

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

June Number

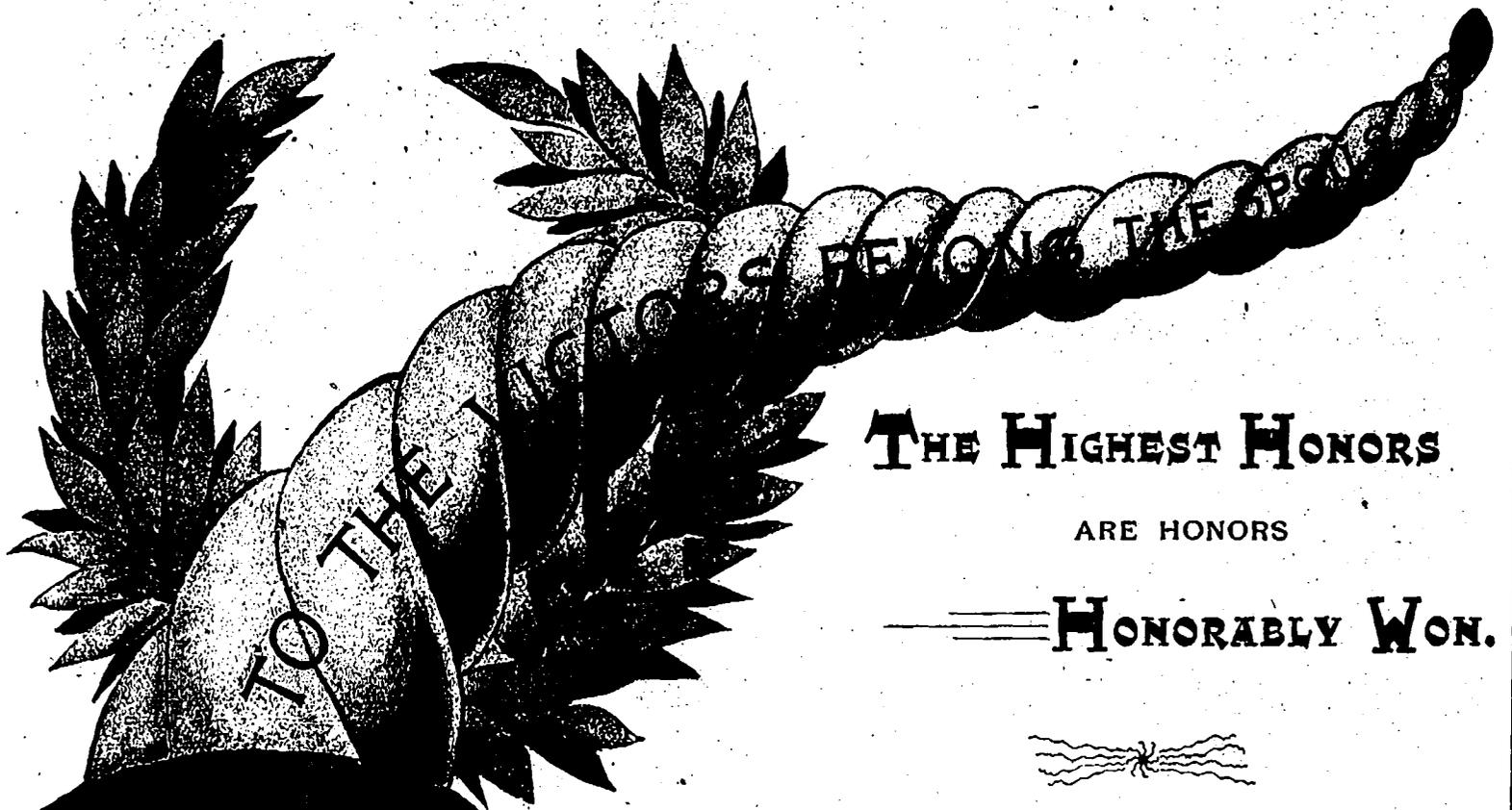
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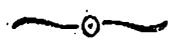
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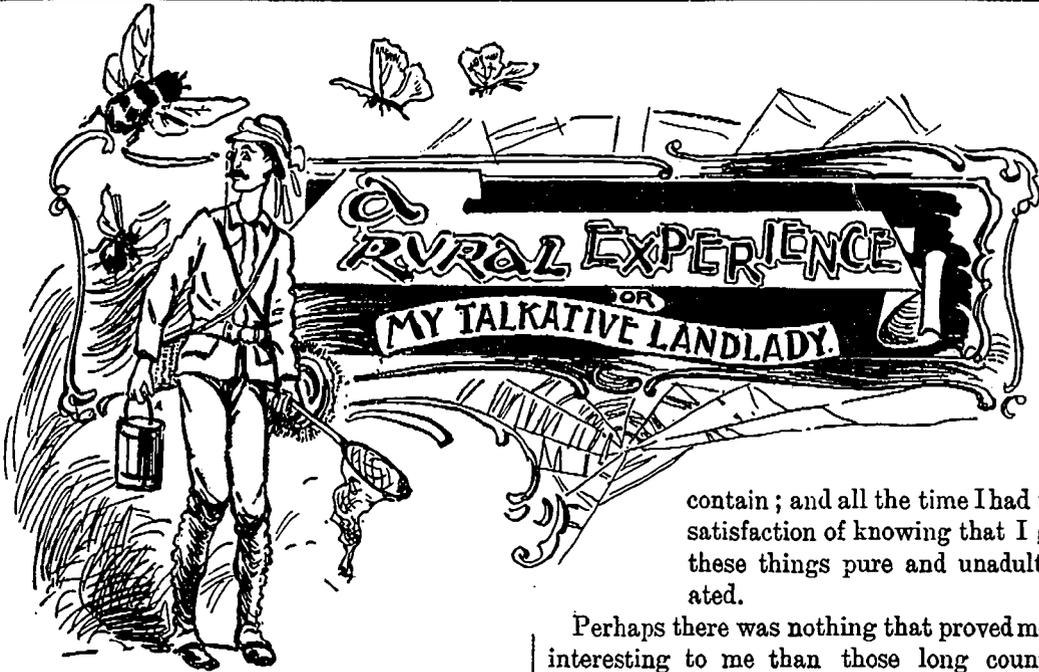
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A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE, 1895.

[VOL. 7, No. 6.



contain; and all the time I had the satisfaction of knowing that I got these things pure and unadulterated.

Perhaps there was nothing that proved more interesting to me than those long country walks with which I was wont to indulge myself. How often the recollection of them has come back to me since. There is the beautiful winding path, leading over verdant hill and

through valleys burdened with luxuriant vegetation; twining in and out—ribbon-like—among graceful elms that meet overhead and form a leafy tunnel through which the sun filters with kind discretion. At times this canopy becomes so dense and close as to shut out the sun entirely, and you find yourself enshrouded in verdant twilight, while a few yards ahead a burst of illumination across the path informs you of the presence of another skylight.

Then there is the inevitable spring, emptying its sparkling waters into the babbling brook at the far end, with the smell of the wild rose and the breath of the syringa mingled inexplicably together, even as the joyful notes of the field sparrow and the robin come floating on the perfumed air in communion of harmony. The picture is one not readily forgotten.

One never seems to get out of doors until he visits the country. In the city you are shut in by bricks and mortar, and enclosed with streets and thoroughfares whatever way you turn. On either side rise great, tall warehouses and smoky manufactories of interminable length and breadth; roofed in, you seem, by injurious mists and baneful clouds of smoke that never move away for days and weeks together. In countless ways are you reminded of the many restraining and restrictive influences incidental to urban existence. By pavements, tramways, gas lamps and policemen are you forcibly told that you must conform to certain harsh regulations and cold decrees that boldly assert themselves on every hand.

In the country, however, everything is different. One feels the full force of unreserved freedom in the country. There you find the walls torn down and the horizon broadened; the rude barriers that obstruct the summer breeze removed and old Aeolus allowed full discretion to waft his gentle music where he will.

Under such favorable conditions as the latter, I say my visit was made; there was just one disturbing element in connection with it—the lady of the house was a confirmed gossip.

Gossiping is something that I have never been able to bring myself to countenance or think well of, with any appreciable degree of success, yet; it has always been most distressing to me at all times. But gossiping under circumstances such as I was then subjected to—where there is no escape at certain hours of the day and night—is especially trying and discomfortable.

To add to my horror, my landlady had a voice that would disqualify her from voting. No returning officer within the memory of living man has ever yet been able to successfully pass the ordeal of registering her name; one and all concurred in the opinion that to attempt such a thing was like running up against a tor-



“MY LANDLORD'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, KATE.”

SOME years ago, an enfeebled constitution engendered by an illness of several months' duration, and business of a peculiar nature, which could by no stretch of the imagination or ingenuity of the pen, be led to interest the reader, at the present moment of this history at any rate, took me to a certain rural district—the exact location of which is also of little concern, sufficeth to say that it was within the confines of this premier province—famed far and near for its beautiful country roads and the luxuriance of its vegetation. My doctor prescribed the trip and my avocation subscribed it, and so combining business with health-getting, I determined to make the journey.

'Twas the latter part of May or the beginning of June, and the season was well advanced.

This period of the year I have always regarded as the most beautiful season of any; but it seemed doubly sweet to me on this occasion, did that happy fortnight spent in the May blossoms and the June sunshine.

Having been bred and reared and brought up on thick metropolitan air, and having been used to the narrow confines of a crowded city all my life, I hardly knew what fresh air and liberty were; but here I could enjoy to the full all the health-giving qualities imaginable and still fail to exhaust the unlimited resources which the place provided.

I rode, I drove, I walked, and I sat in the sun to my heart's content. I ate fresh butter and consumed the milk of animals which I had driven from pasturage. I rose with the sun and set with him, drinking in unconsciously the additional beneficent agencies which the morning air is said to



THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.

nado travelling in the opposite direction. She had a voice of such cyclonic proportions that when she talked on women's rights she unwittingly discoursed upon the wrongs of men. As a neighbor cheerfully remarked: "There was a great deal of manhood suffrage associated with her," and in the sense intended he was unquestionably correct. A picture of my landlady's conversational organs would have made an admirable full page illustration to a treatise on "Newton's Laws of Motion," for with very little difficulty could she give graphic demonstrations of velocity and momentum, of concentrated energy and force.

The proportions of her voice were unique; mean to close-fistedness in musical tones, generous to a fault in harsh, discordant sounds, intensely lavish as regards volume, while thoroughly economical in the matter of debility. Her's was the voice far from being sickly, though it had the unhappy faculty of incapacitating those who came in contact with it. She used it night and day, and talked with all the impetuous acceleration of a fast express without a single air-brake attachment. I thought at that time that such voices should not be lent out promiscuously, a strict license should be kept and permits granted only to those people likely to go dumb. If I had a wife of that description I should like her to have frequent attacks of lock-jaw. From the time I arrived until the day of departure she kept up an incessant fusilade on objects, animate and inanimate, about her with the precision of an air gun and the destructiveness of a trolley. My landlord used to call her his rosebud, but he was a grievously inaccurate man; if she had been a rose at all she would undoubtedly have been a full blown one.

The singular part of the affair to me was that I had imagined incessant talking to be an unknown quantity in the country, I had conceived the idea that no such thing existed there, that gossiping was an accomplishment essentially metropolitan in every way. In fact I had come to the country to try and escape such

things, but I soon realized that all my happy imaginings and anticipations were to receive a shock, cruel and rude. I readily saw that the country was not one whit behind the city in this respect. I presently realized that not only was the object itself far from being unknown, but the quantity of it was decidedly uncertain.

It was useless, however, to quarrel with things over which I had no control, and which could hardly have been amended even if I had, and so I reluctantly resigned myself to the inevitable, cursing the unpropitious events that had rid me of one evil only to encounter another more virulent and aggressive than the first. There was only one way of permanently escaping my landlady's excessive talking and that was to return to town, a means that I did not think a great deal of, seeing I had just come from town in order to shun the noise and confusion that already existed there.

There was only one thing to be done under the circumstances, that was, to see as little as possible of the lady of the house, to spend the most of my time out of doors beyond the range of her vocal organs, and to start no discussions of any kind when toward elements restrained me from escaping beyond the radius of her precious conversational powers.

With this object in view I accordingly renewed my walks, my attacks upon the landlord's democrat, and my rides; though the last were not as popular with me as the two other diversions for reasons that will be obvious when related.

On some of these riding excursions my landlord, who may be said to have had a living interest in my welfare, accompanied me. I believe he actually thought I was risking myself foolishly, or trying to commit suicide, and he would just keep his eye on me for fun to see that I did not come to grief as t'were, and thereby cheat the law, or defeat the ends of justice by cheating him out of the amount of very board-bill which was justly his; however I mentally compromised by allowing him to act as travelling companion and guide.

Riding was something that I had never before tried my hand at (or patience either); nor did I do a very great deal of it on this occasion for the very excellent reason that I found an insurmountable difficulty in retaining my position in the saddle. Whether that ingenious device was stuffed with springs or India rubber I have never yet found out; but I do know that it had a very strenuous objection to my presence. Riding, I had been told, was a nice, dignified, gentlemanly exercise, but I soon had excellent reasons for doubting the truth of the statement. At all events I continually found myself being ele-

vated in a manner that was anything but dignified and unconsciously uttering language that no gentleman would make use of—at least, not in the society of ladies.

The horse, too, seemed to dislike being sat on, for he entered into the spirit of the thing by rearing up and overthrowing me repeatedly. I found considerable difficulty in mastering him.

On each of these occasions my landlord usually tried to keep from laughing, but I could see he was making super-human efforts to do so. I had never before experienced such painful dislocations, but on this occasion was I permitted to feast my urban senses and Torontonian imagination in a way peremptory and exhaustive. My doctor said I would pick up if I went to the country, but I found myself doing rather more of it than I either anticipated or cared for.

Frequently on a fine morning I would sally forth with my steed, in the hope of having a preliminary canter before breakfast, but ere we had gone fifty yards I had been dismounted half that number of times. In fact I observed that I could cover more ground in this way than any other. My visit was proving a veritable flying one.

In addition to the displeasing practise of unsettling me the horse had a vicious habit of trying to "run things."

For instance, if I wished to go to the village by way of the road at a moderate pace the animal invariably desired to proceed across the common with the utmost despatch; or if I longed for a canter upon the green, Sir Equus would bolt off down the road, turning into the first side line that he came to. In this way, if I wasn't dismounted at the corner, I was given an opportunity to demonstrate that which I had often proved before, namely: that two sides of a triangle are greater than it's third.

My landlord's youngest daughter, Kate, a bright, winsome child of seventeen summers, was also desirous of learning to ride, but after seeing the antics of my steed and the complicated feats of horsemanship which he successively put me through she deferred. The fallacy of the sport was too apparent.



"I WENT FISHING. . . . MAKING ALL SORTS OF IDLE BLUNDERS AND MISTAKES."

Her father, however, decided that if he had to waste his time in looking after me, Kate had better accept the opportunity to be probated in the art also. Accordingly, though reluctant at first, she at length conceded. Kate was a bashful little girl with brown curls and two flashing eyes sufficient to make all the old bachelors within miles want to swear off. At the time I was somewhat shy myself, especially in the society of ladies. To Kate I had been particularly so on account of the sublime ignorance I had shown of rural matters and country customs.

Nevertheless an opportunity was shortly to present itself of my making her closer acquaintance,

On the first day of our combined ride we gave a dual exhibition. My horse stumbled just at the same moment her's did, and we performed a large double-act dismounting scene into each other's arms. There was no need of further introduction, we were fast friends from the start.

After the happening of this auspicious event my landlord thought it time to interfere, but I assured him I had found out what was wrong. "My stirrups are too high," said I. My landlord replied that he thought I must have felt the distance somewhat on the descent.

At another time I innocently remarked that I thought the holes in the road accounted for the frequency of my falls, and he replied ironically that he guessed I had better see the council about it.

However, during my two weeks' stay I had ample opportunities afforded me of studying the art of dismounting from every conceivable point of view. Indeed by the time my visit was up I had been thoroughly grounded in the business. A very deep-rooted antipathy, however, had sprung between the garden vegetables and myself; the carrots did not like my frequent turn-ups, nor did I relish the impressions gleaned from amid the horse-radish. I am persuaded to the belief also that no man was thrown out of more positions or placed in as many situations in a life-time as I was during that eventful fortnight.

Of other diversions there were many to interest me during my stay in addition to riding, driving and walking, but none of them concerned me to such an extent as these three.

Nevertheless, I went fishing with the youngest son of the family, making all sorts of idle blunders and mistakes, and getting myself inexplicably tangled up with fish-hooks and nets until I much resembled a porcupine with its quills stuck through a sieve. In this way I managed to escape being caught myself when attempting to steal a ride on the peddler's wagon. I was far too sharp for him. It was impossible to lay hands upon me.

Boating, I usually indulged in, in the evening, after the sun had gone down, and the kingdom of the silver had begun to enwrap the land—at a time when strangers might be deluded into the belief that any splashing that I made was caused by fish jumping in the water.

Shooting had no attractions for me whatever, I got all the noise and confusion I wanted from my landlady in the house without going out for it.

Many of these sports and diversions were entirely new to me. Some of them I had never indulged in before, and of others I had had only

a taste, for such things are comparatively rare in town. It was soon apparent, however, that an abundance of them was not wanting in the country.

I should have enjoyed my visit immensely had it not been for the lady of the house. Whatever unexpected exploits or misfortunes I had experienced in the way of riding, fishing and so forth, had been sources of amusement to me in spite of the many intricate misadventures I had got into. None of those things worried me to any appreciable degree; but the incessant chatter of my landlady proved a serious barrier to my full peace of mind, and the thorough enjoyment which I would otherwise have had. No matter to what degree these other happenings had been unlooked for, as has been said, the most fortuitous circumstances connected with my visit was the meeting with such a thing as gossiping in the country. I was so much averse to that sort of thing that had I foreseen the possibility of encountering it in such a positive form, it is doubtful if I would have made the trip at all. On numerous previous occasions had I made journeys to the country, 'tis true they were hurried, flying ones, but never before had I seen anything which indicated that such a vicious practice existed there. I looked for it everywhere in vain, but in the city, and had begun to think that that kind of thing was not done in the country. Here, alas! was evidence of a character indisputably strong, which told me that the city had no monopoly over the country in this respect. On this visit my efforts to escape this excessive talking were as futile as my endeavors had previously been to locate it there. Everywhere I went, the voice of my landlady went with me. It haunted me constantly with unspeakable certainty.

What pleased and puzzled me to an untold extent was that none of the other members seemed to inherit the disease. My landlord (whose name by the way was Jones) was a kindly old gentleman, fine-looking, well-preserved and bearing very certain signs of having continually enjoyed the best of health in spite of his affliction; above all, he was very quiet and very reticent. The sons I found most agreeable and hospitable; while the daughters, Fannie, Mary and Kate, like all other country maidens, were beautiful and charming. But of the mistress of the house it was manifest she was not of my style of liking. I liked all the rest of the family but her, and all the rest of the family appeared to favorably entertain me but she. I had, at the time, ample reasons for believing this—reasons which placed it beyond the shadow of a doubt.

In all my extensive wanderings I had never come across such a woman—in the country. 'Tis true in urban life I had encountered them, but they were usually of the exhaustible kind that used themselves up as well as you by their efforts. My friend, however, had no element of this kind in her entire make-up. She was as fresh as a cucumber and as lively as a cricket after the utmost efforts conversationally. Any little obstruction she met with only acted as an incentive to greater feats with her—she was without doubt the greatest talker I had ever met.

She had one of her peculiar attacks the second evening after my arrival. I diagnosed it early

in the day as St. Vitis' dance in the tongue. She felt it coming on all afternoon but restrained herself until the arrival of her docile spouse in the evening, when she started off at a sulky pace, and went to the quarter without a break.

"You're a lazy, idle loafer," she cried vehemently. My landlord looked dejected. I expected to see the old man rebel, but he evidently knew his business.

"You're a mean, close-fisted old wretch," she proceeded, "without sense enough to—"

"My good lady," I remonstrated.

"Sir!" came the monosyllabic reply. "I don't think, sir, that I addressed myself to you, sir!"

"No! I don't think you did, my good woman, but—" I timidly began, growing somewhat uneasy on my own account.

"Well, sir," she interrupted, "I shall be pleased, sir, if you will keep your remarks to yourself, sir, or there may be someone here who will make you, sir." At this point she clenched her fist and struck a threatening attitude. I drew instinctively back.

"I once knew a man, sir, who had his nose flattened, sir,—"

"Flattened?" I queried.

"Yes, flattened, sir; flattened by shoving it into other people's business, sir; and if you do not mind, sir, and keep your remarks to yourself, sir, and not thrust your impertinent self into other people's affairs, sir, you may find that very useful appendage to your anatomy, sir, also covering a greater area than it was originally intended that it should, sir!" Here she shook her fist in my face, stamped vehemently on the floor and then, wheeling about on her heel, walked off to the other end of the room in a tantrum.

It was plainly evident to me from her actions, from the dilated nostrils and the firm position into which her mouth was drawn, that she was generating motive power, I could readily see



"YOU'RE A LAZY, IDLE LOAFER!"

that a storm was brooding, like a hen on eggs, so I left just then to renew my struggles with fish-hooks and continue my flighty feats of horsemanship. Do you blame me?

In an argument of this kind—when you are getting the worst of it—the best plan is to say no more. It is the most effective way to close up with and makes an admirable peroration as well.

It is not without reason, then, that I have a painful recollection of my landlady *pro tem*.

It was during the second week of my visit that she button-holed me one bright afternoon just as I was going fishing and started off on a long harangue on the subject of women's rights—which subject I afterwards learnt was a favorite hobby with her. It seemed she had lived out west in her younger days, and made the acquaintance of Mrs. Bloomer, who had created a considerable influence upon her mind. I was in a hurry to get away, as the horse and democrat were standing at the door and I had left the bait in a tin can in the sun without earth, in which condition I had previously learnt it did not thrive very well.

When she released me, however, I found the rig stored away, the horse stabled, and the worms, which had caused me so much exertion to hunt, baked to a mass by the heat. She had been talking, with the occasional interruption of a hiccup, or a sneeze, for three steady hours. My afternoon was spoilt and my temper ruffled, but there was one redeeming feature in connection with it, the talk had gratified the old lady, and I thought, after our former encounter, some restitution on my part necessary. When she began, though I had no idea it was going to last so long—just a few words, I thought, would be sufficient—on fashions, or children, or chickens or something of that sort, and then I could flit away and hie me to the land, or rather waters, of black bass and perch; but as has been already intimated I was sadly mistaken; there was very little small-talk about my landlady, she did everything, conversationally, on a large and extensive scale, as I was made aware of then and there.

On the tenth day of my visit she asked me to go with her to attend a meeting of some women's aid society that was to come off in the village. Of course I could not very well refuse after our friendly relations of the previous day. I said nothing at the time, but in the evening intimated my intention to the youngest son of starting a man's protective association with aims towards the preservation of unoffending males, from the influence of such domineering females; and objects that would guarantee to them the freest pursuance of their business from the interruption or molestation of interfering women.

Of course I had to go with her. It would have been bad policy not to have done so.

The democrat was brought out and the horse hitched to it. I envied the hired man as he slunk away. He saw the jealous look in my eye and laughed inwardly to himself.

To add to my discomfort, the old lady

would not let me drive. She said she would give me the whip instead if that would do, just as if I were a child.

All the way along she kept up an incessant clatter in that strange tone so peculiar to her, the children on the road looking up in the air and across the country to see where the unusual sound was coming from.

When we reached the schoolhouse where the meeting was to be held I found myself the sole male representative in the building, the others had too much hard common sense than attend.

It was an odd gathering was that ladies' aid re-union with my landlady as the principal speaker—a position which I thought her very well qualified to fulfil. They debated all sorts of insane questions and finally wound with a highly satisfactory resolution condemning all



MY LANDLORD LOOKED DEJECTED.

that they had previously said, which I thought an admirable plan, seeing my landlady had contributed most of it.

It seems that she was a stranger to the people, that is, she had not attended any of the meetings before, but nevertheless she was not backward at coming forward on this occasion.

The president called on her for a few remarks and she forthwith began a two hours' oration on her favorite topic, launching forth into a tirade against men generally, abusing them with a vehemence I had never heard her use before, and only stopping to particularize when she alluded to me, whom she frequently held up as a "horrible example."

She began by saying she would give them a little sound advice on womans' rights, but

wound up by telling them how to run their club.

After the reading of the minutes by the secretary, who was a tall grave matron with eye-glasses, a little fierce-looking woman entered and my landlady said she was the gossip of the village. I wondered where she came in and when they were going to end. I soon found, however, that the fierce little woman was quite unable to keep pace with my landlady, who now rose to receive her, and the following entertaining and very instructive dialogue ensued:

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Brown," said my landlady, "I am so pleased to see you. It does my heart good to see your radiant visage again. I was so sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's illness, and the children, how are they?"

Mr. Brown, I afterwards learnt, had an attack at the time of delirium tremens.

"Oh, you dear, sweet, sympathetic angel," began the stranger, "I am delighted to see you again."

If she was in earnest, she had a very queer idea of the meaning of "sweet and sympathetic," thought I, and her conception of an angel was likewise widely at variance with mine.

"It is as good as a sunbath to gaze at your happy features once more," continued the stranger, "the children are splendid, thank you, and Mr. Brown is improving rapidly. I hope Mr. Jones is feeling as well and looking as young as you are, Mis' Jones, and that dear little Tommy (the youngest son) has got safely over the fever."

At the mention of "fever," and "Tommy," all the members present look aghast and quietly edge away as far as possible from my landlady, for Tommy, it seems, had the scarlet fever about three years and a half previous to my visit.

"Have you heard the latest about the Smiths?" asked my landlady, blinking the last question.

"Well, I heard Mrs. White say they were awfully mean and wouldn't pay their rent, but I hardly believe that—you know what a gossip Mrs. White is?"

"Oh, yes, but that's quite true, and Fannie told Mary, the baker said he wouldn't let them have any more bread until they paid for the last. But, my gracious don't tell anyone; I wouldn't have it get around for the world; I was just telling a few friends yesterday, and I told Mrs. Green and

Mrs. Black the day before, but I'm sure they won't gossip. You know I wouldn't have it get around for anything. I tell you, but I don't want you to mention it, and I wouldn't like anyone else to hear." She raised her voice at this point, for the benefit of those more remote and by that means obtained the attention of every one in the room. "Their landlord's hired man told Mary last night that he was going to put the bailiff in on them to-morrow," continued my talkative landlady, again alluding to the unfortunate Smiths, "Mary is such a good girl, she always tells me everything. I told Fannie this morning and she told the milkman, but I wouldn't have it get around for the world; it's too bad and they're so poor; but I want you to promise never to tell a living soul

for I wouldn't have it get around for the world—now you won't tell anyone, will you, Mrs. Brown?" Here she stopped quite exhausted and sat panting away like a spent locomotive, for the last remarks were uttered with the utmost impetuosity and intensity of demeanour, without an interruption of any kind whatsoever. She sat gazing entreatingly at Mrs. Brown to reply.

"Oh!" began that estimable lady, "I should not think of saying a word about it, especially after you telling me not to. Really I feel so sorry for them," she continued, "They'll have to take in boarders and washing." Here she looked at me in a way that gave the impression that my face was dirty and needed attending to.

"Yes, and go out scrubbing and cleaning windows," gasped my landlady in a breathless fashion, "It's too bad, and everyone knows it."

At this juncture Mrs. Brown recollects that she has left the house in charge of the new servant, Sarah Ann, who may be a thief and should not be trusted as she has heard servants often are, and so bidding my landlady an affectionate farewell with the accompanying admonition "to be sure and come and see me"—which, by the way, she sincerely hopes my landlady won't do—she feelingly embraces a large fat woman on her left whom she calls a "dear, dainty creature" and picking up a gingham umbrella waves a red pocket handkerchief at the rest of the company and departs by a door to the left with utmost despatch, firmly determined to spread the sensational news regarding the unfortunate Smiths as rapidly as her conversational powers will permit.

My landlady left alone in this abrupt fashion meditates reflectively for a moment, then starts off to overtake Mrs. Brown—whom she regards as having stolen a march on her,—by going into a minute analysis of the family history of the Smiths, calling them shams, imposters and two-faced hypocrites, dwelling on all points derogatory to their character in a way becoming a crown attorney and finally ending up with an earnest appeal to the entire company not to tell anyone, for she "wouldn't have it get around for the world."

Then began a most animated discussion as to the advisability of ostracising the Smiths altogether, which led to an argument as to the most effective means of ridding the community of their obnoxious presence entirely, in the midst of which the caretaker entered to lower the windows as the discussion was getting somewhat heated, and the members were looking decidedly warm. I saw little necessity for this, however, for I had come to the conclusion many days before that there was very little need of ventilation wherever my lady was to be found, she aired every subject in a manner comprehensive and complete.

What I had seen or heard that day strengthened my convictions in the matter.

By this time I had begun to doubt the sincerity of my landlady, especially in relation to the unfortunate Smiths. I did not tell her so, however; it would have been suicidal to have done that.

The memory of that eventful meeting followed me for many days succeeding our return to the farm. Every time I thought of the confusion of that reunion it drove me almost frantic.

When I recollected that my landlady was the moving spirit in the affair, my heart went out in earnest sympathy to my landlord, whom I began to regard as a martyr. Some men have more than their share of trouble and sorrow in this world and Mr. Jones's cup seemed filled to the brim.

"Great Scott! What a voice she has," said I to him one night after her usual daily fit of temper.

"Yes! she has indeed," declared he timidly, in a way strongly suggestive of being afraid to say anything more.

"I swear by all the gods of mythology never to marry," said I,— "not a country girl, at all events."

My landlord did not reply but he gave a peculiar smile which I had seen his face assume when reference was made to this subject before. I could not make out exactly what the meaning was that lay hidden there. Was it irony or sarcasm, derision or scorn, or was it simply an evidence of ill-repressed amusement which stole over his features in spite of himself?

Before my visit was concluded there was a continuation of these meetings, at each one of which it was compulsory on me to attend. In fact I observed that the remainder of my time was almost wholly taken up in this way—in something which, by no imaginable means could I become absorbed in. I demonstrated beyond all question of doubt the inadvisability of starting a bad habit. My landlady proved to me clearly the advisability of continuing the present one I had so unwillingly contracted. To have rebelled would have been useless. That should have been done at first, before the practice had become established. Besides I had told the old lady in answer to oft repeated questions that I had enjoyed the first meeting immensely—it's a way we city people have of being polite, sometimes at the expense of veracity—and she thereupon declared her intention of providing me with further entertainment of a similar description. I could not quarrel with her for that—for wishing to be hospitable; nor could I, without giving offence, reject the entertainment which she provided with the best intentions in the world. The dose, however nauseating and distasteful, must be taken in the spirit in which it was intended. It was no time to complain now. I had let my opportunity for objection pass unheeded. There was nothing to be done but patiently wait for a speedy termination of the merciless convention which seemed to draw itself out to an aggravating and interminable length.

The second meeting came and passed, and the third meeting was over.

It was not until the evening succeeding the latter that I chanced again to refer to my landlady's brilliant conversational powers. Of course she was not there or the subject would still have remained in abeyance.

It was just after supper and we were all sitting under a large apple tree, which drooped its leafy branches almost to the grass on which we lay, enjoying the cool breeze as it swept across the stream of sparkling water immediately in front of us, while the perfumed breath of the syringa proved a kind of dessert to the evening meal. The day had been exceptionally hot and we found the evening air refreshing. We were grouped around in a semi-circle—my landlord, his sons, the girls and myself—lazily discussing any vagrant subject that happened in our minds when the sight of my landlady, through the open window, at work with her household duties, arrested my attention and turned our conversation and thoughts upon her.

"You look vindictive," said Kate to me, as I "looked daggers" at the open window.

"And I feel that way as well," I replied.

A smile stole over the features of my landlord who sat next me, but it did not steal away until every member of the company had become infected with it.

My landlady stepped to the door and called the dog to come to *his* supper.

"That is the most aggressive sound I have heard since I left town," I moaned.

"Her voice seems to worry you considerably," said my host in a jocular way.

"It does indeed," was my reply, "I never, in all my existence, came across such a woman; we have a good many objectionable things to put up with in town, but I'll be hanged if you country folks don't beat us all hollow in this line."

A gentle laugh moved round the circle. My landlord was about to reply, but the arrival of the lady of the house upon the scene silenced him completely.

The next day she came to me for the fourth consecutive time and begged me to escort her to the village again, adding that this was the last meeting of the convention and it promised to be unusually interesting.

Drowning men have seen their whole lives pass before them in a few seconds; I likewise had a dim vision of the agony I had already suffered while she was yet speaking and I resolved to make a final struggle. Desperation drove me to rashness. I replied:

"Why don't you take your husband instead of me?"

"Because I have none," she returned, with startling coolness.

"None?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, none," was the reply, "you probably mistook John for my husband; I am surprised at your stupidity, why he's only my brother."

"And you're not the lady of the house," I gasped.

"Oh, yes, if it's any consolation to you to know, sir, I *am* the lady of the house," she replied, folding her arms and looking at me sternly. "You mean do I live here? Well no, not exactly, though I am staying here at present. John couldn't get along without me. (Here my landlord looked particularly doleful.) "You see, like yourself, sir, I am a visitor from Toronto, but, unlike you, sir, I am a lady and I know how to talk as such, sir."

I rather thought she knew how to talk and I also had a faint idea that she was woman as well.

"I always act like a lady, talk like a lady and endeavor to be a lady at all times," she continued, making a grasp at my hair in a most unladylike fashion.

The atmosphere was getting intensely oppressive and I accordingly drifted out into the open air to meditate.

"And she was not the lady of the house," I muttered, "simply a maiden aunt on a visit from my native town!" It was appalling. "Heavens" thought I, "how I have been deceived. I might have known no woman could talk that way who had not been reared among metropolitan surroundings; she was correct—how stupid I was and how very gullible."

My protest, however, availed me nothing, and the hired man again had the satisfaction of seeing us depart for the scene of action at the school house.

My landlady was naturally elevated at her repeated successes and looked down at me in the bottom of the democrat derisively.

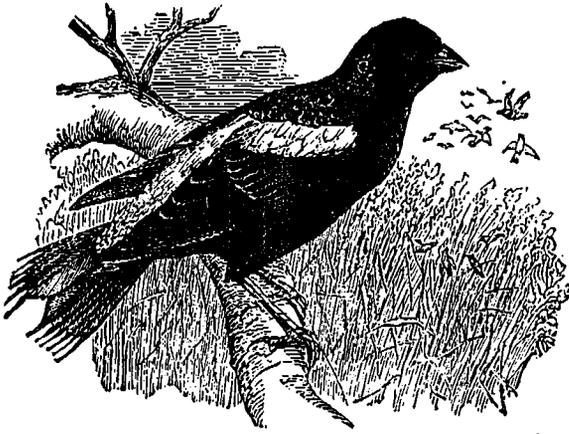
Two days before I left she came to me with her card.

"Young man," said she in a faltering voice, "I understand you are leaving in a day or so. I hope you will come and visit us again. There!" she continued, pointing to the card, "is my city address. I shall follow you hence in a few weeks myself" (I moaned.) "When I arrive I would like to have you call."

* * * * *

All that was many years ago, longer perhaps than I care to state but the recollection of my maiden landlady has haunted me ever since. It is the only unpleasant memory of my eventful visit that I have.

Shortly after the happening of these events I came back to town. It is needless to say, I have not called.



When the mountain blue is cloud-capped
On the sky line in the west,
When the wildbirds seek the shelter
Of the woodland mossy nest,
And the trees their green leaves rustle
To the wind harp's soft refrain,
'Tis then we know the coming
Of the Angel of the Rain.

When at morn down in the valley
O'er the river shining bright,
There hangs a veil so filmy
Of soft and snowy white,
When the robin's note sounds louder
In the tree tops down the lane,
'Tis then we know the coming
Of the Angel of the Rain.

From o'er the eastern hill-top
She floats in garments gray,
Bringing life to bud and blossom
As she glides along her way,
And like the peace that cometh
After sorrow's bitter pain,
Comes Nature's silent blessing,
The Angel of the Rain.



THE month of May was one of surprises. Opening with a growth of vegetation and bud which gave promise of heavy crops, cold and frost set in which caused damage to fruit to an alarming extent. Beginning with wheat at normally low prices, the end of the month saw quotations of one dollar per bushel. And the month went out on a wave of heat which, if succeeded by showers in June, will do much to restore the crops which had suffered from the low temperature of three weeks ago.

THE first division of the session at Ottawa took place on Wednesday last on the budget debate and gave the government a majority of forty-six. The lines were drawn between free trade and protection.

THE Canadian Agent at Bristol reports that American cider is being very largely advertised and sold in Britain. He sees no reason why Canadians should not enter this field and work a paying trade. He adds that there will be a splendid market for apples this year.

THE appointment of Mr. H. J. Obierne as British Ambassador to the United States is taken by some as a tribute to a distinguished agriculturist, Mr. Obierne being better known to the farming community by his writings, than in diplomatic circles. He is regarded as an able man.

THE report of the Armenian Commission was made last month. It is severe in its condemnation of Turkish misrule to which it attributes the cruelties perpetrated on the defenceless men, women and children of Armenia. The European powers are taking concerted action to establish better government in Asia Minor than has prevailed heretofore.

THE Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Angers, has announced that Prof. Robertson has arranged that the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Railway shall place refrigerator cars at the disposal of the butter trade, and that there shall be a fortnightly service by the Allan line from Montreal in cold storage.

THE death of Mr. Gresham, Secretary of State for the United States, has been the cause of genuine sorrow all over the world. He was a courteous and straightforward officer of state and his relations with foreign powers were personally of the most cordial character. His death is regarded as a heavy loss to public life in the United States.

THERE were some points in a statement presented to the Agricultural and Colonization Committee of the Commons, which deserve wide circulation. It is there announced that after the coming winter dairying in Ontario may safely be left to the care of itself, having been established on a permanent basis. With the discontinuance of initiatory work by the Government \$5,000 less will be required after next year, and probably \$10,000 the year following.

THE bill before the House of Commons making it compulsory to brand the date of manufacture on every box of cheese exported, has caused much diverse criticism. There are those who favor it strongly and a great many who disapprove of it. The consensus of opinion among cheese makers is that there should be no compulsion in the matter. Yet there are reliable business men who do not regard the system in vogue as satisfactory and some change is inevitable.

As illustrating the many difficulties which Canadian shippers of live stock have to contend with, there comes to hand information that recently there arrived in Liverpool from United States ports, seven steamers, viz: the *Sagamore*, the *Spain*, the *Norseman*, the *Georgian*, the *Gallego*, the *Montana*, and the *Michigan*, all carrying sheep and cattle, and among all of which the disease of sheep scab was found. The animals were slaughtered, and another hard fact added to the number which cause Britishers to look with suspicion on products from across the Atlantic.

THE speech from the throne at the opening of the Victorian Assembly has been read with pleasure, containing the announcement, as it does, of the return of prosperity to that highly enterprising colony. With respect to federation the acting governor in his message said that government would introduce a bill providing for an election by the people of a convention for the purpose of framing a constitution for federated Australia. Bills would also be introduced providing for a revision of the tariff and to establish the principle of one man one vote. Public economies are also promised.

THE Minister of Agriculture has consented to hear the views of the cheese salesmen and exporters in regard to the bill for branding cheese. It is understood that the members of the various Cheese Boards are desirous of making known their opinions with respect to the bill now before the House, by deputation or otherwise, and it is deemed advisable that an opportunity should be given for ventilating them before proceeding any further with the measure. Montreal and Brockville are among the cities which have expressed a wish to be heard before the committee, and other boards in Ontario will no doubt follow their example.

A SCHEME has been agitated by Mr. D. M. McPherson, M. P. P., which deserves the favorable consideration of farmers. It is to educate farmers by practical lessons as to the advantages of improved dairy farming. He holds that model farmers, not model farms, are what are required in this province, and as he backs up his arguments by practical examples, his case has all the strength to be derived from stubborn facts which have been verified. He has asked a grant of money from the Agriculture Arts Association to carry out the details of his scheme, and the demand seems to be a reasonable one.

AT the Brockville meeting of dairymen, Professor Robertson took strong ground with respect to the cheese industry, among other things he said that winter dairying, instead of being an injury to the cheese industry, would be beneficial to it, preventing overproduction. The butter sent over by the Government had met with a splendid reception in the Old Country, and the best Lancashire experts had expressed the opinion that it would run the Danish product hard before long. In Prince Edward Island, since 1892, the cheese exports had grown from nothing to more than \$90,000 worth. The duties on goods bought with that extra money would more than recoup the Government for what had been expended. As regards the outlook for good prices this year, he considered it excellent, owing to the revival of business in England, and the high price of beef, which had a direct effect upon the value of cheese. He advised salesmen to let their cheese go forward every week, and thus keep the market clear. One way of maintaining a good healthy market was to keep the cheese on the move.

IN view of the great interest aroused in the question of contagious disease in cattle, we reproduce from Hansard the remarks of Prof. Saunders, Director of Experimental Farm, on Tuberculosis, made before the Agricultural and Colonization committee:—"There is one point to which I would like to call the attention of the committee, and that is that we find tuberculosis is not essentially a lung disease, and therein it can, and should, always be distinctly separated from pleuro-pneumonia, which is essentially a lung disease, and one where the course of the disease is very rapid. Out of the 74 cases of post-mortem examinations which had been made in connection with these investigations at the Central Farm, in 20 of them, or more than one-fourth of the whole, no disease whatever could be detected in the lungs; the disease in all these cases being confined to some other organs or glands of the body. I think we cannot emphasize that point too strongly, for the reason it is so often the case that parties writing in the newspapers will confound these two diseases, the one of which is a most deadly and terrible disease, which is not known to exist anywhere in Canada, while the other is a disease which exists wherever cattle are kept in domestication, and I don't think any country is free from it."

THE Department of the Interior has issued an important Blue Book. The Canadian Immigration Agent in Ireland's report is a valuable document. He points out that it is highly desirable that Canadian steamship lines should make Glasgow or Galway a port of call. He states that no effective immigration work can be done for Canada in the south-western parts of Ireland until this is accomplished. He makes the suggestion that steamships of the Canadian lines should call alternately at the ports mentioned. He secured space in the main gallery of the Royal Dublin Agricultural Society's building to exhibit grain and other products of Manitoba and the North-West Territories at the society's spring show. This exhibit attract-

ed a great deal of attention, and many thousands of Canadian pamphlets were carried away. Canada was not otherwise in evidence at this important exhibition except as represented by the fine agricultural implements manufactured by the Massey-Harris Company, a Peterborough canoe, and a road cart stamped "Made in Canada." The agent states that no better opportunity could be afforded for exhibiting Canadian manufactures than at such shows. He was informed by a grain dealer that neither Manitoba wheat nor flour is at present imported direct to Ireland, although small quantities of these products reach that country by way of Glasgow and Liverpool, and that even these small quantities go through a blending process which does not improve them. He says that as raising wheat has been abandoned in Ireland, and the few mills running are grinding foreign grain, while the flour on the market is chiefly of United States brands, there appears to be a large unworked field in this portion of the United Kingdom for grain and flour shippers in Canada, and he adds:—"Should any future Canadian exhibit be made here it would be well to show flour in the sack, and be able to quote prices, rates of shipments, and the names of good mills and operators."

THE cheese industry is receiving much attention, and producers are likely to effect an advantage in their appeal to the government. As opportune, the following from the pen of Hon. John Lucksinger will be read with interest. It deals with the making of Limburger cheese: "Limburger is what is termed a soft cheese, made with the application of very little heat. I believe that it is the richest cheese made, except those that have an addition of cream to the whole milk. It is thickened and worked at a temperature of 85 to 90 degrees. It is allowed to thicken for fully one-half hour, then carefully cut into cubes and gently stirred until the rennet has separated the whey, and the curd has become firm enough to be dropped on a board without breaking. The whey, which should be quite clear, with a greenish yellow tinge, is then taken out, leaving just enough to partly float the curd. This is then dipped out into wooden moulds of the proper size and left on the tables to drain; no pressure whatever is applied, the curd is so soft and the cheese so small that the whey readily flows off. They are 4½ to 5 inches square, and 2½ inches high, weighing from 1½ to 2½ pounds each. Like all sweet curd cheese, the salt is applied on the outside after it is made, and is absorbed, and the proper curing room is a rather moist cellar. While curing, a slime forms on the outside and this is rubbed daily with the hands, and in time forms the rind which emits the characteristic odor, which to some people is so offensive, while to others it is agreeable. When cured, each piece is first wrapped in strong paper, then covered with tin foil, and for shipment packed in square boxes holding about 100 pounds each. It is a very rich cheese, there being hardly a trace of butter fat in the whey, and is free from the fault of producing constipation, so objectionable in most all cheese. Indeed, it is regarded by many as a specific cure for dyspepsia. An ordinary cheese vat and curd cutter, and the requisite moulds, draining tables and curing shelves, constitute the rather inexpensive outfit of a Limburger factory. It is considered one of the most profitable varieties for the maker, as, owing to the nearly cold process of making and there being no press, a greater weight of cured cheese is produced from milk than of any other kind.

THE upward tendency of wheat has been thus commented upon by Sir William Van Horne: "The people are beginning to find out that there is not too much wheat in the world, after all. I have never for a moment lost faith in the future of wheat; the world will not continue long to produce anything that cannot be produced profitably. Most countries

in which wheat is grown can produce a variety of crops, and it is always the case after two or three years of extreme depression in the price of one crop that some other is tried which promises better returns. It requires only a change of from five to ten per cent. in the world's wheat crop to result in a deficiency instead of a surplus, and unduly low prices are nearly always followed by unduly high prices." With respect to the opinion expressed last year by Sir William, that wheat would rise to two dollars per bushel, he said: "I was misquoted. I expressed the opinion that wheat was not down to stay down, and that I expected to see wheat sell at \$2 per bushel. I am of the same opinion to-day, and, although we may not see anything like such prices this year, I am confident that they will come before long. From 1887 to 1892 India was the bugbear of the wheat market, but the extraordinary yield of 1891 all over the world was the chief cause of the extraordinary decline in prices which followed, and then came the Argentine bugbear to keep the prices down. But the fact seems to have been overlooked that the loss of wheat in Kansas alone in the past three years has largely offset the increase in the Argentine Republic, and there has been a large decrease since 1891 in the export from India. Another factor has been overlooked. That is, the British millers, and I think those of the continent, have in times past put in large stocks of wheat at certain seasons of the year, but the long-continued and heavy decline in prices for several years back has resulted in their working from hand to mouth. Their recent experience has taught them that the quickness and certainty of modern transportation have removed the necessity of laying in heavy stocks, and I do not think they will ever again carry such stocks as they did up to within two or three years. Wheat which would ordinarily have been carried in stock by them has been banging upon the world's markets, and until it was absorbed it helped to keep the prices down. But now that it is absorbed it seems to me that normal conditions have been restored, and that we have seen the end of low prices for the present. And that is all I have to say about wheat."

THE management of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition has issued its catalogue for 1895. The lists are as large and attractive as ever, and there seems to be no lack of inducement to exhibitors to secure space for their goods. Follow are the dates of principal Canadian fairs:

Toronto	Sept. 2nd to 14th.
Winnipeg	July 15th to 19th.
Stansieat, Que.	Aug. 21st and 22nd.
Sherbrooke, Que.	Sept. 2nd to 7th.
Kingston	Sept. 2nd to 7th.
Montreal, Que.	Sept. 12th to 21st.
London	Sept. 12th to 21st.
Perth	Sept. 17th to 19th.
Owen Sound	Sept. 17th to 19th.
Guelph	Sept. 17th to 19th.
Whitby	Sept. 17th to 19th.
Wellesley	Sept. 17th and 18th.
Belleville	Sept. 17th to 20th.
Renfrew	Sept. 19th and 20th.
Bowmanville	Sept. 20th and 21st.
Ottawa	Sept. 20th to 28th.
Peterborough	Sept. 23rd to 25th.
St. Catharines	Sept. 23rd to 25th.
Milverton	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Paisley	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Cayuga	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Collingwood	Sept. 24th to 27th.
St. John, N.B.	Sept. 24th to Oct. 1th
Chatham	Sept. 24th to 26th.
Orillia	Sept. 24th to 26th.
Woodstock	Sept. 25th and 26th.
Lindsay	Sept. 25th to 27th.
Stratford	Sept. 26th and 28th.
Brampton	Sept. 26th and 27th.
Cananington	Sept. 27th and 28th.
Paris	Oct. 1st and 3rd.
Waukerton	Oct. 1st to 3rd.
Goderich	Oct. 1st to 3rd.
Stayner	Oct. 2nd to 4th.
Markham	Oct. 2nd to 4th.
Almonte	Oct. 2nd to 4th.
Beachburg	Oct. 3rd and 4th.
Elora	Oct. 3rd and 4th.
Otterville	Oct. 4th and 5th.
Ridgectown	Oct. 7th and 9th.
Tilsonburg	Oct. 8th and 9th.
Burford	Oct. 10th and 11th.
Woodbridge	Oct. 15th and 18th.
Simcoe	Oct. 15th to 17th.



1st.—The by-law to raise \$30,000 to build a city goal in Hamilton carried by popular vote.... The Toronto University Commission reported to the Ontario Government.... Convocation of Queen's University, Kingston, took place.

2nd.—Mr. Herbert Gardner, British Minister of Agriculture, stated that the restrictions on Canadian cattle would not be relaxed.... Mr. Mulock's bill for the restriction of railway passes before the House of Commons.... Britain accepted the guarantee made by Salvador of the payment of the indemnity by Nicaragua, and the British troops left Corinto.

3rd.—The budget speech was delivered in the Dominion House of Commons.... Announcement made that the Montreal garrison artillery will visit Toronto on Dominion Day.

4th.—Mr. L. J. Forget, entered upon his duties as secretary of the Montreal Stock Exchange.... Rev. H. G. Miller, M. A., resigned the principalship of Huron Divinity College, London, Ont.

6th.—The Royal Academy opened in London, Eng.... The rate of taxation for the city of Toronto was fixed at 16½ mills on the dollar.... The death of Mrs. Leslie Stephen announced.

7th.—Rev. Geo. Burson, St. Catharines, died.... Rev. Dr. Staker, Glasgow, nominated for the chair of apologetics in Knox College, Toronto.... Alarming illness of Sir Frederick Leighton, reported.

8th.—An Italian consulate will be established in Montreal.... A statue of Abraham Lincoln presented to the city of Manchester, N. H.... The pallium was conferred on Archbishop Langevin.... Annual meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association was held to-day.

9th.—Ex-Ald. Baxter, of Toronto, died.... Report of the Department of Marine laid on table of House of Commons at Ottawa.... The Hyams case begun in Toronto Criminal Assize Court.... Manitoba Legislature met and adjourned until June 13th.

10th.—The balance in Dominion Savings Bank last month stated at \$16,055,014.... Missionary steamer "Glad Tidings" rescued on the Pacific coast.

11th.—Demonstration in favor of monometalism being promoted in London, Eng.... The Universal Exhibition was opened in Amsterdam.... Four thousand immigrants landed at New York, the largest number this season.

13th.—Judgment was rendered at Montreal in the famous St. Louis case.... The Arts and Crafts Association was opened at Hamilton.

14th.—Judge Toms of Goderich, died.... The forty-sixth annual convention of the A. O. H., was held.... Annual commencement of Wycliffe College held to-day.

15th.—Annual meeting of the Royal Society of Canada opened at Ottawa.... Annual convention of the Woman's Baptist Home and Foreign Missions opened to-day.

16th.—Rear Admiral John J. Ahny, U. S. Navy, died at Washington.... The proposed terms of union between Newfoundland and Canada were brought down to the House of Commons at Ottawa, to-day.

17th.—Death of Duke of Hamilton and Brandon announced.... No. 1 Manitoba hard wheat all rail Montreal, sold at one dollar and one cent per bushel.

18th.—The Imperial Privy Council granted permission to the Attorney General of Ontario to appeal from the decision of the Supreme Court as to the power of the provincial legislature to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquor.

20th.—The Supreme Court of the U. S. declared the income tax to be unconstitutional *in toto*.

21st.—Severe shocks of earthquake were experienced to-day at Spoleto, near Rome.

22nd.—House of Commons adjourned for Queen's Birthday holiday.... Public Works Department, Ottawa, gave notice that there will be no reduction of dock rates at Kingston this year.

23rd.—T. W. Anglin was appointed Surrogate Court clerk at Osgoode hall.... The Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo railway was declared open for traffic.

24th.—Queen's Birthday Holiday.... Jury in the Hyams case disagreed.

25th.—Formosa declared itself a Republic with its governor as president.... Queen's birthday celebrated in London, Eng.

27th.—Inspector Byrnes retired from New York police force.... Annual meeting of the Baptist convention of Ontario and Quebec opened at Toronto.

28th.—National Council of the Women of Canada was opened at Toronto.... Hon. Dr. Montague accepted invitation to address the Pan-American convention.

29th.—The annual meeting of the Toronto Methodist Districts held.... Information received that over 100 lives were lost by the sinking of the steamer *Colima*, off the Mexican coast.... Lord Rosebery's Sir Visto won the Derby.

30th.—The corner stone of the Foresters' Temple at Toronto was laid by the Governor-General.... Annual meeting Upper Canada Bible Society was held.... Annual Art exhibition of the Ontario Educational Department opened.

31st.—The Boy's Brigade of Toronto inspected by his Excellency the Governor-General.



Three Ways of Fastening Cows.

IN answer to an enquiry, "A. M. C." writes to the *Rural New Yorker* on the questions of fastening cows and cow stables, thus: We show one which we had in use several winters, which has proved quite satisfactory to us, and apparently so to the cows. The drop may be of any width and depth to suit the builder, and the platform any length to suit the cow. If there is much difference in the length of the cows, either the drop or the rack should run a little angling so as to be nearer at one end, and then the cows should be arranged along it according to their length. The height from the floor to the bottom of the feeding slats is two feet; length of slats, three feet. The chute on which the hay rests, should have slope enough to keep the hay well against the slats. The grain box is placed in the corner of the stall. The advantage of this rack over the manger is, that the cows cannot defoul the floor while standing forward to eat, and then step back and lie down in it; but are compelled to stand back while eating, so that the manure falls into the drop, keeping the floor clean. Our cows are as clean as when running on pasture.

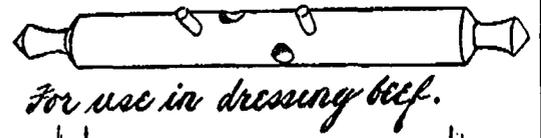
On the same subject M. Nelson says: For a number of years I have been watching for a cattle tie that would take the place of stanchions, but I have seen nothing that would do. The two principal requisites are comfort and cleanliness to the cow. After buying a few each of the cattle ties offered for sale, I found the tiemarked No. 1 in cut to be the best. I took a few to the blacksmith shop and had them made like No. 2. By using two round, hardwood poles 2½ inches in diameter, placed 14 inches apart at the bottom and 16 inches apart at the top, the rings will be governed by every movement of the cow. No fodder can get under the cow's feet; she can take out her head at will, and sleep with the head alongside the body. After a few weeks' experimenting, I find the cows as clean as when in stanchions. I am so well pleased with this tie, that I have bought 4½ dozen ties; shall have them all made like No. 2, and this week I shall take every stanchion out of my barn and relieve my stock of their old prison life. No. 4 is the same tie, but is made of gas pipes. In case of fire, by turning the crank, the pipe pulls up, as shown, and the cows are all loose. This will be patented. My object in having the two rings is first, the chain across or between the poles, prevents the fodder from getting under the cow; second, by having the stalls 3½ feet apart, as they should be, the cows can not hook each other, and when they get up they will not pound their shoulders against the poles as they do in the stanchions. This is, in some cases, the cause of abortion. If the farmers would try a few such ties, the stanchions would soon go.

The cost of the ties is No. 1, \$2.50 per dozen, and No. 2 will be about \$4, or \$3 at the factory. And still further is this suggestion by "S.C.H.": My way of fastening cows in the stable is shown in cut. Hay and grain are put into the manger. At either side, as shown in the cut, rods are fastened, standing out two inches from the wall. The cow has a leather strap around her neck. The two short chains shown have rings at one end and snaps at the other. The rings play on the rods, and the snaps fasten into a ring on the neck strap. The cow has ample room, cannot interfere with her neighbor, or waste her feed, and will keep clean. I put two cows in each stall, and it saves one-half the partitions.

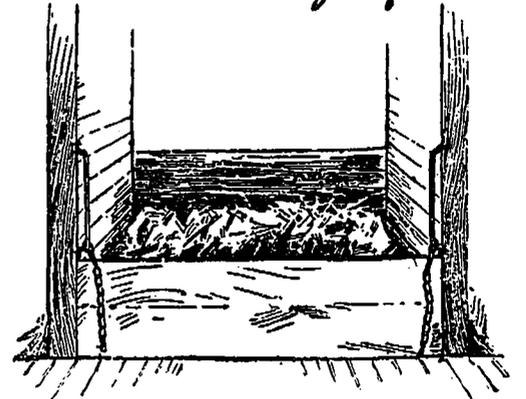
Device for Slaughtering.

A CHEAP and convenient apparatus for the slaughter house is illustrated by the cuts here shown. In cut the tripod is formed of three poles, as nearly straight as possible, 14 ft. long, with a diameter of about five inches at the larger end. These are joined near the upper end by a five-eighths-inch bolt in a three-fourths-inch hole, thus allowing the outer poles to be separated to a distance of six feet or more at the bottom. As a matter of cleanliness, the bark should be removed from the poles or sawed timber used instead. Thirty feet of five-eighths inch rope are used. This is given one turn vertically about the joining of the poles above, as shown at Fig. 1. To prevent slipping when the two ends of the rope bear unequal weights, as in cutting down the carcass. Slip-knots formed at the lower end of the ropes, receive the two pins of the roller (see Fig. 2), care being taken that the roller shall lie horizontal and remain so during the ascent. The roller is made of hard wood, about five inches in diameter and 34 inches long, from shoulder to shoulder. Six inches additional at each end are cut down to a diameter of 2½ inches next the bevelled shoulder, while the outer end is nearly three inches in diameter. The pins for the ropes are eight inches apart, and between these pins, two holes are bored through the roller at angles to each other and a few inches apart, in which handspikes are used.

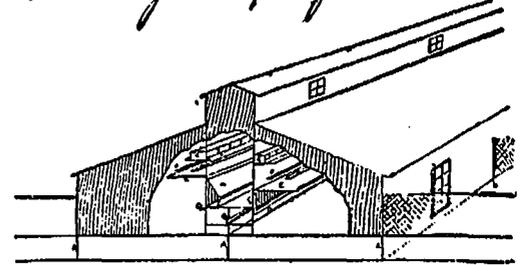
When the animal has been killed and partially skinned, the tripod is set up over it, the center pole to the rear, and the pair of other poles forward. The disposition of the poles places them least in the way of the operators. The pointed ends of the roller are inserted under the large tendon just above the hock joint, and these being sloped inward, the carcass cannot slip off even when sawed asunder. The ropes are hung on the forward side of the roller, that the handspikes may be used in that direction. The animal is raised a few feet, and held in this position by a stick laid across the ropes, as in cut, and the dressing proceeds. The disadvantage is that the roller soon passes out of reach from the ground, but this is met from below by the use of a box or barrel, on which the operator stands while using the spikes. When fully dressed the fore quarters may be cut away singly.



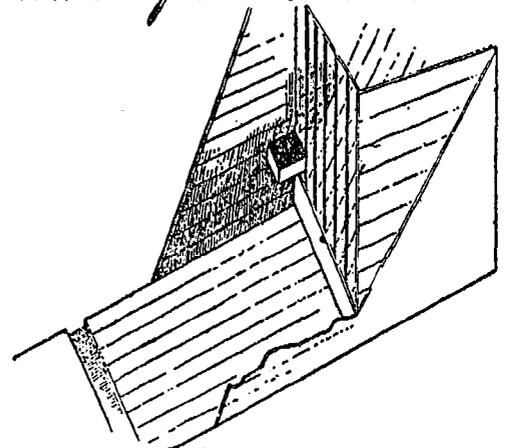
For use in dressing beef.



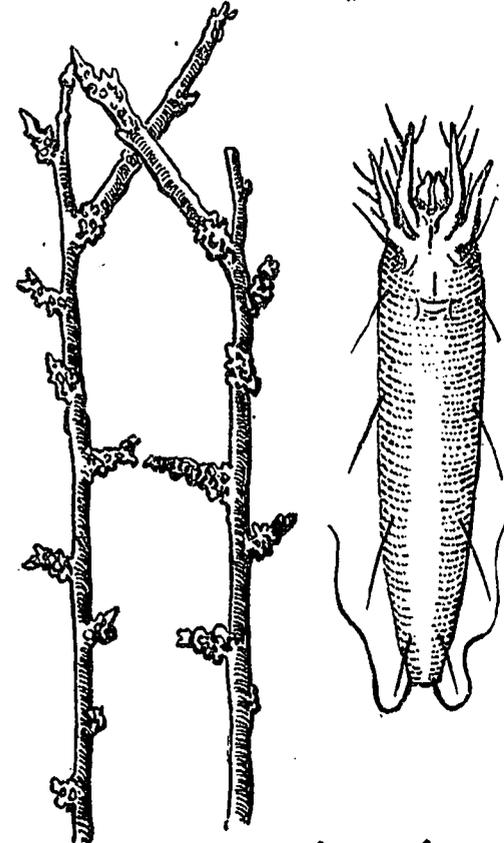
Rod, ring & snap to fasten cows.



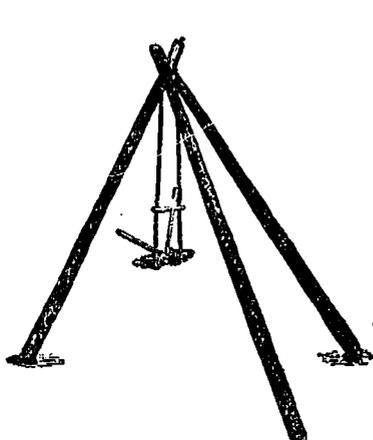
A house for 1,000 hens.



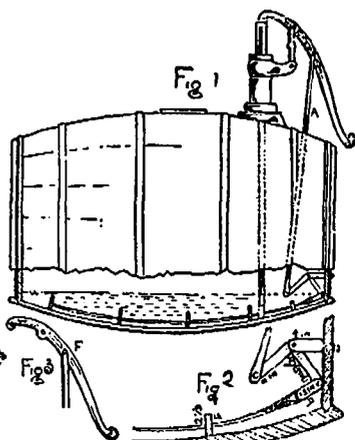
Grain box & rack for cows.



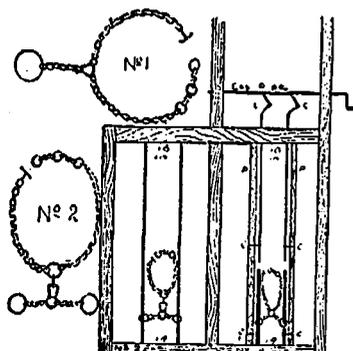
A new insect on plums.



Device for lifting a carcass.



Device for agitating a spraying compound.



Cows tied between poles.

Troublesome Plum Pest.

THE pest here described by illustration has been found very troublesome. One fruit grower writes that his orchard of 400 trees is all affected. The galls are usually clustered about the bases of buds, and sometimes occur around the base of a short new shoot, as the figure shows. None occurs on the body of the larger branches or on the trunk. If one of the galls be carefully cut through with a sharp knife, an interior cavity is revealed which is now packed full of exceedingly small (invisible to the naked eye), whitish creatures, known as mites. The fleshy portion of the gall, between the cavity and the outer shell or skin, is of a dark magenta color. In the top of each gall, may usually be distinguished a small slit-like opening or depression, through which the mites pass in and out. A search through the literature, revealed the fact that a similar, if not the same, Plum-twig Gall-mite was first observed in Austria in 1888. It is now quite common in Germany and other parts of Europe. The mite was not definitely described until about four years ago, when a German named it *Phytoptus phlaeocoptes*, and gave a good figure of the minute creature; the object in the illustration beside the twigs, is a photographic reproduction of this figure of one of the mites found in these galls, and this figure is about 400 times as large as the mite itself.

New Spraying Agitator.

THE great difficulty which we all have in keeping spraying liquids in suspension, says Prof. S. T. Maynard, has led me to experiment on an automatic agitator, with the result that I think I have made one that will keep any liquid, fungicide or insecticide, thoroughly agitated. This contrivance, shown in the illustration, is made for use with the barrel lying on its side, which we consider the best way to carry it, and consists of an arm (a) of flat iron one-eighth inch thick and seven-eighths inch wide, attached to the handle of the pump and entering the barrel about six inches from its head. This arm is attached to an elbow (b), with arms six inches in length, which is fastened into a socket about four inches in length, that is bolted to the barrel at (c). At the lower end of the elbow is attached a short arm (d), which is joined to the long arm that carries the dashers or agitators (e.) This joint is necessary in order that the dashers may lie on the bottom of the barrel, and not be lifted up at every stroke of the pump. With the movement of the pump handle, the dashers move backward or forward over the entire bottom of the barrel, thus keeping the liquid in constant motion. In order that the liquid that may have settled on the bottom may be stirred thoroughly before starting the pump, the arm (a) is fitted to the pump handle by a slot (f), so that it may be quickly slipped off and worked upward and downward a few times before beginning to pump. All the parts are made of flat iron one-eighth inch thick by three-fourths inch wide, and can be made by one having facilities for cutting such iron and drilling holes to fasten it together. The parts are held together by short stove bolts. The dashers are fastened to the rod by a screw passing through it. In the adjustment of this apparatus to the barrel, the pump must be brought near enough to the end of the barrel to allow of full sweep of the pump handle, and the rod (a) fixed to the handle so as to give a full sweep to the elbow (b) that the dashers may be carried forward and back to their fullest extent. We have tested this agitator as far as it is possible at this season of the year, and feel that, if properly adjusted, it will be entirely satisfactory. No patent has been applied for on this appliance, though we think this special form originated with us, and wish the fruit growers of the country to have the benefit of it.

Pine Stock.

THE improved white Yorkshire hog is the best producer of lean meat.

FOR a horse with a scratched legs wash his legs with warm soap suds, and then with beef brine.

A CURE for worms in hogs is to put a common fire shovel full of ashes into a pail of swill once a day for two or three days.

OATS are the best food for working horses as they furnish more nourishment and flesh-making material than any other food.

THE time to serve a sow is from three to six days after weaning the pigs. By having them served at this time one can raise two litters a year.

MILCH cows with calves ought to have as much green food as possible, and a bucket of meal and water twice a day if they have not a good grass pasture, or green rye provided for them.

FOR a horse's feet that are brittle or bound, mix equal parts of tar and soft grease, having the foot clean and dry; apply hot, but not boiling, to all parts, letting it run under the shoe as much as possible.

HERE is an excellent method for relieving choked cattle: Put down her throat a ball of lard which will cause a cow to throw out the obstruction—if not add gunpowder, which will make her cough and so relieve her.

IN Switzerland a milkmaid or man gets better wages if gifted with a good voice, because it has been discovered that a cow will yield one-fifth more milk if soothed during the process of milking by a pleasing melody.

COUNT the cost. Where there is no profit there is usually loss. Do not attempt the wintering over of any animal which does not show good promise of returning a profit for food consumed. Possibly you have some which you would better give away than feed.

A SMALL flock of sheep is sometimes good to keep if not to sell. It is one of the most effective scavengers to be placed upon the farm; and because there is no profit in the wool, feed up the mutton breeds, and do not be knocked out by the present adverse circumstances.

FOR inflammation of the udder or milk ducts, milk carefully, and after each milking wet the udder with camphorated ointment. If this fail try iodine ointment and give once daily on the feed two teaspoonfuls powdered nitrate of potash and one teaspoonful nitrate of potash.

WHILE only the milch cow seems to hold her own in the market, and a good horse will sell but for a song just now, we venture to say that the tune in regard to the latter will change by the coming spring. It is only the poor sheep that must hang its head in utter hopelessness.

The Poultry Yard.

House for 1,000 Fowls.

A HOUSE to contain 1,000 fowls is thus designed. The house should be 300 ft. long by 24

feet wide, six feet high at the eaves, and 12 feet at the top with the roof pitching both ways. It is well lighted with one window in front of each pen and one in the top for each pen. The house sets north and south, so that fowls in the east pen get the sunshine in the morning through their window in front and those in the west side through the windows in the top of the house, and the afternoon sun in like manner. The house should be made as tight as possible and perfectly dry. The windows at the top are hinged at the bottom of the sash so as to open inside for ventilation on warm days. There are 25 pens on each side of the walk, 12 feet square on the floor, which is raised two feet from the ground with partitions underneath the house the same as the pens above; this gives a dry place for the hens to wallow, insures freedom from rats working under the floor, and doubles the floor room for the fowls. The yards are 12 feet wide, and 150 feet long, and are well provided with fruit trees for shade. The fences are boarded two feet high, with four-foot wire-netting above. In the illustration, A A are posts two feet high, on which the house is set; B the water trough; C C feed troughs; D D a board five or six inches from the level of the walk on which the fowls stand to eat from the troughs through slatted partitions; E E platforms under roosts three feet wide and perfectly tight, so that no dirt can drop through; F F roosts; G G nest. The roosts, nests, etc., extend 10 feet, allowing a two-foot gate to enter the pens if necessary; H is a door let down for cleaning platforms; I, door for gathering eggs.

FEED young ducks on meal or curds and keep in a warm place at night.

Do not wait too long before mating your fowls for spring breeding.

BE sure that your birds have plenty of fresh water before them at all times

It is a question, which is the worst poorly fed or over fat hens. Neither of them will produce many eggs.

THE show season is now upon us, and this is also about the season of the year for a new crop of poultry papers to hatch out.

WHICH will you have, eggs or lice? Make your selection, and remember that you cannot have both in the same poultry yard.

EXERCISE is necessary to keep the birds hardy and healthy, and is certainly essential to egg production. Provide plenty of good clean litter.

Do not believe all you hear until you have tested it for yourself. Knowledge gained from experience is expensive sometimes, but it is valuable just the same.

Ducks should never be allowed to swim till they are more than a month old and do not let them out in the early morning to eat slugs or worms, as too many will kill them.

SKIM milk, buttermilk or curds given to poultry will prove as profitable as when fed to pigs. Give the milk to chickens in clean vessels only, as disease will result if any filth accumulates.

AN excellent cure for roup is to pour kerosene down the throat and rub on the outside on the affected parts, and continue with the following remedy: Sulphur-magnesia and alum blown or sprinkled on the cankered or swollen parts. Keep the fowls warm and out of draughts.



Waterin' the Critters.

They call me a "bound boy." I reckon they're right;
I do seem bound considerable tight.

But I do' know 's it matters.
'Tain't no use a-blubberin' over spilt milk,
An' I wouldn't giv' up, fer a hull rig o' silk,
A-waterin' the critters.

They call me at sun-up, to fetch an' to go—
Lug in the wood an' shovel the snow;
An' they ain't no sweets on my fritters.
But I tell you what, it's the jolliest fun,
To go, when the other chores is done,
A-waterin' the critters.

There's Jersey Bess, she takes a drink,
A-lookin' so thankful at me!—I think
She knows a sight more'n her betters.
An' Dandy Pat, he's prime, yes siver!
Oh they ain't no sech fun, needn't tell me,
As waterin' the critters.

Two-year-old Jinny, she likes me fust rate,
An' the ye'llin's—bless 'em!—knows me as straight
As a school-chap knows his letters.
An' they're all so mighty fond of water!
So an' I—must a-learned it of 'em—sorter,
Waterin' the critters.

There's times it seems 'sif 'tain't no fair—
'Sif things an' folks warn't on the square—
Seems more'n my dose o' bitters.
An' then agin—well, I do' know,
There's 'ough sight harder rows to hoe
Than waterin' the critters.

Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Buried in Snow by a Silver Tip.

EARLY in the fall of 1880 our regiment was ordered into the field against hostile Indians, and about the beginning of October we were encamped on Poplar creek, a tributary emptying into the Missouri from the north, about sixty miles distant from Fort Buford.

Our instructions required us to remain here until further orders should be received, and during these few days that we remained idle in camp, the men amused themselves in various ways, but principally by organizing short hunting expeditions into the surrounding country.

Our chief of teamsters was Henry Morgan, a good all-round shot, and one who had more than once brought down big game by his skill. He started off alone one morning just as a mild blizzard began to fly and openly declared that when he returned he would bring an antelope or a deer back with him or perhaps both.

We saw him disappear in the direction of Mill creek with his rifle over his shoulder, but the narrative of his subsequent movements is best told by himself:

"I had gone perhaps three miles up the creek, and had as yet seen no sign of any wild animal, when all at once from behind a cottonwood log near a thick bunch of underbrush a long-eared cotton-tail rabbit leaped nimbly into sight, and the next moment my shot laid him low.

"I hurried over to the spot and was leaning over to examine the animal, when I felt a crash as if the whole canyon had exploded, and as I tumbled over in the snow my fast-departing senses recognized a huge silver-tip bear, whose powerful paw had been the author of my mischief.

"I lay there half stunned and badly-bruised, with just enough consciousness left to observe what was going on around me.

"The old bear nosed and rolled me about, and finally succeeded in pushing and dragging me about twenty feet, then she pushed me down into a washout of the creek bottom and pawed away until she had me almost covered with snow, brush, and other trash. I had now recovered my senses, but as I could easily breathe through the loose pile that covered me, I thought it safest to lie still and await the outcome.

"Completing my funeral arrangements the bear walked about and sniffed a few times suspiciously at the spot, then by the sound of her satisfied snarls and growls growing fainter and

less distinct I knew that she was moving off. "When I considered she was far enough away, I scrambled out of the hole, shook myself clear of the trash, and then looked around for my gun.

"It was lying safe and little damaged near the log where I had killed the cottontail, but was somewhat scratched and choked with snow.

"I first cleaned the piece out, placed it in good order, and then went back to my involuntary grave, where I found the tracks made by Bruin to be quite distinct and widely separated, showing that the beast had gone off down stream somewhat in a hurry. I suspected the old monster would be back sooner or later, so re-arranging the cavity and restoring the brush and trash as naturally as possible, I retired to a safe position behind the cottonwood log, which had been the scene of my first disaster, and sat down to wait.

"Perhaps three-quarters of an hour had passed when far down the open I saw the old mother with her cubs trotting merrily at her heels, making all haste up stream towards my place of concealment. I kept as still as death and scarcely breathed, but got my rifle into position, and nervously waited until the trio should come within easy range.

"On she came, rolling from side to side, and then I saw that her object was the hole in which I had been so unceremoniously buried.

"She hurried to the spot, growled something to the cubs, then all three, cubs and dam, began pawing and scratching the brush and trash aside, and sending it in a perfect shower behind them. Finally the hole was scooped out clean, and then the old one, evidently comprehending that the promised dinner had escaped, lay back her head and howled her woes to heaven.

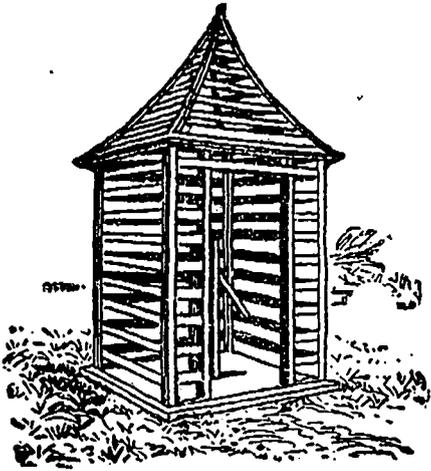
"This was my first opportunity and I fired with careful aim, the lead striking her in the lower part of the neck and causing her to pitch heavily forward. By this time I had placed a bullet in the foreshoulder of the largest cub, the dam, with a mighty howl, regained her feet, and savagely began to lick the wound of her bleeding offspring. I was perfectly cool now, and, realizing that it was a matter of life or death with me, I took another careful aim while the old one was poised on her hind legs mopping her own wound and sent a bullet through her heart. The younger cub got away in the brush before I was ready for it, but the larger one, who had already been wounded, I finished with another shot.





Shaded Wells for the Country.

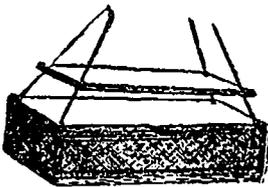
ONE will have to travel far through the country to find the wells shaded from the fierce heat of summer, though they are few, say a contributor, who will not admit that shade over the pump would make it much cooler—a condition that would be appreciated on most farms where



ice is not to be had. Now, a shaded well is easily within the reach of any family. All that is necessary is a bit of ingenuity, some light strips of either pine or spruce, a few laths and the seeds of some quickly growing climbing plant. The accompanying sketch shows a light framework, covered with laths, erected upon the ordinary well curb, which provides ample foundation. By the sides of the curb should be planted seeds of quickly-growing climbers, such as morning glory, creeping Jenny, nasturtiums and others, which will soon cover the whole structure, and not only keep the well shaded, but will add a handsome feature to the yard or grounds.

Wire Hung Shelves.

THE illustration shows a set of shelves hung by stout wire from the ceiling, the shelves being held in place by passing the wire through the board and then taking a turn around the edge as shown. Let the two lower shelves be of the same size and surround them with wire or cotton mosquito netting with a door covered with netting to let down in front, and you will have not only a rat-proof, but also an insect-proof place in which to set food during hot weather.



Leaks in the Kitchen.

MANY wonder why Mrs. Jones can get along so nicely, and always dress so neatly, with her husband's small salary; while Mrs. Green's husband gets a larger salary, has a smaller family, and they seem to barely live—just from hand to mouth. I'm convinced if you would be about Mrs. Green's kitchen for a few days, you would find a large "leak." You might not think it possible, at first, that she can "throw it out of the window with a teaspoon faster than she can shovel it in at the door;" but it is a well-established fact that the little leak will sink a great ship in time.

Perhaps a few bread crumbs are left over from dinner, and they find their way to the slop-pail, and the potatoes that were left over from dinner are fast behind the bread, and so on, until several meals are leaking out, drop by

drop. Pork is taken out of the barrel and a few slices are cut off, and the remainder is laid in a cupboard to spoil. Still another leak is in peeling potatoes; taking thick peeling to prevent extra time in taking out eyes. Poor bread will not be eaten, and of course, if we don't know what to do with it, the slop-pail is the only place for it, while it would do for puddings, if nothing else, if the housewives only knew it. A broom doesn't cost much, but if you don't wish to add another leak, put it in boiling water that it won't get too dry and break off when using it.

Meat, bread, potatoes and onions, left over, can be warmed over for breakfast, and are very nice when hashed nicely with care.

Cakes, cookies, etc., can be soaked for puddings and obtain good results, by a little extra seasoning. Do not throw away a thing that can be used to make something for the hungry farmer. Cold boiled cabbage can be fried, and before seasoning add a little vinegar, and you can hardly tell but that it is fresh. Take large cold boiled potatoes and slice lengthwise, take a little butter and fry the potatoes to a delicate brown, and serve in napkins in deep dishes. Fresh potatoes are very nice when cooked this way, but it takes much longer to cook them. Above all things, the housekeeper should stop all "Leaks in the kitchen."

Ethics of the Mending Basket.

A CERTAIN punctilious old gentleman used to say that no true lady would ever wear a stocking with a hole in it. The same idea was voiced by a young girl of a later generation, who declared that she never felt like a lady when there was a button off her shoe. Each put into words an appreciation of the fact that more is required than outside correctness of appearance to mark the woman whose innate impulses are all toward refinement.

The fortunate women who have maids or seamstresses to keep their garments in order can hardly appreciate the checks or disasters that mark the pathway of her who is obliged to do, with her own hands, all the minor repairing of her clothing. It may seem a trifle to set the few stitches in the ripped seam or skirt-braid, to tighten the loose shoe-buttons, to "run" the thin places in the stockings. Each one of these is a trifle, when taken by itself, but the sum total is not to be lightly esteemed; and in a household where there are children to wear out clothes, the sight of the laden mending-basket brings the thought: "How are those increased that trouble us!" Not the children, but the fruits of their labors in gaping holes, three cornered tears and zig-zag rents.

Despite the effort, the mother has to consider what will be the effect upon children of allowing them to think lightly of torn underclothing, missing shoe-buttons, and "holey" gloves and stockings. There is something in innate ladyhood that recoils from the idea of keeping the outer garments tidy, while those underneath are in a state that, if revealed, would make their wearer blush.

"I always dress for possible accidents when I go on the railway," said a young girl. "I think I should die of mortification, if after a smash-up, my dead body should be identified by the holes in my stockings or the number of buttons off my shoes."

Skirt-braid may be one of the nothings that make up life, but it does its share in causing distress and mortification. Even were it sewed on with double and waxed shoe-thread, it would catch on a nail and rip at an inconvenient season. The first break in the stitching is like the little rift within the lute, or the little speck in the garnered fruit. From one broken thread to half a yard of dragging and dusty binding is only a question of a short time.

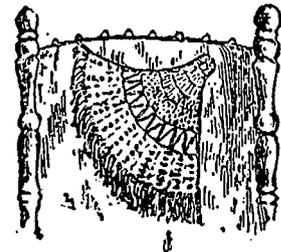
Shoe-buttons possess the same perversity. The custom practised by shoemakers of sewing them all with one thread doubtless has much to do with the habit the buttons have of following one another off the shoe in rapid succession, in the fashion of a row of bricks after one has

fallen. Of the buttons on ready-made underclothing you need not that I write unto you, for everyone knows that these are only warranted to remain in place until the garment is sold, and sometimes even this guarantee is not fulfilled.

Notwithstanding all these hindrances in the path of neatness, a woman must not do otherwise than hold her standard high. The hackneyed principle of "a stitch in time" is the only one to follow. Close and frequent search for the tiny rips in seams, for the broken stitch in stockings and skirt-brails, for the loose buttons on gloves, boots and underclothing, will become almost second nature after a while. Such inspections really save time in the end; they should be made regularly and systematically, for every one knows the tricks gowns have of remaining intact for a long time and then suddenly giving way in a dozen places at once. For the sake of her own self-respect, a woman cannot afford to neglect the details that do so much to determine, as well as to indicate, character.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

A Pretty Tidy.

THE accompanying illustration suggests a new thing in tidies. It is triangular in shape,



and looks not unlike a linen fan. The materials needed for its making are a small brass ring, a steel crochet hook, and plenty of linen thread. The ring is the foundation of the whole. Crochet that round with the thread, and into about half of these stitches crochet a row of single "thread over" stitches. Continue for some seven rows, widening each row a trifle. Then five or six rows of small shells, with a space between each one. A row of "fagoting," wide enough to admit of three-quarter-inch ribbon, thirteen or more rows of shells of six stitches each, with a tiny space between, through which to run narrow lines of baby ribbon if desired, a border of large fancy shells, and a fringe three inches wide—and the little fan tidy is done and ready for its be-ribboning. A more explicit rule is not needed, as any one wise in crochet fancies can easily arrange the stitches and rows to her own fancy. The essential thing is to begin with the brass ring and widen gradually and evenly, to preserve the perfect shape and comeliness of the whole. A broad ribbon runs through the wide "fagoting" across the tidy, and tiny ribbons to match run lengthwise between the rows of shells below. A bow may fasten the tidy in place upon the chair.

You should keep fine laces wrapped in blue tissue paper, if you don't want them to turn too yellow—yellowier than is desirable.

REVIEWS.

The guessing regarding the authorship of "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" in *Harper's Magazine* still continues. The May instalment offers no clue that the first did not give. It is an interesting story.

The *Chautauquan* for May has a bright and witty article on "Some Curiosities of Scottish Literature," by William Wye Smith.

The "Art of Living" series in *Scribner's* is continued in the May number with a paper on "Occupation," dealing with the problem that confronts the American young man and his father.

Outing for May is a finely illustrated number with much good fiction and many breezy sketches of sports and pastimes. It is excellent reading.

Prince Bismarck receives special treatment in the May *McClure's*. Twenty-three portraits, presenting him at every important epoch in his life for 60 years, are interesting souvenirs of this great man.

A beautiful series of pictures of the Rocky Mountains grace the May number of the *Cosmopolitan*. Rudyard Kipling on his return to India shortly will prepare twelve articles for this magazine.

All the above first class magazines are on our Clubbing List. Send for our List.

FARMER HAYMAN'S WATERLOO.



SILAS HAYMAN—I got that job, Mother, to haul a party o' ten from the station to Oyster Bay, fer fifty cents a head.



TREASURER OF "THE FAT MEN'S CLUB."—Hello, Mr. Hayman! Got ten teams ready for us?"



TWO THOUSAND PIGS

The man took a long draw from his cigar, blew the smoke in curls from his lips, and as he crossed his legs told a reporter this story of a man who is now a prominent banker at Frankfort: "When my friend was a young man he was by no means in comfortable circumstances," said he, "but he was lifted into wealth by his lispng, a fault which he tried hard, but unsuccessfully to overcome. At that time he had a small farm, and, as his corn crop came out well, though it was almost unsaleable on account of the oversupplied market and low prices, he concluded he would buy two sows and pigs and fatten them on the corn. He called his hired man.

"John," said he, "I want you to go and buy me two thows and pigth.

"Whew!" the hired man yelled, "do you really mean it?"

"Yeth, I do," lisped my friend.

"Well, John disappeared, and my friend looked for him to return the next morning. But he did not come. Another day, and finally five days passed, and the farmer became uneasy. At last John put in an appearance.

"Where on earth have you been?" my friend asked in astonishment.

"I've been for your hogs."

"Did you get them?"

"Yes, sir. Yonder they come down the road. And I tell you, I had trouble getting them, and I had to give good prices for them. They're good ones, though."

"By that time the farmer had nearly fainted, for, gazing in the direction pointed out by John, he saw a whole army of pigs coming down the road. There were 2,000 of them.

"Je-ru-tha-lem!" gasped the man. "What on earth—"

"John told him that he had done just what he was told; he had bought 2,000 pigs. He had paid for them by giving orders on his employer. My friend was almost paralyzed, but he saw he had to grin and bear it. He made a contract with a neighbor to fatten the hogs, and in the meantime John's orders on him had begun pouring in like snowflakes in a snowstorm. They broke the man up. Shortly after that the Mexican war broke out, and the government offered fabulous prices for provisions and stores for the army. My friend's hogs had been fattened up, and he sold them to the government, and he made four or five times as much as he paid for them and he got his start toward wealth.

Beggar—"Ach, my dear sir, I have lost my leg." Gentleman—"Very sorry. I haven't seen it anywhere about."

Robbins—"Higgee is a genius." Bradford—"Can do anything, I suppose?" "Yes; anything but make a living."

Some women are so ill-mannered as to go right into a store and try to interrupt a conversation between the clerks.

Jaggers (weakly facetious)—"Th—think I was a burglar m' dear?" Mrs. Jaggers—"No! A burglar would'nt take half the time to get in!"

Bloobs—"What's the difference between gloves and policemen?" Slobbs—"Give it up." Blobs—"Well, gloves are usually on hand."

"That's about as crooked a piece of work I ever saw," mused Uncle Allen Sparks, looking at the track the lightning had made on the body of the tree.

Mother—"You are at the foot of the spelling class again, are you? Boy—"Yes'm." Mother—"How did that happen?" Boy—"Got too many z's in scissors."

THE RAILROAD HOG.

The railroad hog had piled the space next to him in a car seat with his bundles, and when a gentleman asked him if any one was to occupy it, he replied that the bundles belonged to a man who was temporarily in the smoker.

"All right," said the gentleman, "I will sit in the seat till he comes," and he proceeded to remove the bundles.

Pretty soon the owner of the bundles arrived at his destination, and he started to gather up his effects. But the gentleman at once put a veto on this, with the remark: "You can't take these bundles; you yourself said they belonged to a man in the smoker."

The fellow got mad and abusive, but the gentleman was inexorable.

Finally the conductor came in and delivered his dictum as follows: "If the bundles are not claimed by any one on the train, then by coming around to the depot to-morrow and identifying them satisfactorily we will give them to you." The man's face was as red as fire with rage, and he shook like gelatine, but he could do nothing. So, amid the laughter of the passengers, he rushed out of the car to jump off just as the train was pulling out around the station. And he meekly came around to the depot for his bundles the next day, but swore revenge upon the man who played such a practical joke on him.

"Yes," remarked the telephone girl as she gazed out at the waves and wondered what their number was, "I am connected with the best families in our city."

Hoax—"Have you seen D'Auber's new painting? He calls it 'Friendless.'" Joax—"Yes; it's remarkably realistic. I understand a baseball umpire posed for him."

First actor—"What, don't you like this play? I know one man, now, who thinks it is simply great." Second actor—"Who is that?" First actor—"The author."

"Why do you punch that hole in my ticket?" asked a little man of the railroad conductor. "So you can pass through," was the reply.

Prospective tenant (to agent)—"You say this house is just a stone's throw from the depot. Well, all I have to say is I have great admiration for the man who threw the stone."

Bouncing lawyer—"Then you are prepared to swear that the parties came to high words?" Coster witness—"Nay, I didna say that. I should say they was particularly low words."

"I wish you would give me a receipt for this lovely cake, Mrs. Bouncer." "Certainly Mr. Bouncer; but don't you think a receipt for your last quarter's board bill would do instead?"

Professor—"To what did Xenophon owe his reputation?" Student—"Principally to the fact that his name commenced with X, and came in so handy for headlines in alphabetical copy books."

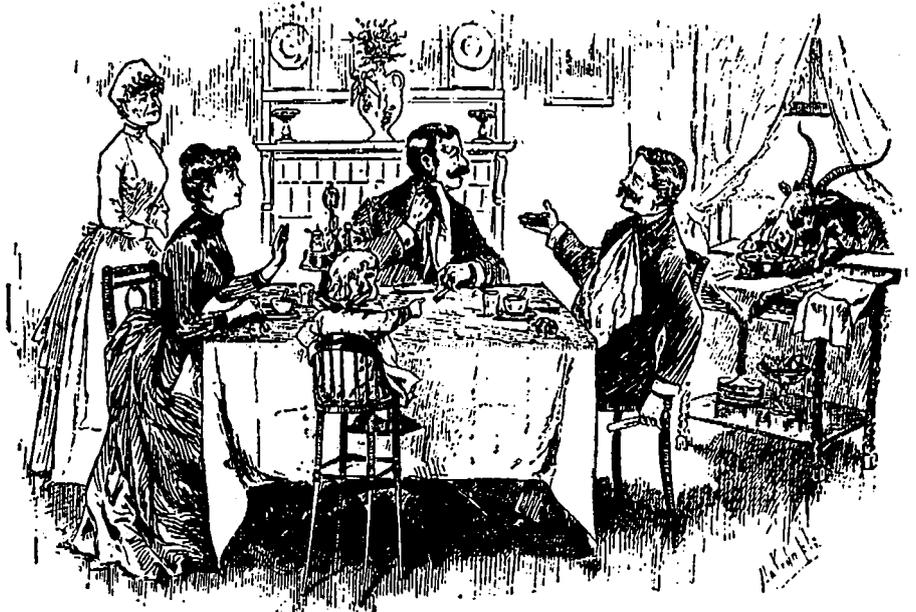
Mrs. Gray (to a friend who has been to the prayer meeting)—"Did you have a good meeting?" Mrs. White—"Rather uninteresting. None of the men who spoke had ever done anything bad."

Hoax—"I see they have a new name for those high buildings which are being erected." Joax—"Indeed? What is it?" Hoax—"They are called serial buildings, because they are continued stories."

Witherby—"If I had known that you were going to drop in on us so unexpectedly, we would have had more for dinner." Castleton—"Don't mention it, old man, but next time I'll be sure to let you know."

"Excuse me, madam," said the payingteller, "but you have not endorsed this check. If you will write your name on the back of it, it will be all right." "Oh, of course," said the little woman. "I had forgotten." Then she endorsed the check: "Sincerely yours, Janette Hicks-worthly."

A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION.



MR. TOWNE (the guest, clinching an argument)—And, Lott, my dear boy, the proof of the pudding is the eating it. LITTLE HOWSON LOTT, JR. (in anguish)—O, Mama! Billy's proving it.



The Farmer Feeds the World.

The farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land.—Emerson.

THE ancient Romans esteemed two occupations and placed them higher in social order than all others; they were military and agricultural. All other labor was assigned to slaves, while the Roman who tilled the soil was as much respected and stood as high in the social scale as his brother in the government and militia. Ancient Rome was right, for the greatness of a nation is dependent on her agricultural resources and her agriculturists. As Emerson has well said, "all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land." As our farming methods improve and our farmers become more scientific and skilful, our country will progress and achieve greater renown amongst the nations of the earth. So it has been, and so it will be.

While inventive genius has been busy in devising ways and means to lessen and facilitate man's labors, the agriculturist, as being of the first importance, has received the highest considerations. No kind of labor was formerly more arduous and more full of drudgery than the pursuits of farming and stock raising. This now is materially changed, for in no line has the inventor's skill been more successfully employed. The term "farm implements" once included little more than the sickle, the shovel, the hoe and the rake, and the farmer himself was in every sense a "laborer." To-day the farmer is an engineer; for a

well-equipped farm is provided with a score or more machines and implements and very often a steam engine besides. The successful farmer of the present is a man of enterprise, of broad intelligence, of liberal education, and is destined to command the honor and respect of his country. If ancient Rome honored her farmers, surely our Canadian agricultural engineers—for such our farmers are—must wield the widest influence in our land.

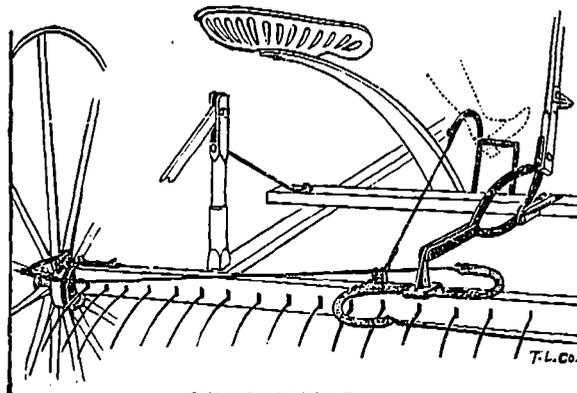
Massey-Harris Co., Limited,
SUPPLY FARM MACHINERY
To the Farmers of the World.
Yes, "the farmer feeds the world,"

but it is equally true that MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Ltd., supply the farmers of the world with the very best implements made.

The oriental farmer in his gay colored costume takes off his crop with a MASSEY-HARRIS WIDE-OPEN BINDER. The swarthy South African realizes there is nothing so good for economical harvesting as that same wide-open machine, while the hardy hillside agriculturists of Norway and Sweden pronounce "MASSEY-HARRIS" the best. So, too, the Massey-Harris Cultivators and Seeders are driven and managed by men of many languages in many climes. The marks on the cases leaving the Massey-Harris warehouses set out the names of the leading shipping ports of the world.

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The "Sharp's" operates so easily, either as a hand or foot discharging rake, that a child can work it.

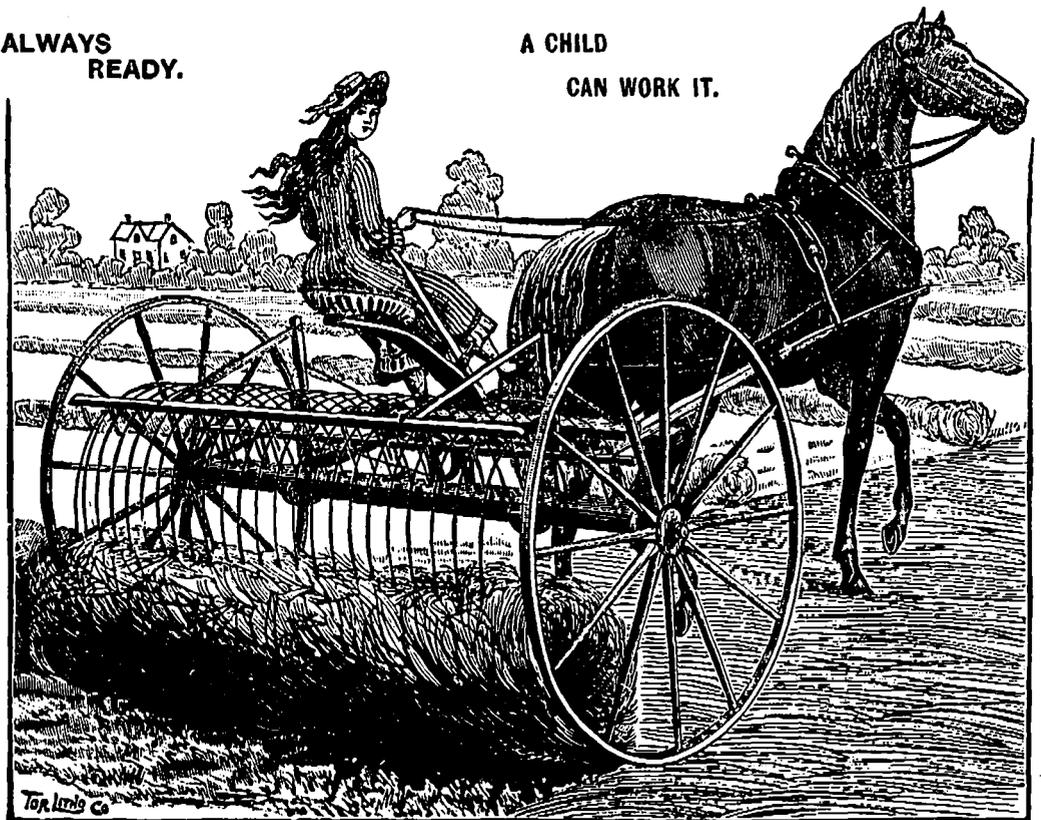
The teeth are easily held to their work, and the rake can be discharged very rapidly when used to turn grass for curing.

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In simplicity of construction, durability and strength, capacity for work and light weight, this famous Rake is peerless.

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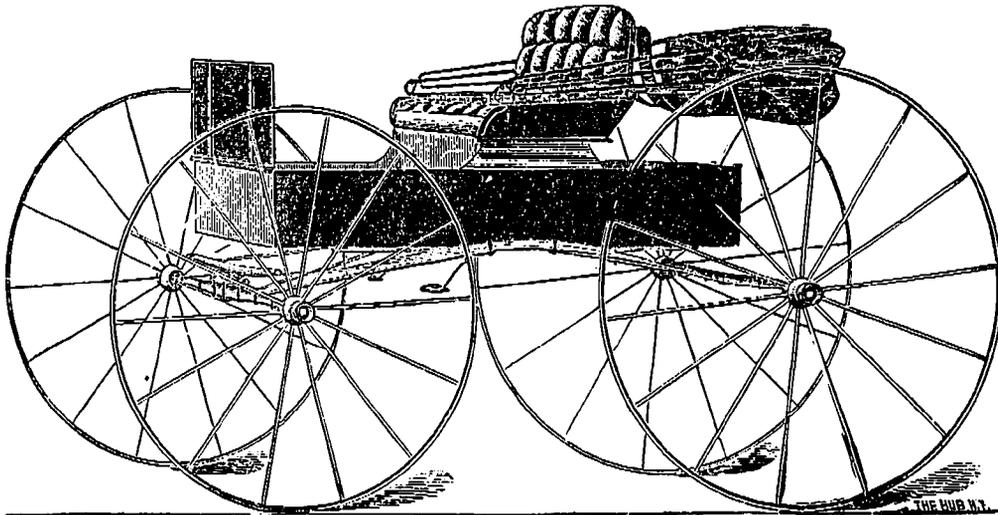
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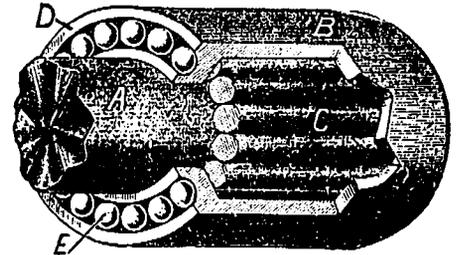
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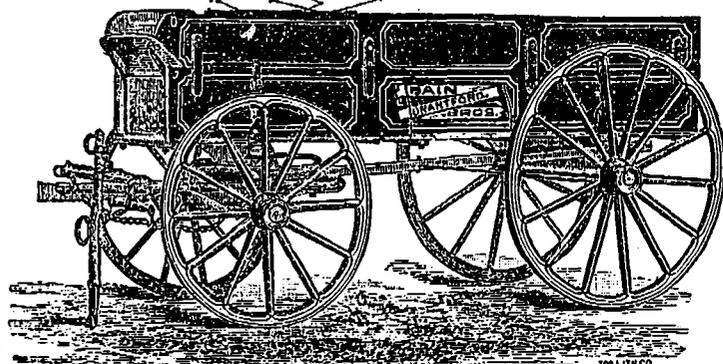
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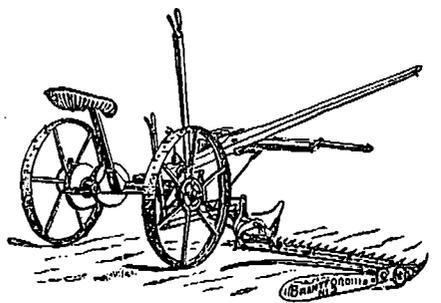
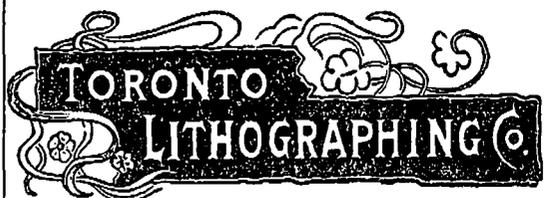
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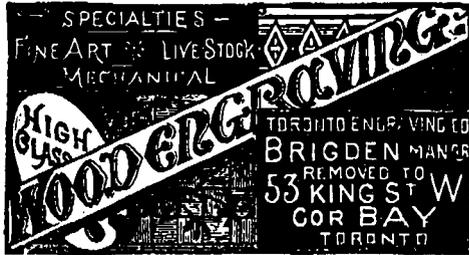
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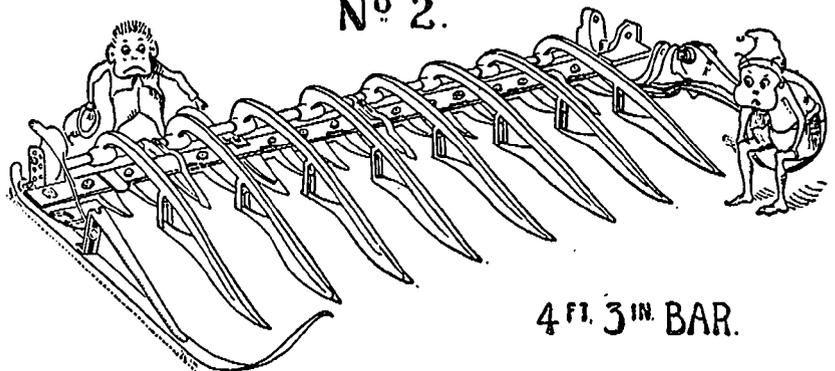
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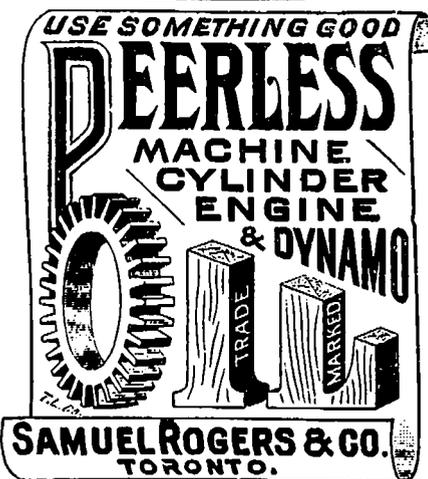
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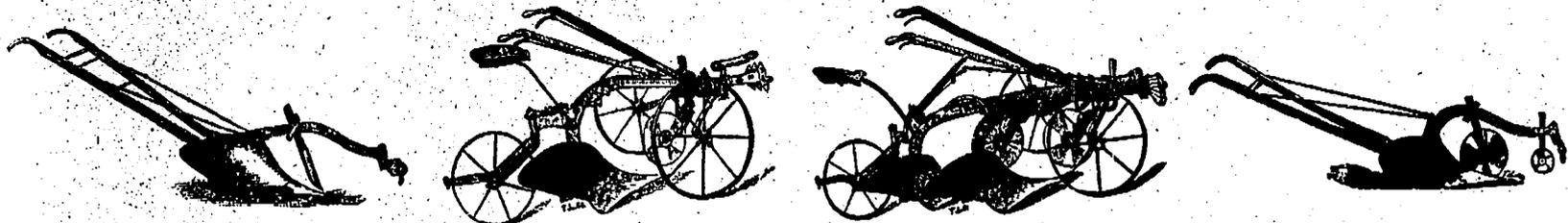
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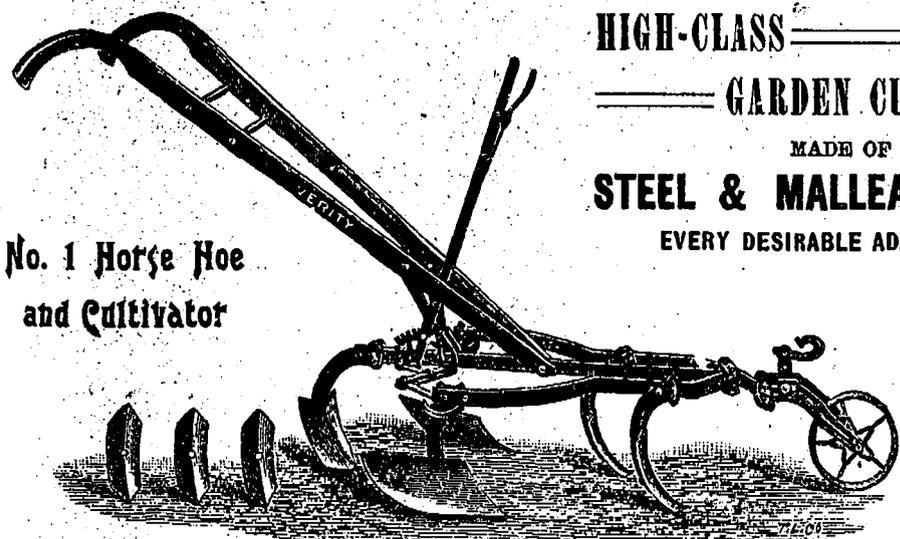
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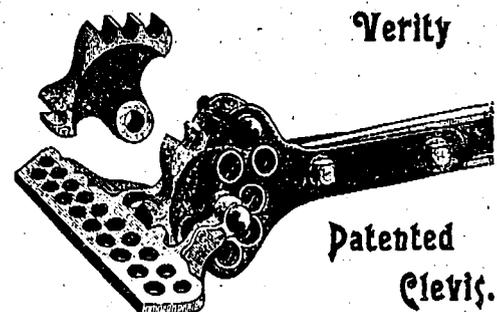


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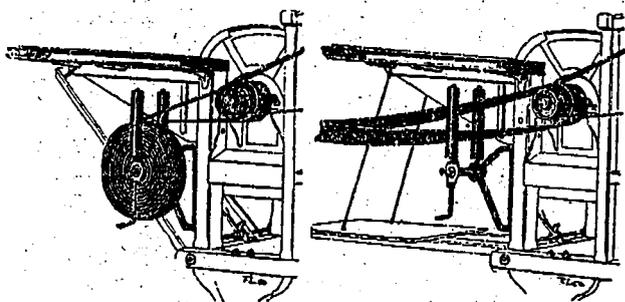


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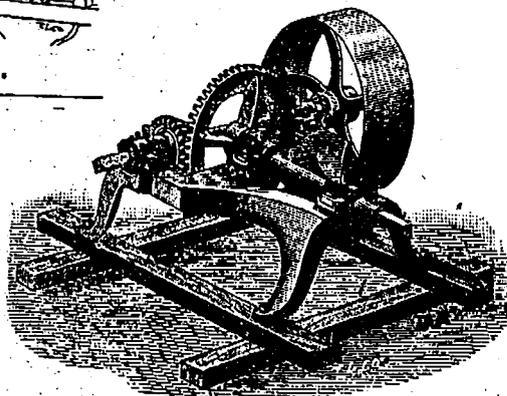
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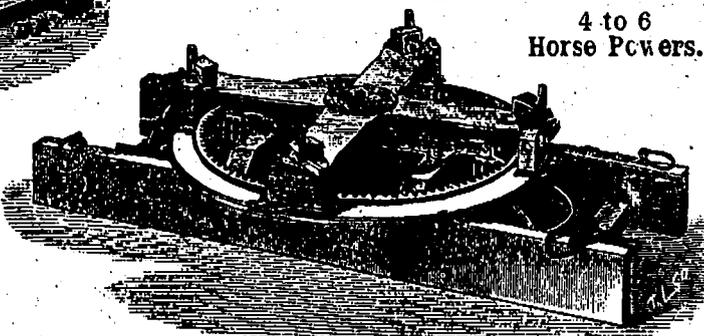


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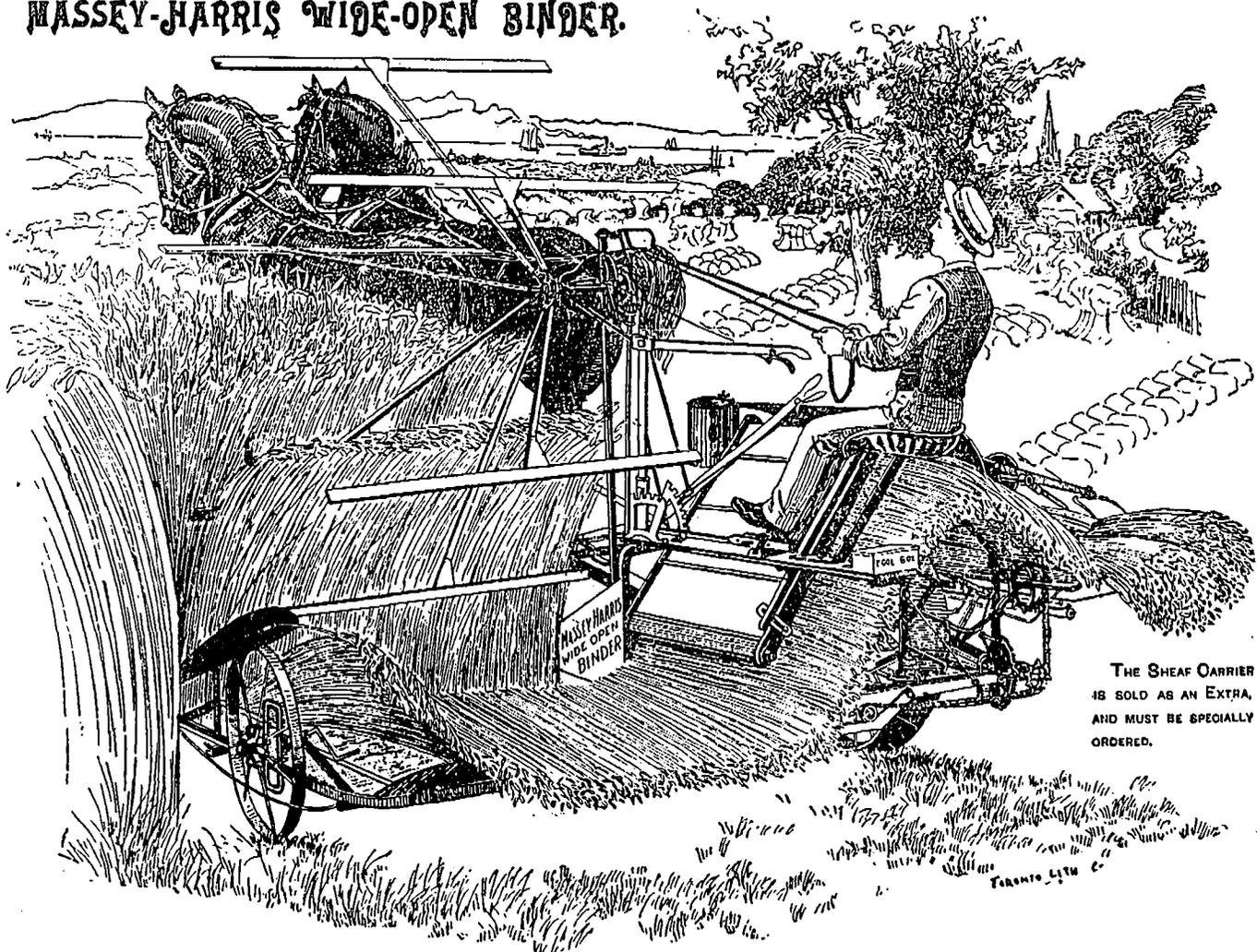
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