

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

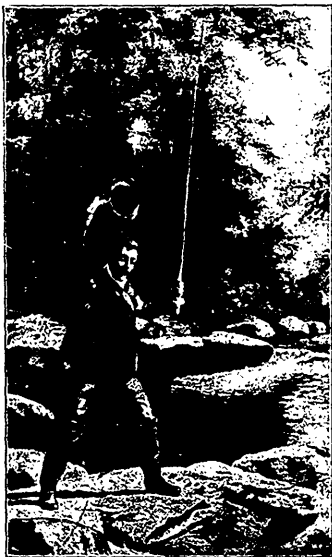
This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

Massey - Harris Illustrated

A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

New Series, Vol. IV., No. 4.] JULY-AUGUST, 1900. [Whole Series, Vol. XVIII., No. 4.



"I'VE GOT HIM."

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

MORE VICTORIES

FOR **VERITY PLOWS**

They Win repeatedly in many recent Plowing Matches in the Canadian Northwest.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

The \$75.00 Prize for Gang Plowing won by a "Verity," in addition to seven other prizes in different classes.

BRANDON.

Eight prizes to the credit of "Verity" Plows.

OAK LAKE.

"Verity" won almost every event.

WAWANESA.

"Verity" wins 1st and 3rd in Gang Plows.

"Verity" wins 1st and sweepstakes in 14 and 16-in Cross Plows.

"Verity" wins 1st in Boys' Class.

"The decisions of the judges were based on the number of points secured by each competitor, and, in judging, *the time, excellence of workmanship*, depth of furrow, etc., were considered."

—Manitoba Free Press.

VERITY PLOW CO., Limited

BRANTFORD.

MASSEY-HARRIS CO., Limited, Sole Agents.

Massey-Harris Illustrated

A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

New Series, Vol. IV., No. 4.] JULY-AUGUST, 1900. [Whole Series, Vol. XVIII., No. 4.

AROUND THE WORLD

WE do not know of any incident more appropriate for our initial illustration in these

days of high tension throughout the Empire, alike in court and cottage, than the one we have selected and which portrays Her aged Majesty receiving a despatch from the front. Anxiety, eagerness and intensity of feeling are strikingly depicted in the face and figure of the venerable Sovereign as she listens to the measured tones of the secretary of state, whose duty it is to transmit to her the latest news and despatches arriving from the front. The illustration is taken from an engraving published by the *Illustrated London News* as a war souvenir.

That enterprising English journal

has issued a select edition of photographs signed by the artist and measuring with mount 37 x 27 inches. The

edition is limited, a small number being reserved for colonial readers. Those of our readers who

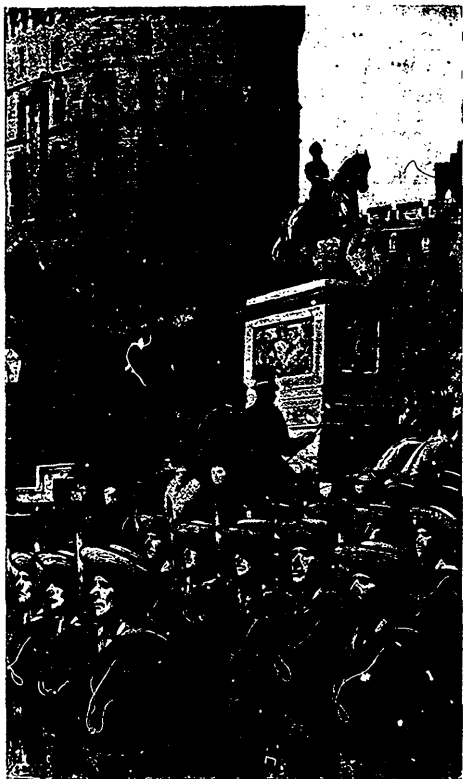
can appreciate a picture of rare merit and which will possess considerable historic value will do well to invest the ten shillings and sixpence, or two dollars and a half, at which they can procure a copy of the souvenir, if not too late.

The magnificent work performed at Lady-smith by the naval brigade, composed of officers and men of H.M.S. *Powerful*, is fresh in the memory of all. The brave fellows have had all the honors that the capital of the Empire can bestow upon them. The Queen has received them and London has given them the cheers of one of the greatest and gayest of



THE EMPIRE'S AGED SOVEREIGN RECEIVING A DESPATCH FROM THE FRONT.

throng ever brought together even in the neighborhood of the Horse Guards. The greetings that London crowds have



Illus. London News
THE NAVAL BRIGADE OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL" AT WINDSOR. THE INSPECTION BY THE QUEEN IN THE
CASTLE QUADRANGLE.

given the soldier lately, says an English contemporary, could not, one might suppose, be surpassed. But the sailor exists to show forth that impossible thing—a still more astonishing enthusiasm. Nor is the historic preference for the sea forces over those of the land confined to the man in the street. It

the Admiralty, where refreshments were served. Shortly after the men returned and fell in, the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria arrived, their carriage halting near the saluting base, where the Prince of Wales and the Lords of the Admiralty took up their position. The men then marched past, the band



[illus. *London News*

NAVAL BRIGADE OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL" IN LONDON: THE 12-POUNDER FROM LADYSMITH PASSING THE PRINCESS OF WALES ON THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE.

has its roots in the heart of the nation; and at the Academy Banquet recently held in London, where both Captain Lambton and Sir George White were guests, to the naval hero rather than to the military the Duke of Cambridge addressed his personal praises. The Naval Brigade arrived at Victoria Station at 10.30, and at 11.15 they reached

playing nautical airs. The advance in review order, the royal salute, and "God Save the Queen!" followed, whereupon Mr. Goschen addressed Captain Lambton and his men. The Prince then made a speech, and the officers, midshipmen and gunners were presented to His Royal Highness and shook hands with him and with Mr. Goschen.

The First Lord of the Admiralty entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales and the rest of the royal party, as well as Captain Lambton and his officers, to luncheon, the men being also provided with a substantial meal. After luncheon the march to the City began, the route

resourcefulness in successfully resisting a siege for 220 days against an overwhelming force, on whom he also inflicted severe punishment from time to time, is unparalleled. In addition to a portrait of this remarkable military leader and his venerable chief, we present illustrations of different incidents relating to the siege as well as a specimen of siege money, a fac simile of a shilling order.

Field Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., etc., was born at Cawnpore on September 30th, 1832. He was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and became Second Lieutenant in the Bengal artillery in 1851. He first saw active service during the Indian Mutiny, and was awarded his V.C. for bravery at Khudagunj. He went through the small Afghan war of 1863, and the Abyssinian war of 1847. The Lushai expedition



LORD ROBERTS, V.C.

being by way of the Embankment. On arrival at the Royal Exchange, the Brigade was entertained by Lloyd's. The entertainment took place in the reading room, which was decorated with naval trophies, the names of Ladysmith, Belmont, Graspan, Bloemfontein and Modder River being inscribed round the walls. More speechmaking and congratulations followed, and after the National Anthem had been chanted with tremendous energy, the Brigade marched off to London Bridge Station amid crowds as dense and enthusiastic as those who had accorded the welcome. Thus a great day came to an end.

The story of the siege and relief of Mafeking will loom large in the annals of warfare for centuries to come. Colonel, now Major-General, Baden-Powell stands at the present time next to Lord Roberts as the nation's hero. His



MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL.

of 1871 found him more work, and when the Afghanistan relations became strained in 1878 he led the Karum Field Force. After this war he was made K.C.B., and in 1879 he commanded in the second Afghan war, performing the celebrated march to Kandahar. In 1881

he was made Governor of Natal, and Commander of the forces in South Africa, but before he could take up office, the Transvaal was once more handed over to the

Professor Baden-Powell. He was educated at Charterhouse, and joined the 13th Hussars at the age of nineteen, serving as Adjutant in India, Afghan-



Miss London West.

IN THE TRENCHES AT SHAFERKIND.

Boers. He was raised to the peerage as Lord Roberts of Kandahar in 1893.

Colonel, or rather Major-General, R. S. S. Baden-Powell is the son of the late

istan and South Africa. He has been Military Secretary to the Governor of Malta, and acted as Chief Staff Officer to General Sir Frederick Carrington

during the 1896 Matabele war. He was promoted from the 13th Hussars to the 5th Dragoon Guards in 1897, which position he retained until he was ordered out to Africa.

The finish of China is in sight. That empire with its alleged civilization

the fanaticism of Chinese millions roused to hellish heat by Chinese officials, who think they are playing the European diplomat at his own game when they point to the force of "public opinion," as they euphemistically term the fury of the blood-reeking Boxers.



BRINGING OLD HORN'S MOUND TO THE NATIVES IN THE STATUE AT MAPIKIN. (File & and II 100)

of 4000 years stands to-day on the threshold of destruction at the hands of an united world stirred to action by a common danger, that of seeing all foreigners within the boundaries of China brutally murdered and the work of civilization thrown back a century by

How rude will be the awakening for the heathen "Chinee" of high degree can readily be foreseen, and in spite of jealousies and intrigue among themselves it is certain that at last the powers of Europe will act together to remove "China" from the map of the world.



JUST REBTRITION BE AVING THIP HOUSE AND CONFISCATING THE GOODS OF A BOAR WHO PINKED UPON OUR THARKS. I VIDER THIP WHITE FLAG

The sentiment of Christendom is voiced in the speech of the Emperor of Germany to a detachment of marines on the eve of their departure to Peking, where the German minister has been murdered. The Emperor spoke as follows:

"The firebrand of war has been hurled in the midst of the most profound peace. Unhappily this was not unexpected. A crime of unspeakable insolence, horrifying in its barbarity, has been committed against the person of my trusty representative and has taken him from us. The Ministers of other powers hover between life and death and with

the walls of Peking to dictate peace to the Chinese. You will have to maintain good comradeship with all the other troops whom you will come in contact with over yonder. Russians, British and French, all alike, are fighting for one common cause—for civilization. We must bear in mind, too, something higher—namely, our religion and the defence and protection of our brothers out there, some of whom stake their lives for the Saviour.

"Think also of the honor of our arms. Think of those who have fought before you. Go forth with the old Brandenburg motto: 'Trust in God. Stand



them comrades sent for their protection. It may be that while I speak they have already fought their last fight.

"This very day the commander of the cruiser squadron has asked me to consider the despatch of a division. You will have to face an enemy who are no less courageous than yourselves, and trained by European officers. The Chinese have learned the use of European weapons.

"I now send you out to revenge the wrong and ill. Do not rest until the German flag, joined to those of the other powers, floats triumphantly over China's flag, and until it has been planted on

bravely.' This is the whole of my honorable duty.

"For who, helped by God, dares battle heartily,
Is never driven from the world.

"The flags which here float above you go under fire for the first time. See that you bring them back to me clean and stainless and without a spot. My thanks, my prayers and my solicitude go with you."

In our next issue we intend reproducing a series of illustrations depicting or relating to various incidents that have transpired in the fearful struggle which has now commenced in China.

The Angler's Passion.

G. A. WARBURTON.

THE true angler can not think calmly of his favorite sport. He feels an uncontrollable passion for it. It is this yearning, impelling force which separates him from ordinary pleasure seekers. They are fond of one or another form of recreation, sometimes taking it up with enthusiasm, but always mastering the thing they undertake. They know self-restraint and moderation. The angler is swept beyond the point of accountability and becomes drunk with the nectar of his pleasure. Unless a man has felt this delightful slavery let him not think to sit with the true Knights of the Angle! He would be as much out of place as a costermonger in the Chapel of the Knights of the Bath at Westminster. The royal touch alone can give him place with dear old Isaac Walton or Christopher North, and the others of their ilk, of whom the world was not worthy. A man may catch sprats for the Bristol markets or salmon from the Restigouche without in either case deserving to be admitted to the select circle. Christopher North could write two essays on Wordsworth, so contradictory as to prove a dual authorship by all known principles of criticism; yet in everything he did or said he showed that his master passion was for catching trout in some mountain burn or tarn. And how we have all loved the quaint old Scotchman as we have seen him at the edge of the Dochart under the full power of the angler's passion, reaching out for the rising fish and at last wetting his breeks and his legs together in the cold water, with never a thought of the rheumatic possibilities of his conduct. I can not read that incident and keep my lashes dry!

I wonder why the fishing passion is so strong and why it strikes men at such strange times? Your true angler may be sitting by his library-fire, with the thermometer at zero, conning Whittier's "Snow Bound," or Warner's "Backlog Studies," when suddenly the glowing of an ember or the crackling of a bit of bark on the hickory log re-

minds him of a little cabin in a Maine forest,

"A little lowly Hermitage it was
Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pass,
In travell to and froe:
Thereby a christall streame did gently play
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth
alway "

and the reader sees another volume. The open book of nature. The passion has him. Slowly the noise of the children's play in another room gives place to the morning song of birds in fir and balsam trees. Their odor enters his nostrils with soothing, healing influence. It is just daybreak and down to the brookside he walks in solitary expectation. His rod is put together with trembling fingers, for he has just seen the lazy roll of a big fish over at the edge of the lumpid stream. A cast, a strike, a rush, a victory for the art of man. Here on the moss lies the vision of beauty plump and red spotted. The savage nature cries out to the woodland echoes,

"I've got him!"

"Papa, what's the matter? Are you dreaming?"

No, my child, it is not that. Your sire has the angler's passion; that is all.

Not every one who says, "I go a-fishing" gets into the real spirit of it. To own a fine fly hook and the best rod ever made is by no means a passport to the angler's kingdom of heaven. In some the inner light has failed because it has not been cultivated. They have grown callous and hard. Whatever those unfortunates may be fit for who have no music in their souls, they will never become true anglers. I once went out with a man who lay down to sleep on a haycock within sight of the glorious foothills of the White Mountains, close to an amber-colored stream where the trout were numerous and hungry. That act spoke his limitations. He might at least have revelled in the poetry of the landscape and the sight and sound of the thrushes and vireos which God had sent for our delectation.

It is generally supposed that the angler feels the first thrill of insatiable

desire when the ice is melting and the loosened drops begin their seaward flow. Then, to be sure, the greatest dullard must know it is time to get his tackle ready. But unless a man has the fever when the frosts are strongest he is only at the beginning of his course as an angler of passion. The tying of one's own flies is a splendid whet to the appetite, and that is done when the nights are long and the fireside comfortable. How much keen pleasure comes from the handling of material! In those sacred moments when the vice is fixed and the various implements are brought, with silks and feathers, hooks and snell all at hand and in sight, we live again the days that are dead and make demands, that are always met, upon the joys of the days to be. This crow's wing and that brown hackle or bit of feather from a mallard's breast, each has its own story.

Those who are dominated by any passion brook no interference with their plans and count no task hard. Once let the spark of suggestion touch the stubble of desire and up it blazes like the corn fields of the Philistines when Samson's foxes tore through them with their firebrands. The very impediments furnish fuel for the flames.

Every angler has his favorite stream, at the thought of which his pulses quicken and at whose sight and sound he is possessed by the most passionate frenzy of delight. It may be some narrow mountain brook that begins its modest course among the high, bare rocks and makes up in turbulence what it lacks in size. Such streams are the home of hardy trout, unsurpassed in loveliness and toothsome flavor. Or perchance my angler's heart may be buried in the placid waters of some slow-going meadow brook, where grasses grow above it and wild flowers nod to see their beauty mirrored in its face. If not to such scenes, I know the spot that holds him with the strong grip of enthusiastic love. It is where

"The murm'ring pines and the hemlocks"

stand as faithful sentinels by night and day on the shores of a deep, sweet-watered pond. The browsing deer at the edges and the solitary loon on the surface are his only companions; and the way back to civilization is over the trail first followed by the Indians in their journeyings to and fro. But in

any case the quality of his love is the same and it grows most by being concentrated. The angler may have a tender feeling toward all inhabited waters, as Burns had for all Scotch lassies; but it was concentrated passion that caused him to sing to Mary in heaven.

Every true man respects all true women, but he loves the wife of his bosom. Flowing waters especially need to be wooed and won. How shy the running brook is as she hides under the bending willow or hurries out of sight beneath the shelter of the alder boughs. Like the modest violet that seems to dread a comparison of its tiny bit of blue with the immensity of the great sky, the brook is always trying to get out of sight. To be sure, the brook is sometimes playful and merry, singing and dancing with a winning motion and a smiling face. To see her then one would think she never had a sorrow or a dark day. Yet what true lover does not know there are thick clouds that stop the sunbeams from shining on her face and great boulders in every brook path that must be met and passed. John Burroughs reminds us that obstructions in both brooks and lives seem to make the current deeper. The angler respects the brook's purity and never steps into it, when walking on the moss at the side will do just as well. No stream looks attractive when it is roily, and the angler's success lies along the pathway of consideration and respect. He learns to know the whims and caprices of his favorite brooks and his "Remembered Little Rivers"; and when far away from them, like Wordsworth's daffodils,

"They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

Happy indeed is he who begins the cultivation of the angler's passion as a boy, before the cry of other allurements is heard. The lad may not know what is happening in his life, the but-tressing of his soul with pure and noble thoughts. Life is getting its direction and impulse. Naturalism is being solidified in him so that artificiality may find no welcome. The boy thinks he is angling for trout and that his creel will contain his catch at nightfall, but those who have angled longer than he, and not always on smooth waters, know well that physical and moral fibre are the best crown and fruitage of an angler's love.—*Recreation.*

On and Around the Farm

An Epitome of Expert Opinion and Interesting Facts Gathered
from Authoritative Sources.

General Notes.

Whitewash the Stables once or twice each year.

Exercise should be given young horses at all times, but overdoing it is worse than no exercise.

Pick Beans Closely and they will bear longer. Never hoe or cultivate them when they are wet, as this causes rust.

Clover Cured on racks has a higher feeding value than clover from the same field cured in the swath. When practicable the use of racks is recommended during wet weather.

India's Chief Industry is agriculture, and leading crops include rice, wheat, cotton and sugar cane. About 17,000,000 acres are under wheat, compared with 45,000,000 acres in the United States.

Careful Grooming should be looked after when horses are shedding their coats in spring. The friction of the curry comb stimulates the growth of new hair and aids in the quick shedding of the old.

How to get Fall Lambs.—Much difficulty has been experienced in breeding ewes during June and July for late fall and early winter lambs. The natural breeding season is in the fall, when the weather is cooler. Better success will be attained by breeding earlier, say from the middle of March to the middle of May. The ewes should be as nearly as possible in the same condition as in the fall and the rams also. Use young, vigorous rams, saving the more matured ones for use on ewes whose progeny is intended to be kept in the flock.

The Injury by Drouth to apple trees is made worse by neglect. Don't set trees in sod or poorly prepared land. The farmer is apt to neglect the orchard first when work presses. Begin to cultivate early and keep it up until August or later if there is a drouth.

When Inoculating Soil with nitrogen it is suggested that the bacteria cultures be mixed with finely cut leguminous hay and sown over the field after the first plants begin to appear. Where tests of this method have been made, the results were quite marked.

Spraying Maple Trees.—It is practicable to spray maple and other shade trees for tent caterpillars and all other eating insects. Use Paris green at the rate of one lb. to 150 gals. of water, and apply as soon as you first notice any signs of the insect, and at intervals thereafter of about two weeks.

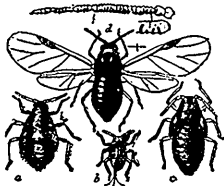
Girdling for Early Fruit.—The value of a vineyard set on low land is often impaired by the danger of early frosts. Such a plantation can often be made profitable by girdling the vines, which process is simply to remove a narrow ring of bark near the root end of the vine to be treated. Such vines will ripen their fruit a week or two in advance of others and thus escape the frost.

When to Cut Winter Wheat has received much attention at the Ontario Agricultural College for a number of years in succession. It seems that the largest yield of grain and the best quality of seed are produced from the crop that is allowed to fully mature before cutting. This is in line with the experience of the best practical farmers and close observers in many parts of the winter wheat belt.

Controlling the Woolly Apple Aphid.

PROF. E. DWIGHT SANDERSON.

THROUGHOUT the country the woolly aphid, *Schizoneura lanigera*, is one of the worst and most common pests of the apple. Yet its habits and the methods for its control seem to be but little understood, if one judges from the numerous inquiries made concerning it. Upon the lower part of the trunk and shoots the aphid



THE WOOLLY APPLE APHID.

a Agamic female, b larval louse, c pupa, d winged female with enlarged antenna above.—[After MARLATT.

will be found clustered in bluish-white, cottony masses, which look much like patches of mold. These are especially noticeable in young orchards and on nursery stock, and it is upon young trees that this insect does its worst injury.

Were this the only form of the insect with which we have to contend, it could be readily held in control, but it also attacks the roots of the tree, causing gall-like enlargements upon them, in the crevices of which the aphides accumulate in mold-like masses. Thus the tree is injured both above and below ground by the lice sucking out its vital juices and by the poisoning of the roots attacked. When badly infested the roots become a mass of knots, causing the rootlets to die in a year or two. With their disappearance that of the lice also occurs, so that the cause of the injury is obscured. Such injury can most readily be detected by the appearance of the aerial form upon the trunk and branches. When badly attacked, the tree becomes sickly, the foliage turns yellow, and it falls an easy prey to borers and other insects, if not absolutely killed by the louse.

The woolly aphid has been spread throughout the country upon nursery

stock. Loose, dry soils are favorable to it, while wet, compact ones are unfavorable. Like most plant lice, its life history is a complicated one. The aphides ordinarily seen on the roots and trunk are wingless, not over one-tenth inch long, of a reddish brown color, and entirely covered with a waxy secretion, this being best developed on those above ground. These are the agamic females which give birth to young without the intervention of males. These young are also agamic and thus this mode of reproduction goes on during the summer. During the fall the winged forms appear which aid in distributing the insect. These give birth



THE APHID ON THE ROOTS.

a Root of tree, illustrating deformation, b section of tree with aphides clustered over it, c female root louse.—[After MARLATT.

to a small, wingless louse, the females of which lay a single "winter egg," from which an agamic female hatches in the spring and starts another colony. The winged form is of a greenish-brown, almost black color, with more or less of the cottony secretion over the body.

The aerial form is readily killed by any of the sprays used for other plant lice, such as kerosene emulsion, whale oil soap, or kerosene and water mixture, 15 per cent. In the use of them, care

should be taken that they are applied with sufficient force to penetrate the cotton covering, which will be the easier if the spray be applied while warm.

The most widely-used remedy for the root form is to pour water heated to nearly the boiling point around the base of the trees, so that it will thoroughly wet the soil to the depth of several inches. This can be applied at a high temperature without injury to the roots, and will be more effectual if the surface soil over the roots be first removed.

Tobacco dust, which can be bought as waste from tobacco factories, has also been used to good advantage. In the nursery the trees may be protected from the louse by placing the dust in the trenches in which the seedlings or grafts are planted, and then placing a line of dust in a small furrow on either side of the trees each spring, as close

to the trees as possible. For larger trees, the surface soil should be removed and from two to five lbs. of the dust scattered around the trunk outward for a distance of two feet or so.

Carbon bisulphide has also been used by injecting it into the soil, but its use is attended with considerable difficulty, and does not prevent another attack, as the tobacco dust does to a considerable extent. Slightly infested nursery stock may be freed of the louse by dipping in water heated to 130 to 150 degrees for a few seconds, or by fumigation with hydrocyanic acid gas, as is now being widely done to protect against scale insects. Proper cultivation and liberal fertilizing will do much to keep the young orchard in vigorous growth so that it may effectually withstand the attacks of the aphid, which need not be greatly feared upon old trees.

Raising Baby Beef.

IN producing first-class, young beef, the breed of cattle selected is a very important point. The three leading breeds are: Shorthorns, Polled-Angus and Herefords. There are a few others that some recommend, but wherever they have been tested they have not proven equal to the breeds just mentioned. The beef qualities of some of our cattle have been greatly reduced by being mixed up and crossed so much with the dairy breeds. There is no use trying to raise beef from dairy cattle. If you want to run a dairy, get a dairy breed, but if you desire beef, procure a beef breed. Study the qualities of the leading beef breeds and select the one that nearest suits your fancy. If you choose a breed that you do not naturally have a liking for, you will not make a success with it. Because your neighbor breeds Shorthorns is no reason why you must.

After the breed has been selected, pay particular attention to the feed and care. When it is possible, I prefer to have the calves come in February or early March. If the cows are in good flesh when winter sets in, and are not giving a full flow of milk, they will not need so much extra care to keep them in first-class order until calving time. Until they have calved, good clover hay and corn fodder can be their principal diet, but when they begin to give milk, they

should be given in addition to the hay and fodder, some oilmeal, bran, middlings, etc. This will produce a heavy flow of milk and will keep the calf growing rapidly until it gets old enough to stand pushing. When grass comes the cow will give a large quantity, thereby causing the calf to make rapid strides.

As soon as the calf is old enough to eat, begin feeding it a little oats, bran and shelled corn, and when it is about four months old, gradually increase the feed and decrease the amount of milk. By the time it is five months old, have it entirely weaned and on full feed of corn, oats and bran. Be very careful about making these changes too rapidly. They should be so gradual that the calf will not notice them. Always have plenty of good clean water and salt in easy reach. If they cannot have all the water they want, their growth will be greatly retarded. When the grass begins to fail in the fall supply green corn fodder and clover hay, and as cold weather approaches, if possible, provide a shed where they can go in and out as they like. Never fail to let them have all the grain and hay they will eat.

By caring for them in this manner they will weigh from 900 to 1000 lbs. at one year old; if of good stock to begin with, I prefer to sell at that age. Some may prefer to keep them longer, but I believe it pays to sell younger and keep more cows.—M. C. THOMAS.

Keeping Bees for Pleasure and Profit.

THERE is scarcely a spot so barren that it will not support a few colonies of bees. A fruit farm is one of the most desirable places, especially if located in a valley where the bees can ascend in quest of stores and descend when heavily laden. It is well not to have the bees too far away from the house, so they can be easily seen at any time, especially during the swarming period.

Nearly everyone can keep a few colonies of bees as a side issue. Many a honey producer has commenced in this way. The keeping of a few colonies of

bees is a good avocation, especially if one is confined to indoor work. Keep the grass short and everything clean, so that whatever is going on can be easily seen. Tanbark is an excellent thing to have in the apiary to keep down weeds and grass, if it can be bought cheaply. A few colonies are enough to begin with, then increase with experience. Any colony will pay for itself in one year, as it is possible to produce twenty to one hundred lbs. per colony, according to location and care. I know of an amateur who began keeping bees in 1894 with one colony. In 1898 he produced a ton of honey.—F. G. HERMAN

Clearing Fields of Stones.

IN the first place, pick up all on top before plowing the field, and when breaking sod have a man with a pickaxe follow the plow and pick up all that are in sight. If a subsoil plow is used, it would be a good plan to pick after that, too. Throw the stones in small piles and it will be easier to haul them off later.

Our method has been to never plow down any stones if we could possibly find time to haul them off, and by taking one field at a time, cleaning that as much as possible by picking before plowing and after harrowing, once or twice, the farm will soon be clear of all stones. The boulders we dispose of in various ways. One is to dig out a hole at one side of them so deep that they

will sink out of the way for the plow, throwing the dirt back over them again. Another is to twitch them out of their hole with the team and haul them away, burying them in the covered drains or using them in stone walls.

On our farm we have found that all boulders stand deepest on the southwest side and shallowest on the opposite side. We dig the soil away on the deepest side enough to get a chain on it and place the team facing the northeast, and out comes the rock when the team starts, unless the chain slips. One day last November, with the aid of one horse I took out and hauled away a boulder that must have weighed half a ton or more, but I used my brains more than my hands and horse, for neither of us are unusually strong.—V. T. LUNDVALL.

Care of the Foal.

AS soon as the young colt is born the first thing to do is to see that it gets up and sucks its dam. When it is a day or two old, catch it by putting one arm around its neck and the other about the hips and hold it until it stops struggling. This teaches the colt that you are its master and that it has nothing to fear from you. It will be much easier to handle in after years. The halter should be put on and it should be halter broken before it is a month old.

The next thing is to see that the bowels are kept open and regular and that it gets started in right. Teach the

colt to stay at home during the day while the dam is at work, and keep it in a box stall where it cannot get out or be injured. Be sure that there are no mangers or hay racks into which it can climb and not get out, or a dead colt may be the result. For the first few weeks it will be necessary to bring the dam to the barn during the middle of the forenoon and afternoon. As soon as the colt can eat, give it a separate box and feed crushed oats and bran with a little oil meal. Continue this grain food regularly every day for the first two years and you will have the foundation laid for a good horse.—AM. AGRICULTURIST.

Canadian Ruffed Grouse.

THIS is the form of ruffed grouse found in Northern Canada wherever the country is heavily timbered or swampy. On sparsely wooded country and dried uplands the gray ruffed grouse, *umbelloides*, occurs.

The characteristics that differentiate the four races of ruffed grouse are so slight, however, that the species might almost be treated as a solid one. In the country between the Selkirk and the Cascade mountains, in Southern

proportionately longer mid toe than Eastern birds.

Young of this species seem able to fly earlier than those of any other species of grouse. I have never come across a breed that could not fly some distance. I should judge the flight feathers start to grow as soon as the chick is out of the shell, and power of flight is acquired within three days.

The ruffed grouse is a game bird that should have the most rigid protection, and sportsmen should be careful how



British Columbia, examples of all four races may be taken in a day's travel. The character of the breeding ground and environment of nest have more effect on the coloration of grouse than is caused by difference in climate. In the locality above referred to ruffed grouse inhabit every variety of country from the heavily timbered bottoms to the dry, lightly wooded hills. In the former localities the birds will average as *logata*, with an occasional *sabinii*, while in the latter the lightest colored birds represent the variety *umbelloides*. Ruffed grouse of the *sabinii* and *logata* types found on the Pacific slope have a

they deplete their covers, for of all the grouse it is the species least given to wandering or migrating, and covers once exhausted seldom or never recover their birds. The number of ten a day allowed by the L.A.S. code is at least twice too many for Eastern States. A New England sportsman should quit at four birds. Even on the Pacific slope, which presents an ideal retreat for this grouse, I have never been guilty of shooting more than seven in a day, although I should not hesitate to kill three times that number of almost any species of duck in the fall and winter.

—ALLAN BROOKS in *Recreation*.



PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS PERTAINING TO PROMINENT PEOPLE.

A PLEASANT story is told concerning Mr. Justice Bucknill at the South Wales Assizes. A local journalist brought his little boy into the court as a sort of "liberal education," and stood him near the reporters' table. Here the well-behaved little fellow quietly watched the strange scene around him. The worthy judge quickly espied him, and presently a note was dropped from the Bench with the inscription, "For the little boy standing at the table." Inside appeared the following message. "I see a very nice quiet little boy watching his father writing shorthand. I send him sixpence for his money box. — T. T. BUCKNILL, 31-3-00."

.

THE Queen's family, including the Prince born to the Duke and Duchess of York a short time since, and counting, in addition to Her Majesty, only children, grand-children and great-grand-children living now, numbers seventy-four, as follows. Sons and daughters living, seven; grand-children, thirty-two, and great-grand-children, thirty-four. The Prince of Wales' own family is a relatively small one—four children (one son and three daughters) and six grandchildren (three grandsons and three granddaughters). The line of direct succession to the throne happily continues unbroken in the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the sons of the Duke of York.

.

A WRITER, in a personal sketch of the Duke of Westminster, who has just come of age, mentions an interesting incident. The Duke was present at the historical meeting of Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger at the Bloemfontein Conference. One day during the Conference a telegram was received announcing that Flying Fox had won the Derby, and President Kruger, on hearing of the result, immediately congratulated Lord Belgrave, as the Duke then was.

QUEEN WILHELMINA of Holland is presumably fond of the military element. From quite a small child she has been clever at painting, and latterly her chief models "from life" have been the guards on sentry at her own palace. From one of the windows these are easily sketched, and being on duty they are, of course, conveniently posed in readiness.

.

LORD METHUEN has a partiality for President Kruger, and all because of the Paul they bear in common for their Christian names. This partiality of the Methuens for the name of Paul is a matter of heredity. Lord Methuen's father bore the name, so did his grandfather, so does his brother, and so do his own three sons, the eldest owning it as his first name, the two younger as their second names.

.

TWICE the Dowager Empress of Russia has saved her husband's life. One day, when in the Emperor's dressing-room, she observed that on his dressing table lay a curious-looking jewel-case. Something about its appearance aroused her curiosity, and, taking it up, she became aware that it was extremely heavy. Without saying a word, she went into her room and placed it carefully in a basin of water, then, sending for the Prefect of Police, whose duties keep him much about the palace, she begged him to have it examined, and it was discovered to be one of the most marvellous infernal machines ever invented by the ingenuity of man. The second occasion on which the Empress was directly instrumental in stopping murder occurred in the Winter Palace, when she heard a slight noise which indicated the presence of some stranger in the Czar's study. Without betraying the slightest anxiety, she begged her husband to come and speak to one of the children. He did so. She locked the door, and only gave up the keys to a party of soldiers, who found that someone had just escaped through the window.

QUEEN MARGUERITE of Italy is particularly interested in folklore, and has published many charming sketches under an assumed name in the Italian journals. Queen Marguerite is far more gifted than is generally supposed. A leading Italian artist declared that in matters of art her judgment never errs. "She catches the artist's idea at once, and is always correct." She is an accomplished connoisseuse in music, and is always to be seen at the concerts of the St. Cecilia Academy, and at those of the Orchestral Society, of which Maestro Pinelli is the director. The Queen is never idle. She draws, paints, studies dead languages, reads, writes, and translates living languages, keeps a voluminous diary, and tries her hand at every new kind of work she hears of, and nearly always with success.

Queen Marguerite is the possessor of the finest head of hair of any queen in Europe—finer than that of the late Empress of Austria. Her pearls are unrivalled. She has her old clothes sold for charity, an example which distinguished Italian and English ladies might follow with advantage.

* *

IN Manchester Sir Henry Irving was once the butt for a certain actor's jokes. His figure, voice and gait were the subject of this gentleman's unsparring ridicule. In his old age Irving's mimic became so impoverished that one of his friends wrote to his former victim. A handsome remittance was sent by return, and till the hour of his death he regularly received £2 a week.

* *

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL, the hero of Mafeking, is ambidextrous. It matters not to him with which hand he picks up pen or pencil to write, draw, or paint; he does whatever he has the mind to do with either equally well—this being partly the result of Ruskin's advice to Mrs. Baden-Powell not to interfere with his habit, as a child, of drawing with his left hand. It is even said that he can now make a sketch with his left hand and shade it in at the same time with his right.

THE appointment of the Duke of Connaught to be Commander-in-Chief in Ireland recalls an incident which decided the Queen to give him the name of Ireland's patron saint. When the Queen and Prince Albert visited Ireland in 1849, an old lady in the crowd which welcomed Her Majesty to Dublin exclaimed, as the carriage in which the Queen sat with her husband and elder children passed, "Oh, Queen, dear! make one of them dear children Prince Patrick, and all Ireland will die for you."

The hint was not forgotten, and when, a year later, the Queen's seventh child was born, he received the name of Arthur Patrick Albert. The soldier Prince was further connected with the Emerald Isle when he was made Duke of Connaught.

* *

OF the late Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist, it is recalled that just previous to his death he addressed in Kansas City the largest crowds he had ever faced. His last sermon was preached in the Convention Hall, on the night of November 16th, and fully 15,000 people listened to an earnest appeal, which was regarded as one of his greatest efforts. He was taken ill on the following morning and at noon on the 22nd he passed away. His last recorded words were, "I have always been an ambitious man; not to lay up wealth, but to find work to do."

* *

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, the prominent Liberal member in the Imperial House of Commons, has a mania for watchmaking. The watch he carries he has made entirely himself. Most of his personal friends at some time or other have received a present from him of a "Bannerman-Made Watch." The time kept by Sir Henry's watches, however, is sometimes erratic. Lord Salisbury remarked laughingly to one of his brother peers, who had occasion to ask him the time: "What time do you want? 'London time' or 'Bannerman's time'?"

Items of Interest.

THE ONLY European country which has a lower death-rate than England is Norway.

* * *

CHARLES DICKENS, in his twenty-four works, introduced us to no fewer than 1,425 personages.

* * *

THE COST of running a big ocean liner from Liverpool to New York and back is something over \$90,000.

* * *

IF ALL the money in the world were divided equally among the people each person would get about \$20.

* * *

THERE is salt enough in the sea to cover 7,000,000 square miles of land with a layer one mile in thickness.

* * *

THE OLDEST bank note in the possession of the Bank of England is dated December 19th, 1699, and is for £555.

* * *

THE AMOUNT of gold coin in actual circulation in the world is estimated by the Bank of England officials to be about 865 tons.

* * *

THE SOUND of thunder may be heard for twenty or twenty-five miles; with the ear to the ground much farther. Lightning is reflected for 150 to 200 miles.

* * *

THE RAILWAYS of the world are to-day worth from five to six thousand million pounds. This probably represents one-tenth of the total wealth of civilized nations, and one-quarter, if not one-third, of their invested capital. The world's whole stock of money of every kind—gold, silver and paper—would purchase only a third of its railways.

* * *

THE CITIZENS of Berlin have a summary way of stopping the dangerous practice of carrying sticks and umbrellas horizontally. As soon as a man tucks his umbrella under his arm he will promptly feel a quick blow on it from behind. There is no use in his getting angry with the person who strikes the blow, because the public are determined to stop this dangerous practice.

THE TIGER'S strength exceeds that of the lion. Five men can easily hold down a lion, but nine are required to subdue a tiger.

* * *

ONE-QUARTER of the people on the earth die before the age of six, one-half before the age of sixteen, and only one out of each hundred born lives to the age of sixty-five.

* * *

THE SMALLEST book in the world is in the possession of the Earl of Dufferin. It is an edition of the sacred book of the Sikhs, and is said to be only half the size of a postage-stamp.

* * *

IF AN express train, moving at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, were to stop suddenly it would give the passengers a shock equal to that of falling from the height of 54 ft.

* * *

IN NAPLES there exists a race of cats which live in the churches. They are kept and fed by the authorities on purpose to catch the mice which infest all old buildings there. The animals may often be seen walking about among the congregation, or sitting gravely before the altar during time of mass.

* * *

THERE ARE more than twice as many blind persons in Russia as in the whole of the rest of Europe. They number 190,000, which is equivalent to two in every 1,000 of the population. In France and England the proportion is not quite one per 1,000. It is believed that blindness in Russia is so prevalent because of the length of time which snow lies on the ground, and also owing to the uncleanly habits of the people.

* * *

THE BIGGEST match factory in the world is the Vulcan match factory at Tidaholm, Sweden. It employs over 1,200 men, and manufactures daily 900,000 boxes of matches. The yearly output requires 600,000 cubic feet of wood, 250,000 lb. of paper, and 40,000 lb. of rye flour for pasting the boxes. Three hundred of the most complete and ingenious pieces of machinery, all of Swedish invention, are used in this factory.

A TONGUE made of rubber and resting on a pivot set between the teeth belongs to a New York man. He is able to talk distinctly and freely, and eat with ease.

* *

THE WORST famines of modern times were the famine in Ireland in 1846-7, in which 1,000,000 people perished; the Indian famine of 1866, which claimed 1,450,000 victims; the Indian famine of 1877, in which 500,000 people perished; and the great famine in China in 1878, in which 9,500,000 died.

* *

AN IDEA of the great increase in the cost of diamonds imparted by the labor of polishing and mounting, as well as by the profits of traders, may be obtained by comparing their price at the mines in South Africa with the prices in the jewellery shops. A diamond weighing one carat, mounted in a ring, may cost the buyer \$100 or more, but at Kimberly the average value of diamonds of that weight is only about \$6.

* *

It is noteworthy that, like the young Belgian tinsmith, Sipido, the four wretched men who have attempted the life of the Queen were all more or less youthful. Thus, Edward Oxford, the first miscreant, was only seventeen years old when he fired at the Queen on Constitution Hill in 1840; John Francis, who made a similar attempt two years after, was the beardless son of a machinist at Drury Lane Theatre; and Roderick Maclean, the madman who fired on the Queen at Windsor Station, had not reached maturity. Then Bean, the deformed youth who levelled a pistol at the Queen when passing from Buckingham Gate to the Chapel Royal, St. James'—though, fortunately, the pistol did not go off—was only a boy, and was able by this fact to temporarily elude capture.

AMONG THE Siamese the curious custom obtains of reversing the elbow-joint of the left arm as a sign of superiority. The children of both sexes are trained to reverse their elbow in this painful position at an early age if their parent are persons of high grades.

* *

IN BERLIN the firemen wear water-jackets with a double skin, which they are able to fill with water from the hose. If the space between the two layers becomes over-filled the water escapes through a valve at the top of the helmet and flows down over the fireman like a cascade, protecting him doubly. The smoke-helmets, largely used in Germany, Austria, Holland and Italy, enable the bearer to breathe and see at his ease in a smoke-laden atmosphere. In some instances the apparatus includes a means of telephonic communication with the street below.

* *

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE had, and still cherishes, a true Spaniard's taste for strong scents, her favorite odors being sandalwood and lemon verbena. Queen Victoria seldom uses any perfume except the homely and refreshing lavender water, of which large quantities are annually manufactured for her use. The Princess of Wales delights in that delicate scent known as wood-violet. The ex-Empress Frederick uses quantities of Cologne water, especially in the daily bath, which she, as a typical Briton, never fails to take unless she be hindered by illness, employing in this way a quart of Cologne water daily. The late Empress of Austria preferred for toilet uses the delicate orange scent known as Portugal water. The Queen-Regent of Spain has a delicate perfume especially made for her use from the spice-scented blossoms of the carnation.

1900 July 1900

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

1900 August 1900

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

AT THE EDITOR'S
DESK.

THE movement having for its object the placing of farming on a sound, practical, commercial and scientific basis is making rapid progress in many directions. The latest phase of development deals a death blow in the vicinity of the capital of Ontario to the old haphazard, happy-go-lucky method of conducting the dairying department of the farm. It has always struck us as one of the strangest anomalies that while in live stock, grain and other produce of the soil the differentiations in quality are recognized to a nicety, and result in a corresponding decrease or increase in the price the farmer receives; in the matter of milk, which plays a most important part in the dietary alike of the high and the humble, the only consideration appears to have been that the commodity should be—wet and white. Provided it possessed these properties it was "milk," and "milk" was so much a can.

Could any system be more destructive of a farmer's desire to bring up his stock to the highest pitch of perfection in the matter of milk supply? A man would be more than human who in these days of keen competition deliberately spent a hundred dollars a year on feeding his cattle to provide a better quality of milk, when his neighbors are paid as much for the same quantity of an inferior article produced without the cost of that additional hundred dollars.

An incorporated company has been formed, with headquarters in Toronto, which cannot fail to remedy this unnatural state of affairs in the districts whence that city draws its milk supply. The injustice of existing conditions not only bears upon the progressive farmer, who desires to obtain the best results from his enterprise and knowledge of his calling, but it also affects very materially the whole community of milk consumers, who, except in a comparatively few instances, must take—and pay for—what is given them, and be thankful, whether their purchase be really a pure article or one whose merits are limited to the two virtues already spoken of.

THE shareholders of the Company comprise a large number of farmers and dairymen who have not been slow to recognize the benefit they, as well as the consumers, will derive from a movement which has for its maxim "Milk on its merits." The names of those identified with the promotion of the project are evidence that sound business principles will obtain in all the Company's operations, and they are also a guarantee of the successful carrying out of the policy laid down in the prospectus: to procure for Toronto milk of standard quality and hygienically perfect at the price now paid for all sorts and conditions of milk, and at the same time ensure the farmer more profitable returns than he now obtains.

THE only sufferers by this latest recognition of the identity of the interests of farmer and consumer will be those

IT
some
elect
in m
factu
years
exhib
intrig
openin
ness t
years c

who have gained an unfair advantage in the past—those slipshod farmers whose sole aim has been to produce the maximum amount of "milk" at the minimum cost, without any regard to the quality. Cow-owners of this class will soon be no more, and they must either drop out of the business altogether or be prepared to meet the demand of the awakened intelligence of the populace for pure milk procured from cows provided with healthful surroundings.

We have had our attention drawn to a case which very aptly illustrates the force of our contention: Two neighboring farmers, not a thousand miles from Toronto, supply the city with milk, and both receive the same price; one endeavours to feed his cattle as well as possible and under the best sanitary conditions—the other uses the refuse from breweries and other slops!

The movement, which in Canada has had its genesis in Toronto, is bound to spread throughout the country, and invariably will it be to the advantage of the conscientious and progressive farmer that it is no more the rule that all milk looks, or sells, alike.

IT is customary now-a-days when a great exhibition is to be opened for some important personage to touch an electric button which immediately sets in motion all the mechanical or manufacturing exhibits in the place. For years China has been the world's great exhibition of diplomacy and political intrigue, but the day of the formal opening, when the universe might witness the actual results of those long years of preparation, has been postponed

time and again, owing, apparently, to the fear among the exhibitors that if the button were touched prematurely the machinery on which they have spent so much effort might not be able to stand the force of the current, and, bursting, might shed its fragments with fatal effect among its constructors. The button has been pressed at last, however, and we look with horror and disgust on the damning evidence, written in blood, of how little the world's policy and diplomacy-mongers have accomplished towards curbing Chinese hatred of "foreign devils."

THE unpleasant thought has suggested itself in many quarters that the efforts of the "civilized" powers to reconcile the Chinese to the peaceful invasion of foreigners in the pursuit of commercial and missionary enterprises have been marked by a lack of sincerity; that in the case of Russia that ambitious power has been insidiously strengthening its own position in China by fanning the prejudice of the Chinese against the other foreigners. Proceeding on such premises the further presumption is that when the inevitable outburst took place, Russia having a force of several thousand soldiers at Port Arthur, intended to step in and quell it in its initial stages, thereby establishing herself as the dominant protecting power at Peking. The little scare-fire kindled by Russian intrigue quickly assumed the proportions of a conflagration, and before the admirals in Chinese waters could protect them the European and American legations were attacked by thousands of Boxers, aided by the Chinese soldiery, who were

nominally sent to suppress them; missionaries and native Christians were massacred, the latter to the number of 2,000. The trouble has not been confined to Peking, and there has been considerable loss of life among the relief parties of the foreign powers, while over 4,000 Chinese have been killed in battle.

Such is the state of affairs existing in China in the last year of the century, and statesmanship never had a more difficult task than that which now confronts the governments of the great powers; not only to bring order out of chaos in a country whose population exceeds 400,000,000, and which has practically declared war against the rest of the world, but to settle the future of that country on a basis which shall be acceptable to those powers whose interests so closely tread one upon another, that any settlement in which some nation will not find a cause for jealousy—carried to the point of hostilities—seems absolutely impossible.

THE Presidential contest across the border is evidently to be fought out on an issue now appearing for the first time in the arena of United States politics, that of Imperialism or the natural expansion of the political influence of the Republic in the affairs of other continents. Of this policy the Republicans are the defenders, willy-nilly, for it is the inevitable corollary of the war with Spain, resulting, as that did, in the establishment of the United States as a governing power in Asia. With an inconsistency that it will be hard to parallel, the Democrats who denounced McKinley's government two years ago for their "tarliness" in taking up the cause of humanity against Spain, now make the leading plank of their platform unflinching antagonism to the very policy they then contended for with such a display of virtuous indignation. It is true the silver question

promises to have a place in the platform of the Democrats, but that, it is pretty generally understood, is merely to meet the personal predilections of Mr. Bryan. The real issue of the fight is to be natural and ennobling expansion, or unnatural and degrading abstention from the assumption of responsibilities

"None of us liveth to himself alone" applies to nations no less than to individuals. The individual who, in violation of this precept, disregards the duties he owes to society and makes his own immediate personal interests the sole object of his efforts and life, is rightly regarded with contempt, as the embodiment of gross selfishness. The more exalted the position of the individual so offending, the greater would be the censure with which he would be visited. In fact, his very greatness in a material sense would but intensify his lack of recognition of moral obligations.

FORTUNATELY, public opinion is so pronounced on this question, and further, is such a formidable foe, that even the most hardened egotists pay tribute to it. This makes hypocrites, of course, but hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue. The inventions facilitating travel and the interchange of ideas have widened the focus of public opinion, and while in the first half of the century the expression had merely a local or, at most, a national significance, both in its source and in its objective point, it now not infrequently represents the voices of the nations of Christendom speaking as one.

Individual nations are thus brought under the same species of corrective or restraining influence which, on a small scale and in a more restricted area, operates on the individual citizen. And it will no more be possible for a nation of the magnitude of the United States, with its potentialities for civili-

zation, to keep those resources solely for its own use within its own boundaries, and maintain for itself the respect of the rest of the world, than it would be for a city like New York to refuse help to the starving population of a town in the same State which had been wiped out by fire, or for a millionaire to give nothing of his treasure to relieve the distress occasioned in his neighborhood by some such dire visitation, which had left hundreds destitute of food.

It may be said that we are giving charity too pronounced a place in the polity of nations; that "self-interest" is the first consideration alike of the nation and the individual.

**

APART from the moral consideration, however, every individual owes a duty to the community in which he lives and whence he draws his means of livelihood, and this is exacted by the community, be it nation or township, in the shape of taxes or personal service, in order to maintain administration of law and order and security for life and property.

There is a larger community than that of the nation—the community of the world. The United States is a member, and a wealthy member, of that community, and its obligation to assist in maintaining order therein, and civilizing the outlying portions thereof, is not only a moral one but a legal one, an attempt to evade which would not only bring upon the United States the contempt of Christendom, but just retribution would be inevitable by the action of other nations in practically closing many of the most valuable markets to the Republic.

**

WHILE we should like to think that the moral consideration alone would determine the people of the United States to shoulder the white man's burden cheerfully, we may rest assured

that the added consideration of personal interest will clinch the matter and prevent them taking the retrograde step advocated by Mr. Bryan and his fellow Democrats. The forthcoming contest will be the most momentous political event since the days of Washington. It will demonstrate whether the predominant element in the United States possesses that instinct for government in its widest and best sense, characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, or whether this has been supplanted, owing to the influx of a cosmopolitan population and other influences, by ideals which may be termed proportionately perfect enlargements of the Paul Kruger pattern.

**

ONE of the lessons of the South African war is the necessity of having a larger proportion of cavalry than has hitherto been the custom in European armies. This entails heavy purchases of suitable horses for some years to come. There is no reason why our farmers should not benefit largely by the stimulus thus given to horse raising. Major Dent, who came to Canada on behalf of the Imperial authorities on the outbreak of war, purchased 5,000 animals, and could have taken double or treble that number had they been available. While the introduction of the electric street cars hit the farmers and horse breeders a pretty hard blow, they can more than recover the ground they lost by catering for the demand for steeds whose duties will be more exacting, but certainly not more conducive to early death, than drawing ear loads of peaceful citizens along the streets of Canadian cities.

WHEN COMPETITION THE PRAISE IS EASY

EULOGY FOR MASSEY-HARRIS IMPLEMENTS



Extract from the "Farm Implement News"
June 14th, 1900, relating to the Massey-Harris
Exhibit at the Exposition

MASSEY-HARRIS EXHIBIT IN PALACE OF AGRICULTURE.

"Of all the implement exhibits in the Palace of
Agriculture there is none which equals that of the
Massey-Harris Company, Limited, of Toronto, Canada,
for beauty and style of finish. It is located in the British
section, and within the twisted nickel railing which encloses
it is a group of machines of faultless grace. There is a
Massey-Harris Binder, the frame painted a deep wine color
and the rest of it in nickel and birdseye maple, polished.
The apron has embroidered on it at intervals maple leaves,
the emblem of Canada, and the satin panel of the windboard
bears the name in silk. There is also a Massey-Harris binder
in walnut and the same rich color upon the painted parts.
An Imperial reaper in walnut and cherry, a hay tedder, and

EXHIBITORS PRAISE

IS FULLY MERITED.

MENTIONED BY THE PRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

"Farm and Home News," of Chicago, relates the success of the Massey-Harris exhibit at the Exposition.



OF a thirteen-tooth cultivator and a seeder, all nickel but the oak grain box. A nine-tooth Universal cultivator and a two-horse and a one-horse mower complete the catalogue of the machines, all of them burnished to a degree in keeping with a position alongside that binder which stands next the aisle. Under a square glass case the company have a bronze art figure, won at Paris in 1889, standing upon a pyramid upon the sides of which are medals received in other contests. There is also a trophy from Australia won twice in succession. F. D. Mercer, of the home office, established the exhibit and expects soon to return, and a Mr. Kleinhans, from one of the company's continental agencies, will take his place. In addition to this display and the one in the Canadian building at Vincennes, the company show in the British government exhibit in the Palace of Agriculture a sample of the wagons they supplied to the army for the war in South Africa."

SELECTED AND
EDITED
BY
MRS. JOHN HOLMES.

IN THE HOME

Correspondence is invited on all matters relating to the Home. Questions pertaining to any feature of domestic life, or of interest to women generally, will be readily answered, where possible, in this department.

Simple Things.

DO you ever pause to listen,
In the hurry of the strife
Of the cares that crowd around you,
To the simple things of life?
To the songs the birds are singing,
To their happy chirp and trill?
To the rush of woodland breezes
Sweeping past you o'er the hill?

Do you ever hear the laughter
Of the leaves on summer days,
As they whisper joyous nothings
'Neath the glad sun's golden rays?
Oh, 'twill cheer you just to listen
For a moment to their glee,
Like a breath from spae islands
Blowing by you from the sea

Just a flower within a window,
Or a tree upon the street,
Or the lisping of an infant,
Holds a blessing full and sweet.
Only free your mind to seize it,
And 'twill cheer you all day long,
Till you find your lips are moving
To the cadence of a song.

EASY NEEDLEWORK FOR THE HOME.

Zambesi Embroidery.

ZAMBESI embroidery is Oriental as to coloring, the method of working is simple, and the materials very inexpensive.

Whity-brown linen is used for the work, and this should always be procured of a substantial quality, as the

Tea, tray, and sideboard cloths, dressing-table covers, couvrepieds, bedspreads, mats, table-centres, etc., etc., all look very well done in it.

The designs are generally very much the same, very little variety being noticeable in all that we have seen.

The example seen in our illustrations

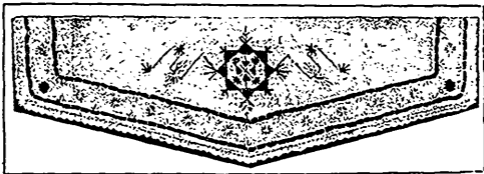


FIG. 1.—THE FLAP OF A NIGHT-DRESS CASE WORKED IN ZAMBESI EMBROIDERY.

embroidery shows up much better if it is. This linen is very inexpensive, and washes and wears well.

The cottons used in Zambesi work are colored embroidery cottons, and care should be taken in selecting them to get those alone which are ingrain.

The articles for which this embroidery is suitable are very numerous indeed.

gives a good idea of the designs, and their great simplicity is obvious.

Fig. 1 is the flap of a night-dress case, but the same pattern exactly can be used for the end of a table-centre, and various other purposes.

Yellow and blue are used throughout. All the stars and triplets of stitches that come from the line are done in blue,

and the scalloping is in two shades of blue. In this border, three scallops are dark, and three light blue; the alternating shades having a very pretty effect.

Fig 2 shows another part of the night-dress case. The hexagon here is worked in alternate pyramids of yellow and blue.

SCALLOPS.

The way in which scallops are worked is clearly seen in Fig 3

Keep your thread always under your needle; make your stitches quite even, side by side. Do not draw your stitches too tightly so as to pucker them; and do not, on the other hand, let them lie so loosely that any trace of the material is seen between them.

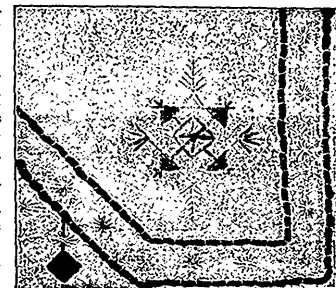


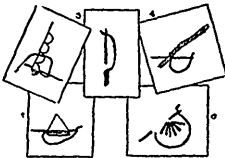
FIG 2—ANOTHER PORTION OF THE NIGHT-DRESS.

STEM-STITCH.

This stitch, seen in Fig 4, is very easy to work, and obtains very generally in all kinds of work. Work upwards, taking up very little of the material on your needle, and making your stitches all exactly opposite each other.

COUCHING.

This line of coarse red cotton cord is couched down. This term is from "coucher," laying down. To begin or end the cord, thread one end into a very large and eyed chenille needle and push through to the back of the stuff. Draw out the needle and then sew the cord down with small back stitches in another color. If you wish to lay two lines of cord down, when you have finished one, then lay down the second and make your stitches intermediate.



PYRAMIDS.

Pyramid-stitch is really only satin-stitch worked upwards into pyramid form. Begin at the base and work up to the point, taking care to let your stitch be very even, so that the outline of the pyramid may not be broken.

FAN-STITCH.

This is only a set of long stitches all converging into one point. It makes a pretty variety sometimes to make alternate stitches with two different colors.

When your work is finished, lay it face downwards on an ironing cloth spread over a blanket, and,

after damping the back, iron with an iron which is not too hot.

Torchon lace makes a nice edging where one is needed.

Don'ts for the Nursery.

Don't forget that children's clothing should be warm, but light.

Don't hang curtains around the cot.

Children need plenty of air, especially when sleeping.

Don't place the cot in a position where the light will fall on the child's eyes, nor in a draught.

Don't forget to remove the child to a cot, with a hair mattress, when it is old enough to leave the

cradle. (We might add that many people do not now use cradles at all.)

Don't forget to air the children's bed clothes every day, taking them in about noon.

Don't allow a child to sleep with an elder person. Its rest will be less disturbed and more beneficial alone.

CHIT-CHAT.

A WOMAN TALKS TO WOMEN—A MOTHER SPEAKS TO MOTHERS.

The Blessings of To-Day.

If we knew the woe and heartache
 Waiting for us down the road,
 If our lips could taste the wormwood,
 If our backs could feel the load,
 Would we waste to-day in wishing
 For a time that ne'er can be?—
 Would we wait in such impatience
 For our ships to come from sea?

Strange we never prize the music
 Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown,
 Strange that we should slight the violets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone,
 Strange that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one half so fair
 As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake their white down in the air!

Let us gather up the sunbeams
 Lying all along our path;
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff;
 Let us find our sweetest comfort
 In the blessings of to-day,
 With the patient hand removing
 All the briars from our way.

IT is a mistake to fly to the medicine chest directly one feels a little out of sorts, although, of course, in serious illness drugs are invaluable. If the nerves are out of order through worry or overwork, rest and quiet are the best doctors, with light, amusing literature and recreation. A warm bath may be taken at night and a cold sponge in the morning. Light, nourishing food and as much sleep as possible. Many are afflicted with weak circulation and suffer severely from the cold. Flannels should always be worn next the skin, good nourishing food is indispensable, and a tepid (not cold) bath taken every morning, with a vigorous rubbing with a rough towel afterwards. Outdoor exercise in the warmest part of the day, and a course of cod-liver oil is usually very beneficial. For those who suffer from derangement of the stomach or a sluggish liver a different treatment is necessary, but it is a mistake to be constantly taking salts or pills. Very often abstinence from any but the plainest food, plenty of outdoor exercise and an occasional Turkish bath are all that is needed.

"WHAT is an epistle?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. There was a pause, and then a solitary hand went up.

"I know, teacher."

"Well, my dear?"

"The wife of an apostle, teacher."

BLUE eyes are said to be the weakest. Uprturned eyes are typical of devotion. Wide open eyes are indicative of rashness. Side glancing eyes are always to be distrusted. Brown eyes are said by the oculists to be the strongest. Small eyes are commonly supposed to indicate cunning. The down-cast eye has in all ages been typical of modesty. The proper distance between the eyes is the width of one eye. People of melancholy temperament rarely have clear blue eyes. Eyes in rapid and constant motion betoken anxiety, fear, or care. Eyes with long, sharp corners indicate great discernment and penetration. The white of the eye showing beneath the iris is indicative of nobility of character. Grey eyes turning green in anger or excitement are indicative of choleric temperament. When the upper lid covers half or more of the pupil the indication is of cool deliberation. An eye, the upper lid of which passes horizontally across the pupil, indicates mental ability. Unsteady eyes, rapidly jerking from side to side, are frequently indicative of an unsettled mind. It is said that the prevailing colors of eyes among patients of lunatic asylums are brown or black. Eyes of any color with weak brows and long, concave lashes are indicative of a weak constitution. Eyes that are wide apart are said by physiognomists to indicate

great intelligence and tenacious memory. Eyes of which the whole of the iris is visible belong to erratic persons, often with a tendency towards insanity. Wide open, staring eyes in weak countenances indicate jealousy, bigotry, intolerance, and pertinacity without fineness. Eyes placed close together in the head are said to indicate pettiness of disposition, jealousy, and a turn for fault finding. When the under arch of the upper eyelid is a perfect semi-circle it is indicative of goodness, but also of timidity, sometimes approaching cowardice.

All men of genius are said to have eyes clear, slow-moving and bright. This is the eye which indicates mental ability of some kind, it does not matter what. Blue eyes are said to be effeminate, but this is a mistake, for blue eyes are found only among Caucasian races, and the white races rule the world.

* * *

"MAMMA!"

"Well?"

"You caned me last week for licking Jimmie Watts, and papa hcked me yesterday 'cause Johnny Phelps waloped me."

"Well?"

"I'm wondering what'll happen some time when it's a draw."

* * *

IT is a well-known fact among physicians, nurses, and those generally interested in the restoration of health, that the percentage of woman among the middle and upper classes who retire

early is very small. There are many women so constituted that the wear and tear of daily life consumes to a great extent their vitality, which can only be restored by means of perfect repose.

Especially are long, unbroken hours of rest necessary for wives and mothers, all of whom are giving their strength unreservedly, and getting little physically in return, save that which is derived from sleep. Those who earnestly desire to use the most effective means for the preservation of health and beauty should not fail to keep early hours.

One writer says the common dandilion is a perfect soporific. Two or three leaves chewed just before going to bed will induce sleep, no matter how nervous or worried a man may be. The leaves can be dried easily for winter use, and the best of them is that when used to woo sleep there is no morning headache or weariness such as invariably follows the use of opiates.

* * *

MAMMA was serving jam-pudding.

"Johnny, will you take a little pudding?"

Johnny: "Yes; will you give me the ends, please?"

Mamma: "But why do you wish to have the ends, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Why, when I was in the kitchen I heard Ellen say to cook, 'Put a good lot of jam in the ends, cook, because you know the ends are always left for us.'"

Things that Never Die.

THE pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses to wordless prayer,
The streams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need;
A kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea of mercy softly breathed,
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel, but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes are bounding high,
In an unfading record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just, and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

SIMPLE RECIPES FOR TASTY DISHES.

PEA SOUP.—This can be made with the liquor in which the beef was boiled, and either split peas or pea flour may be used.

CREAM FRITTERS.—Method. Pound eight macaroons in a mortar with two ounces of sifted sugar, the grated rind of half a lemon, four yolks of eggs, and a gill and a half of cream. Stir in the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs, and fry a nice brown. Serve hot, with sifted sugar.

GENOESE SAUCE.—Method. Make half a pint of brown sauce, add a teaspoonful of catsup, a dessert-spoonful of finely-chopped parsley, a few drops of anchovy essence, pepper, salt, and (if wished) half a glass of Burgundy, and while cooking add by degrees an ounce of butter. Pour over the fish and serve.

CABINET PUDDING.—Method. Butter a pudding-mould and decorate with cherries, angelica, etc. Slice four small sponge cakes, and put them in the mould in alternate layers with two ounces of raisins and five macaroons. Beat up three eggs, add them to half a pint of milk and half a pint of cream, strain over the sponge cakes, etc., and steam for an hour and a quarter. Let the pudding stand for a short time before turning it out. Serve with rich sauce.

CREAM SOUP.—Method. Boil three ounces of rice in a quart of stock, and when soft rub half of it through a sieve and afterwards through a tammy. Return the stock and the rice to a saucepan, adding both the whole rice and that which has been passed through the sieve, re-heat. Beat the yolks of two eggs and mix them with a gill of cream. Take the soup off the fire and pour it very gradually over the eggs, stirring all the time to prevent curdling; then heat up once more, but do not let the soup boil again.

SOUP A LA REINE.—Method. Put the following in a saucepan. A pound and a half of lean veal cut in pieces, a slice of bacon, a stick of celery, an onion, a blade of mace, a clove, six white peppercorns, a bunch of herbs, and four ounces of butter. Fry till well browned, add two quarts of stock, and two or three large mushrooms broken into pieces. Boil up and skim off the fat. Soak the vermicelli for a few minutes in cold water, and then simmer till tender in a little stock. Drain, put in the soup tureen, and strain the soup over.

PIQUANTE SAUCE.—Method: Melt 2 ounces of butter in a stewpan, stir in an ounce of flour, add a tablespoonful of vinegar, half a pint of stock, salt, pepper, chopped shallots and chopped pickled gherkins. Simmer for quarter of an hour, add the juice of half a lemon and serve with the pork cutlets, which should be neatly cut and fried.

BANANA TART.—Method: Rub eight good, ripe bananas through a sieve, mix with them the juice and grated peel of a lemon, and a glass of rum. Beat two eggs, strain to a gill and a half of milk and half a gill of cream, sweeten to taste, and stir into the bananas. Line a dish with puff paste, pour in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven.

PRESERVED CHERRY PUDDING.—Method: Decorate a fancy mould with preserved cherries cut in halves, having first rubbed it over with butter. Beat six ounces of butter to a cream, add six ounces of castor sugar and four eggs, one by one, and beat for ten minutes, add four ounces of preserved cherries cut in halves and half a pound of sifted flour. Steam for an hour and a half. Turn out and serve with wine or sweet sauce.

OLIVE SAUCE.—Method: Soak about twelve or more olives in hot water for twenty minutes. Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, and add a tablespoonful each of chopped carrot and onion. Brown them lightly, add an ounce of brown flour, pour in gradually three-quarters of a pint of brown stock, a blade of mace, a clove, a bay-leaf, salt and pepper, and simmer for twenty minutes. Stone the olives, and boil them for ten minutes, drain, and add them to the strained sauce. Re-heat, and serve.

MOCK PINEAPPLE JAM.—This is a delicious yet inexpensive jam, the recipe for which was given in these columns in the summer. It is made with vegetable marrow, mixed in the proportion of about one tinned pine to two large, hard marrows. The marrows are cut in slices, placed in a large earthenware pan with preserving sugar—the pine fruit cut in pieces—and the juice, and left to soak over night. The marrow will absorb the flavor of the fruit completely. It must then be boiled for nearly three hours with lemon peel and juice. It turns out more a compote than a jam, and it is a good addition to the breakfast or luncheon table.



A DASH FOR LIFE.

[Recreation.]



"I love God and little children."—JEAN PAUL

A Very Small Hero.

THE naval and military services have their heroes of industry as well as their heroes of battle, as you will agree when you have been told of the devotion of duty of little Youchi, a tiny Jap, employed by a ship of the United States Navy.

The greatest care is taken of the boilers in warships, because on their efficiency depends the usefulness of the vessels in cruising and fighting.

Fresh water is used in them whenever it is possible to do so, for if salt water is used a heavy deposit or scale is formed upon the heating-surfaces of the interior. This lowers the boilers' efficiency in marked degree, and often becomes an element of danger because it tends to cause the steel sheets to burn and blister, and thus reduces their strength. Sometimes, however, seawater must be used, and then, when port is reached, the deposit of scale is removed from the boilers.

The only efficacious method of scaling boilers is to send men into them, armed with small hammers, who knock the scales off the sheets bit by bit. This is a tedious and unpleasant labor, for it is hard to lie all day long in a wilderness of tubes and rods in an atmosphere full of dampness and oily vapor, and hammer, hammer, hammer at the stubborn scale.

The spaces are confined and awkward, and many that must be reached are so small that a man cannot squeeze within reach of the scale there.

So it happens that in Japan, small boys are employed for this dirty work—little fellows of almost infantile age. These urchins get less than fifteen cents for a day's work that begins at seven in the morning and ends at six at night. But smilingly they crawl into the gloomy caverns of steel where their duty lies; cheerily their hammers rat-tat-tat all day long, and grimy, but smiling still, they crawl out at night and seek their homes and their steaming bowls of rice.

One day, not long before the battle of Manila Bay, a great warship went into Yokohama after a long run at sea, under orders to proceed with all despatch to Hong Kong, and found it necessary to "scale boilers." The useful little Japanese boiler boys were brought on board and set to work, all of them being in charge of a Japanese of larger growth, who mustered them morning and night, and gave them orders to work inside the boilers until called out.

They could have little idea of the lapse of time while in the continuous night of those grim interiors.

The ship was much hurried, and on a certain day orders were given to close up the boilers when the work of the day was ended, and to prepare to go to sea at once. The boiler boys had hardly left the ship, when the various openings of the boilers were closed by the man-of-war's men, all except an upper man-hole in each boiler, and the water started in from the pumps.

Work is done quietly and swiftly under the discipline of a ship-of-war, and every boiler but one was soon entirely closed. The last plate of this last boiler was about to be fastened in its place, and so change the empty caldron into a vast tank of water, when the rat-tat-tat of a scaling hammer was heard far back in its gloomy recesses.

The fireman at the opening paused and listened. There could be no mistake. Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat came the sounds. The fireman called, "Oide!" in seaport Japanese, and back came the cheery, "Yoroshi," of the little boiler boy, who had been overlooked in the last muster, and had stuck to his post until the proper orders came to leave it. Grimy and wet, but smiling, he crawled along the rods and stays until his half-shaved head stuck out from the man-hole, less than a foot above the surface of the rising water within.

There was nothing on board that ship good enough for little Youchi that night—"the lad as done his dooty." He

w
cl
as
ht
or
en

A
Mo
wit
C
froi
to
whic
clery
age,
"

ON

a brie
a pol
capta
it afte
and cl
anuse

Eve
rolly p
hands
but Ju
the hu
little s
every c
finally
ber a w

We l
board, l
ing he
guardia
pared t
scratch,
she was

Each
dessert
the cub
peas e-off
emed her
Olga had
One da
bits, and
the deck
the cub.
act cause

was fed—in fact, stuffed and laden with clothes and presents of all kinds. And as he went over the side, the moon that hung over Fuji Yama smiled down upon the happiest Jap in the Mikado's empire.

The boat that carried him ashore left the ship as the anchor came aweigh, and until the growing distance became too great, his piping, cheery little voice could be heard calling out the kindly farewell word, "Sayonara! Sayonara!"

Black Coats.

AN English clergyman, rather pompous of manner, according to *Spare Moments*, was fond of chatting with a witty chimney-sweep.

Once, when the minister returned from his summer holidays, he happened to meet his youthful acquaintance, who seemed to have been at work.

"Where have you been?" asked the clergyman.

"Sweeping the chimneys at the vicarage," was the boy's answer.

"How many chimneys are there, and

how much do you get for each?" was the next question.

The sweep said there were twenty chimneys, and that he was paid a shilling apiece.

The clergyman, after thinking a moment, looked at the sweep in apparent astonishment. "You have earned a great deal of money in a little time," he remarked, solemnly.

"Yes," said the sweep, throwing his bag over his shoulder as he started away. "we who wear black coats get our money very easily!"

The Taming of a Bear Cub.

ON the return trip of the steamer *Pomona* from the Alaska gold fields a brief stop was made at Juneau, where a polar-bear cub was presented to the captain of the ship. He at once named it after the village whence it had come, and chained it on the after deck for the amusement of the passengers.

Every one took great interest in the roly poly stranger, as sundry scratched hands and legs soon bore testimony; but Juneau refused to be cultivated by the human family. She was a vicious little savage, snarling and snapping at every offer of peace and good-will, until finally the passengers were glad to give her a wide berth.

We had a bright little Indian girl on board, however, who persisted in thrusting her friendship on Juneau. Her guardians, the missionaries, were prepared to see the cub give her a bad scratch, but it was soon evident that she was able to take care of herself.

Each evening little Olga saved her dessert of fruit and cake, and fed it to the cub. Although Juneau ate the peace-offering greedily, she still threatened her admirer with her claws. But Olga had a plan.

One day she cut an apple into tiny bits, and deliberately seated herself on the deck within the circle allowed to the cub. The very presumption of the act caused Miss Bruin to stand and stare

while Olga took the bits of apple and dropped them in a line, starting as near the cub as she could reach, and leading to her feet. Then she continued the apple line to her knee, and spreading out her skirt, dotted it here and there with the pieces. Several good-sized slices were saved for her arm and shoulder, and last, to top off, she placed the core on top of her head.

All this was done slowly and deliberately, and when it was finished Olga sat as still as a statue. Blinking and sniffing, the wily Juneau stole softly towards the apple line. The apple was juicy, and the bear put aside all fear and malice, and nibbled contentedly up to the two blunt little feet which were set up so sturdily before her. There she paused to study the silent figure, but finding that it did not move or offer to be friendly, she continued her feast.

Slowly and carefully she searched over the dress, not missing a morsel, and finally sniffed at the little girl's shoulder. Stepping gingerly into the soft lap, Juneau rose on her hind feet, rested her forepaws on Olga's chest, and hastily gulped down the remaining bits of apple until none was left but the tempting core on the child's head.

Then, clinging with her sharp claws to the cloth jacket, she climbed upon Olga's shoulder, clasped her round the neck for a balance, and nibbled the core.

I wondered if any of the grown-up

white people on that ship could have sat so still. Our little passenger's courage never failed her. There was not the quiver of an eyelash to show that she was alive, and the wary cub, with a grunt of satisfaction, went back to her box to sleep. Not until then did the child move from her cramped position. Jumping up, she ran away full of glee to tell her friends.

Next day there was a large audience which stood at a respectful distance to

watch the novel performance. The experiment of the day before was repeated with even greater success, for Juneau ended it that time by cuddling down in the soft, warm lap and going to sleep.

Of course these two little natives of Alaska became great friends, and when we docked at San Francisco the captain unchained the pretty cub, and put her into the arms of the only person who had had wit enough to tame her.

—Stella Walthall Belcher.

No Doctor.

DELIVER me from the unfavorable criticism of a child," said an old actor. "It hits the hardest."

"A year or two ago," he continued, "we were playing in a Cincinnati theatre. I was cast for the part of a doctor. The 'business' of one of the scenes required that I should come on the stage deeply absorbed in thought and smoking a cigarette.

"I had noticed a family party in one of the boxes nearest the stage. The

youngest member of the party, a little boy, was completely wrapped up in the play. It was all real to him. As I came from the wing during the scene in question I passed within a few feet of the box in which he sat. He turned to a lady who sat behind him, and I distinctly heard him say, with a gasp:

"Mamma, he's no doctor! He smokes cigarettes!"

"I have never smoked a cigarette in that scene since."

Johnny Went to the Circus.

"PA, can I have some money to go to the circus?"

This was the modest and reasonable request of little Johnny Whittaker, one evening last week, sent at what he considered an auspicious time in the direction of his sire.

"Hey?" said Mr. Whittaker.

Johnny preferred his request for the second time with faltering voice and indications of rain on his part. Johnny and the circus were zones apart at that moment.

"Want to go to the circus, hey? And you going to Sunday-school every week! Don't you know that circuses are wicked? I never wanted to go to the circus when I was a boy."

While this was not a deliberate "fib" on Mr. Whittaker's part, it was certainly a perversion of the truth.

"And what do you want to see at the circus?"

"I—I—w—want to see the w—wild a—animals," said Johnny, beginning to blubber in earnest.

"Want to see the wild animals, hey? Don't you twist the cat's tail often enough? Where did you get your love for wild animals? I never cared for them."

"I—I—I inherited it."

"Inherited it! Well, I never. And who from?"

"F—from N—Noah," sobbed the despairing hopeful.

The promptness of Johnny's reply, combined with the evidence that his religious instruction had not been wasted on the desert air, was too much for the old gentleman, and he came down at once with the necessary coin.

The Dog that Helped.

A NEW ORLEANS letter-carrier has lost a faithful friend and assistant—a yellow dog. "His hide was the color of cheap soap," the carrier told a *Times-Democrat* reporter, "and he had

the trampish bearing that seems peculiar to yellow dogs, but for all that he was a gentleman at heart.

"We met in the way of business. His owner was a 'throw-out,' in other

wo
fro
liv
day
enc
dea
too
kno
rusl
"
shin
a t
prid
reall
stan
find
he g
"
come
bristol



in my
"C
were a

TEAC
you?"
Pupi
Teach
Pupil

LITTI
men her
Little
to see th
Little
'nough.
Little
one, an'
latest fas

"I WA
said littl
to bed.

"Well
ma,

"When
what becc
that was

words he lived two extra long squares, from his nearest neighbor, and to deliver the mail he received almost every day involved a four square walk for each batch. Four squares mean a good deal to a tired carrier; but soon after I took the route the yellow dog got to know my whistle, and would come rushing to the corner to get the mail.

"He kept that up steadily, rain and shine, for over a year, and never missed a trip. What's more, he showed a pride and interest in the task that were really half human. Sometimes, for instance, he would be a little late, and find me on the way to the house when he got out of the yard.

"Then it was comical to see him come tearing up the street, every hair bristling, saying as plainly as he could:

'Stop! Hold on! I'm here! Don't budge another inch!' On such occasions he would always insist on going back to the corner, which was the only place he recognized officially for the delivery of mail-matter.

"Often he would be waiting for me, cocking his head to one side and feeling his importance from his yellow stump of a tail to his yellow stump of a nose. If I had nothing for him, he showed his dejection and disappointment as plainly as a man, but as soon as he saw me sort out a few letters he would give a sharp, joyous bark that sounded enough like a laugh to be the real thing.

"When his owner met me the other day and told me he was dead, I couldn't say a word to save my life. I turned and walked off, and before I knew it I was blubbering like a fool."

ALL KINDS OF LITTLE PEOPLE.



JOHNNY (to his sister's young man):
"What cricket club did you play with this season?"

Sister's Young Man: "I never played a game of cricket in my life. Why do you ask?"

"Cause I heard 'na tell sis that you were a splendid catch."

TEACHER (to pupil): "How old are you?"

Pupil: "Six."

Teacher: "When were you six?"

Pupil: "On my birthday."

LITTLE BOY: "What's all these women here for?"

Little Girl: "They've been upstairs to see the baby."

Little Boy: "Babies is plentiful 'nough."

Little Girl: "Yes, but this is a new one, an' I expect they want to see the latest fashion."

"I WANT to ask one more question," said little Frank, as he was being put to bed.

"Well?" acquiesced the tired mamma.

"When holes come in stockings, what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"

EXAMINER: "Now, children, who can tell me what an epidemic is? What! None of you? Let me prompt your memory. It is something that spreads. And now—ah, I see one of you know. What is it, my little friend?"

"Jam, sir."

A LITTLE boy, writing a composition on the zebra, was requested to describe the animal and to mention what it is used for. After deep reflection he wrote: "The zebra is like a horse only striped. It is chiefly used to illustrate the letter Z."

"JOHNNY, you talk too much."

"Look here, dad, am I to blame for your marrying into a talkative family?"

ARTIE: "What's that new baby's name, nurse?"

Nurse: "The dear little mite hasn't a name yet."

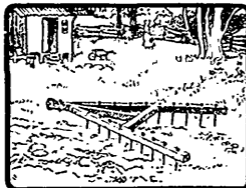
Artie: "Then I don't think he belongs here at all. He's been left at the wrong house."

LITTLE FLAXEN HAIR: "Papa, it's raining."

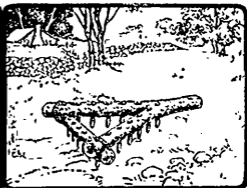
Papa (annoyed by work in hand): "Well, let it rain."

Little Flaxen Hair (timidly): "I was going to."





"A" DRAG WITH IRON TEETH.



WOODEN "A" DRAG.

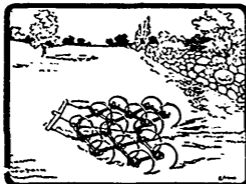
THE
OLD
WAY

A CENTURY'S PROGRESS

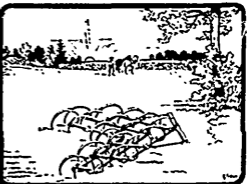
IN THE MANUFACTURE OF FARM
IMPLEMENTS.

IN the May-June number of the *ILLUSTRATED* we described the century's progress in the manufacture of Plows, and it is a natural transition in this issue to view the progress in that implement which follows next in cultivating the soil—the Harrow.

The old wooden A or Crotch Drag shown at the top of the page has been in common use from time immemorial. In new sections of America it was used down to the middle of the century, and many of our readers may recollect using one, when a boy, made by their fathers from the natural

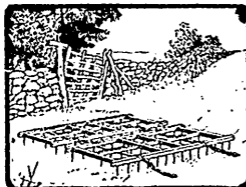


MASSEY-HARRIS SOLID STEEL
FOLDING
SPRING TOOTH HARROW.

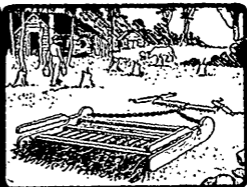


MASSEY-HARRIS WOOD, STEEL
PLATED FRAME, FOLDING SPRING
TOOTH HARROW.

THE
NEW
WAY



JOINTED HARROW.

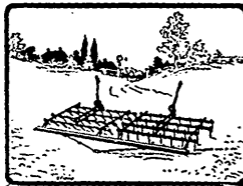


BRUSH DRAG.

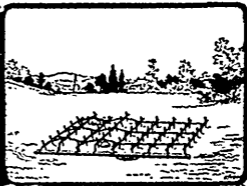
THE
OLD
WAY

crotch of a tree. The Standard A on previous page was what a mechanic, usually a village blacksmith, turned out a hundred years ago. The Jointed Harrow consisted of two sections hinged together, and was about the nearest approach to the modern drag harrow of to-day. This was in use in the early part of the century. The Brush Drag Harrow was generally of home construction and was made in varied forms. The wooden Square Harrow came down from the Romans, and the Old-Time Disk Harrow, shown on the next following page of this series, was made in England many years ago.

In all the older models there seems to have been no attempt at constructing a spring tooth harrow such as the Massey-Harris Spring Tooth Harrows, shown in the



MASSEY-HARRIS LEVER
STEEL FRAME
SPIKE TOOTH HARROW.

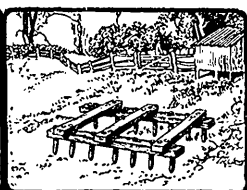


MASSEY-HARRIS OSCILLATING
STEEL FRAME
SPIKE TOOTH HARROW.

THE
NEW
WAY



OLD-TIME DISK HARROW.



WOODEN SQUARE HARROW.

THE
OLD
WAY

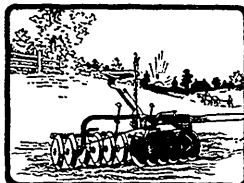


accompanying illustrations, and whose successes are so well known in many parts of the Empire.

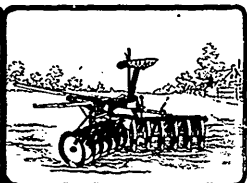
The Massey-Harris Solid Steel Folding Spring Tooth Harrow has a solid steel frame and is made in the following sizes:— 12 tooth (one-horse), 16 tooth (two-horse), 18 Tooth (two-horse).

The Massey-Harris Steel Plated, Wood Frame, Spring Tooth Harrow, is a two-horse harrow, and can be supplied with either 16 18, or 20 teeth

The Massey-Harris Diamond Steel Frame, Spike Tooth Harrow is especially suited for seeding and smoothing on medium land. Each section contains 20 teeth, and by coupling the sections together the machine can be made any size desired.



MASSEY-HARRIS
REVERSIBLE DISK HARROW



MASSEY-HARRIS
REVERSIBLE DISK HARROW.

THE
NEW
WAY





" CALLING THE GLEANERS
HOME "

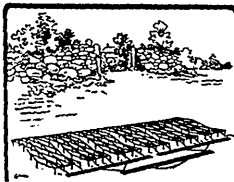
THE
OLD
WAY

(From painting by Jules Breton)

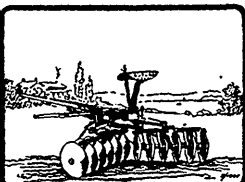
The Massey-Harris Oscillating, Steel Frame, Spike Tooth Harrow, made for use on stoney or rough ground, is supplied with 54, 66, or 78 teeth, as desired.

The Massey-Harris Lever, Steel Frame, Spike Tooth Harrow is particularly suitable for use on foul or weedy land, a simple motion of the lever unloading all accumulations. The harrow is supplied in two sections only, 32 teeth in each or 64 in all.

The Massey-Harris Disk Harrows comprise the following styles and sizes:— No. 1, with 12 Standard or Slicer Disks; No. 2, with 14 Standard or Slicer Disks; No. 3 (Reversible), 12 Standard or Slicer Disks. The gangs of the last harrow being reversible, can be set to throw in or out as desired.



MASSEY HARRIS DIAMOND
STEEL FRAME
SPIKE TOOTH HARROW.



MASSEY-HARRIS
DISK HARROW NO. 1.

THE
NEW
WAY

The Tricks and Disguises of Spies.

HOW WAR SECRETS ARE STOLEN.

THERE are hundreds of men in Europe, said a retired officer of long experience in intelligence work, who make an excellent, if questionable, living by prying into the secrets of the War Departments of other nations, and they are such experts in disguises, and such past-masters in artifices and caution, that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to detect them.

Why, a very short time ago an invalid German made his appearance at Gibraltar, armed with the best of credentials and introductions. He had come in search of health, and certainly his appearance lent plausibility to his story. He was a singularly charming man, and was entertained by some of the best people in the place.

After a time he applied for permission to take the air on the top of the Rock, and although this is against the regulations, an exception was made in the favor of such a harmless and interesting invalid. After a time the genial German disappeared, and took with him (so the story goes) a budget of plans and photographs of our defences, which are now in the archives of a rival nation.

Who, again, would look for a dangerous spy in a charwoman? And yet no spy ever did more useful work for France than an asthmatic old lady whose duty it was to sweep the offices of the German Embassy at Paris. This enterprising old lady was always at her work at six o'clock in the morning, and her first duty was to empty all the wastepaper-baskets and coat-pockets, to ransack drawers and annex any used pieces of blotting-paper. The spoil was cunningly stowed away in a receptacle in her dress, and a few hours later was regularly handed over to a French spy, in whose pay she was.

One of the cleverest spies of recent years was undoubtedly an ex-Prussian lieutenant, whom we will call Herr L—. His duty was to discover as many of the secrets of the French War Office as possible, and for many years he spent most of his time in France, adopting a wide range of clever disguises to disarm suspicion.

At one time he would be an American tourist, at another an Italian, an Alsatian, or a Russian, for, like all successful spies, he was an expert linguist and actor. Eight years ago Herr L— was anxious to witness the manoeuvres of the French Army, and to compass this he assumed the uniform of an officer of an artillery regiment, at that time stationed some hundreds of miles from the scene of the manoeuvres.

In this character he was admitted within the French lines, was entertained by the French officers, and every facility was given him for witnessing the movements of the Army.

It is needless to say that, under such favorable conditions, he collected much useful information and not a few secrets which were very welcome to his employers.

Another time Herr L— secured an engagement as coachman to a French official whose duty it was to inspect military roads and defences; and he accompanied his master on long tours of inspection, which furnished some very valuable additions to the secret service records of Germany.

A year earlier L— was instructed to gain access to the arsenal of Toulon and inspect a new design of French torpedoes. Failing to secure admission in any other way, he hired a boat and deliberately upset it within a few yards of the dockyard wall and within sight of one of the sentries. He swam to the dock wall with much apparent difficulty, and was rescued in a seemingly unconscious state by the sympathetic sentry, who took him within the arsenal and administered restoratives. The rest was easy; L— saw the torpedoes, and came away with the information he sought.

Many of the cleverest of spies are, as may perhaps be expected, women, some of whom are not only beautiful but of high social position. It was a clever and fascinating baroness who supplied the German Government with all the secrets of MacMahon's Cabinet. Among her slaves was the war minister, General de Cisse, who invariably called on her on his way home from the Cabinet meetings. While he was entertained by the conversation of the baroness, his portfolio was being ransacked by her

accomplices, and all its secrets appropriated for daily transmission to Berlin.

During the American Civil War no spy did more useful work than Sarah E. C. Edmonds, who filled the three characters of soldier, spy, and nurse,

and was equally expert in all. Disguising herself in a dozen different ways she boldly penetrated the enemy's lines, and never failed to bring away information, which was as much a tribute to her discernment as to her skill and daring.

Recognize the Value of a Holiday.

THE season of fairs, exhibitions and the annual "day off" will be in full swing before our next issue appears. We recommend our friends, particularly those of the older generation—the younger ones don't need urging—to make the "day" a week or a fortnight; to give themselves up wholly and solely to the enjoyment of all that comes before them. There has been too little of genuine holiday making in the lives of those sturdy makers of Canada's prosperity. A single day three or four times a year, into which is crammed enough bustle and hurry to carry a man along ordinarily for a month, is not a holiday at all. Yet such is all the "holiday" a large number of farmers have taken in twenty or thirty years. No wonder the younger generation have learned to look upon the possibility of settling down on the farm with something akin to dread. Let those farmers whose sons have shown, to their parents' bitter disappointment, an aversion to following their father's vocation, give their boys practical proof that

there is opportunity for legitimate holiday-making and social enjoyment in the farmer's life, and the latter will cease to be regarded as the one thing to be avoided.

We realize that there are among the many readers of these pages some who will not agree with us in this, but we suggest that they give our remedy a test. They could not have a better opportunity than will be afforded by the Industrial Exhibition at Toronto from August 27th to September 8th. The fame of Toronto Fair has long been established far beyond our own country, but this year it is apparently to be a case of out-Hilling Hill, for the indefatigable manager has scoured England and Paris thoroughly in his search for attractions for the fortnight when Toronto's hospitality is taxed to its utmost. The educational value of the Exhibition is too well known to need comment here. Our best advice to our friends is:—Come to Toronto: stay a week at least: visit the fair as often as is necessary for you to take it all in leisurely, and you will go home wiser and happier men and women.

A Dream.

LAST night I dreamt, in one mad moment's bliss,
That you were by my side. Your glowing arm
Was intertwined with mine; your lips were warm
Upon my lips. And, o'er the dim abyss
Of love-lorn years, there burst a magic light
That, ever widening, stretched into the night,
And thrilled my spirit like an angel's kiss.

This morn I woke and lifted heavy eyes.
The dream had vanished, and I stood once more
As one forlorn upon an arid shore.
Around me—underneath the chill, grey skies—
Their tireless vigils Sin and Sorrow kept.
And memory, like an outcast spirit, wept
Beside the bolted gates of Paradise.

It was a fond and foolish dream which gave
A moment's rapture to a life's regret.—
Teaching me all that might have been, and yet
I could not wish it otherwise, nor have
The memory of it absent from me. So
I toil apace whilst—far away—I know
Death yawns beneath us like an open grave.



Wise and Otherwise

In reply to a young writer who wished to know which magazine would give him the highest position quickly, a friend wrote: "A powder magazine if you contribute a fiery article."

MARIE: "Do you really feel that you could support a wife?"

GEORGE (proudly): Here are my income-tax receipts.

MARIE (flinging herself into his arms): "Take me, dearest."

"The man I marry" she declared with a stamp of the foot, "must be a hero."
"He will be," remarked the cautious bachelor.

JACK: "That man causes me no end of annoyance over a bill."

HILL: "Why don't you sue him and collect it?"
JACK: "Collect it? He's trying to do that."

HORRIFIED MOTHER: I should like to know how you happened to let young Simpkins kiss you.

DAUGHTER: "I—I thought no one was looking."

MRS SHARP: "Did you ever look in the glass when you were angry?"

RIVAL BELLE: "No, I am never angry when I look in the glass."

"And why," continued the teacher, "should we always hold the aged in respect?"

"Cause it's generally the old men that has all the money," Bobby replied.

VISITOR: "Do they treat you well here?"

PRISONER: "Yes, indeed. The only thing I have to complain of is their lack of confidence in me. They refuse to give me a latch-key."

JANE: said the mistress, just a trifle impatiently, "you were a long time coming up here. Didn't you hear me calling?"

"No, ma'am," replied Jane, "not till you called the third time, ma'am."

GUSSIE: "I say, golf is a great game, isn't it?"

CHAFFIE: "Don't know. Never played it."

GUSSIE: "Neither have I. But I've got my golfing suit, and it becomes me admirably."

NUWED: "According to you, I never told you a single truth before we were married."

MRS. NUWED: "Oh, George, you weren't quite so bad as all that. Don't you remember you always used to say you were unworthy of me?"

MRS. PODMORE: "I think you had better go for the doctor, George. Johnny complains of pains in his head."

PODMORE: "It's nothing serious. He has had them before."

MRS. PODMORE: "Yes, but never on a half-holiday."

AGNES: "Great mimic, the Count! Gives wonderful imitations."

JACK: "Yes; he gave one a year or so ago that cost him six months in jail."

AGNES: "Impossible! What was it?"

JACK: "Gave his landlord an imitation of a \$10 note."

APPLICANT: "I see you advertise for a window dresser."

MILLINER: "Yes, sir. Have you had much experience?"

"I arranged the window display in the store I worked in last, and every woman who passed stopped and looked in."

"That's something like. You're just the man we want. By the way, what line was your firm in?"
"Mirrors!"

"Did you ever meet a woman whose very voice thrilled you with unsuspected emotion?"

"Yes; that's the way my mother used to get me up in the morning."

"Have you heard of the man who got shot?" asked one fellow of another.

"Got shot? No!" exclaimed the other. "How did he get shot?"

"He bought 'em!"

MR. HONELY: Is not a beauty, and he knows it. When his first baby was born, he asked—

"Does it look like me?"

Of course they said "Yes."
"Well," said he, "you must break it to my wife gently."

MR. YOUNGHEUSBAND: "Why, dear, the eggs are not exactly fresh!"

MRS. YOUNGHEUSBAND: "How can you talk like that, hubby? The cook fetched them from the grocer's only a quarter of an hour ago."

BOY (in butcher's store): "My mither sent me back to let ye see what a lug bone there was in the pund o' beef she bocht last night, and she wants anither pund without bone."

BUTCHER: "Tell yer mither the next time I kill a coo without bones I'll send her a leg for naething."

WATTS: "You won't mind me leaving my bike here in your office, will you? I know you don't ride one, but—"

PORTS: "No, I don't ride one very well yet but I began taking lessons yesterday."

WATTS: "Er—come to think of it, I don't think I'll impose on your good nature, old man."

"How is that son of yours that you had such hopes of getting along, Mr. Turmatser?"

"Middlin', middlin'."

"You used to say he was going to set the Thames on fire."

"I've changed my mind. The only thing he ever set afire was my barn, and the thing wasn't insured either."

As a man entered a picture gallery the attendant tapped him on the shoulder and, pointing to a small cur that followed him, said:

"Dogs are not admitted."

"That's not my dog," replied the visitor.

"But he follows you."

"So do you!" replied the old gentleman sharply.

The attendant growled and removed the dog with entirely unnecessary violence.

SCENE: Riding school—PUPIL: "I thought you said that after twenty lessons of an hour each I would know how to ride?"

RIDING MASTER: "So you would, 'r, if you hadn't spent the best part of the time on the ground instead of on the animal's back."

Massey-Harris Illustrated

AN INDEPENDENT ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF NEWS AND LITERATURE FOR RURAL HOMES.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE MASSEY PRESS.

PROP. SCRUB - - - Editor-in-Chief

FRANK VINOND - - - Acting Editor.

Subscription Price:

To all parts of Canada and United States, only 50 cents per annum, postage prepaid; stamps taken.

Always address:

MASSEY PRESS, 627 King Street West,

Toronto, Canada.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Capital - - - - - \$6,000,000
 Reserve - - - - - \$1,250,000

Branches of the Bank in Canada:

ONTARIO:

Ayr	Dundas	Paris	Strathroy
Barrie	Fort Frances	Parkhill	Toronto
Belleville	Dunnville	Peterboro	(8 Offices)
Berlin	Galt	Port Perry	Toronto Junction
Blenheim	Goderich	St. Catharines	
Brantford	Guelph	Sarnia	Walkerton
Cayuga	Hamilton	Sault Ste. Marie	Waterloo
Chatham	London	Seaforth	Windsor
Collingwood	Orangeville	Simcoe	Woodstock.
Dresden	Ottawa	Stratford	

QUEBEC: Montreal. MANITOBA: Winnipeg.

BRITISH COLUMBIA:

Atlin	Fernie	Greenwood
Cranbrook	Fort Steele	Vancouver.

YUKON DISTRICT: Dawson; White Horse. ALASKA: Skagway.

FARMERS' BUSINESS.

In addition to handling Commercial Paper, this Bank makes a special business of LOANS TO FARMERS and the discounting of FARMERS' SALES NOTES at reasonable rates of interest.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received and current rates of interest allowed thereon.

MOWER and REAPER KNIVES

are sharpened easier, better and cheaper by our REAPER FILE than by any other process. A few cents expended in a special File for the purpose is the only outlay you require to make.



THE GLOBE FILE MANUFACTURING CO.
 PORT HOPE, ONT., CANADA.

—THE—

FARMER'S HARDWARE HOUSE

IS WHERE YOU GET CUT PRICES IN

Barb Wire, Wire Nails,
 Binder Twine, Paris Green,
 Harvesting Tools.

Write for our prices—you can't beat them.

Russill's at the Market
 159 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

Elastilite Varnish

is put up in all size cans from ½ pints to 1 gallon, with the name "Elastilite" lithographed on every tin and sealed with our brass cap.

—When buying varnish, buy it good, and to make certain of the quality, never go to your hardware man with a bottle and ask him to draw from a barrel a durable varnish.

—Ask him for a tin of **ELASTILITE**.

—It is designed for either interior or exterior use on buildings, doors, furniture, boats, carriages, wagons, and anything and everything you wish to beautify or preserve by varnishing.

Sold by leading Hardware Houses.

—MANUFACTURED ONLY BY—

The IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO., Limited
 TORONTO, ONT.

Please mention this magazine when replying to advertisements.

Never go to Bed Hungry.

THREE wise doctors grow wiser with each year. Time was when they were wise enough to tell us that the chief of sins against one's stomach was to give it work to do before putting it to bed. This was declared to be the fruitful source of dyspepsia and nightmare and other unholy afflictions.

They are wiser now, and tell us that so far from being wrong to ourselves to eat before going to bed, it is a wise and desirable thing to do, especially in case of delicate persons and growing children, or when food of the previous meal has had time thoroughly to digest before the sleeping hour.

Many a person has found this out for himself or herself by personal experiment. There are a few persons so unfortunate as to be unable to eat even lightly before sleeping without having a stupid headache the next day.

The majority of people are only the better for a little food at bedtime. It should not be rich or of great variety.

A few biscuits and cup of hot bouillon is excellent, so is a glass of beer or of hot milk, sipped slowly, and both induce sleep. Cheese, meats, fruits and pastries are not good guides through dreamland. They know where the ogres dwell.

More women sin through under-eating than over-eating. And all women sin in not distributing rightly the amount of food taken through the twenty-four hours.

An empty stomach is as bad as an empty head. Digestion is the proper function of the stomach, and it can be made more nearly continuous than people think.

The common practices of putting into the stomach three times in twenty-four hours just as much food as it can hold, and then of giving it nothing whatever for twelve hours more, is about as illogical an arrangement as anybody ever devised. To the credit of the human race be it said that this is a habit that is not now universal.

The French eat four times a day, the English four and sometimes five, the Germans four also.

A woman who breakfasts at 8 should eat again between 11 and 12. Luncheon at 1 again, and tea and a biscuit at 5, when dinner is at 6.30 or 7. Before going to bed at 11 she should eat a little more—a biscuit again and something hot. This will insure quiet and resting sleep, because it takes the blood from the head, where it doesn't belong, down to the stomach, where it does belong.

Queen Victoria's Guests.

HER MAJESTY'S "dine and sleep" guests and household assemble in the grand corridor about half past eight o'clock, to await her arrival and the signal for nine o'clock dinner. This corridor, which takes up two sides of the quadrangle, is 440 feet in length and 15 feet in width. The ceiling is decorated in cream and gold, the draperies are of the richest crimson silk damask, and the floor is of parquetry work partially covered with crimson carpet of the special pattern only made for Her Majesty. The walls, of a soft, grey color, contain many recesses fitted with oak and gold boxes, which during the Queen's stay at Windsor are filled

with the most beautiful plants and flowers from her own conservatories at Frogmore. All the lighting at night is done by tall, gilt standard candelabra. Handsome as the corridor is in itself, its chief claim to notice arises from the beauty of its contents. Here stand many of the finest of that wonderful collection of cabinets for which Windsor is renowned. A large number of these are filled with specimens of antique china, which have no rivals. Here is to be seen the grandest of Sevres, including a set of three small vases in Rose du Barri, the value of which one can only guess from the fact that an inferior set was sold by auction some years since for £10,000.

Pets of a Princess.

THE Princess of Wales has a dove-house at Sandringham, in which are kept quite a number of beautiful white doves. Her Royal Highness is greatly attached to these birds, and is

in the habit when at Sandringham of daily visiting her pets and taking them small dainties. When the Princess enters the dove-house, the birds immediately hover round, some perching on her shoulder in a most winning manner.