God, thank God! I can stand it if he's not dead that way. But where is he? Alive?"

"Bracy hopes so."

"Pete's lost, then?"

"He is—in a way. But let me read you Mr. Bracy's story. He was up nearly all night writing it. He thought it would ease your heart to know all about it. The chief sent me up on purpose that you should know what is being done."

"He didn't desert Pete, then? No—I'm sure."

"Not much. They were separated by a strange accident. Listen." He began reading the letter.

Vincent had written out pretty fully the story of his march with Pete down Lost Creek, through the fire, and to the cavern's mouth. The letter went on:—

"When I picked myself up, my torch was almost out. I whirled it till it blazed, and then saw that I had run across the old channel of the creek and against a solid wall of rock that ran up to the roof of the cave, I suppose. Pete was gone down the water running within two yards of me. All I heard was its rushing into the passage that turned to the left.

"At that place, the cave forked like a Y. The water runs down the left arm of the Y, and fills the whole space between the high walls there. It looks as if it had broken down slanting through the bed of its course and run into the left arm of the Y, after it had been running into the right arm for ages.

"I was lying at the fork of the Y, in the right-hand passage, while Pete had been swept swiftly away down the other passage into darkness."

"He's gone, gone forever!" moaned Mrs. Armstrong. The young man read on:—

"When I got up and tried to look down the passage after Pete, I heard a pouring sound away ahead as well as the rushing of the water I was stooping over. The passage I was in was wider than the other, and I thought it must lead me into the place where Pete had been carried to. The cave, down river below Kelly's Crossing, has passages that branch and come together again."

"That's so," said the pioneer.

"So I thought it best to follow the right-hand passage instead of going in after Pete. I hope you will see that I did not wish to desert him. My idea was that I might reach him soon, and if he was in any distress, I might be all the better able to help him if I went by the dry passage."

"He did right," said the pioneer.

"Vincent would be glad to hear you say that," said the rod man. "He was greatly distressed by his miscalculation."

"Then he didn't get him again?" cried the mother.

"He will find him. We know he must be still in the cave. Ten men went up before daylight to reach him. There's reason for hope. Listen again to Vincent's letter:—'I lit another bundle of cedars, and went on. Pretty soon the cavern began to rattle with the thunder outside. The air vibrated so much that one might almost fear the cave wall would fall in. I could not see a flash of lightning at all.

How long I went on I don't know, but it seemed half a mile or more. My last torch had just been lighted when I had a great scare, and saw the strangest sight.

For some time there had been a strong smell as of wild animals. Suddenly the passage in front of me seemed alive with creatures that snarled, growled, yelped, and ran.

Now, you'll understand that those beasts couldn't trouble Pete. He went with the stream—they had been forced into the dry passage by the fire. And they were much afraid of my torch. I could not see one of them at first—there was nothing but blackness and the yelling and snarling. It grew fainter as they ran away, without looking around, for I never saw a glint of their eyes.

"At last, as the course of the old channel turned, I saw daylight ahead of me, and a crowd of beasts going out of the cave's mouth. I made out some bears, that shuffled along at the tail of the procession, but I could not clearly see the others. But I'm pretty sure there were wolves, skunks, and wild-cats in the herd.

"I was anxious to reach daylight, for I supposed I should see Pete out there. But when I reached the mouth of the cave, I saw nothing of him or the creek."

"Pete's lost! We shall never see him!" said his mother.

"Yes, you will. Listen to the letter," said the rod man. "Vincent has something important to tell of what he heard coming through. He says: 'I think we shall find Pete to-morrow morning. There must be a hole from the passage I came through to the passage he went down. The reason I think so is this: Just where I stood when I saw the animals go out of the cave's mouth, I thought I heard a sound of falling water—that must have been the creek.

"The sound seemed to come from above my head. Perhaps I had passed the entrance to another corridor without noticing it, for I was a good deal taken up with fear of the beasts ahead of me.

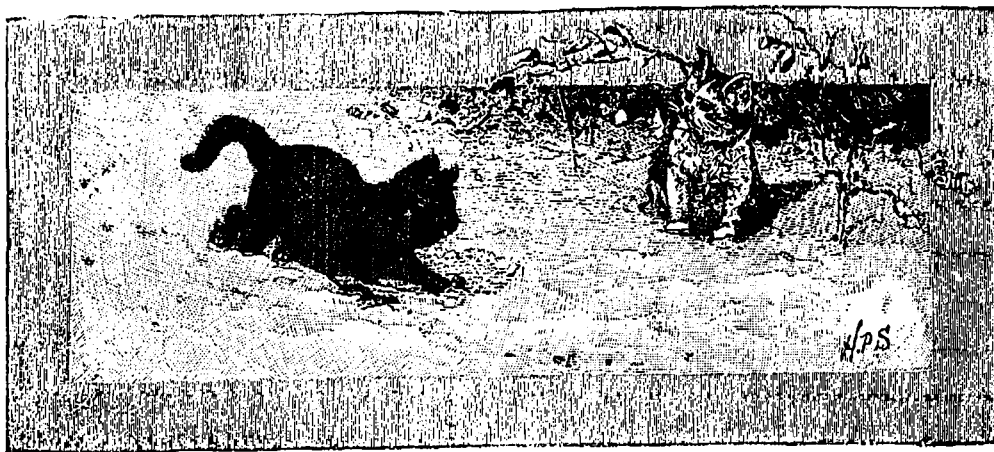
"We are going as soon as the men have had a sleep, to look up the place where the sound of falling water came from. I think we shall find Pete there, for if he had come through before me, or soon afterward, I should have heard him answering to my shouts."

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong looked hopelessly at each other.

"Vincent," said the rod man, "was so tired that he seems to have forgotten to write out here some things he told us in camp. For instance, one of his reasons for supposing there must be a passage to Pete is this: the floor of the passage Vincent came through began to ascend while he was looking at the animals. He did not remember where he had passed off the gravel and sand of the old bed of the creek, but he found he had passed off it a good while before he reached the open air.

"After he began to think of something besides





the beasts, he noticed that he was going up a slowly rising floor of rock, where no water had ever run. So you see the ancient channel of the creek turned off somewhere. It never flowed where Vincent came out, but took a turn to where Pete is. You can understand that?"

"Yes—the water had been kind of stopped by the rise, and turned off."

"That's what Vincent thinks. Now he is going, or rather he did go before daylight with ten men to look up that passage through which the sound of water came. He'll find Pete," said the rod man confidently. "But listen—you may as well hear the rest of his letter:

"I looked for the place where the creek came out of the mountain, but the air was dark with the storm, and the thunder was rattling. So I could hear no water running except the rapids of the river not far ahead. I thought I had better go to camp for men. So I climbed down the hill to the river, found I remembered the banks below, and went about four miles down stream to camp, where I am now.

"To-morrow morning, long before you get this letter, I will find Pete if I have to follow him down the chute."

"He will do it, too," said the rod man, admiringly. "The little beggar has any amount of pluck. He'll risk his life to find your son."

"Pete is dead for sure," said his hopeless mother.

"Well, I don't b'lieve it, maw," said Mary.

"Mr. Bracy's going to fetch him back—that's what I think."

"It might be, Hannah," said the pioneer.

"Where you two going?" he said to the rod man and axe man who had come with Vincent's letter.

"Straight back to camp."

"I'll join you," said David Armstrong.

"There's no use. Pete's gone—he'd be drowned anyway," said the poor mother, with the first burst of tears since her son left.

"He's a good swimmer, isn't he?" asked the rod man.

"First-rate," said Mary.

"Then why should he not escape? He'd go through a big rapid safely. What was the chute but a smooth rapid in the dark? Vincent will find him."

"Dead!" said the mother.

"No—safe and sound."

"But he'd be eat up by the bears."

The rod man looked uneasy, but spoke confidently:—

"Your son had his match-box, and could make a fire if he landed down below."

"What with?"

"With driftwood. Vincent says there was driftwood along the banks inside the cave just the same as on the banks above."

"It might be," said the mother, striving for hope. "Oh, mebbly my son will come back! Davy," she whispered, as her husband reappeared in readiness for the journey down the river, "if you don't find him I'll die. I can't keep up without seeing Pete again. Carry him easy if he's dead—but no, I daren't believe but he's alive."

#### CHAPTER V.—IMPRISONED IN THE CAVE.

PETE ARMSTRONG, with all his senses about him, floated on his back, on and on through the cavern's unmitigated darkness, down the steep slide of almost unbroken water. He was not without fear of the unknown before him, but the fear was not in

the nature of despair—rather of wonder. A stolid conviction that the worst which could befall him would be less dreadful than the fire-death which he had escaped, helped to console the young pioneer.

Wonder predominated in his mind—wonder at the smoothness, swiftness, and length of the chute. This wonder had almost become horror at being so borne on and on through darkness, when the current seemed to go from under him.

Down he tumbled, head over heels, into a great depth of bubbling and whirling water.

Its currents pulled him this way and that, rolling him helplessly. The forces pressed him deeper and deeper till all in an instant, they thrust him aside. An up current caught him and brought him, gasping and spluttering, to the air.

Impenetrable darkness no longer filled the cavern. It was dimly lighted from the outer world.

Pete soon cleared himself from the indraw of the cascade which, jumping straight down thirty feet, scarcely disturbed at a hundred feet distance the long pond into which it fell. The boy trod water, gazed, and listened amazed to the crashing of thunder that rolled over and reverberated in the high vault.

He knew a storm had begun. The cavern, during intervals between the lightning flashes that revealed something of its extent, was dimly lighted from a narrow crack or fissure, which was about three hundred yards distant from and directly opposite to the cascade down which Pete had dropped.

This crack, starting from the floor of rock, went up nearly straight two hundred feet to a hole in the roof. Pete, swimming now in smooth water, thought that this hole, so irregular in shape, looked like one that would be made by battering in the gable end of his father's barn.

Above this hole he could see a patch of sky and storm-clouds hurrying across it. They were distinctly visible—he saw the sky through the hole as one might see it from a place two hundred feet down a slanting tunnel. And the tall, narrow strip of sky which he saw through the narrow fissure that extended from the cavern's floor to the roof-hole, was as if seen from one end of a cathedral aisle through a straight, narrow crack in its wall of masonry.

Pete swam to the right or south bank of the creek, landed, and stared all around the cavern. The ravine, though roofed, was, so far as he could distinguish by the lightning's gleams, such as it had been before the creek became subterranean.

The main difference he noted were a considerable increase of the cavern's width and its intersection by another ravine, also covered.

The floor of this intersecting cavern was some sixty feet higher than where Pete stood. Its roof was as high as that directly over his head. He saw the intersecting cave as an enormous black hole high up in the side of the wall.

Evidently the creek had in former ages jumped down through that hole out of the intersecting ravine into that from which the young pioneer looked up. He could see the discoloration left by flowing water on the now dry rock.

He could see how the ancient creek, coming out as from a roofed aisle, had descended in two steps, the lower about twenty, the upper about forty feet in height. Even when the lightning flashed he could see nothing back of the upper step. There absolute darkness was back of the outline of the high hole in the wall.

He turned to look at the pond's left or north

bank. There the precipice which formed the cave's wall rose apparently straight up out of the water.

The boy stood on the right or south side of the pond on the edge of a bank about one hundred and twenty feet wide, which sloped gently to the foot of the wall out of which the creek had formerly jumped down.

After staring round till he had seen all this, Pete ran, as if alarmed by the solemnity of the cave, straight to the tall fissure, which gave a dim light to his path. The boy hoped to get through the crack.

Fancy trying to squeeze through between two towering walls of rough-faced masonry less than a foot apart! Pete crowded in his head and right shoulder.

There he stuck—the crack was too narrow! The length of the passage seemed about ten feet.

"I'd need to be rolled out like one of mother's lard cakes," said Pete as he drew back, faced the fissure and stood gazing at the open, so near and so unattainable.

The light nerved and encouraged him. He was so much a boy of action that the dangers he had passed were scarcely present to his recollection. Nor did he yet wholly comprehend the danger in which he stood.

His main thought was that his people were homeless; that his poor mother was in the root-house, perhaps dying; that he must get to her; that freedom was within ten feet of him, and that he would somehow find or force a way out.

"If I had that surveyor chap to help," said Pete aloud, and looked back to the cascade.

Would Vincent Bracy come through?

Pete watched the dim cascade falling as from a narrow, high gothic window. The stream filled the whole width of the aperture. It fell as unbroken as from the end of a flume. Pete could, when the lightning flashed, see a little of the sloping surface of the swift, smooth chute down which he had come.

While wondering whether Vincent would tumble over the cascade, he resumed his study of the interior.

A few yards north of him, and to the left side of the fissure, the pond narrowed to the ordinary width of the creek. There the stream turned, like an obtuse-angled elbow-joint, to the left, and flowed gently on into complete darkness.

Out of this darkness as if from far away came a strange gurgling and washing of water, intermingled with a sound like *loop—loop—loop*—such as water often makes when flowing a whirl out of the bottom of a basin beneath a tap.

Not even by the lightning flashes could Pete see down the corridor into which the creek thus turned. All he could make out was that this corridor or ravine was nearly on a line with the higher-floored ravine out of which the creek had jumped in ancient days.

The three corridors, that in which the pond lay, that down which the dry channel came from the south, and that into which the creek ran on a northerly course, did not connect exactly at right angles. They were all roofed at, apparently, pretty much the same height as the chute which terminated in the cascade down which Pete had tumbled.

The stream, which had poured for ages into the cave, by either the old or the new channel, appeared never to have had a sufficient exit in flood time. From the hue of the walls some fifteen feet above where Pete stood, the water seemed to have accumulated often in the cave, swept round and round, and at the same time discharged part of its volume through the narrow fissure.

Pete's curiosity to know the cause of that strange *loop—loop* was strong, but not strong enough to lead him along the wall in the dark to what might prove another voyage down a slide and a cascade. But he determined to make the exploration by torchlight.

The sloping floor of the covered ravine's right bank, on which Pete stood, was littered with driftwood. As he searched among it for cedar, the easiest of woods to split with the hunting-knife he still carried, he noticed some entire but small trunks of trees.

Then it came into his mind that he might escape by the old dry channel, if only he could find a pole long enough to help him up the forty-foot-high wall he could see behind the lower step of twenty feet.

It is necessary to understand clearly the aspect

which the old channel presented to the boy. Conceive, then, a church door forty feet wide and two hundred feet high. Conceive the door to be as wide as the corridor into which it offered an opening. Conceive two steps, the lower of twenty, the upper of forty feet in height, barring you from entering the corridor. Thus did the old channel step up from the cave where Pete stood.

His search for a long pole was rewarded, after he had built a bright fire of cedar. Its smoke drifted in various directions for awhile, some going up the old channel, some down toward the passage whence the *cloop-cloop* came. But the greater cloud, which soon drew all the smoke with it, went out of the hole in the roof at the top of the narrow fissure.

The young pioneer found a tall cedar, perfectly dry, for the cavern was not damp.

With little difficulty he ascended the lower or twenty-foot-high step of the old channel. All the bark had been torn from the cedar as it came down the rapids in flood time, but short bits of the branches remained. These assisted him to climb.

He had reached the top of the first step, and nearly hauled the cedar up after him when he thought him that a torch would be needed after he should have attained the top of the next or forty-foot-high step.

Pete descended and split a bundle of cedar.

While engaged at this work he thought he heard, as from far away, sounds as of snarling and yelling wild beasts. He listened with cold creeping over his skin. Were wild beasts coming toward him?

But the sounds ceased. He doubted whether his ears had not deceived him. Only the swishing of wind away off in the old channel had, he hoped, reached him. But he felt the edge and point of his hunting-knife after he had drawn himself again up the lower ledge.

Soon he had dragged his pole to the upper step. It was barely long enough to reach the top. Piling many broken rocks that he found strewn there around the foot of the pole to hold it steady, he soon had his head above the upper ledge.

Lifting himself by his hands and elbows, he stood joyfully on the upper floor of the intersecting ravine.

Pete whirled the small torch that he carried as he climbed. From it he lit another, and went bravely ahead.

For a hundred yards the floor was of gravel, sand and bits of fallen rock. His torches showed him nothing more except the towering and jagged walls. He wondered what stealthy creatures, far up there in the blackness of darkness, might not be watching him.

But trusting his torches to scare away any wolves or bears that the forest fire might have scared into the cavern, he went boldly on.

Thunder rolled more frequently, but he could no longer see ahead of him by the lightning flashes which had illuminated the main ravine that he had left.

When Pete stopped, he stopped with a cry of despair. The passage was blocked by enormous masses of rock.

The foot of the pile was of pieces that he could climb over for some forty feet. But there the pile, consisting of fragments as high as small houses, towered up without any visible end into the blackness above.

It was plain that part of the roof of the ravine had fallen in ages and ages before. Pete could see high enough to understand that his pole was useless here.

Poor fellow! The hope went out of his heart as he sat down and contemplated the enormous confusion which blocked his way.

He seemed to see himself away off in the clearing by the Brazeau and here in the darkness at the same time. He seemed to see the eyes of them all at home staring from infinite distance at him lost in the barred ravine.

Then the events of the yesterday came to his mind with full force. He fancied the fire sweeping through the forest toward his mother's home—he fancied the destruction of the cabin and the precious barn! At the thought of his mother lying—was she dead?—in the root-house, Pete's despair for her roused him from despair for himself.

"I must see mother again. I must! I will!" he thought, and remembered again the *cloop-clooping* sound in the main cave.

"Where the creek gets out I can get out," he

said, with new hope, and returned with difficulty down his pole to the lower floor of the vault.

Going again to the fissure, he stood by it pondering whether he could not get through. He thought him of how he had seen boulders broken by building a fire round them. They sometimes fell apart on cooling. Could he not reasonably expect that a fire built in the fissure would cause the sides to scale off? But little more space was needed to give him room for escape.

But the time? The plan would occupy days. How could he live in the meantime?

Pete went inquisitively to the pond and looked in. He whirled his torch close to the water. What he saw must have pleased him, for he actually laughed, and felt in his trousers pocket with a look of satisfaction.

But first he would ascertain where the creek went

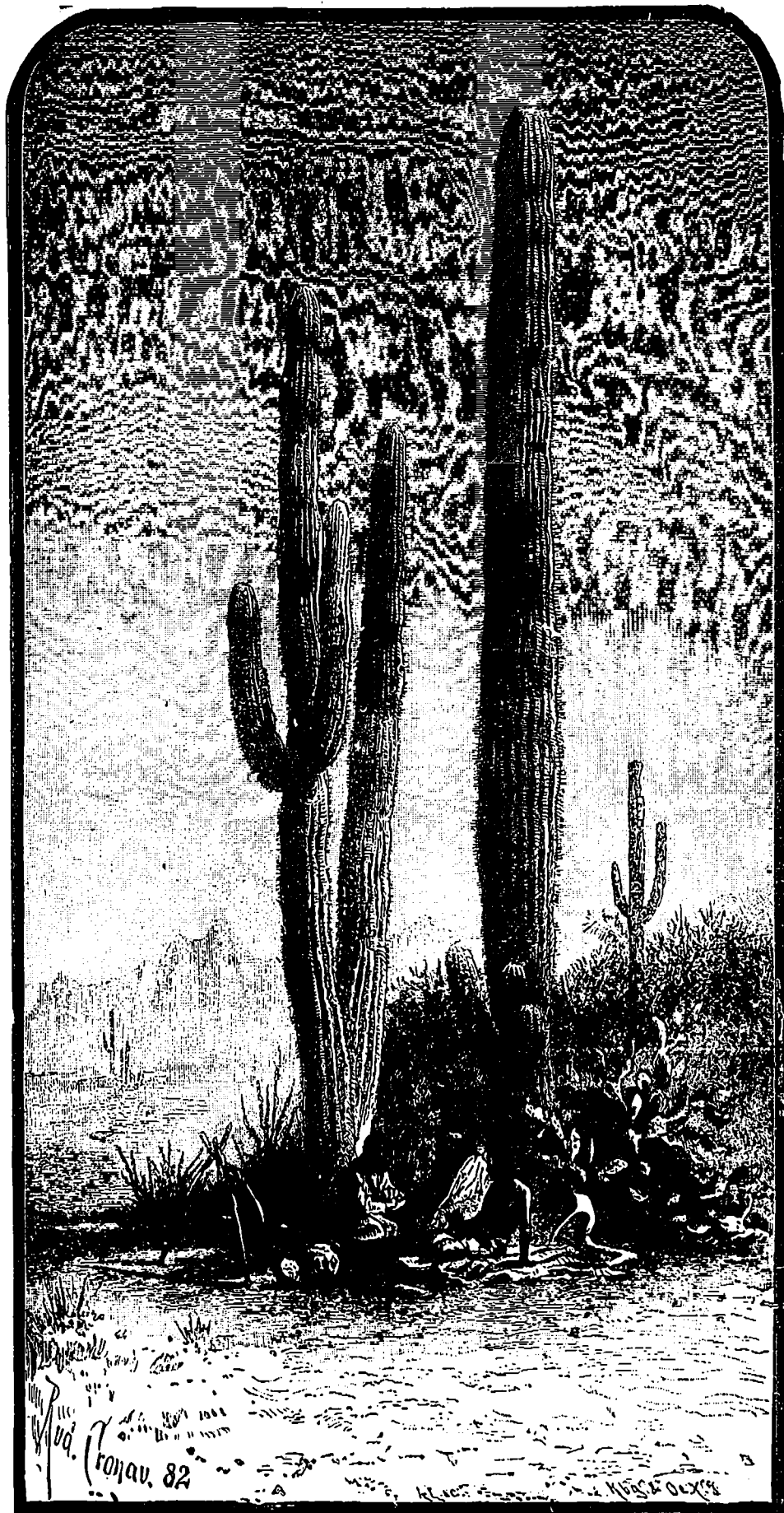
out of the cave. The place was not far away. He soon was by the one singular feature of his prison.

Where the end of the north-going ravine stopped short, the creek, after gliding smoothly down the south edge of a truly circular basin, ran whirling around and down as straight as if into a perpendicular pipe. The water, ridged and streaked with bubbles as it circled into the funnel, was clearly illuminated at the bottom.

The stream went down like water out of a basin under a tap. It might drop ten, twenty, or a hundred feet, Pete thought, but light certainly struck into it not very far below.

As the water gurgled and swashed around and around, a sucking sound sometimes was followed by the *cloop-cloop-cloop* that had at first caught his attention.

(To be continued.)



GIANT CACTUS.





When suns are low and nights are long,  
And winds bring wild alarms,  
Through the darkness comes the queen of the year,  
In all her peerless charms;  
December, fair and holly-crowned,  
With the Christ-child in her arms.



We wish our many readers a merry Christmas,  
and a happy New Year.

BEFORE the next number of the ILLUSTRATED reaches them, these festive occasions will have come and gone, but their pleasant memories will still be fresh. May all their memories be pleasant! Let the best and the brightest side alone remain to accompany us to the future, and may the sad, the distressing, the sorrows and shadows remain behind. It is often well to have sorrows and trials, but if they are looked at aright, they will disclose hidden comforts and joys. Sins committed are lined with the gracious possibilities of a sanctified life; errors may be placed on a background of truth and righteousness; around repentance there is the gleaming halo of hope; determination to do better, to turn failure to success will be strengthened and sustained by a cheerful view of things. This is the spirit in which we all should go forward, remembering that,

Men may rise on stepping stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

LAST month considerable prominence was given in the agricultural press to a circular from Melbourne, Australia, purporting to have been issued under the authority of a responsible committee of the South Australia Dairy Association. It related to the alleged advantage of using Black Pepsin in butter-making. The wide publication of the circular called forth many adverse replies, of which the following by Peter Collier, Geneva, N. Y., is characteristic:—"I see in certain of our agricultural papers what purports to be the report of a committee of the South Australia Dairy Association, concerning a matter which is beyond doubt a fraud. While I know nothing personally concerning this so-called Black Pepsin, which, it is said, will more than double the quantity of butter which can be produced from milk by the ordinary processes of creaming and churning, I do not hesitate to use so strong a word concerning it, as "fraud," for which I have the following sufficient reason: Every one knows that by the ordinary process of

butter-making from milk there is a small quantity of fat lost in the process of creaming, whether by setting or by the separator, and also in the buttermilk produced upon churning; but this loss is small—from 3 to 10 per cent.—not necessarily more than the former figure. Everybody knows also that butter is composed of fat, to which a little salt is added, and in which a little casein is mechanically intermingled, and more or less water—from 12 to 15 per cent. That therefore, the quantity of butter produced from any given sample of milk by the ordinary processes of butter-making can be doubled in quantity, is absolutely impossible. It is true that by certain processes some of the other constituents of the milk may be collected along with

the fat, as in the case in the making of cheese, but it is a fraud to speak of such a mixed product as butter, and I trust that no one of our dairymen may be led to suppose that there is any method by which the butter yield of their cows may be increased other than by the methods so frequently insisted upon, namely, careful selection of the cows and equal care in feeding. I received not long since a circular from some parties in Chicago, who purported to accomplish this same result claimed for black pepsin, and therefore think that our dairymen should be placed upon their guard."

THE enormous potato crop of Prince Edward Island is, according to reports from local correspondents, finding a ready market in the New England cities and towns, notwithstanding the tariff and the haulage expense. It was feared the large yield of 10,000,000 bushels, would so congest the market and lower the price, that a much smaller crop would prove more profitable. Happily, in both these respects the fear has been found groundless. The price has maintained its standard and the demand has been good. It is fortunate for the farmers there that this is so for the other crops are a complete failure, and cattle have to be sold at cut prices to save them from starvation. A farmer writing on the subject to our able contemporary, the *Country Gentleman*, says:—"Potatoes are the only salvation of the farmers this year. There are a great many buyers down here from the New England towns. They must have great faith in the home market when they will give us the price we ask for the tubers, and pay 25c. duty, 15c. freight, and 5c. commission, insurance, &c., making 45c. in all, before they sell them in the New England markets. It would be interesting to know who pays the duty this year on our potatoes. Evidently the American consumer—and not only the duty but the freight and attendant expenses, making up the 45c. on each bushel of potatoes landed in Uncle Sam's domain. They evidently pay this because we are now getting a higher price for our potatoes than we did for ten years, viz., 30c. The American potato growers do not get the benefit of the 25c. duty this year, because our potatoes will be sold in the American markets at a big advance over home-grown tubers. Some wonderful stories are in circulation about the mammoth potatoes grown by different persons. One from the east says a farmer has a potato measuring 11½ inches. From the west comes the story of a man who has three potatoes that together measure 25 inches. At each farmer's house you go to, you will be shown three or four mammoth potatoes as a sample of his crop. The crop with many will average 300 bushels per acre, while the average of the county will be fully 200 bushels. Three-fourths of the potatoes grown in this Province are the McIntyre variety, a late potato, white in color, with purple eyes deeply indented, shape oblong and tapering. It is a very late potato, not maturing in this island before the

first of October. It is a wonderfully rank grower, out-yielding every other potato tried beside it in this Province. Many new varieties are being tried each year but none so far has displaced the McIntyre. It is a much stronger potato than any other kind I am acquainted with. It contains from five to eight per cent. more dry matter than the Early Rose, Hebron, St. Patrick, White Elephant, Empire State or any of the leading varieties."

PERHAPS the most important matter which transpired during the past month, so far as rural Canada is concerned, was the scheduling of our cattle at the British ports. At the outset it may be said that not only was the action of the British government a serious blow to Canadian farmers, but at the same time a shock to the sense of justice of a great majority of the British people. Certain shipments of cattle were landed at Dundee, some of the animals suffering from a sickness supposed to be pleuro-pneumonia. There was no certainty as to the disease, merely a suspicion. Several were slaughtered and reported upon, and immediately, a newspaper clamour springing up, Canadian cattle were prohibited live entry to Britain. But others than government surgeons examined the animals, and one of them, a man of world wide reputation in his profession, Professor Williams, of Edinburgh, declared that the disease was not the dreaded pleuro-pneumonia, and further, that it was not a contagious disease. Notwithstanding this emphatic statement from an undoubted authority, the Free Trade government of Britain still maintained the restrictive schedule in force. Then the artisans of Scotland took alarm. They reckoned and reckoned rightly that a measure practically amounting to an embargo on Canadian cattle, was equivalent to a tax on beef. They remonstrated. Their protest was followed by one from the Scotch graziers whose pastures were eaten up by stock cattle from Canada—with the same result, and Sir Charles Tupper struggled hard to induce the ministry to recede from the position taken up. He undertook to prove that Canada was free from contagious disease, and he was as good as his word. A strict investigation was made in the districts whence the cattle were shipped and measures were taken to examine every suspicious case throughout the entire country, still the reports of the veterinary experts were that no trace of pleuro-pneumonia could be found. In these circumstances it was plain that there was something behind the government's action than was professed. That something was political capital, and for a piece of political play, Canada must be scheduled. It is known that Canadian cattle are dangerous competitors in the British market with native cattle. The price of beef is kept at a medium or low price by the imports of stock from abroad. While this is a boon for the artisan and workman and the people generally, it reduces the revenue-power of British live stock raising, decreases the incomes of the farmers and the rents of the landlords. Hence the hue and cry against Canadian cattle, and there is little doubt Mr. Gardner, the minister of agriculture, has given more weight to the bitter cry of the British farmer than to the expert evidence upon the condition of the slaughtered cattle. A fact which tells in the case is that Mr. Gardner's own constituency is largely agricultural and that he is brought in close contact with the farming interest, at present very much depressed. The cable despatches indicate a movement on the part of farmers to organize into clubs for political action and should practical effect be given to this idea a new force with tremendous power will be launched into the already complicated political arena. To keep in touch with this important class would be an object, few ministers would shrink from, for the farmers of any country if properly organized can easily hold the balance of power. Yet the British government acted unwisely. The mere scheduling of Canadian cattle cannot remove the grievances of the British farmer who labours under the evils incident upon oppressive and unjust laws, and while the farmer does not get satisfaction, the mechanic is up in arms against dear food. The proper course to have taken would have been to face the situation fairly in the face, to repeal, amend, or enact laws where such is rendered necessary, laws which give too much power and too much privilege to the owner and too little

protection to the occupant of agricultural holdings. It will come to this, and when the British government realizes its duty and undertakes to perform it, the scheduling will be discontinued. In the meantime how is the restriction to affect the Canadian farmer? There is but one answer. Badly. It will cut off a large and rapidly growing trade in stock cattle and will compel a change of mode with poor returns. The alternative of feeding cattle to the butcher's standard is problematical. One thing against it is the difficulty in procuring cheap feeding stuffs. Then it is admitted that we could not compete successfully with the United States except for two months in the year. The only hope left is the speedy rescinding of the order, and for that end political pressure must not be slackened from Ottawa.

MR. HENRY STEWART contributes a valuable article on the Australian wool industry and its influence on the American market to the American Agriculturist. His conclusions will be found of particular interest by our readers. It is shown that Australia is the most important competitor of the American wool grower. The wools of that country are similar in character to our native kinds, and are used for the same purpose, viz., the better kinds of clothing. Thus the Australian and the American shepherd meet in the same market, and, necessarily the one must enjoy advantage over the other, as the facilities afforded for his industry may be greater. At the present time the low price of wool is due to this competition, for Australia manufactures but a small portion of her product, and sends the greater part to other countries as a raw material, for consumption there. The imports of this wool here have greatly increased of late, and, so long as our home product is insufficient for our manufacturers, these imports will be required. The Australian product and its probable future increase are, therefore, of much interest to American wool growers, and the following figures will show the rapid increase in production, and its bearing on the question of future competition which American wool growers must meet. The Australian colonies consist of seven distinct independent nationalities, Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, West Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. The product of these for the past ten years is as follows, taking them in consecutive order as mentioned:

Year.	Bales.	Value.
1882.....	993,000	\$79,440,000
1883.....	1,054,000	80,365,000
1884.....	1,112,000	80,620,000
1885.....	1,004,000	68,385,000
1886.....	1,196,000	71,760,000
1887.....	1,207,000	76,940,000
1888.....	1,315,000	78,900,000
1889.....	1,385,000	93,485,000
1890.....	1,411,000	91,715,000
1891.....	1,683,000	105,185,000
1892.....	1,750,000	

This shows a steady increase, notwithstanding the reduced prices from \$80 a bale, in 1882, to \$62.50 in the present year. And the reports from Australia are very far from indicating any dissatisfaction with the current prices, or the profits of the business. It is noticeable that the large wool companies which own the largest flocks, are still paying satisfactory dividends in spite of lower prices. What may happen, however, this year, when the returns come in under a further decline of ten to twelve per cent. in the value of the clip is uncertain; but, at any rate, no disagreeable anticipations have been expressed. The general reduction in expenses in the management of larger flocks goes a great way to meet these deficient returns, and, as yet, there has been no indication of any check to the continued increase of the flocks and the wool. Of this large product there was exported, in all, during the time mentioned for the five year periods as follows:

Year.	Bales.	Increase.
1891-2.....	1,004,701	
1895-6.....	1,110,831	28,220
1889-90.....	1,474,538	119,933
1890-1.....	1,626,205	151,617

The increase during the present year is estimated at 155,489 bales. All figures in this relation are given in bales, but a bale is a varying number, and not, like the cotton bales, made nearly to a standard. The importations into New York show that the Australian wool bales from 305 to 413 pounds. But, so far as the knowledge of the writer goes, the average is nearer 400 than 300, and may be

estimated at 370 pounds. This will give the total quantity of wool produced as 647½ pounds, and an average of about five pounds to the fleece. The number of sheep in the seven colonies are as follows, giving the figures in the previous order:

	Sheep.	Increase.
1881.....	78,063,426	2,004,743
1885.....	82,719,080	4,471,497
1890.....	113,559,359	12,292,376
1891.....	123,966,563	10,407,204

The outlook for the present year is not cheering, either for an increase of flocks or wool. The Australian shepherd has many difficulties to contend with; extreme drouths injure the pastures, floods kill off the lambs, the rabbits, in places, destroy the pastures, and sometimes parasitic diseases attack the flocks and commit disastrous ravages. On the whole, it may be thought that the future has in store for both him and his southern competitor a better and greater profit from the flocks. It must not be forgotten that the seasons in Australia are the reverse of ours, and that our winter time is their summer, and vice versa. This, of course, changes the time of shearing. But, on account of the great distance of the sheep runs from transportation, the new clip made in our fall, or about December, does not come to the market until about the same time as ours.

THE elevation of Sir John Thompson to the premiership of the Dominion has been received on the whole with satisfaction by the Conservative party and by the country. Some of the ardent Protestants in the Orange Order have their misgivings as to the wisdom of a Roman Catholic holding the highest political office in the country, but on the whole it is felt that no other choice could well have been made, and should Sir John reconstruct the Cabinet on a more popular basis than it is at present, he may depend on the support and confidence of a good working majority of the House of Commons.

As this number of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED goes to press (Dec. 2nd, 11 a.m.), the mammoth Toronto Works of Massey-Harris Co., Ltd., are being honored with a visit from His Excellency, the Governor General of Canada, Lord Stanley of Preston, and Lady Stanley, accompanied by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Hon. George A. Kirkpatrick, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. They seem to take the keenest interest in watching the various processes in passing through the numerous departments of the Works, no one of the many trades represented failing to elicit their earnest attention. It may be of interest to the readers of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED to know that as one side of this issue of our paper was passing through the press, His Excellency, and those who accompanied him, watched the copies coming from the cylinder. Few visitors have gone through the great Toronto shops of Massey-Harris Co., Ltd., who have evinced more pleasure in observing and studying the methods of preparing the variety of material and hundreds of parts which go to make up a Self-Binding Harvester. Lord Stanley expressed himself as being highly delighted at the extent and completeness of this national Canadian industry.

THE following letter has been sent to MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED for publication. It speaks for itself.

MR. EDITOR,—So much has been written regarding Gold cure for drunkenness, that we all know of the great good accomplished. My husband, who was a wreck for years, took treatment at an institute over three years ago, and has had no desire to taste liquor since; but it cost us over \$100. I had a brother-in-law, a chemist, a slave to drink, but too poor to take treatment. He analyzed the medicine my husband brought home, and cured himself. Four of our acquaintances got the prescription and cured themselves. The following is the prescription: Electrofied Gold, 15 grs.; Muriate of Ammonia, 7½ grs.; Comp. Fluid Ext. of Cinchona, 4 grs.; Fluid Ext. of Coca, 1½ ozs.; Glycerine, 1½ ozs.; Nitrate of Strychnine, 1 gr.; distilled water, 1½ ozs. Take a teaspoonful every two hours when awake for two or three weeks. After the second or third day there will be no desire for drink. Medicine to effect a cure will not cost over \$3.50. I think every paper should help the poor by publishing this prescription.—MRS. WM. CARTER.



1st.—All the cattle off the Canadian steamers *Huron* and *Montseuton* at Dundee, ordered to be slaughtered on account of suspected cases of pleuro-pneumonia. . . . Reported shipments of Canadian cattle for Great Britain, for October, show a decrease, the numbers being 11,546 cattle and 15,281 sheep below those of last year.

2nd.—Hon. Edward Dewdney, assumes Lieutenant Governorship of British Columbia. . . . Lieutenant Schwatka, the famous Arctic explorer, suicided at Portland, Oregon. . . . Terrible accident on the railway at Thirsk, Yorkshire, whereby thirteen persons were killed on the Edinburgh Flying Express.

3rd.—Hon. T. M. Daly re-elected by acclamation at Brandon, Man., on his elevation to the Dominion cabinet. . . . Dr. MacEachran declared that no pleuro-pneumonia exists in Canada.

4th.—Vienna declared free from cholera. . . . Canadian cattle scheduled from British ports. . . . Hon. H. Mercier, Ex-Premier of Quebec, acquitted by the courts.

5th.—A great fire in Brooklyn caused damage to the amount of \$600,000. . . . Montreal reception to Mr. Mercier held. . . . Mr. Cleveland elected Democratic President of the United States.

7th.—53,000 Lancashire cotton spinners on strike. . . . Successful farmers from Manitoba sent to Europe by the Canadian Pacific Railway as immigration agents.

8th.—Fatal dynamite explosion in the premises of the Carmanx Mining Company's offices, Paris, occurred. . . . Emilio Castelar invited to be the orator at the opening of the World's Fair at Chicago.

9th.—Dr. George Ross, vice-dean of McGill University, Montreal, died. . . . Heavy snow storms experienced on C. P. R. track east of Winnipeg. . . . Annual convention of the Oxford county Dairymen's Association held. . . . Canadian and Newfoundland delegates met at Halifax, N. S., to confer as to the colony becoming a Dominion Province.

10th.—A prohibition Association formed at Ingersoll, Ont. . . . Thanksgiving Day observed in the Dominion.

11th.—The strike in New Orleans ended.

12th.—To provide work for the unemployed poor, the British government ordered the construction of roads and drains. . . . At Retford, England, a meeting of farmers passed a violent resolution against free trade. . . . General Dodds, commanding the French army in Dahomey, ordered white men of German, Belgian, English and French nationality to be shot with other captives from the King's army.

14th.—The Russian prohibition against the emigration of Jews withdrawn. . . . Three persons poisoned at Bradford, England, by eating Canadian canned lobsters.

15th.—The French Procureur-General, decided to prosecute the Panama Canal directors. . . . Rochdale mill-owners decided to place their mill-workers on short time.

16th.—Lord Rosebery unveiled a marble bust of the late Sir John A. Macdonald in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

17th.—Property on Broadway New York, near Pine St., was bought at the enormous figure of \$17.648 per square foot. . . . Princess Rathschild baptized into the Roman Catholic church, to which she became a convert, at Paris.

18th.—Two workmen killed by an explosion of dynamite in Nepean township, near Ottawa.

19th.—Bank of Montreal secured the financial agency of the Dominion government in London. . . . Yale defeated Harvard in their annual football match by 6 to 0.

21st.—Washington authorities granted three years' leave of absence to Lieutenant Peary for exploration in Greenland.

22nd.—St. Andrew, N.B., reported as likely to be the winter terminus for the C.P.R.

23rd.—The Bishop of Fredericton enthroned. . . . William O'Connor, the champion oarsman, died at Toronto.

24th.—Decided to call next general conference of the Methodist church at London, Ont., in 1894.

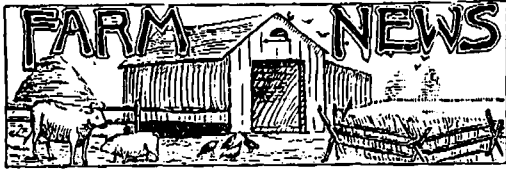
25th.—Sir John Thompson sworn in as Premier of Canada.

26th.—Wm. O'Connor, the champion oarsman, buried at Toronto.

28th.—Manitoba separate school question heard before committee of Dominion cabinet. . . . Large public meeting in Montreal, declare against annexation to the United States. . . . John J. Pearson, the prominent Toronto real estate man, died.

29th.—Richard Hinder, S.T.R. Stratford, found dead in bed. . . . Annual dinner of the Medical faculty of Trinity University, Toronto, held. . . . Grand welcome given to the faculty and students of Victoria University by the Methodists of Toronto. . . . Report of the dehorning commission issued by the Ontario government.

30th.—Celebration of St. Andrew's Day. . . . Departure of Thomas Russell, M. P. for South Tyrone, for the United States and Canada, in a tour of investigation into federal systems of government. . . . The cotton strikers of Bolton deposited £10,000 for the credit of the General Relief fund for operators out of work.



### Three-Horse Whiffletree.

The illustrations show one of the simplest, and yet one of the most useful and one of the cheapest three-horse whiffletrees. It is not in general use, though known and used in many places throughout the Province.

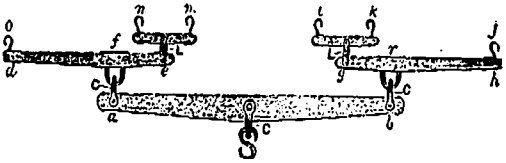


Fig. 1.

Fig. 1—Three-Horse Whiffletree.—CC, clevises—LL, links—Distance a to b, 4 ft. 7 in.—d to e or g to h, 30 in.—r to k 20 in.—r to g 10 in. Small iron whiffletrees, u m and l k, 10 in. long. Tugs attached at o and j must be longer than the others by one hole.

The hooks on the end of the small whiffletree are a part of the metal composing the whiffletree. Arrange the clevis on the plow so that the off horse can walk in the furrow, and not cut too much into the land. The other two horses can walk on the land not yet plowed. There is no patent on it.

The figure below (Fig. 2) shows the mode for attaching the horses.—Country Gentleman.

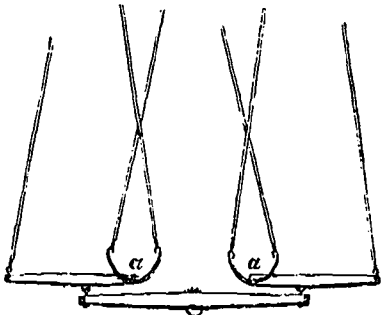


Fig. 2.

### Barb-Wire Fences.

These have been an invention of great importance to farmers. Millions of dollars have been expended in constructing them, and they have saved millions to farmers in providing cheap and efficient barriers between their grain and cattle fields. But a serious objection has arisen at the same time, in the wounds which the lacerating barbs inflict on the animals which carelessly dash against them. Their danger arises directly from their value. Wires without barbs would not inflict any wounds, and they would not retard strong and furious animals. To prevent the cruel wounding by the barb wires, some have strenuously urged by law the prohibition of their use altogether for fences, but they do not insist on the prohibition of railroads, although these cause more than a hundred times as many accidents of a more formidable character. Barb fences may be constructed so as to avoid the danger of accidents, and at the same time retain their efficiency. Fig. 1 represents the most dangerous form of the fence, consisting of several wires

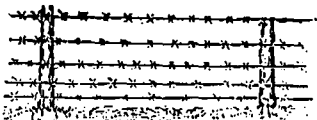


Fig. 1.

stretched from post to post and nothing else visible from the level of the ground upwards. Animals, not seeing so slender an object, would be in danger, when running, of dashing directly against the sharp points with sufficient force to tear the flesh and inflict formidable wounds. Some owners claim that they can render it entirely safe by first leading the horses or other animals, and pressing their noses against the points of the barbs, and can thus

teach them permanent respect for the fence, which they will carefully avoid in the future. There is no doubt that this preventive will be entirely successful, if the owner will take the pains to be sufficiently careful with all his animals, if he happens to have fifty or a hundred, to have them thoroughly gone through with, but there would be danger of



Fig. 2.

its partial or large omission. Fig. 2 is the most efficient use of the barb wire where but a single wire is used on a previously constructed board fence. It is placed along the top, being fastened at each post. As unruly animals usually press from the top down in making their inroads, they quickly make themselves acquainted with what appears to be to them a very formidable barrier, and we never see young horses resting their heads or necks on this kind of fence, as we often see them resting on smoother fences. Board fences which have become weakened by age have been thus rendered impregnable to the wildest horses.

A common way for rendering barb fences more safe by erecting a visible barrier, is to place a single board at the top, as shown in Fig. 3. It

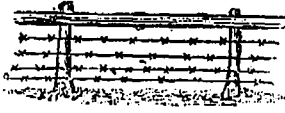


Fig. 3.

requires a large number of posts, as they must be set nearer together. Some animals of smaller size, not seeing the wires, sometimes attempt to pass under this upper board, and thus become badly lacerated, but this is rarely attempted.

The arrangement may be rendered safer by placing the top board below the top wire. The board is then still a visible barrier, and they will not attempt to go above or below it (Fig. 4).

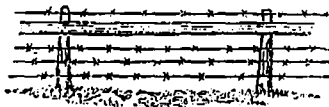


Fig. 4.

Another form of safety consists in placing the visible barrier at the bottom. This may be a board, a bank and ditch, or a stone wall. The objection to the board is that it is so low down as to be nearly out of sight, or if seen, the animal would at once attempt to leap it, and thus the danger be increased by leaping into the wires.

A bank and ditch is a good mode for construction.

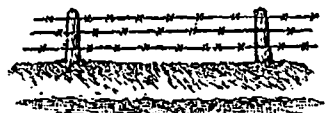


Fig. 5.

A horse rarely attempts to leap a ditch; and when there is one on each side of the line, with a bank in the centre, a horse or other animal will rarely or never attempt it. The ditches are opened with several furrows of the plow, and the earth from these furrows thrown up by hand between them. Posts are set in the line at suitable distances, and the wires stretched over the line at suitable heights and distances to make a good fence. A neat and handsome form of the barb fence with its conspicuous line, is made by enclosing it in an ornamental hedge. Stretch the galvanized wire lengthwise along the centre of the

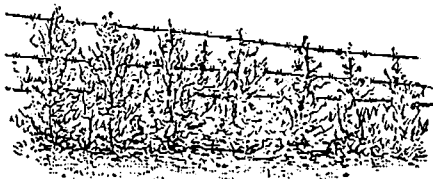


Fig. 6.

hedge when it is half grown, and again in subsequent years successively till it is completed

(fig. 6.) The hedge may be of some plant not forming a sufficient fence of itself, but rendered amply so to resist any animal through the additional aid of the barb wires—a small deciduous tree that has a hedgy growth, like the buckthorn, privet, hawthorn or Japan quince: or it may be of any evergreen that will bear cutting back, and which will thicken under the operation. Three wires, around which the hedge will grow and hold it in its place, would make a strong combined fence, through which intruding animals will not attempt to pass.—Country Gentleman.

### The File on the Farm.

The file is a more important farm tool than many farmers, who during all their lives have never filed the cutting edge of a hoe blade, are aware of. If such men have a practical demonstration of the difference between a dull and a sharp hoe, they are certain to purchase a small flat file for the workmen to carry in their pockets when engaged in work requiring the use of a sharp hoe. File the hoe upon both sides of the blade, and it will retain an edge longer and cut smoother than when the filing is all upon one side, although it should be filed most on the inside. Both a flat, a three-cornered and a round file should be kept on hand. Their use will often save a trip to the shop in a busy time, and they pay for themselves many times each year in sharper edged tools.—American Agriculturist.

### Barbed Wire.

MR. M. H. C. GARDNER writes to the *Rural New Yorker* as follows:

"To take up barbed wire is a most disagreeable duty that has to be done on most farms where a temporary fence has been thrown around a crop for a year or two. Those who have done it by winding it back on the spool by hand, have torn and lacerated the latter, which have been very sore for days, so that they detest the name of barbed wire. But it is easy to build the simple frame-work shown at Fig. 1, and screw it through

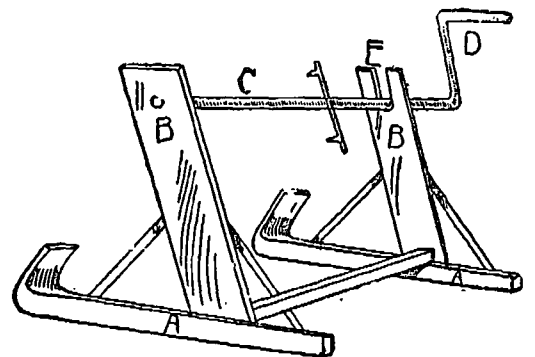


Fig. 1.

the sills A A to the bottom of a milk cart which most farmers have, and put the spool on the crank, C, which lifts out of the slot, E; then one man pushes the cart and another turns the crank, and the taking up of any amount of wire is a pleasure and not a painful duty. The upright pieces, B, B, are framed to lean ahead so that when the cart handles are raised for pushing the frame stands perpendicularly, and when at rest the weighted spool rests ahead of the centre so as not to upset the cart."

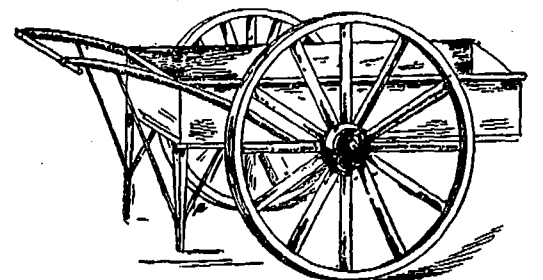


Fig. 2.

SALT American pork has now a free entry into France without any inspection.

We get more milk from a cow that is not untied all winter, but we do not get so good a calf.

THE Western Holstein-Friesian Breeders' Association has resolved to establish a herd-book for the registration of cattle.

A GOOD grindstone is a necessity on every farm. The farmer and his boys ought to be very familiar with it by constant use.

A GOOD active cat that will spend most of its time about the barn building ridding them of mice, rats, and other vermin is worth at least five dollars per year to any farmer.

WITH a light axe the pruned limbs of trees can be cut into six-inch pieces and left to dry. This is better for starting the fire than pine kindlings and is more economical.

THIS is the season for giving advice to owners of colts to take good care of them. Colts are the most valuable live stock on the farm and should receive the greatest care and attention.

IN Britain goat milk is becoming popular for family use. It is said to be superior to cow's milk. Custards and puddings are far richer when this milk is employed, and to tea and coffee it imparts a richness only obtainable with cow's milk to which cream is added.

THIS year Idaho and Montana lead in wheat with crops of 22.5 and 22 bushels per acre, respectively, Colorado following with 19.1, and Washington with 18.4 bushels. The great wheat fields of the North-west, the two Dakotas, drop to 12.5 bushels. Kansas is reckoned at 17 bushels, Illinois and Michigan at 14.7, Pennsylvania at 14.4, New York at 14.3, Indiana at 14, Ohio at 13.2, California at 12.8, Missouri at 11.1, and Iowa at 11.5. Food for thought here.

AN old veterinarian sums up in favor of spaying substantially thus: Spayed cows are less liable to disease; they are more cheaply kept in condition; they give the same quantity of milk the year round; they will give double the quantity of milk annually of cows unspayed; they fatten easier and at less expense; and many other as doubtful assertions in favor of spaying are put forward by the same writer. But from personal experience, and thorough investigation, the balance is against the operation. Almost the only argument in favor of spaying is, that cows put on fat faster with less feed. But generally cows are kept for dairy products, milk, butter, or cheese. It is a poor cow that will but yield the value of her carcass in five or six years.

It has been proved that milk sickness is neither more nor less than poisoning by unwholesome germs, which are produced in amazing numbers in the decaying vegetation of rich moist land. As this disease is easily communicated to persons, and at this time of the year is exceedingly dangerous, the poison being communicated both by the milk and butter, the utmost care should be exercised not only to keep the cows from such spots, but to boil the milk before it is used, and to refuse the butter wherever the danger exists. It is a peculiarity of this disease that those who do not die of it never recover completely, but are always ailing, and fall victims to any other disease by reason of their weakened condition. Especially in the South every precaution should be taken until the winter sets in.

THERE is quite a good deal of what approaches to nonsense written now and then, in these days, about the formation of nitrates in the soil, their fixation by root-nodules, etc. What is wanted

when a green crop is turned under is to get it decomposed as soon as possible; this will be accomplished more rapidly in warm than in cool weather, and not at all in cold weather. In the South there would doubtless be much warm weather after the pea crop was fully matured, but in the Northern States not. The recommendation to cover with lime is often made, and is good; so, too, for this crop the use of superphosphate (acid phosphate is the same thing); and it is right, also, to say that if the green manuring accomplishes nothing more than to plow under green stuff to make humus, it is only a part of what should be done. This is the case when rye or buckwheat is used; but with the pea or clover fertilized with phosphate, nitrogen is gathered from the air, and a large quantity of this most valuable plant-food may be added to the soil, besides a much larger quantity of humus-making material than the most luxuriant crop of rye or buckwheat would yield.

No farmer's home should be without a library, and no farmer's library should be without a few good books on Farming and Live Stock. What the lance is to the surgeon the plow is to the farmer, and what the prescription book is to the doctor the text-book on agriculture ought to be, but is not, to the farmer. The latter, thus, deprives himself of the knowledge accumulated by the practical experience of his class, the want of which cannot fail to place him often at a disadvantage. The printing press has disseminated a knowledge of the principles of science and art and has carried abroad the products of inventive genius to the incalculable advantage of the artisan, the manufacturer and the constructor. Agriculture has a prolific literature, but the farmer does not benefit by the printing press as his brother toilers in other avocations do. Why should this be so? Why not throw some variety and recreation into the routine of farm life by a study of books and periodicals on subjects of practical interest. Depend upon it, in these days of keen competition, no farmer who is behind the times can win very much in the hard race. Be wise to learn, and despise not the useful hints conveyed to you on the pages of farm literature.

### The Stock.

THE following designs for carriage and horse barns were supplied at the request of a correspondent in that admirable farmers' paper, the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman*. Fig. 1 represents one where but two or three horses may be kept, and

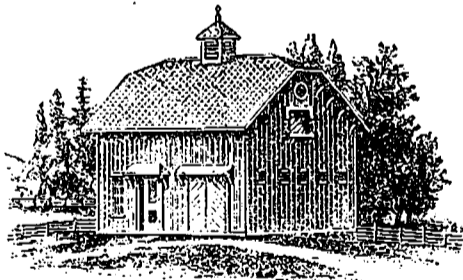


Fig. 1.

fig. 2 one of double the size or larger. They have but little extra ornament, but at the same time a neat exterior, and kept well painted, will be a positive ornament at a distance from the dwelling, and partly hid by trees. Neither of them are



Fig. 2.

represented with cellars, but both should have them, as the space furnished by basements, if properly constructed and cared for, is the cheapest

and most valuable part of the building for its cost. With good ventilators, the upper part is kept clean and pure. The interior arrangements will be according to the wishes of owners, and will vary accordingly.

THE production of mutton should always be profitable. It can be grown more cheaply than beef or pork, because the wool so largely pays the cost of feeding.

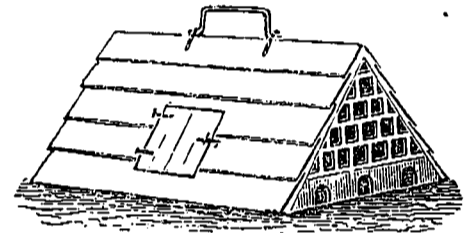
SHEEP kept on farms in small flocks are more profitable per capita than those kept in large flocks, for the reason that they are more easily handled, and are consequently better cared for.

WE cannot give up stock growing on the farm, for the fertility of the farm must be maintained, and our pastures must be utilized; our crops of grass and forage and grain, too, should all be fed on the farm.

### The Poultry Yard.

#### Farmers' Brooding Coop.

THE coop given below is largely used among the farmers of Ohio and Indiana. It is roughly constructed of light boards, each coop being about two feet high by three or four feet long. A door



on the side gives access to the old hen, and for putting in food, water and straw. The front part has three entrances for the young chicks, the upper portion being of slats to admit light. It is best to have a canvas to throw over the coop in wet weather. A wire or strap may serve the purpose of a handle.

A BREEDING duck requires water; without it she will take no exercise.

SECURE all the manure made by a flock of hens and you will be many dollars in pocket.

CHARCOAL freely sprinkled in your hen houses and yards will largely promote good health.

DON'T use nest eggs. They are a nuisance and often cause egg eating through cracking the other eggs.

ENGLAND imported for use the past year 1,200,000 hens, cocks, capons and cockerels, over 1,000,000 ducks, and more than 10,000 partridges.

MANY varieties of black chicks, when first hatched, have white on them. This white, however, will disappear in three or four months.

BY careful selection and breeding from the best layers of any breed of fowls the number of eggs laid in twelve months will be largely increased.

IF possible, poultry should have the run of the whole farm, with the exception of the garden and small fruits; they will do better this way and take less food.

CLOVER, which contains nitrogen and lime, should be fed more frequently to fowls and a larger number of eggs realized. Too much grain is fattening and decreases the laying.



From Field and Wood.

WHEN well arranged, dried grasses and flowers are always beautiful. As much of their beauty consists in the graceful forms of delicate stems and tiny seed-pods, that arrangement is best which allows this dainty tracery to be seen.

An ornamental panel made of the treasures gathered from field and wood is something new and pretty. It is much to be preferred to the old-fashioned "dried bouquet," where delicate grasses, soldierly cat-tails and everlasting were often packed tightly together, effectually destroying the distinctive beauty of each.

To make a panel like the one illustrated in fig. 1.

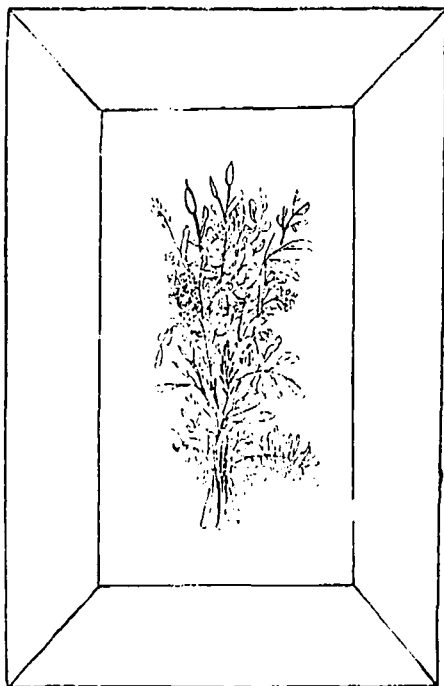


Fig. 1.

there will be required a thin board of the desired size (boards on which certain kinds of dressed goods are wrapped answer nicely, and can be had at almost any dry-goods store for the asking), a cup of well-cooked flour paste, a sheet of wadding, enough pongee or China silk of a cream shade to cover the board, sufficient plush of a bright golden brown to make a border two or three inches wide around the panel, and a paper of the smallest-sized double-pointed tacks.

From the wadding cut a piece the exact size of the board, and fasten it on by pasting along each edge; do the same with the silk; join the four plush strips at each corner with a bias seam and turn the edge under, around the inside of the oblong thus made. It is best to fasten the turn by hemming with long stitches.

The plush must be cut large enough to turn over on to the back of the panel for a quarter of an inch. Carefully put some paste on the border at each corner and along both edges; place it right-side down on a table and put the panel on it, pressing softly in place; cut a square out of each corner of the plush where it projects beyond the board; then turn down the projecting edges on to the back of the board. A piece of heavy brown paper, cut a trifle smaller than the panel, should be pasted over the back to conceal raw edges and give a finished appearance. Drive a tack on each side of the panel near the top, on which to tie a cord to hang the panel by. Great care should be taken that all edges are cut perfectly straight and that all joinings are exact.

The panel is now ready for the grasses, cat-tails, &c., which should be arranged gracefully on it and firmly fastened into position with tacks. These will not show if a leaf or full head of grass is skillfully allowed to droop over them. The panel should be hung almost flat against the wall, and on a level with the eye of a person standing. This is the

manner recommended by artists for the hanging of all pictures.

It is considered very bad taste to color grasses. The bright green and the various shades of red often seen in the stiff bunches offered for sale are simply hideous. No artificial coloring can equal in beauty the numerous shades of bright and dark browns which the various grasses and weeds take in drying. Some of the most common roadside weeds work in nicely when arranging a panel. The cyme of the elderberry, from which the ripened berries have been shaken, is beautiful in form and rich in color. The seeds of many varieties of the clematis are in soft, fluffy bunches, and as a long vine can often be had with its many downy balls, they are very graceful.

To give variety, a banner may be made in place of the panel just described. In order to hang smoothly with the weight of the grasses, ferns and cat-tails, it must be made of heavy material. The brown plush would be pretty, with a lining of sa-teen and an interlining of heavy linen canvas. It should be trimmed across the bottom with acorns or walnuts. A loop of the narrowest, brown, baby ribbon is fastened to the stem end of each nut with a small tack; the nuts are then sewed at equal distances by these loops across the banner. The rod, fig. 2, is made of a small branch—the more knarled

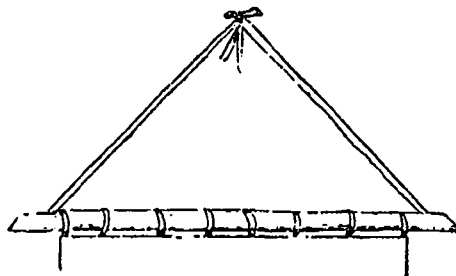


Fig. 2.

and moss-covered the better. To make the rings, cut eight pieces of cardboard about a sixth of an inch wide; sew them into rings that will easily slip over the rod; paint the inside brown and cover the outside with thin pieces of bark peeled from selected twigs. The rings can be made from the twigs themselves, but the shape will not be so true. Put the twigs in hot water, and when they become pliable bend them into rings and sew the ends together with stout thread. The grasses and flowers are fastened on the banner by sewing with strong silk. A heavy brown ribbon, an inch wide, is used to suspend the banner.

Either the panel or the banner would make a very appropriate Christmas present, something that one living in the country could send to a city friend, feeling sure they would not see anything in the art stores better of its kind.

**Practical and Pretty.**

A DICTIONARY is a heavy book to lift, and one that if left on the table occupies a deal of space and is apt to have other things placed on it. That it is a book which should have its place in every family has been said over and over; also that the children should be taught to use it often.

A practical "dictionary holder" that has been in use for many years in a family, where the worn

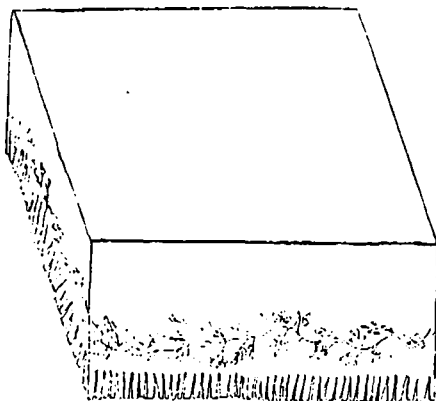


Fig. 1.

cover of the book bears a strong, though silent, testimony to its constant use, is illustrated by fig.

1. It is a shelf made of an inch-thick, well-seasoned board, 13 by 15 inches. It is supported by two iron brackets, such as are sold at any hardware store. The brackets are screwed both to the board and the wall, making all very secure.

The cover is of dark-red felt. The lambrequin is ornamented with a vine embroidered in crewels. Fig. 2 gives a pattern for the embroidery. The

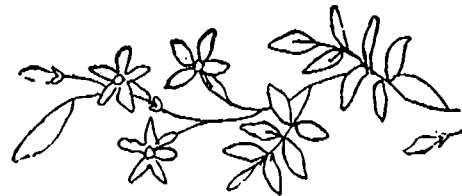


Fig. 2.

stems and leaves are shaded green silk, and the star-shaped flowers in yellow. The edge of the lambrequin is finished with a fringe made by cutting the felt into narrow strips for a depth of three inches.

To make this holder perfect, there should be a law as unchangeable as those of the Medes and Persians, that under no circumstances should anything but the dictionary be placed there.

Some convenient place to put the odds and ends that will collect where work and play is going on during the day is a great saving of steps to the busy house-mother. A dainty, ribbon-trimmed basket is hardly suitable for the apple-core little Bess is so anxious to dispose of, or the damp, pasty papers left from Ned's kite. The scrap jar (fig. 3),

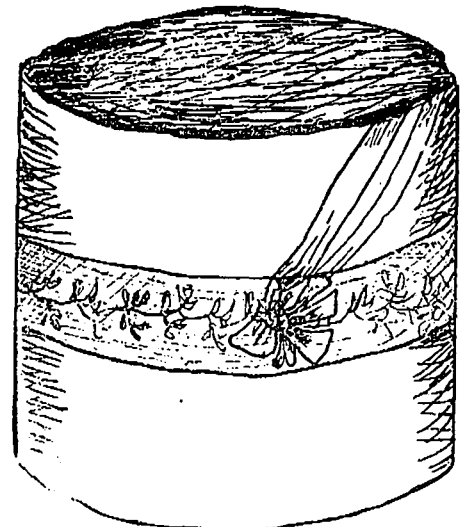


Fig. 3.

is both ornamental and decidedly practical. A common four-gallon jar—one without handles if possible—is selected and fitted with a round wooden cover. Several thicknesses of soft old newspaper is wrapped around the jar. The jar and lid are then covered smoothly with red felt. A strip of brown felt 4 inches wide, on which is embroidered a vine, is fastened around the jar near the centre. The joining of this band is concealed by a bow of red and brown ribbons, the ends of which are carried up over the edge and fastened inside the jar. If desired, a similar bow can be placed on the cover.

The pattern given for embroidery on the dictionary holder would look equally well on the brown felt, only it would be well to work the flowers in red instead of yellow.

This scrap jar should have the contents removed every morning, and all dust wiped out with a damp cloth.

**In Holiday Time.**

At Christmas time a few decorations well placed do much toward giving the house a holiday look. Simple materials can be used, and the children will enjoy, not only the result, but preparing it.

Evergreens come first in the choice of material. A few small evergreen trees of symmetrical shape placed here and there in pots through the house are effective. Ropes of evergreen can be placed over windows, doors, pictures and mantel, brightening the evergreen with clusters of red berries. In lar-

ger towns, evergreen rope can be bought by the yard, and the beautiful holly with its scarlet berries by the pound. When this cannot be done, the rope can be made by tying small bits of evergreen on stout twine. Ground-pine and princess-pine are most satisfactory. The berries of the bitter-sweet, which grows almost all over the North, are very bright and pretty. When it is possible to cut a long vine of bitter-sweet, the pine can be tied directly on the stem. Berries of asparagus can often be found in the garden in good condition, and of bright color. They work in well and will last some time.

When none of these are obtainable, a good substitute can be made of dried peas. Soak the peas in warm water until soft, then pass a wire through each pea (fig. 1), twist the two ends together and

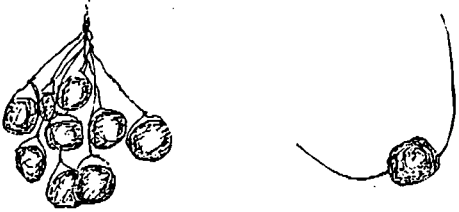


Fig. 1.

make into bunches. To color, dip into melted sealing-wax or paint with vermilion. The wire used should be very fine, the kind used for wiring cut flowers.

In making certain decorations, pieces of lath covered with evergreens are preferable to rope. The mantel is one of the most conspicuous objects in a room, and should receive most elaborate decoration. A mantel decorated as illustrated (fig. 2) is very beautiful and comparatively little work. Have a frame made of lath to fit over the mantel. If there is a mirror, the lath frame must fit round it. Cover the first with dark green cambric, then with the evergreen. Two laths covered with the green are placed above the frame in an inverted V-shape. The letters to form the words "A Merry Christmas" are cut from heavy card-board and covered with the evergreen, which is sewed on with strong thread. If a mirror occupies the space in the frame, the letters are fastened to it with a paste made of gum tragacanth. This gum can be bought at any drug store, and five cents' worth will make a large quantity of paste. All that is necessary to prepare it is to pour cold water over the gum and let it stand several hours. If there is no mirror, sew the letters on to a piece of crimson

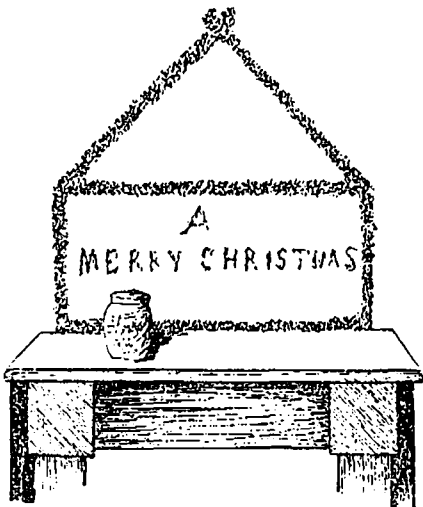


Fig. 2.

cotton flannel the size of the space framed; stretch the cotton flannel smoothly into place, and make all fast with small tacks. The designs for the letters can be procured of any sign painter, who will mark them out for a trifle, or the job department of any printing office would have various styles of large letters.

Every picture should have placed over or round it a bit of green. Sometimes, however, a large space remains vacant and is hard to fill. In that case a wall banner is just the thing. Very pleasing results may be obtained from such humble materials as tissue-paper and cambric. Procure a yard of pale blue or pink cambric, half a dozen sheets of tissue-paper the color of the cambric, the same amount of white tissue-paper, one small sized sheet

of silver-paper, two or three skeins of wool the color of the paper and cambric, some evergreen and red berries. It is best to use the cambric double; fold across the middle so the width of the cambric will be the length of the banner; shape across the bottom like fig. 3. Fold the edge over a small stick at the top, and secure in place with paste.

Take each sheet of the tissue-paper separately, unfold and gather it up in the hand, squeezing tightly, then carefully pull out; repeat this operation at least twice for each sheet. Cut each sheet thus crinkled into two pieces the longest way; double each piece, and with a pair of sharp scissors cut into narrow strips, leaving about a quarter of an inch at the top uncut. This makes a soft, fluffy



Fig. 3.

fringe, with a crimped heading. Cut two stars from paste-board, and cover with the silver paper. Before covering sew a fine wire hairpin to the back of each star. From heavy paper cut the letters for "A Merry Xmas," using the old style as given. Cover with white crimped tissue cut into short, narrow strips. Paste the letters and fringe on the banner, and lay aside to dry, which it will do in a few hours. Twist a heavy cord from the wool and join to the upper corners of the banner. Arrange a cluster of the evergreen and red berries, and fasten on the banner with a silver star, as shown in the illustration. A similar cluster and star is placed on the cord where it passes over the nail.

There is very much in the manner in which Christmas gifts are presented. Christmas pies, a Christmas loaf and a gift stocking are all well worth the trouble they are to prepare, for the pleasure and surprise they give to those who receive them. A Christmas pie can be made in this way: Take a large milk pan and line it with a crust made of flour and water, fill with paper and fit on the top crust. When baked, remove the top crust, take out the paper and put in the presents; then the top crust is fastened on again with a flour-and-water paste. The pie is served with dessert, each one receiving his or her portion.

A huge family stocking, to hold all the presents, will often give the children much sport. Everything should be securely wrapped and plainly marked. The eldest child should have the honor of removing the packages from the stocking. The younger ones may hand them to their respective owners.

The following plan is very different, and is called "The Fairy Well." It is easy of construction; a barrel is covered on the outside for a depth of two feet from the top with ingrain paper. This is marked off into irregular blocks to represent a stone curbing, with a black crayon. Various-sized boxes are covered and marked off in the same way. It is only necessary to cover one side and one end of each box. The barrel is placed in position against a wall, and the boxes built around it to represent a slope, leaving the part of the barrel that is stoned exposed to view. Quantities of green are tacked over the well-curb and stones, bunches of fleecy cotton are tucked around among the stones, and diamond powder sprinkled over it.

On the eventful evening, one of the smaller children is dressed as a fairy, and provided with a wand made of a stick covered with green and tipped with a star cut from tin. She takes her place near the well, and pretending to weave a spell, puts down her wand into the well. A boy or girl concealed there, fastens a package on it, marked with the name of the person for whom it is intended, and to whom the fairy presents it with a bow.

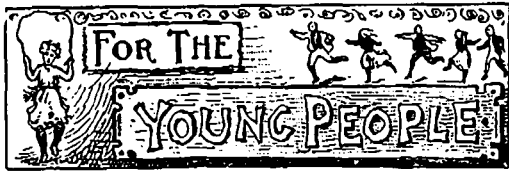
A Christmas tree that did not bear candy among its fruit would hardly be a favorite among its patrons. For holding sweets, bags made of gay



Fig. 4.

Japanese napkins (fig. 4) are new and bright looking. Two edges of the napkin are joined by pasting, and it is made into a bag by tying a bright-colored cord top and bottom; a narrow ribbon is tied to the cord at the top, by which it is fastened to the tree.

The whites of eggs may be given different color and flavors. Use raspberry syrup for pink eggs, spinach for green, and the grated yellow rind of the lemons with two or three drops of saffron for yellow, and vanilla and chocolate for brown. If after adding the flavoring the cream is not quite firm, stir in a little powdered sugar. These eggs should be wrapped in paraffin and then in fringed tissue papers. They are pretty laid in little baskets lined with white paper. Under the paper there should be a layer of white cotton.



### Don't Forget the Children.

IN two weeks or so, the Christian world will have celebrated its most important annual holiday. For some time past the children have been wondering and guessing what Santa Claus will bring them, and many who know that the great gift-distributor never comes their way are feeling sad that they will have no reason to rejoice, but possibly have happy moments thinking what their more fortunate playmates will get. With the boundless wealth of our time, it is a great pity that all deserving persons of every nation and tongue cannot share the joyful influence of this happy day. It may be impossible to turn all the grief into pleasure, and to make the unfortunate forget their troubles, but a great deal may be done in this direction.

Let all readers of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED be sure that none of their family is deprived of some slight token of remembrance. If you cannot buy expensive presents, get some that are within your means. Do not allow any selfishness to prevent you from enjoying the pleasure of seeing your little ones as happy as they can possibly be. Never mind if it does seem somewhat foolish to you now. You were a child once, and looked longingly forward to the bright winter day; you played with your toys, ate your sweetmeats, and quietly thanked some one—perhaps you did not know whom—for the kindness of your parents and friends. But

now, because your childish dreams are over, you know there is no Santa Claus, and have come to look with stern, practical eyes upon the world and its ways, you forget the budding intellects with which God has blessed you, and cannot understand that it is one of your first duties to make them happy. Let their Christmas be a day of surprises and pleasing recollections.

Many will say "we cannot afford to buy presents."

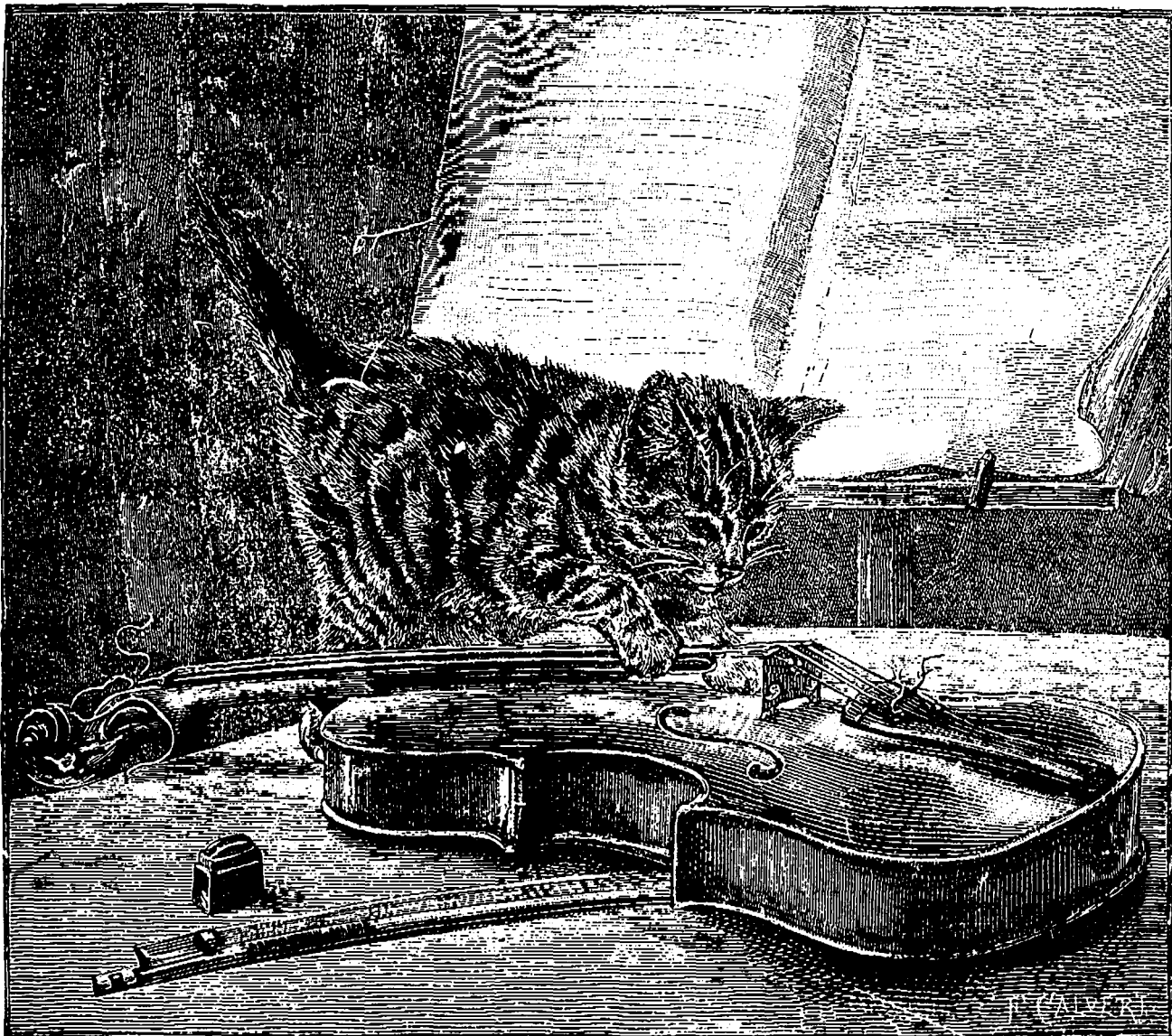
In a few cases that will be true, but most of us can get something. If we cannot please the children without a sacrifice let us make it. But do not let the sacrifice be of the children's feelings. Dispose of a few bushels of corn or wheat, a few chickens, a turkey, a sheep, or some other animal that we will not miss long. One day of positive pleasure the children should have, and we must not be so sordid as to figure whether their joy is equal to our loss in dollars and cents.

When you have made your own family happy see if you cannot assist some deserving one not so much favored. Give your children something extra, a



trifle if you can afford no more, to take to some poor playmate, who may not be remembered by others. As your own pleasure is greatest in giving to your boys and girls, theirs will be increased by the privilege of giving to others. These mutual acts of kindness will result in general good, and in the dissemination of more of the peaceful, joyous, godly influence of Him whom we should delight to serve, and in whose honor we cheerfully give of our worldly substance to make His holiday the most delightful of our lives.

Do not forget your children and their Christmas.



One of the strange effects of diving, as recounted by an Australian pearl diver, is the invariable bad temper felt while working at the bottom of the sea; and, as this usually passes away as soon as the surface is reached, it may be supposed to be due to the pressure of air inside the dress, affecting the lungs and through them the brain. A diver often becomes so angry at some imaginary wrongdoing on the part of those in the boat above that he gives the signal to be pulled up, "with the intention of knocking the heads off the entire crew," only to forget what he came up for when the surface is reached.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S advice to his children: "Don't drink; don't smoke; don't use bad language; don't gamble; don't lie; don't cheat. Love your fellow man; love truth; love virtue; and be happy."

EIGHT times as much money is spent on tobacco by Americans as for the support of their churches.



THE MITIGATED ASS;  
OR,  
STRATEGY VS. TYRANNY.



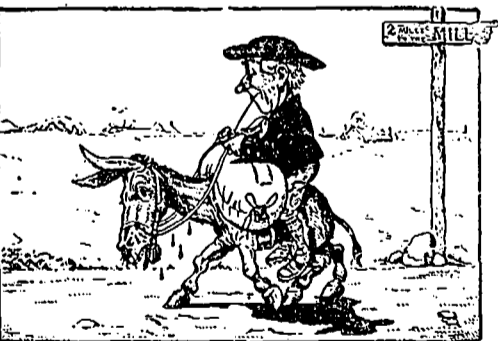
There was a lazy farmer, who



Upon his ass did load



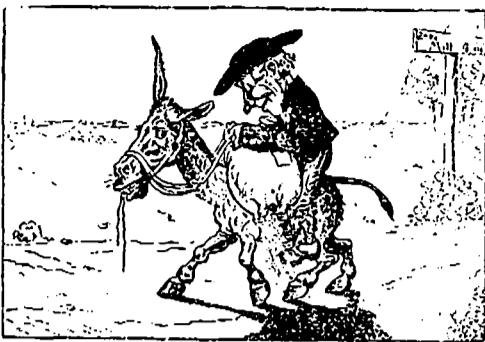
A sack of meal, then climbed up, too,



To sleep, while home he rode.



The wary beast unloosed the knot



And thus his burden lightened.



Then homeward at a merry trot



He sped: but when he realized the consequences of his rash deed, he was actually frightened.

A BAKER'S DUZZEN UV WIZE SAWZ.

"Them ez wants, must choose.  
"Them ez hez, must lose.  
"Them ez knows, won't blab.  
"Them ez guesses, will gab.  
"Them ez borrows, sorrows.  
"Them ez lends, spcnds.  
"Them ez gives, lives.  
"Them ez keep dark, is deep.  
"Them ez kin earn, kin keep.  
"Them ez aims, hits.  
"Them ez hez gits.  
"Them ez waits, win.  
"Them ez will, kin."

She—I wonder why it is that women are not as great poets as men are?  
He—That is an easy one. The Muse is a woman, and it takes a man to manage her.

A Dialect Story.—"I wish to gracious," observed Constant Reader, with some display of warmth, "that editors would quit printing these confounded dialect stories. Here's one I can't make head or tail of, and I doubt if anybody else can." "Let me see it, dear," cooed Mrs. Reader. "Oh, it's of no use. If I can't make anything out of it, you don't suppose you can, do you?" "Perhaps not; but I'd like to see it, all the same." He handed her the paper; and this is what she read: "Toilet of fancy foulard. The corsage crossed, and of guipure. Little sultane vest held in by barettes of velvet with bows. High sleeves of foulard, terminated in volants of guipure. Flat skirt, trimmed with a high volant of guipure, surmounted with bows of velvet."

HIS RETURN.

He was a bank cashier, and he had been at the Thousand Isles for his vacation. His wife of course, had stayed at home. She would have had to, anyway, for the baby had the measles. She stood just now with a pleased light in her eye and a smile on her face reading his letter.

"I shall be home on Wednesday morning, dear," it said. "Please fix up my room the way I like for me, as only such a model little wife as yourself could do."

"Dear John," she murmured sweetly, "what confidence he has in me. I'll go and fix up his room for him right away." And she tripped lightly upstairs, still smiling. On Wednesday morning he came home and bounded blithely upstairs with all the spirit of youth and faith. He opened the door of his room and looked in. A soiled shirt lay in the middle of the floor, a pair of suspenders hung over the mirror, the bed had been dragged out of place and was piled full of old shoes, socks, vests and other masculine attire. A bottle of ink had been spilled on the dressing case, a razor lay on the window sill. Half smoked cigars lay on some costly books, and cards and empty wine bottles were scattered around.

Half dazed, he walked feebly across the floor and taking a note from the dresser read:

Dear John—I was so glad to get your letter and I have followed your instructions to the dot. I was sure you would like your room to have its old familiar look, so I have arranged things just as you always do yourself, dear, knowing how it would please you. I have gone into the country to spend the day with mother.

Affectionately,  
EMMA.

P. S.—There is some cold pie in the cupboard, dear.

HOW IT FELT TO MABEL.

MABEL's mother went into the nursery one day, and overheard her little girl saying:

"Now, Dolly, 'ou musn't be cwoos, or twy to get away or cwy. If 'ou don't let me fix 'ou up, folks won't say 'ou is nice and kiss 'ou. Be still, now."

"Why, child! What are you doing?" her mother asked, when she came up close to Mabel and noticed she was pulling out the doll's hair in handfuls.

"Combin' Dolly's hair," the tittle tot replied.

In a private letter to the editors of a magazine the editor of the Billville Banner describes Chaucer as "the most talented dialect writer of his age."

Snooper—A newspaper in New York has paid over \$10,000 to the heirs of people found dead with copies of it on their persons. Sumway.—"Is it as fatal as that?"

An Impediment.—Scribendus: I've got a beautifully dramatic idea for a story. Editor—Then why don't you write it up? Scribendus—Well, the only trouble is that it has been done before by Balzac.

Sent the Receipt.—Greene: "I answered the advertisement yesterday of a man who offered for a quarter to tell how to turn a handspring." White—"What did he say?" Greene—"Get off a street car backward."

White Wash.—"Does yo' laik poetry, Miss Edif?" Miss Edif.—"Deed I does. I jus' lubbin it." White Wash.—"Wnat shall I recitin'—sum ob Milton, Byron, or—?" Miss Edif.—"No, none o' dem. Recitin' some o' dat soap poetry in de back ob de magazines."

The story goes that a man wrote to the editor of a horticultural paper asking what plants would be suitable additions to dried grasses for winter ornaments. The editor replied: "Acroclonium roseum, A. album, Gomphrena globosa and G. globosa cauea." When the man read this he fairly boiled over with rage, and immediately sent a note ordering his paper to be discontinued. He averred that an editor who swore in that way, just because he was asked a simple question, should have no support from him.



POET.—Oh, if only something would strike me that rhymes with 'boat.'



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**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.*

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**WESTERN BRANCH:**

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**BELTING**

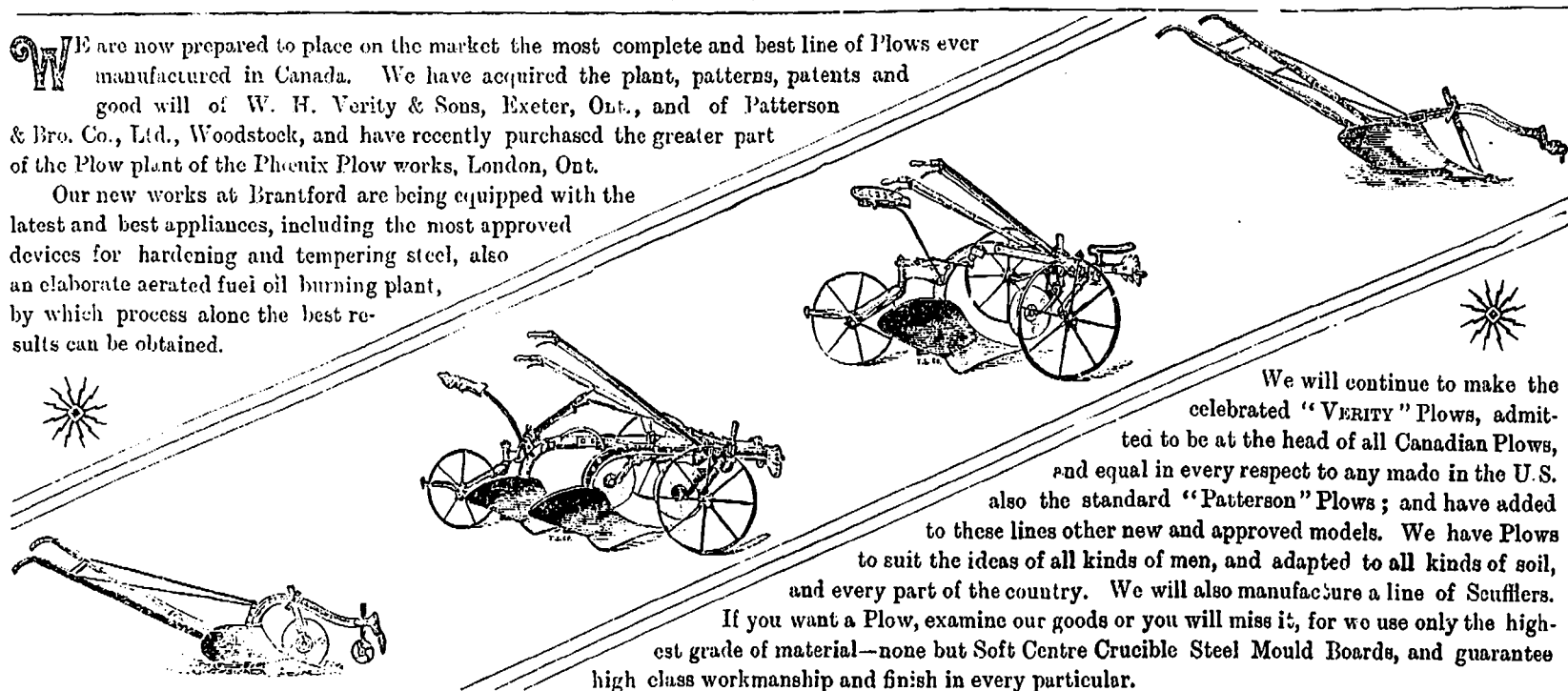
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**BRANTFORD, ONT., CANADA.**

Successors of W. H. VERITY & SONS, Exeter, Ont., and PATTERSON & BRO. CO. (Plow Business), Woodstock.

**W**E are now prepared to place on the market the most complete and best line of Plows ever manufactured in Canada. We have acquired the plant, patterns, patents and good will of W. H. Verity & Sons, Exeter, Ont., and of Patterson & Bro. Co., Ltd., Woodstock, and have recently purchased the greater part of the Plow plant of the Phoenix Plow works, London, Ont.

Our new works at Brantford are being equipped with the latest and best appliances, including the most approved devices for hardening and tempering steel, also an elaborate aerated fuel oil burning plant, by which process alone the best results can be obtained.



We will continue to make the celebrated "VERITY" Plows, admitted to be at the head of all Canadian Plows, and equal in every respect to any made in the U.S. also the standard "Patterson" Plows; and have added to these lines other new and approved models. We have Plows to suit the ideas of all kinds of men, and adapted to all kinds of soil, and every part of the country. We will also manufacture a line of Scufflers.

If you want a Plow, examine our goods or you will miss it, for we use only the highest grade of material—none but Soft Centre Crucible Steel Mould Boards, and guarantee high class workmanship and finish in every particular.

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2300 sold 1887  
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CORUNNA, Lambton Co., Sept. 26, '91.

DEAR SIR,—I would say with pleasure that your Fanning Mill does splendid work. I wish you every success in the manufacture of the same.

Yours truly, CHAS. H. MACGLASHAN.



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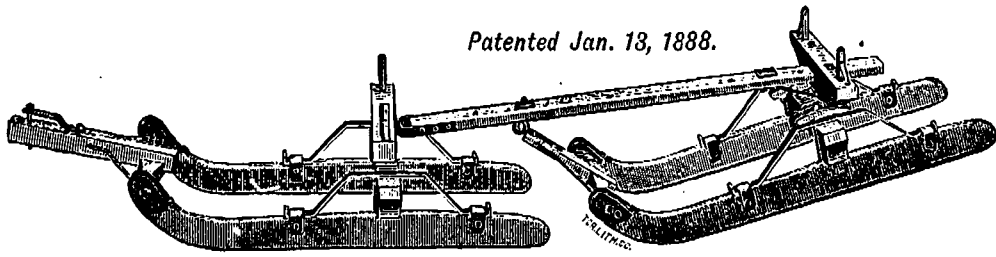
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NOTE—We also manufacture

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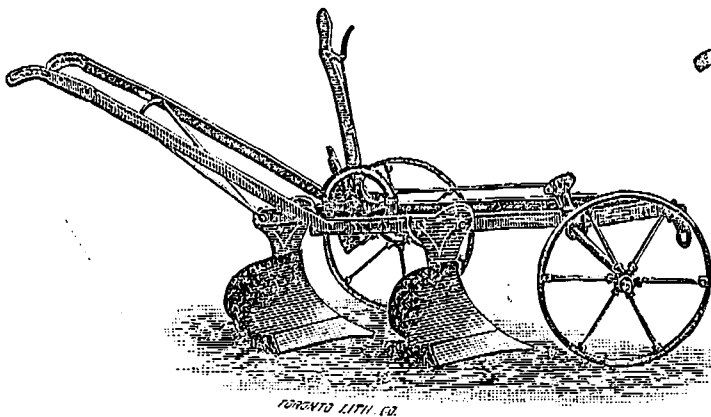
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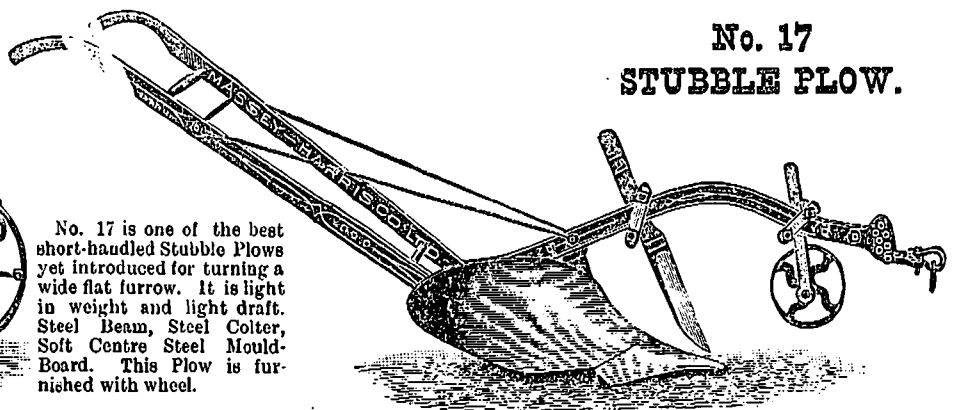
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TO DO THIS, GOOD TOOLS ARE ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL. AND HERE THEY ARE.

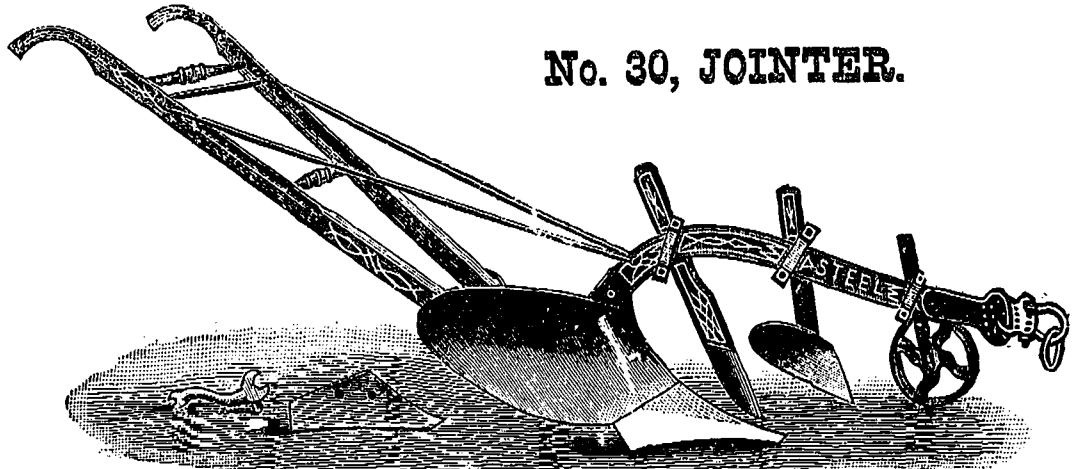


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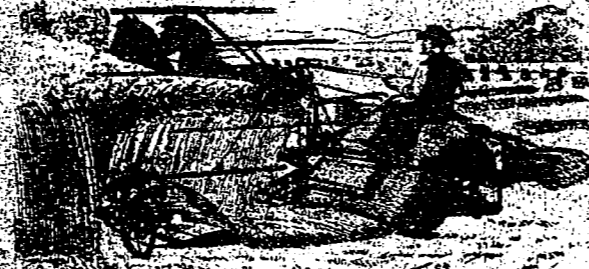
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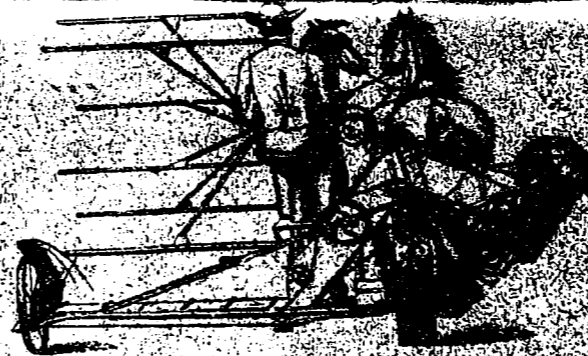
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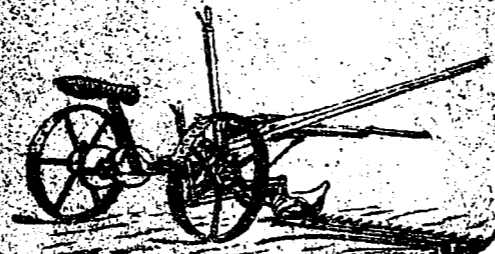


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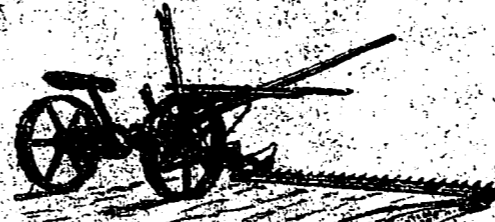
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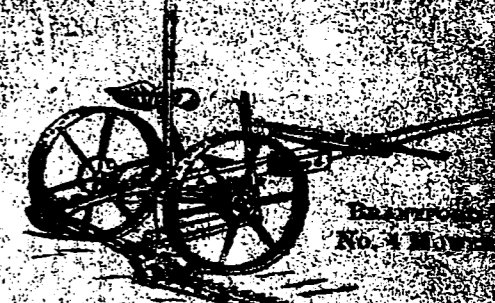
BRANTFORD MOWER No. 2



BRANTFORD MOWER No. 3



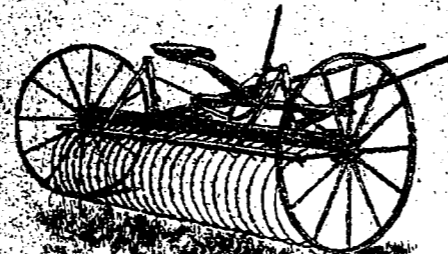
BRANTFORD BIG B MOWER



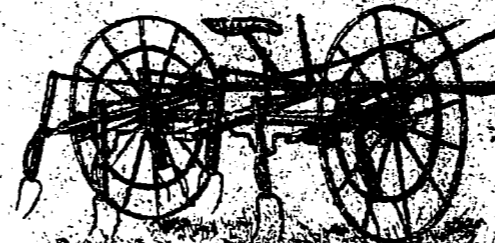
PATTERSON No. 1 MOWER



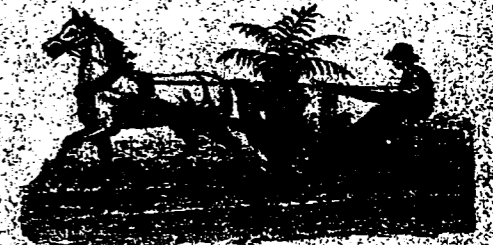
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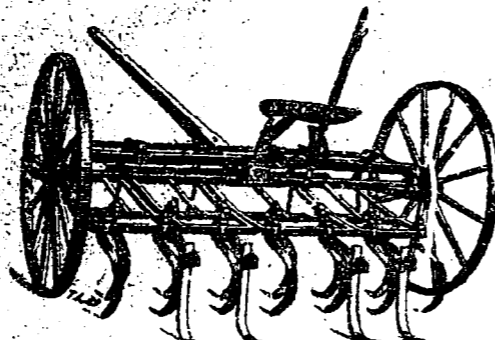


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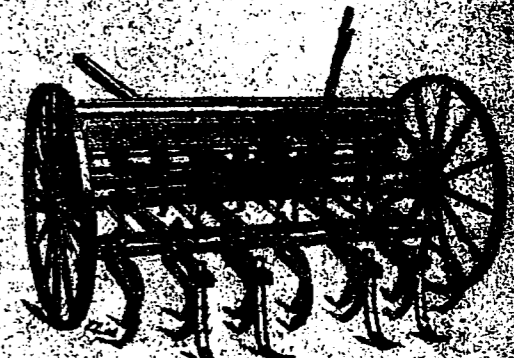
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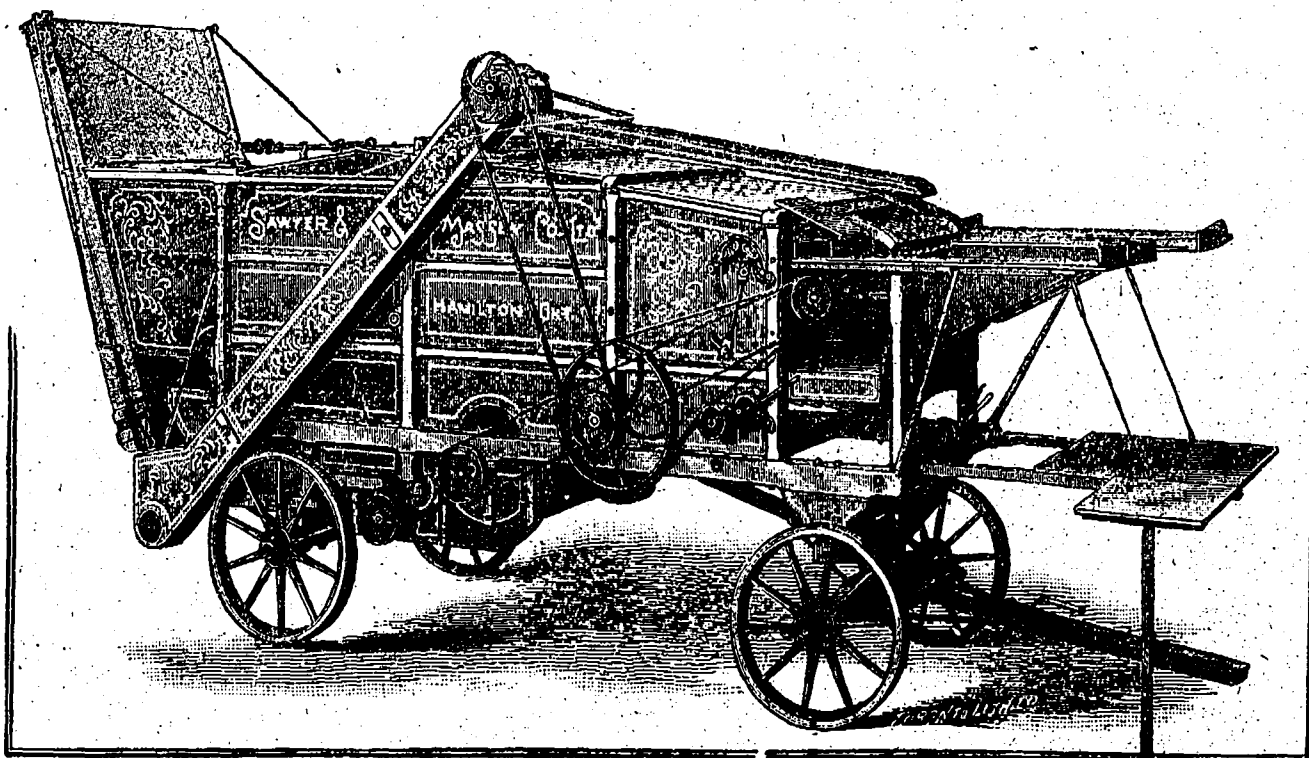
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