

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

Mid-Summer Number

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[Toronto, July, 1891



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(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY, 1891.

[Vol. 3, No. 7.

OUR PRIZE STORY.

[We give our readers this month the first part of "Two Pictures," the story which was awarded the First Prize in our School Teachers' Competition.]

Two Pictures.

BY RAYSMITH.

CHAP. I.—WHERE GOLD AND PURPLE GLEAMS.

MR. and Mrs. Ralph Longley sat in their cozy back parlor, enjoying one evening not devoted to the calls of social life.

Mr. Longley had been absorbed in his paper, but he looked up at last to say:

"Frederick Singleton is to be in the city next month, Ada. He will give a lecture in the Royal Hall."

"Indeed!" she answered. "I've heard so much about him, I am anxious to see him. Oh, Ralph," she cried, a little later, "couldn't we give a dinner when he comes? Of course he will be staying with his sister, and we owe the Masons a dinner, you know. Besides, he would be a great card where strangers—distinguished strangers—are scarce."

Mr. Longley laughed as she rattled on, woman-like giving all her reasons at once, but he was as interested in social matters as she, so a ready answer came: "Why, certainly, Ada. Nothing could be more opportune."

"Then we must ask the Luscombes and your partner, Mr. Prince. We have been neglecting him lately, I'm afraid. And Amy Lockhart. That will make nine with ourselves, and we can have Miss Esterbrook to fill up."

"She wouldn't feel very flattered if she could hear that, dear," said Mr. Longley, smiling over at his wife.

"Now I didn't say it slightly," she hastened to answer. "You know I admire Miss Esterbrook very much. If ever I had been an old maid I should have liked to be just like her, so bright and sweet, and so kind to everybody."

What remark Mr. Longley made in answer it is not necessary to repeat.

The next month came and with it Frederick Singleton. Most people in Tomascing had never seen this man, whose fame was abroad in the land as a rising young orator and politician. Claiming recognition at first in his profession, he had extended his field of work by taking a deep interest in the political questions of the day, until his name had become quite a household word. With all this known, the curiosity of Tomascing society was aroused, and when it became known that after his lecture he would remain in the city for a fortnight with his sister, Mrs. Mason, plans of receptions, dinners and balls were set on foot to entertain the distinguished visitor.

A large audience assembled in the Royal Hall on the evening of the lecture. The chairman, after a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, introduced Mr. Singleton, and when he came forward easily but with perfect dignity, those who had not heard him before, wondered that a man, surely not a day over twenty-five, could so move the minds and hearts of men. So handsome, too. Tall and firmly built, oval face, dark curling hair and bright flashing eyes. But when he began to speak, the music of his voice held them, and as he went further into his subject, feeling fully every thought he expressed, the vast gathering thrilled with his enthusiasm, and at the end of two hours, as the sound of his



Massey's Illustrated

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"MR. SINGLETON WAS SILENT, AND AMY WENT ON."

voice died away, the people awoke as from a spell. Round after round of applause shook the building, and as they went to their homes tongues were moving swiftly in his praise.

The next night the Longleys gave their dinner, and Mr. Singleton was introduced to the leaders of Tomascing society. He gazed for a moment in undisguised admiration at Miss Lockhart, and then began at once to make himself agreeable to Miss Esterbrook, charming that worthy lady by his interest in all that she said.

At dinner the conversation turned to the newest books.

"I think," said Mrs. Luscombe, "the story that impressed me most in this week's magazine, was a short one by Mrs. Weston. It was the most stirring temperance story I have ever read."

"Yes, I noticed that," said Mr. Mason. "If we had more such stories coming from the pens of our famous authors, the temperance cause would be decidedly advanced."

"It would indeed be advanced, Mr. Mason," said Mrs. Longley, "and I think, too, that story showed clearly that there is a great work to be done even among rich and influential people."

"Don't you think, Mrs. Longley," broke in Mr. Singleton, "that in the higher classes, cultivation and natural refinement are sufficient safeguards?"

"I grant you that they are in a great measure," she answered, "but I believe that even they are soon resisted, under the degrading influences of strong drink."

"You would restrain every man's liberty, then, to use an old argument, because a few are weak and forget themselves."

"Indeed, Mr. Singleton, indeed," she said earnestly, "there is danger in every sphere of life. Our nearest and dearest may not be safe."

A sudden, painful hush fell upon those at the table, which surprised Mr. Singleton in no small measure, but with ready tact he changed the conversation and the dinner ended happily.

When the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room, Mr. Singleton crossed over to where Miss Lockhart sat, the toe of her dainty slipper tapping the floor impatiently. "Do I intrude, Miss Lockhart?" he asked, smiling down at her.

"Not at all," she answered.

"Thank you. Then I may sit here and look at these views with you," taking up some fine Californian scenes. "Have you ever visited the Yosemite?"

"No," she replied. "I have often wished to go, but we, that is, papa and myself, never travel much."

"These views are very correct," he went on. "I spent last summer there and in the Yellowstone National Park of Wyoming."

"Oh, please tell me something about them," she cried eagerly. "I wish so much to hear."

Then in his own striking way, while other talk in the room gradually ceased, he described the grandeur of those wonderful regions, silvery leaping waterfalls, vast upheavals of nature, still glassy pools and steaming geysers.

The spell of his voice and the pictures he painted so clearly, remained to those that heard him, long after that evening.

People grew more and more charmed with this young man, and if he charmed others he was himself being wound in magic coils. The old story of woman and love came to him here as it comes sometime in every man's life, and Amy Lockhart was in every way his fitting equal.

Tomascing whispered and talked over fragrant

tea-cups and in the clubs during the progress of his wooing, but no one had a word to say against it.

Some surprise was felt in one way, for Mr. Lockhart was a firm supporter of the temperance cause, and it soon became known that Mr. Singleton was not, though he never used any form of strong drink himself, except to take a glass or two of light wines at houses where they were presented. However, in the eyes of many people, his views on this point did not detract one whit from his good qualities.

As everything Mr. Singleton said or did, and plenty of things he did not do or say, immediately found its way into the city papers, it may be wondered that even the very words he used in proposing to Miss Lockhart were not paraded in staring capitals. Perhaps one reason was, that his wooing was, after all, so very commonplace, and, when his opportunity came, he was not his unembarrassed self with a smooth flow of words at his command.

It happened in this way. Frederick Singleton's two weeks' vacation had lengthened into another fortnight, and the last day but three of his stay was being spent at the Lockhart's suburban home. The Longleys were there, the Masons, and quite a number of young folk. Mr. Singleton and Miss Lockhart had wandered away from the others, who were walking through the grounds enjoying the early spring breezes.

"Miss Lockhart," he said suddenly, "I have always wished to know why such a silence fell on the company at the Longleys, the night that we first met. We were speaking of some magazine story—a temperance story. Do you remember Mrs. Longley said so decidedly 'even our nearest and dearest are not safe,' and then every one was so silent. I was afraid I had wounded some one's feelings."

"Oh, did you never hear?" Amy answered,—"but of course you have not—of Mrs. Longley's eldest brother, who was such a promising young fellow until he fell into bad habits and one night he was brought home dead, killed by a fall from his horse, on his way from a drunken revel. It was very, very sad."

Mr. Singleton was silent and Amy went on. "Mr. Singleton, may I ask you why, with your opportunities to work, and your influence for good, you do not raise your voice against intemperance. It is such a crying evil in our fair Canadian land, and the workers seem so few."

Her sudden attack rather embarrassed him, but he answered quickly: "As I said before, Miss Lockhart, I believe in perfect liberty for every man, and if we say no man shall buy or sell these beverages, are we not restricting that liberty? As for myself, I hope to do as much by my example as by my words. Believe me," he went on, as he stooped to lift from his path a little worm crawling on a broken twig, "I would injure no man in this world, but I am often called upon to partake of hospitality where I could never refuse to accept the choice wines offered. My position, my interests, demand my acceptance."

Amy saw that there were weak points in his argument, but could not find fitting words in which to express her views. She had noted his action in lifting the twig, and had thought, "a man so truly kind as that, so careful of even the lowest creature, can surely never go far wrong."

He seemed to feel her silence, for he turned to her almost fiercely. "You do not think I am right," he cried. "Amy, Amy, I value your opinion higher than any other. I want your opinion always. You know what I mean. Amy, do you—will you marry me?" catching at her arm as he spoke, breathlessly.

In spite of herself she broke into a merry peal of laughter in which he finally joined, as the disjointed nature of his discourse came to him. Then he caught her swiftly to himself: "My darling, you know I love you, that is my only, my best plea. What is my Amy's answer?"

Of course she answered, "Yes," and when in the following September, Frederick Singleton again visited Tomascing, it was to take away one of its fairest daughters as his wife.

The old Lockhart mansion, where Amy had reigned since her mother's death, took on a joyous air. The smooth, fresh-shaven lawn, dotted here and there with late flowers, the changing glory of the ivy and virginia creeper climbing over verandahs and walls, the bright sunshine, seemed all in accord with the occasion.

The house was full of guests, the old silver and china graced the long table in the dining room, while busy servants ran to and fro, trying to neglect no detail.

Very fair the bride looked in her creamy satin dress, her sweet face pale with excitement, sorry to leave her bright past, yet reaching eagerly forward to the radiant future with her handsome and talented husband. Her life had always been free from care. Her mother's death, when Amy was quite young, too young to understand, had touched her but lightly, and now, looking into the future, it seemed as if nothing would ever mar her perfect happiness. So there were smiles and merry laughter and light hearts that day when Amy Lockhart went away to begin her new life as Frederick Singleton's wife.

"Wasn't it all lovely, Ralph?" said Mrs. Longley to her husband that evening.

"It was a fair beginning, indeed," he answered, gravely, "but all's well that ends well, you know."

"Why how seriously you talk, Ralph. One would think you foresaw some disaster."

Mr. Longley paused a moment in his restless walk up and down the room, and then answered: "Ada, there is something of which I never intended to speak, but I have thought of it so often to-day. I am persuaded to tell you."

"Go on, dear," she urged, her woman's curiosity aroused, as he hesitated.

"Well, the other night when the club gave Singleton a farewell supper, there were so many toasts and so much good fellowship around the board that—well, Singleton, you know, unaccustomed to it as he was, couldn't stand the influence of the wine, and—some of the fellows carried him home, when it was all over. He was ashamed enough of it afterwards, and he met three of the club's officers and apologized for what he called his thoughtlessness. Of course I may be morbid in my ideas, but I am afraid for Singleton's future."

Both husband and wife were silent a long time after that. Outside the autumn wind was blowing, then a dash of rain came against the windows, causing Mrs. Longley to shudder. "How chilly that pattering rain makes one feel," she said, "and the day was so fine. Poor, dear Amy, I hope this may not be a symbol of her wedded life."

Ah! if they could have foreseen.

To be concluded in our next.

Good women are sentinels; in the darkest of earth's night
They hold with stout hearts, silently, life's outposts towards
the light,
And at God Almighty's roll-call, 'mong the hosts that answer
"Here,"
The voices of good women sound strong, and sweet, and clear.

Good women are brave soldiers; in the thickest of the fight
They stand with stout hearts patiently, embattled for the
right,
And tho' no blare of trumpet or roll of drum is heard,
Good women the world over are the army of the Lord.

Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

Marie ; or, The Last of the Hurons.

BY WM. A. LAUGHLIN, CANNINGTON, ONT.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.—THE ITALIAN PLOTS.

THE Huron mission increased in prosperity, and the Jesuits redoubled their efforts to enlighten the indolent and unwarlike Hurons, and their efforts were rewarded by the large number who came each year to be baptized.

At this time—1648—the Hurons considered themselves secure from the treacherous Iroquois of New York State, hence they relaxed their watch and ward. After the French Governor, M. de Montmagny left Canada, the Iroquois lost respect for his successor, M. de Ailleboust, and they only kept in quietness till an opportunity might arrive for effective action. Their desire for war was fostered by a late arrival in their midst, an Italian, Manfred Gonzaga by name.

This Italian—whom the reader will recognize as Marie's lover—eloquently addressed the eager Iroquois. He told them that in his travels he had penetrated into the Huron country, and had been honored much by the Hurons, who rested in perfect security, as a result of the late treaty between themselves and the Iroquois. His oratory was studied and elaborate, and, at the same time, highly imaginative. All his ideas were expressed by figures addressed to the senses; the sun and stars, mountains and rivers, lakes and forests, hatchets of war and pipes of peace, fire and water, were employed as illustrations of his subject with almost oriental art and richness. His earnestness excited the sympathy of his audience, and his persuasive eloquence sank deep into their hearts. The Iroquois, although eager for blood, considered that they might not be successful after all; but the Italian told them that plunder, and scalps in plenty could be had. He falsely added that there were hundreds of French girls in the Huron forts, who would make good wives for the Iroquois braves. Thus did Manfred excite the fiends to war. The remainder of this story is truly sad to relate, as the Iroquois soon prepared an expedition to annihilate their kin—the Hurons.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MASSACRE.

IN the village of St. Joseph all was haste and excitement, for the Hurons were also preparing to go forth on an expedition. They mustered their full number, and left the village in the care of the feeble old men and women. They joyfully advanced on their route, and when Three Rivers was reached, they repulsed an attack of the Iroquois. The Hurons returned in triumph to St. Joseph, but no crowds of women and children flocked to welcome the warriors home. All was silence, and the Hurons knew that their bitter enemies, the Iroquois, had massacred their dear ones in cold blood.

One sweltering morning in July, the little chapel was crowded with devotees, when suddenly the alarm sounded, but too late, for the revengeful Iroquois soon slaughtered the defenceless women and children. The fiends, led by the Italian, next directed their attention to the priest, Father Daniel, who confronted them before the altar, but they remorselessly pierced his body with many arrows, and his corpse was consumed in the pyre of the burning chapel.

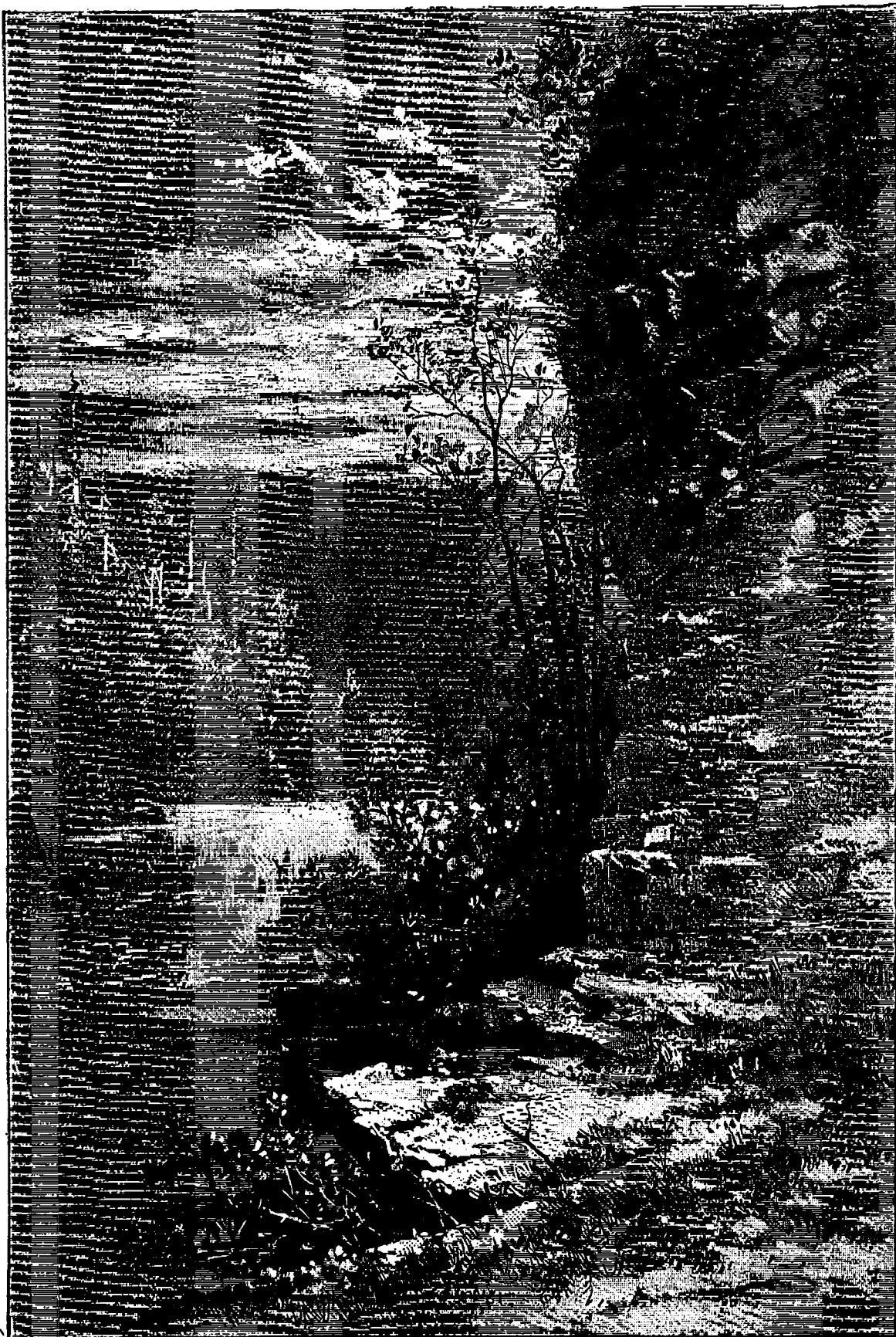
Thus was the mission of St. Joseph extirpated. The Italian monster was not yet satisfied, as all the missions were not levelled to earth. He offered to lead the Iroquois in their next expedition, and they consented, for he equalled any of their number in craft and cruelty.

Next year the Iroquois, after lurking in the woods

for some time, at last surprised the village of St. Ignace, and murdered the sleeping inhabitants. They stole by the gray dawn of morning upon St. Louis, and bursting through the palisades slaughtered the defenders, and burned the cabins. Here they found Father Breboeuf and Lallemand. Reserving them for future torture, Manfred sent them forward with an advance party. The flames of St. Louis warned the inhabitants of St. Marie of some dire calamity.

Marie was in the fort, and she urged its Huron defenders to fight till the last. Accordingly a party of Hurons threw themselves before the advancing tide of victorious warriors, and all day long the battle raged, and when night fell the yells of the combatants rose from the dark, pine woods.

Manfred is revenged, for he has Breboeuf in his



power. Breboeuf was bound to the stake, and after enduring untold sufferings—whilst his enemies mocked him—he expired. Lallemand also received the same treatment and at length was despatched with a tomahawk.

Marie was still alive, but in Manfred's power. He had her securely bound, but in the darkness, whilst the warriors slept, she undid her bonds and escaped.

The destruction of all their chief stations among the Hurons compelled the priests to abandon their mission. An attempt was made to establish Ste. Marie on the Isle of St. Joseph, in Matchedash Bay, but the adventurers were driven from it by famine and the Iroquois to seek security by the banks of the St. Lawrence. The mission was established at Sorel in Quebec.

Complete desolation reigned in the Huron country, and the remnant of the people found shelter and became incorporated with the tribes dwelling by the lakes Erie, Michigan and Superior.

Thus was the Huron mission wrecked through the vengeance of a rejected lover.

Marie, after her escape, attempted to secure protection at the hands of some neighboring tribes, but being closely pursued by parties of the Iroquois she was unsuccessful. After suffering untold privations, she died on the shores of Lake Neritasni, now Lake Simcoe. Marie died as she had lived—in Jesus. Soon after a party of Iroquois found her body, and Manfred, struck with remorse and grief, lost his reason for a time. After giving Marie's body a decent burial, he signified his intention of leading the warriors home. They consented, and were soon in their old home once more.

Manfred then sailed for Italy to assert his rights, but his appearance and strange actions, won for him a cold reception from his stately relatives, and they declined to acknowledge him. Manfred crossed the broad Atlantic once more, and travelling to the Iroquois country, he presented the chiefs with gifts and bade them farewell. This done, he journeyed to Marie's grave—near the site of the present village of Beaverton. He carefully erected a rough, stone cross over the grave, and chiselled on the stone the word, "Marie." He commenced another word, but growing weak he dropped his chisel and fell unconscious over her grave, and death speedily released him from his sufferings.

Many years ago the early settlers by the shores of Lake Simcoe, wondered much at the sight of a weather-beaten cross erected over a solitary grave. They concluded that it was some person of rank, who had perished in the wilderness long ago. The cross stood in its old position for many years, till some worldly pioneer desecrated the sacred spot by removing it, and with his rough ploughshare obliterating all traces of the lonely grave.

The gray ruins of some of these same old forts still stand to attest the story of the fate of the Huron mission, and as I gaze on them and consider life in Simcoe County two centuries ago I cannot forbear quoting in conclusion the familiar lines of the famous American poet :—

Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn.



The Art of Wood-Engraving.

THERE is in every boy's life a time which may be called the jackknife period, following the age when, having learned by experience that fire will burn, he is entrusted with his first knife,—and then the work of destruction begins.

In the older parts of the city where the writer

was born were many houses that had no cellars under the sidewalks, with coal-shutes; but, instead, there were cellar doors, opening in the middle, set against the front walls at an angle of forty-five degrees, under which were steps leading to the cellar.

These doors were favorite sliding places for the younger boys,—a delight to them, but a heavy cross to the mothers who had the patching of the trousers.

On these cellar doors the first trial of the jack-knife was made. To carve his initials on the soft wood was an instinct of the boy that could not be controlled, and when the work was completed, the pride with which he returned again and again to view his accomplishment, almost justified the disfigurement of a neighbor's property.

I speak of this episode in the average boy's life because his work is identical with the earliest wood-engraving of which we have any mention. In this record it is stated that the Egyptians used wood blocks on which were cut letters or figures, which they stamped on fresh-moulded bricks.

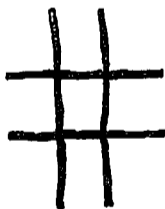
This was legitimate "knife-work," and there was no change in the method of engraving on wood through all the intervening centuries, until Bewick discovered that it was possible, with his copper-plate tools, to cut on the end of the grain of a block of suitable hard wood. So, strictly speaking, he was the first engraver on wood, as all who preceded him were carvers, or "plank-cutters," as they have been called.

As these "plank-cutters" antedate Bewick by many hundreds of years, their work will be first considered.

Mention has been made of the wood-blocks, or moulds for marking bricks, used by the Egyptians. The Cunios, who lived in Italy, are the next of whom we find mention, and then we rapidly come to the time of Durer, and later to that of Papillon, who wrote a considerable volume in which he described his tools and the art as practised in his day.

As Papillon worked for the printing press, his lines or letters were in relief, not incised as in the brick moulds. To make this clear, let any boy who

reads this draw with a pencil upon a bit of smooth, soft pine board this figure:



Commence on the square in the centre, slanting the knife a trifle toward the middle of the square, cutting close to the pencil-lines,—making a moderately deep incision,—and then

carefully dig out the wood within the lines. Repeat the cutting in the same manner on the three sides of the four outside squares, digging out the blank wood, that is, the wood between the pencil lines.

Then let him saw his board close up to the ends of the lines, and he will then have an engraving in relief suitable for the printing press.

If he happens to have a small press, and his wood is a trifle less than an inch in thickness, let him ink this block as he does his types, place it on the press, pull his impression as he does from his types, and he will have a proof from his work that will tell him the story of the early engravers.

If he has a nail-blade in his knife, let him use that, as it comes rather nearer the tool used by all engravers before Bewick's time.

This was held between the thumb and forefinger as one holds a pen. There was very little of the steel exposed. The blade was set in a wooden handle and firmly bound with cord. This kept the blade

rigidly in place, and also gave the fingers a good grip on the tool, which was necessary, as any slipping or wavering would injure the line.

Simple and rude as this instrument may seem, in the hands of a trained man it produced work that is most marvellous for its delicacy and precision.

Many of our engravings signed by Durer and Holbein are wonderful for their mechanical perfection and beauty. Take the "Unjust Judge," which is only two by two and one-half inches, in Holbein's "Dance of Death." It seems almost incredible that the delicate outlying lines and dots, and the minute cross-lining in some of the darker shaded parts, could have been cut with the rather clumsy instrument used.

Assuming that the four lines, as shown in the first cut, have been successfully engraved, and an impression pulled from it on the press, my young engraver may be tempted to follow up his triumph.

Let us suppose he wishes to engrave his sister's name for printing purposes—call her Annie.

He will naturally engrave it just as he sees it in print. This is all wrong. If he will look at his types he will see that they are reversed, and if he sets up a line, he has to read it from right to left—backward, so to speak.

Well, his drawing must be made on the block—backward also. As this may trouble him at first, let him draw his letters, with a soft pencil, on a bit of any thin, transparent paper, and lay it face down on his wood, and with a harder, blunt pencil, carefully trace over the lines, using a little pressure,—be sure that the paper is held firmly,—and he will find that he has a faint transfer on his wood. This he can strengthen by going over the lines again with his pencil, and his block of wood will have the name on it like this:

Carefully cut this, as in the first example,—it

is more difficult, but his hand and eye have been taught something already,—and when finished and printed the name will appear like this:

ANNIE

It may interest readers to know that the early engravers adopted the tracing paper process for getting their design on the block, and when the design was very elaborate, they would often paste the paper face down on thin pear-wood planks, and then cut through the paper into the wood.

It may also interest them to know that circus posters are all engraved on pine boards. Those awe-inspiring pictures of the beautiful fairies flying into the air and bursting through the paper hoops are done on common every-day pine.

But not all knife work. Small and large gouges are used, and, for the finer parts, a carver's tool

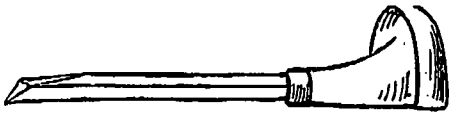
called a V or parting tool,—of which the cutting part is shown,—is very valuable. You will see that what might be

called the lips of the tools overhang,—project forward over the lower or bottom part of the tool, which enters the wood first.

With this tool you can cut across the grain of a pine plank without splintering the wood, as its action is precisely like that of the knife, which you know, in carving, you always draw towards you.

In modern wood-engraving a different wood is used, and it is used differently. Instead of cutting on the side of the grain, as in the examples above, the cutting is done on the end of the grain, and this necessitates other tools. One general form will be

sufficient to show how radically different are the little implements.



This tool is held in the palm of the hand, with the blade resting against the thumb for guidance. It is shoved from right to left, *ploughing* out the wood. It is about half the size of the original.

Pine and pear woods are now useless. We must have a firm, close-grained, hard wood, free from cracks and knots. The wood used by Bewick is the wood we use to-day—it is boxwood—and is only found of proper density and texture in Asia Minor and Turkey.

It comes to us in logs which are sawed crosswise into rounds, a little over an inch in thickness, which the boxwood preparer planes down and scrapes to the height of ordinary printing types. If any knots or curly places are then developed, the wood is sawed up into small squares which are afterwards glued together, forming blocks of any size required by the engraver.

The block on which the picture is engraved which appears on the front cover of this paper, may be composed of a dozen or twenty little squares, glued together as stated above.

Sometimes the block is covered with a very thin wash of Chinese-white, and the drawing made directly on the wood.

More often, nowadays, the drawing is made on paper, or painted on canvas, and then by photography, transferred on to the wood.

Now, if the drawing be in lines, so produced by pen and ink, or pencil, the white spaces between the lines are carefully cut, or dug away, as in the knife work, but with a graver as pictured above. Of course the engraver has a number of these tools, varying in size and shape.

If the drawing be made with a brush, in "wash" or "tint," then there are no lines for the engraver to follow mechanically; so with his tools of various sizes he cuts his parallel lines—the lines which appear white on the printed sheet—and gets his gradation of color from white to black by the difference in the relation between the white, or cut line, and the black, or surface line—this black line is that portion of the wood left standing on the original surface of the wood.

For example, in the lighter portion of the picture you will observe that the cut line is comparatively broad, while the surface line is very thin and sharp. Sometimes a transverse series of lines is cut across the original lines, producing a series of dots, which raises the tone of the color to something nearer white.

In the darker parts of the picture the white line becomes thinner and thinner, and the surface line becomes broader and broader until it merges into solid black.

This is the whole principle of engraving on wood, so far as the mere cutting goes. But now comes in an all-important factor.

Has the engraver any art instinct or feeling for tender relations between the various tones? If yes, he will engrave a stormy sky with such wavy lines as will suggest the tumbling movement of the rolling clouds. A quiet sky he will cut in very smooth, parallel lines that will simply give the weight of color necessary for the harmonious whole of his picture. And so on with the several objects he has to engrave.

He will be mindful, if engraving silk or satin,

that he cuts a line that will suggest the sheen of the fabric; and grass, trees, water, rocks and flesh should be treated with a line that conveys the quality and texture of the objects represented.

This is all there is to it. You see how simple it is. You may remember the story of the old Scotch sailor who returned after a long voyage, with his pay in his pocket, and wandered, sailor-like, around Glasgow, inventing pretexts for spending his money.

He got into the clutches of a dealer in second-hand articles, who advised him to buy a fife, which he called a flute, in these words: "Buy a flute, mon, buy a flute. Ye hae only to stap yer fingers aff an' on these sax wee holes, an' ye'll hae ony toon ye like in a wee while's practice."

Just so simple is engraving. Given a few gravers and a boxwood block, and you will have any picture you desire, after a while that is not *vcc.*—*Youth's Companion.*

The Congo Railroad.

WE rejoice to announce that the first section of the Congo railroad has been opened. It extends only from Matadi to the Leopold Ravine (about two miles), and is therefore a very short section. But the task is "well begun," which is proverbially "half-done." The first Belgian locomotives are actually running within sound of the Falls of Yelala. What a wild dream this would have seemed thirteen years ago! There is, of course, no passenger traffic, nor even goods traffic as yet; but the locomotive and the ten-ton trucks which follow it will wonderfully expedite the prosecution of the works by facilitating the moving of earth and stone, and the transport of material in general. Henceforth there is reason to hope that the work will progress much more quickly, especially as arrangements have been made for 500 navvies to be added to the number at work on the road month by month, until there are 4,000 engaged at different points along the line.

Mr. Young, writing from Matadi on March 6th, says:

This has been an important day in the history of the Congo railway. For the first time the shriek of the locomotive, such a well-known sound at home, has been heard on the Congo. A trial trip was made for some distance up the line, which is now laid for about two miles. The strange sight caused great excitement among the natives, who looked on from a respectful distance. Exclamations of astonishment were heard from all sides, and mouths and eyes were wide open with wonder.

I heard one of the workmen say to his companions that "that," pointing to the engine, "would be able to go to Lukunga in one day." Not a bad guess by one who knew nothing about such things except what he had just seen.

There has been a sad mortality among the colored workmen, arising apparently from some native disease, and affecting both the Koo-boys and other laborers brought from a distance, and the natives of the country. The sickness has frightened many of the men away to their homes, and is not well understood by the European doctors. African natives are not inured to continuous hard labor, and many may have been knocked up by continuous toil. But they are improving in this direction. The works so far are perfectly satisfactory, and the engineers anticipate no great impediments. It will be a glad day for the millions of the Congo basin when the cataract region, that has so long proved an insurmountable barrier between it and the rest of mankind, shall be pierced by a road, over which the unwearied, unsuffering iron horse may carry, safely and quickly, any number of missionaries and any amount of material. God hasten that day for the gospel's sake!—*Regions Beyond.*

The Songs My Mother Sung.

"*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!*"
St. Mark sets the peal for an hundred chimes clear;
"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!"—
Thus the low prayer of my swarth gondolier.

The purple curtains of the west
Have almost hid the sunset's fire,
Which, flaming Venice-ward, a crest,
Lights softly dome and cross and spire.
Deep lie the shadows in lagoons
Far as Chioggia's sails and reeds;
The air with landward perfume swoons;
My oarsman bows and counts his beads.
Our craft rides silent on the stream;
And, floating thus, I idly dream.

And dream? Ah, fair queen of the sea,
Not all thy witchings can enthrall
And fold the wings of memory.
A thousand leagues one tone can call,
A thousand leagues one picture bring
In fadeless form and scene to me;
And though thy angelus thrifful ring
Out o'er the Atlantic Sea,
I hear through all its rhythmic rung
Those dear old songs my mother sung!

O angelus-hour to heart and soul,
O angelus-hour of peace and calm,
When o'er the farm the evening stole,
Enfolding all in summer balm!
Without, the scents of fields—the musk
Of hedge, of corn, of winrowed hay—
The subtle attars of the dusk:
And glow-worms like some milky way;
Within, as from an angel's tongue,
Those dear old songs my mother sung:

"From every stormy wind that blows";
"Softly now the light of day";
"Thou hidden source of calm repose":
"I love to steal awhile away";
"My days are gliding swiftly by";
"Depths of mercy, can there be";
"Jesus, look with pitying eye";
"Rock of Ages cleft for me";
"Saviour, on me thy grace bestow";
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!"
Sweet were the echoes that fell on the ear;
"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!"
I worshipped betimes with my swarth gondolier.
—*Chantiquan.*

Faces.

What on earth could be diviner,
Than the wondrous skill and plan
Of our God—the great designer—
When he made the face of man?

For among His whole creation,
Never yet alike were two;
'Tis His sign of consecration,
That each face has something new.

Children's faces! where joy bubbles
Like a gushing laughing spring,
Never dreaming of the troubles
That the coming year may bring.

Age! faces! sweet and tender,
Tranquil as a summer sea,
Looking toward the gates of splendour
Where the "many mansions" be.

Sad it is that many faces
Bear the tainted marks of sin,
That should mirror only graces
Of a clean white soul within.

There are features never wearing
Faith's triumphant, joyous gleam,
Faces stony and despairing,
For some shattered, vanished dream.

Others smile in sweet submission,
Meekly kiss the chastening rod,
Ne'er bewailing their condition,
Doubting not the love of God.

There are cheeks all stained with traces
Of the tears that fell like rain,
Fell upon the dear dead faces,
That will never smile again.

Many are the faces waiting,
Faces loved, but gone before,
Watching till we join them—waiting
Over on the Jordan shore.

Sweet will be the glad embraces,
When we meet our dear ones then;
We shall know their loving faces
And we'll never part again.

—RENA ROSS, in *The Household.*

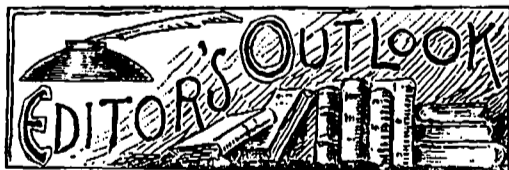


Voices of Summer.

The golden-rod flashes, while the wild asters gleam
And nod, as I pass o'er the bridge of the stream.
E'en cobwebs hang sparkling in a niche of the wall,
Dew trembled, and flitting for fair queen's hall,
O'er the wild-rose bushes the humming bird darts,
And back on the air a soft fragrance imparts.
A tricky chipmunk chuckles in frolicsome glee,
As he pelts my head with nuts from a tree;
Stares with his saucy black eyes, and all russet-gowned,
Now here, now there, he is lost soon as found.

In an instant drows down, flashes on o'er the wall,
But ere out of sight, sends back his pert call.
While up from the ferny brakes a little bird springs:
In joyous existence, rapturously sings.
Among clover blooms, butterflies in and out glint;
Locusts whir, bees drone, 'mid wild peppermint.
There's tinkle of cow-bells in pastures near by,
And, mellowed by distance, the hoarse village cry.
With the singing of birds, I am up and away;
And praising the Giver, hail the new day.

—C. T. WALKER, in *Good Housekeeping*.



THE Indian Department has completed arrangements for the erection of a large Industrial School near the Experimental Farm, Brandon, Man. It will cost about \$22,000, and will be managed by the Methodist Church in the same way as other Industrial Schools for Indians in the North West are managed by other denominations.

THE Illinois House of Representatives has just passed a bill prohibiting the reprehensible practice of docking horse's tails. This cruel fad is the revival of a fashion that was in vogue in England in the old coaching days, when the roads were very muddy, and it was difficult to keep the teams clean. Nowadays, there is no reason for depriving the horses of their natural defence against flies.

THE Finance Minister, in the course of his budget speech, on June 23rd, spoke hopefully of the future. Business was good, crops in the North West promised well, and revenue was buoyant. But the great feature of his speech was the announcement of changes in the tariff. These involve a removal of the duty on raw sugar imported direct from the place of production, and the levying of additional taxes upon malt, spirits, and tobacco, to cover a portion of the deficiency of three and a half millions of revenue which will be lost by the removal of the sugar duties. The new duties on liquors and tobacco are expected to produce one and a half millions, and the balance of two millions is to be made up by the exercise of rigid economy in the expenditures. The tariff changes are apparently popular with the masses.

IN our last issue we stated that the authorities at Washington had imposed a fifteen days' quarantine on all sheep and swine entering the United States from Canada. It is now announced that as the Canadian Government has complied with the requirements of the order imposing the quarantine, it has now been revoked as affecting Canadian sheep and swine, which may therefore be imported into the United States from Canada, subject only to the regular inspection of their veterinary officers, or to a certificate from the proper quarantine officers in Canada in the case of imported animals, showing them to have been duly quarantined. The Canadian hog and Canadian sheep may now shake hands and join the exodus, free from official interference.

THE death of Sir John Macdonald is sincerely mourned by all Canadians, irrespective of party or creed, and already Ottawa, Kingston, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton and other cities are moving in the direction of erecting public monuments to his memory. A signal honor, the first of the kind ever paid to a colonial statesman, was conferred upon the dead chieftain, in the shape of a memorial service in Westminster Abbey, at which representatives of royalty and the leading statesmen, men of letters, and other notable personages of the Empire were present. It is officially announced from England that Lady Macdonald has been raised to the peerage as an acknowledgment of her husband's long and distinguished public service. It is also reported that Sir John's son, Mr. Hugh J. Macdonald, M.P. for Winnipeg, will be knighted. Canada has reason to be proud of the great and universal eminence attained by the late Premier, as all the leading papers throughout Her Majesty's dominions have paid just tribute to his worth and passed glowing eulogiums upon his career as a statesman and friend of that glorious empire upon which the sun never sets. Much speculation was indulged in as to who would be Sir John's successor, and it was finally announced that Hon. J. J. C. Abbott had been selected by the Governor-General to form a Cabinet. The new Premier is a member of the Senate and the leadership of the Commons has been entrusted to Sir Hector Langevin. All the old ministers retain their portfolios. It is generally felt, however, that this arrangement is only temporary, and that a thorough re-organization of the Cabinet will be made as soon as possible after the present session of Parliament is closed.

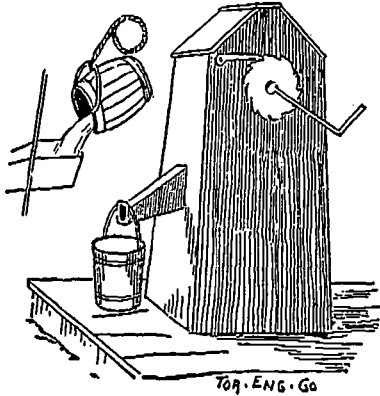
FROM the official crop bulletin prepared by the Manitoba Government, issued last month, the total acreage put under crop this season is shown to be 1,350,901 acres, being an increase of 267,407 over that of 1890. Of this increased area 170,707 acres are devoted to wheat; 70,110 to oats, and 23,793 to barley. The remainder of 2,898 acres are divided among the potato, root and rye areas. The total number of acres under wheat is 916,664; oats, 305,664; barley, 89,828; peas, 55; potatoes, 12,705; roots, 9,301. It is satisfactory to note that the crop prospects were never better and that an abundant harvest is confidently expected. Crop reports received from all parts of the Province of Ontario to June 13th. show that in districts visited by the recent heavy rains the crops have a much more promising look. The hay crop will be a failure, but an average yield is expected from fall wheat, while spring grains will, with the recurrence of regular rains, return a good average crop. In Russia the crop prospects are so bad that a famine is feared, and the exportation of corn is to be prohibited. In Hungary the harvest will be middling in quantity and quality, while in Austria it will be decidedly inferior to the harvest of the last five years.

PEOPLE who advocate the total prohibition of the liquor traffic have at last gained a point. In the Dominion House of Commons on June 24th, a stormy debate, which speedily developed a party complexion, took place on a resolution looking to immediate prohibition. A vote was taken on a proposal that the question be submitted to the people, which was only supported by seven members, as it was felt that it was indecisive in that it did not say how the popular opinion was to be tested. Thereupon the Minister of Finance proposed that the subject be referred to a Royal Commission for enquiry: (1) As to the effect of the liquor traffic upon all interests affected by it in Canada. (2) Measures which have been adopted in other countries with a view to lessening, regulating or prohibiting the liquor traffic. (3) The results of these measures in each case. (4) The effect the enforcement of a prohibitory liquor law in Canada would have with respect to the social condition, agricultural, business, industrial, and commercial interests and financial requirements of Municipalities, Provinces, and the Dominion, and also as to the capabilities of efficient enforcement, and all other information bearing upon the question of prohibition. This proposition was carried by a straight party vote of 107 to 88.



Well-Curb and Tilting Bucket.

Our engraving shows a perspective view of a well-curb, which, with the accompanying devices, is convenient and durable, while it conduces to keep the water in a wholesome condition. The curb is made of upright boards in the form shown in the engraving. The front and back need be only twelve or fourteen inches in width. The sides are twenty-eight inches wide at the bottom, sloping to twenty-four inches, whence they are cut to a truncated triangle. The top of this is covered by a board firmly nailed, to which the sloping covers on either side are hinged. Near the top, and somewhat at one side, are holes with boxes to admit the iron journals of a solid wooden drum. On the crank end of the journal, and outside the curb, is a toothed wheel and iron ratchet, to prevent the full bucket from going down by the run, if the crank slips out of hand in drawing water. The ratchet is lifted when it is desired to lower the empty bucket. On the front of the curb is a wooden spout, rather large at the upper end, and projecting inside of the curb, as shown in the upper left-hand corner of the illustration. Directly above this, and also repre-



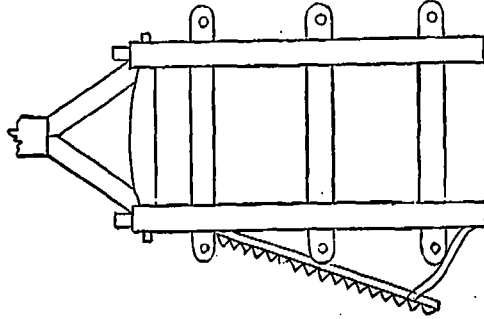
A SERVICEABLE WATER-LIFTER.

sented in the sketch, is an iron rod, firmly attached to the inside of the curb, with the bent end projecting inward an inch farther than the open spout. This is the tilter which catches one side of the bucket as it comes up, and holds it until it is tilted by the continued action of the crank, and empties its contents into the open spout. The bucket has a two-inch hole in the bottom, covered by a leather valve. The latter is simply a piece of sole-leather, three inches wide and four long, tacked by one edge over the hole. A flat piece of iron or lead is fastened to the upper surface of the valve, to keep it in place. The bucket must be heavy enough to sink of its own weight. It is well to leave one of the hinged covers of the curb open most of the time, to admit air for the purification of the water.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Serviceable Meadow Smoother.

The man on the mowing machine dislikes to jolt over the bogs, and to run a mower on rough land soon spoils it. Aside from this, to leave a meadow full of bogs looks shiftless, and is poor farming. Bog grass is fit for nothing but bedding, while the clean meadow fescue, bent grass, or red-top would make fragrant and nutritious hay. Those who have tried it know that it is next to impossible to dig or pull out the good-sized meadow bogs, and the old, slow, laborious way of cutting them off with a bog-hoe is an expensive process. Yet the remedy is a cheap one, and lies useless in many a barn. Take a worn-out section bar of a mowing machine holding the knives that play in the cutting bar, mortise it into the under side of the wooden sled shoe, or otherwise attach it to the sled-runner, so that it will slide on the ground at a slight angle, as seen in

the sketch. Some fine day, when the meadow is cleared of hay, hitch on to the sled and see how neatly and speedily it will slice off the bog tops. It is a success and a conqueror. Put on a box, and

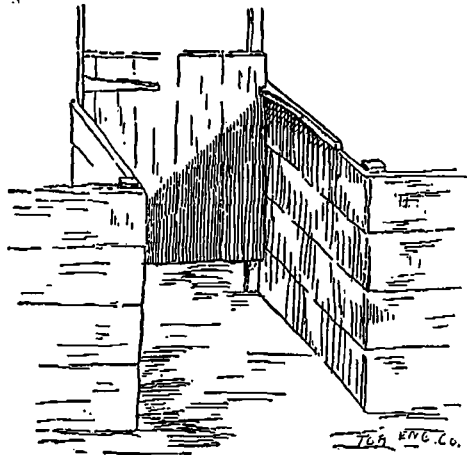


HOMEMADE MEADOW SMOOTHER.

let one man follow the planer-sled with a fork and pitch on every bog as fast as it is cut off. Dried they make a hot fire, and should be saved for fuel for the kitchen fire during the warm weather.—*American Agriculturist.*

Automatic Gate-Fastener.

A useful contrivance for a stable is shown in our illustration. It is simply a piece of hickory shaved as represented, and securely fastened at the end furthest from the gate, so that it will spring towards it. When the gate is being closed, it pushes this to one side until it is shut, when the notch is



reached and the spring immediately flies back, securely fastening the gate. It would be equally useful for gates in many situations other than stables, and might be used for doors wherever the part which extends along the edge of the door could reach on through, to afford a means of opening it from the opposite side.

If the temperature of the cellar is 60 and that outside above 60, keep the windows closed if you want a dry cellar.

THE birds, as a general rule, are the farmer's best friends. Their natural food to a large extent, is composed of insects injurious to the fields and gardens. To have a swarm of hungry birds constantly about the farm, ever on the alert for all kinds of insects, is a great advantage. Since insects increase with marvelous rapidity, the destruction of a large number in spring, when the birds find little else to eat, means far less insects during the year than there would be were it not for the destruction thus effected.

Docks mature early enough in the season to be bothersome in haying time. If time cannot be found to pull or dig them out before they are cut down with the crop of hay or grain, they should be gathered from the field as soon after cutting as possible and burned. It is very important to burn these weeds, as they mature their seeds much earlier than their appearance would indicate. War must be constantly waged against them as they readily spring up again when cut down.

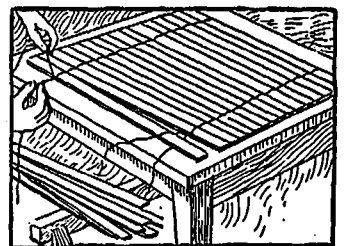
POWDERED potash scattered about the haunts of rats and mice, and rubbed on the edges of their holes, makes their feet sore and often drives them away. It is also a good plan to sprinkle potash on cotton batting and stuff it into holes and crevices which they frequent. Another excellent remedy is to stir strychnine with Indian meal and add either grated cheese or the oil of anise. Sir Humphrey Davy's great rat destroyer was hog's lard and carbonate of baryta, mixed well together and smeared upon the inside of a skillet, which he placed well out of the reach of any other animals than these mischievous little rodents.

WOODEN boxes are decidedly better for many purposes of plant culture than earthen flower pots. Plants in them do not dry out so soon as those in pots fully exposed to the air, and the boxes provide a more equitable temperature, being cooler in summer, and warmer in winter. Boxes are easily made or obtained from stores as waste product, and when nicely painted, are not at all unsightly. Oaken butter tubs, or casks sawed in halves, are cheap and serviceable for receiving large bushy, or tree-like plants, and with a little paint may be made quite ornamental. Large boxes or tubs may have hooks screwed into their sides for convenience in handling and moving. The faculty of flower pots to absorb water is at least a very questionable advantage.

HARNESSES, halters, blankets, etc., should be kept suspended in tight closets, the same as wearing apparel. Such closets can be made to utilize space which would otherwise be unoccupied, and not in the least interfere with the convenience of the stable. There are at least two vacant places in every stable, in which the closets may be placed. Measure from the corner each way, on the wall about five feet. At each terminal point strike a plumb-line from ceiling to floor, marking it plainly so that boards can be accurately matched to it. Tack to the floor a square-edged cleat, running from the line on one wall to that on the other. Measure the desired width of a door in the centre of the cleat, and set in two light uprights, reaching from the floor to the ceiling. The uprights should be firmly toe-nailed to the floor and ceiling, using matched lumber. Saw it in lengths to reach from door-casing to outside corners, sawing the farther ends beveling to fit neatly against the stable-wall. Above the door full-length boards can continue to the ceiling, and, with a door hung, the closet is nearly complete. All that remains is to fasten the pegs or wooden hooks to the wall inside, whereon are to be hung the harness. The whole is a simple job, which any farmer with a saw and hammer can do in half a day.

Tree Protector.

THE device here illustrated is very serviceable to protect trees from sun scald, rabbits, mice, etc. Drive nails in a work bench the distance apart you wish the cords to be. Take tarred cord, in pieces long enough to go about twice around a tree when

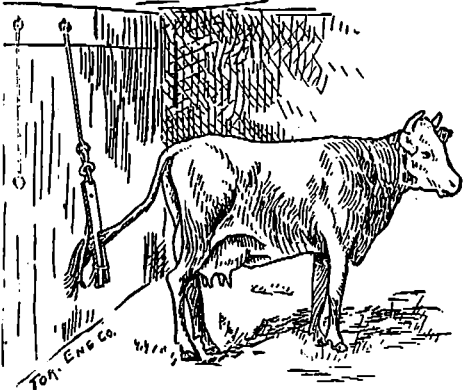


double. Put one cord over each nail, bring the two ends even and begin to tie in lath or whatever you may use. When you have enough tied, put it around the tree, slip one of the ends of the cord through the double ends, draw it up tight and tie it.

Libe Stock.

A Milking Device.

The air is swarming with flies, bringing a return of the vexations with which milkers are all so familiar. The plan shown does not mean that one has to hitch the cow by the tail to hold her while he milks. The device is designed to be used in the stables to keep the cow's tail out of the pail and out of the milker's face, which is usually the second



place she wishes to put it. It is made of a small piece of hickory, with a long, deep notch sawed in one end. A clinched nail or screw keeps it from splitting further. The long hair or brush of the tail is slipped between the prongs, and the ring is slipped over the ends, thus securely fastening it. The ring is fastened to some part of the stick with a string long enough to permit its being put in place readily. Strapped to the upper end of the stick is a snap into which is slipped another ring at the end of a small rope attached to the wall behind the cow. When the milking is finished, with one hand slip the lower ring off the prongs and the whole will drop back against the side of the stable, and the tail be free. Small ropes, with rings at the end, are fastened along the back of the stable midway between two cows, one answering for both. The fastener is unstrapped and moved from ring to ring as needed. This is valuable not only as an aid in fly-time, but as a cause of additional cleanliness, which at some seasons is the greater benefit.

SWEET milk is always best for pigs as it has more food value than sour milk, but it may not digest so rapidly. There is danger in sour milk from over fermentation, and animals are sometimes made sick by excess of fermentation and die. There is no such danger in sweet milk.

WHEN it is possible to avoid, neither the brood sows nor the growing pigs should be confined during the summer. If it can possibly be done give them the range of a good pasture at least during the next two months. They will keep so much healthier and thrive so much better that this plan can readily be made profitable.

SHEEP must have plenty of room and fresh air. If crowded on a field the ground soon becomes foul with droppings, and this tends to cause disease. There is no tendency in sheep "to develop disease," naturally. It is the fault of the shepherd when a flock becomes diseased, and crowding is the worst of all faults.

It is better to water cows after feeding, and give food dry. A ruminating animal does not want its regular food in a sloppy form. There should be full mastication in order to secure a full secretion of saliva or the discharges from the glands which are situated on each side of the base of the tongue and the mouth, which fluids perform an important part in the processes of digestion. They begin the work, and each set of glands secretes a different fluid, which acts on the food. This work is so important that a calf will do better on half the milk which it sucks than double the quantity it drinks.

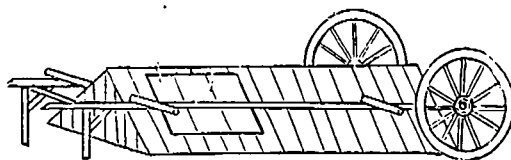
THE period of perfection or maturing will vary with cows. When the turning point comes, and a cow begins to fail, it is not profitable to keep her for the dairy. She may, however be kept for a breeder. A cow will not fail with age simply, but her ability to eat and masticate will be lessened, and also her ability to convert food into the solids of milk. Old cows, as well as old people, should have very nutritious foods if they are expected to keep up their physical force.

AN English agricultural writer gives the following advice regarding the treatment of farm horses at this season: Farm horses, he says, are generally turned into the pastures or fed with green food in the yards at night or when not at work. Either of these plans is beneficial to hard-worked animals that have been living for months principally on dry food. The cool, green food acts as a natural medicine, purifying and giving tone to the system, and the feet of those turned into the pastures benefit by their cool surroundings. Under these circumstances, many people make the mistake of thinking that horses require less care and attention, and that the green food is sufficient for them, and so it is, if they are not required to work; but horses that have to work on the mowing and reaping machines, etc., should be allowed some grain, and be groomed and cleaned to remove the sweat and dust from their skins. Negligence in this respect often lays the foundation of future skin troubles. He is not in favor of giving them grain alone, but mixed with chaff. Many horses, too, are improperly watered, which is a fruitful source of stomach ailments. Water is often withheld during working hours, with the result that when allowed to go to the pond or drinking trough the horse drinks more than is good for it. A little water that has been exposed to the influence of sun and air rarely does any harm, even while the animal is at work, especially to those that are accustomed to it. For horses in the hay and harvest fields some water, with a little oatmeal stirred in it, is both nourishing and refreshing. Any one who has worked in a hay or harvest field must know how refreshing a drink is, and how much better he can work after one, than if tormented with thirst. The same applies to the horse. When horses leave off work for the day they should be allowed to cool before being watered, after which they may be fed and cleaned, and then turned into the field or yard. When the water supply is obtained from a spring or well it should be exposed to the influence of sun and air some hours before the animals drink it, as it is the icy coldness of such water that is injurious. The best way to attend to this is to fill up the drinking trough each time after the animals are watered.

The Poultry Yard.

How to Move Large Chicken Coops.

Poultry raisers have long agreed that a frequent change of site for the poultry houses is beneficial for both birds and the land, but it has usually ended here. The coops are too heavy for one man to move, especially when soaked with rain, and the time of two or more men needed to move a coop is so valuable that the regular changing of coops turns out to be but a pretty theory. How to speedily and cheaply shift them is shown in the accompanying sketch. A pair of strong wheels and an axle



MOVEABLE CHICKEN COOP.

have shafts attached that are long enough to reach the whole length of a coop and project for a brace rod and handles. The coops are built broad on the ground and sharp at the top, and are high enough to project one-third above the axle. When it is

necessary to move one, these long arms are drawn over it and rest on the sides two-thirds of the way from the ground. Wooden pins are then thrust through holes made for them in the peak and just above the arms at each end. One man can now raise the entire coop with fowls and transport it wherever desired, and at once with the same arrangement move a dozen similar coops, without any difficulty or loss of time.

LAY in a stock of road dust and gravel for next winter's use.

A GOOD shade convenient to the poultry house will add to the comfort of the fowls.

FEED the growing chicks well, for every day that they are not doing their best there is a loss.

EARLY in July is the best time of year for setting duck eggs. Set a goodly number and if set under hens, see that they are sprinkled every other morning.

THIS hot weather is just the best kind of a time for breeding lice. For the best results give them a frequent diet of whitewash and kerosene oil, applied with a force pump or a brush.

FEED lightly during the summer, and only such kinds of food as will not produce fat. Oats and barley, bran and middlings, and a little wheat, will be all that is necessary for fowls at liberty.

BREAD soaked in milk and squeezed dry makes one of the best feeds that can be supplied to young poultry. It is better fed in this way than if given sloppy. It can be fed on clean boards rather than in troughs.

FRESH water should be kept before the fowls at all times now. It is a good plan to put a drop of carbolic acid, or a small piece of copperas into the water every day, and to wash out the dish thoroughly and frequently.

DON'T forget to use plenty of air-slacked lime and crude carbolic acid about the poultry-houses and yards through the summer. Put an ounce of the acid into every gallon of whitewash, and use the latter at least every two weeks if you have many fowls.

GROW a lot of cabbage for next winter's supply of green food. Some of the second crop of clover put in a tight barrel--a silo in miniature--is also excellent. Next to these comes good, bright clover hay, cut fine and softened with steam or hot water when wanted for use.

EGGS to be fresh must be collected daily. At this season of the year the laying hens will keep the eggs so warm as to start incubation, and the eggs are stale when gathered. Very warm weather has the same influence on them. Keep your eggs cool, and, if for hatching, turn once every twenty-four hours.

OPEN sheds for roosting, are far superior to the regular henneries, for summer. The free currents of air passing through dries the droppings, the noxious properties being eliminated by evaporation; besides, the birds escape, in a great measure, the parasites of the old quarters, and they get pure air while perching.

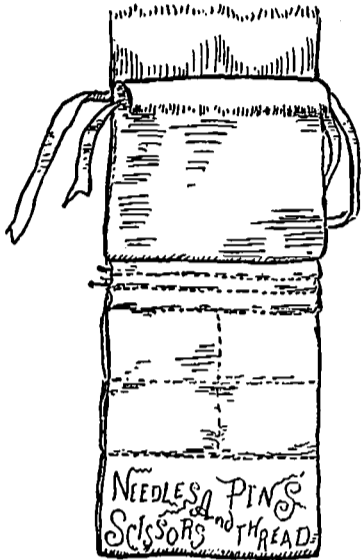
To prevent hens from eating eggs, frequently give them raw meat for food, and be careful not to suffer broken eggs to lie within reach at all. Also have the nests in dark places, where the hens cannot easily see the eggs. Another safe way is to have the nests covered in such a way that the hen has not room enough to stand perfectly upright. The entrance should be from the side.



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

Needle-Case.

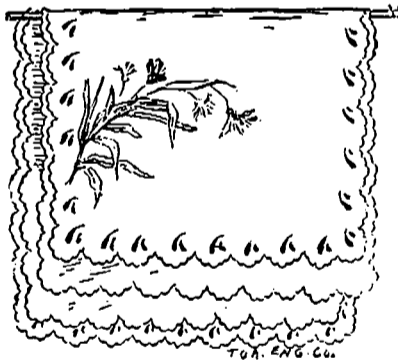
A small needle-case to tuck in your traveling bag for use when away from home may be made of



ribbon three or four inches wide. Fold in the middle and sew across, making spaces for bodkin and needles as shown in the cut. The upper pocket may be used for thread, thimble and a small pair of scissors.

Splasher.

Every woman likes a pretty splasher and knows its use. Here is one that is very inexpensive and easily contrived out of several sheets of tissue-paper thrown over a rod. If your room is furnish-

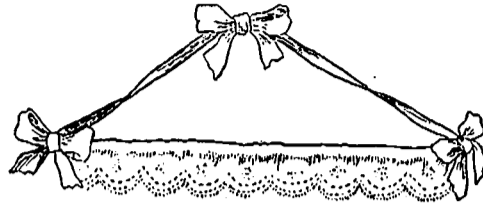


ed in blue let the under paper be of that color and the upper sheet white. Cut a pretty scallop around the edge, also a simple design allowing the blue to show through. When this gets soiled it is an easy matter to renew the upper sheet.

Pillow-Sham Holder.

Where to place the pillow shams at night is often a perplexing problem. Being of a slippery nature, they are very apt to glide from the chair-back on which you have so carefully arranged them, greeting your eyes in the morning a tumbled, crumpled mass. The accompanying illustration of a little article which any one may make for a few cents will relieve housekeepers of this difficulty and save washing as well. Take a rod two inches longer than the width of the sham and cover it with a piece of dotted Swiss or scrim, slightly full on and edged with a fall of lace two inches deep. To

do this, take a strip of the muslin one-fourth longer than the rod and wide enough to slip on easily when sewed in the form of a hem; sew the lace on this plain. Cover the rod first with a bit of mus-

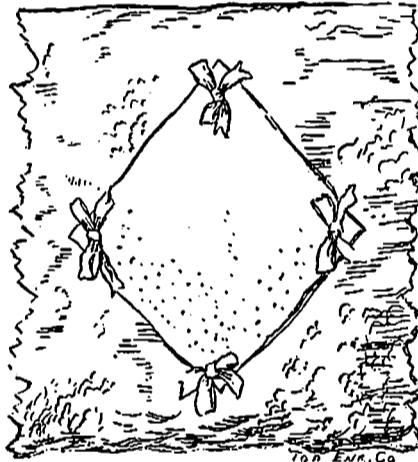


ORNAMENTAL SHAM HOLDER.

lin, red, blue, or old gold, according to the predominating color employed in the furnishing of your room. Suspend with ribbon and place a ribbon bow at each corner. Screw in a little peg an inch long at the back on each end, to keep the rod out from the wall, in order to slip the shams over more easily. An old cane, the handle of an old broom, or a curtain pole can be used. If you take the latter it is very pretty without muslin or lace if enameled with ivory white Aspinwall paint. Screw on the ends the brass or wooden knobs belonging to it, and suspend with a silk cord or with picture wire.

Match-Striker.

A pretty piece of birch-bark may be utilized by tying on with narrow ribbons a diamond-shaped bit



of sand paper. This converts it into a rustic match-striker, and some young girl may be glad to make one for her own room, especially if it be a souvenir of some pleasant summer outing.

A Housekeeper's Don'ts.

Don't fill the best windows in the family living-room with plants.

Don't allow soiled clothes to remain in the bedrooms. They taint the air and make it impure.

Don't forget that a broom will last much longer if, after using, it is dipped in boiling water for a few minutes.

Don't keep for company the best room, the best dishes, and especially the pleasantest smile and most entertaining conversation.

Don't neglect to air the house thoroughly every morning. Open opposite doors and windows for five or ten minutes, even if it is stormy.

Don't think when you sit down to rest that it is necessary to pick up that unfinished mending. Ten minutes' absolute rest is worth much to the tired muscles.

Don't neglect to have your name plainly painted on all jugs or bottles that are sent to the store for vinegar, molasses, etc. Then you will be sure to get back your own.

Don't undertake extra work to give pleasure when you know that you have neither time nor strength for it, and that, as a result, some one will be sure to be overtired and cross.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Cow tails bleached and made into tassels are now used on the loopings of heavy portieres.

Long bags, the full length of dress or cloak, with hanging loops at top, save from creasing, as well as from dust and moths.

Hot tallow is said to remove machine oil from white goods. Repeated applications will also remove ink stains, if exposed to the rays of the sun.

The skin of a boiled egg is the best remedy for a boil. Carefully peel it, wet, and apply to the boil; it draws out the matter and relieves soreness.

When making white cakes, use one half teaspoon more of cream of tartar than soda, as this extra quantity of cream of tartar makes the egg whites stiffer.

Large perforated and small plain wooden spoons are needed in dessert making. On no account should butter be creamed, fruit juices measured, or cream beaten with an iron spoon.

Castor oil may be comfortably taken in hot milk, in a half wineglass of weak punch, or in hot water sweetened and highly flavored with essence of peppermint or wintergreen.

Bathing the nose with water in which there has been put a few drops of camphor is said to whiten it. But as redness of the nose usually results from some stomach trouble, it would be wise to search for the cause and get rid of it before you apply external remedies.

Very thick cream should be beaten with a fork. As fast as the froth is beaten, skim it off. To mold whipped cream add dissolved gelatine; one-third of a box to one pint of thin cream (before whipping) is a good proportion, to which other ingredients, as sugar and flavoring, are to be added.

An authority counsels us to wipe our faces upward after washing them, particularly when the evil days draw nigh that bring those first indicators of age—wrinkles—on the lower part of the face. By using invariably the upward motion in drying, these wrinkles will be gently removed, and with it the tendency to undue fulness about the chin.

Neuralgia in the face has been cured by applying a mustard plaster to the elbow. For neuralgia in the head, apply the plaster to the back of the neck. The reason for this is that mustard is said to touch the nerves the moment it begins to draw or burn, and to be of most use must be applied to the nerve centres, or directly over the place where it will touch the affected nerve most quickly.

An excellent and simple wash to keep the hands white and smooth after the occasional dish-washing which comes to almost all housekeepers is equal parts of vinegar and water. It is a good plan to keep a bottle of it prepared and standing in the kitchen closet. Wash the hands first thoroughly in warm water, wipe them dry, and rinse thoroughly in the mixture. The same preparation is good to remove stains from the hands.

To clear soup-stock remove the fat and allow the white and shell of one egg for every quart of stock. If you wish to flavor the stock more highly, add half a saltspoon of celery-seed and the thinnest possible shavings from the rind of half a lemon. Add also the lemon-juice, and more salt and pepper if needed. Mix celery-seed, lemon, egg, etc., with the cold stock, and heat it well. If the stock be hot when the egg is added, the egg will harden before it has done its work.

Asparagus which is left from dinner may appear a second time in an omelet on the breakfast-table. Cut the cold asparagus in inch pieces and set it in a covered earthen dish in hot water, to be heated thoroughly through, but not to cook. Season it slightly again. Make a nice omelet with four eggs, put a cup of the heated asparagus in it, fold it and serve it at once. Make as many omelets as the asparagus requires, but do not attempt to make any larger ones than four eggs will make.



The Department of Boys and Girls.

WE wish that some good Samaritan, to whom all the world is a neighbor, would suggest to our young people growing up in the country some method for the self improvement of their manners and deportment. Their hearts are as good as gold; they stay at home from one day's end to another, helping father and mother caring for the younger children, and often doing the largest share of the house and field work; but when they do have a little outing, how much greater would be their enjoyment, and how much better their appearance, if they only knew how to deport themselves.

Looking at a company of young people gathered together at the house of one of their neighbors one cannot but help sympathizing with them as they express in their demeanor their embarrassed self-consciousness. Tall, over-grown boys and girls suffer most, for they have not yet become accustomed to their size, which is often disproportionate to their strength, while their anxiety not to appear awkward and ill at ease only makes them still more so. They do not know how to enter a room properly or to leave it, or to sit still anywhere without nervously twitching their hands and feet; while conducting a conversation with ease and grace to themselves and pleasure to others, might as well—for all they know about it—be one of the lost arts. The parents of these young people, who, to do them justice, usually spend much more time upon their children's morals than their manners, seldom go out with them, so that they even do not know that they are lacking in this respect; neither we are afraid, would many of them be able to recognize the deficiency if they did, having never enjoyed the advantages of much training in their own youth.

One does not expect country boys and girls to possess all the airs and graces of the city bred, but it is a pity for them to go out in the world so little that they are weighed down by a sense of their own personality to such an extent as to be a torture to themselves, and objects of pity and commiseration to those with whom they come in contact. Yet this is not because they are wanting in natural good sense and intelligence; it is simply a lack of training. Our large cities are continually recuperating their ranks from what they would call the raw material of the country, and from this source obtain their most substantial and useful citizens. The cosmopolitan learns, it is true, his own limitations; but he is also very particular to acquaint himself with all his capabilities within those limits. He studies to make the most of his inherent gifts, as well as to cultivate additional accomplishments; if he has not naturally a graceful carriage, he learns to bring all the muscles of his body under such control that he can stand or sit, walk or dance, with ease to himself and without enlisting the commiseration of the beholder.

How different are his manners from the average boy and girl brought up in a retired rural district! Why, there are dozens of them who have never been told that they should hold their heads well up, their shoulders back, elbows close to their sides, and not to carry themselves generally as though all their muscles were stiff or their bones out of joint. It would add considerably to their good appearance if they would, when in company, cultivate a pleasing and animated expression of countenance. How many otherwise comely faces are disfigured by an habitual frown or pucker, a pouting sulky expression, or frequently distorted by meaningless grins and inane giggles. The best way

to acquire a pleasing expression of countenance, as well as ease and grace of manner, is to become interested in the people and things around us and to think of ourselves as little as possible. If we strive to make some one else have a good time, we shall be surprised when the day is over to think how much enjoyment it has brought us. Self-forgetfulness makes the world seem broader and larger, and when we think how many other selves it contains of so much greater importance, we wonder that we were ever so narrow-minded as to concentrate our minds on so insignificant a portion of humanity.

But to return to our subject. Now that we know our deficiencies, what remedy can be applied for their improvement? Women all over the continent seem to think there is much to be gained by acting in concert, and why may not our young country women follow the same plan, and organize societies whose object shall be the improvement of mind and manners? The boys and girls of each neighborhood could arrange to meet at the house of one of the members of the club once a week, the afternoon being most suitable in summer and the evening in winter. This would be none too often, for young people in the country stay at home too closely anyway, which is the principal cause of their shyness. One of the most cultivated ladies or gentlemen of their acquaintance should be invited

to act as critic, and to give the company a short talk on the subject, or read a selection relating to the subject from some standard authority. Let each member request personal criticism of his conduct and deportment during the meeting, pledging himself to take no offence when such hints are kindly given. It would also be well for each member to accord the same privilege to all other members of the club, each striving to look upon his deportment impersonally, as if it and himself were two entirely different things, and the former much in need of mending.

If this could be done in a kindly, considerate manner no offence need be incurred, and if no other good came of it the young people would be set to thinking, and also be induced to rid themselves of some of their weight of self-consciousness, awkwardness and timidity. Other features of a social and literary character could be added, in order to make the meeting more enjoyable as well as more improving, and no arbitrary rules should be made and enforced. Let the principal object of each member be to make the others have a good time, which will go far toward improving their demeanor to each other, and will give them a clearer insight into the courtesies and duties of social intercourse. This will also cause the club to become exceedingly popular, and will ensure a good attendance.





The farmer has caws for alarm when he sees the crows hovering over his cornfield.

The office clock with a cathedral chime must sometimes see strikingly out of place.

Adam and Eve had the earth at one time. Their experience should be a warning to those people who want it to-day.

"If marriage is a failure," said Binks, "what on earth is an engagement?" "Only a temporary embarrassment," said Maude.

The man who undertook to dress according to the thermometer this Spring wore a linen suit and carried a fur lined ulster.

"Let us see, a cynic is a man who is tired of the world, is he not?" the young language student asked. "No, no, my child," replied the knowing tutor. "A cynic is a man of whom the world is tired."

An eminent surgeon says that with four cuts and a few stitches he can alter a man's face so his own mother would not know him. That's nothing. Any newspaper in this country can do that much with only one cut.

A recent report of an embezzlement accuses a bank official of being responsible for the "impairment of the resources of the bank." In these days a spade is no longer a spade; it is an agricultural implement designed for the tilling of the soil.

Bobby: "Well, sir, you see, orders is orders. Your little dog ain't got a muzzle on, and I'll have to trouble you for pa's name and address." Master Tom: "Why, don't you know? We know you. Your name's Jim Wilson, and our nurse has got your cabinet photograph in her work box."



THE WORM—

WEARY RAGGLES (to his companion).—Wake up, Wayside! I say, ain't they some law agin' this ruthless defacing of nat'ral scenery by commercial vandals.

A tough beefsteak is a cure for the consumption—of the beefsteak.

"This poor fellow is to be pitied," said the small-pox of the patient.

Most people wouldn't have so many troubles if they didn't spend so much time in talking about them.

There is no solitude so miserable as that of the man alone in a noisy city, unless it be that of a man alone with a noisy baby.

For every man who knows more than he tells, there are fifty who tell more than they know.

Exclaimed the angler to the trout,
"Your playing with the bait, no doubt,
Is cunning as 'tis pat,
But when you come to bite the same
I wish to pointedly exclaim,
I draw the line at that."

Mrs. HICKS.—"That's a dreadfully uncouth trick of yours, wiping off the chairs before you sit down. It appears as if you were afraid you would get your trousers soiled. I was terribly mortified last evening."

MR. HICKS.—"Never you mind, Mariar; I taught a district school fourteen years before I married you."

The Villian Unmasked.

NOTE.—This story will not be published in book form.

CHAPTER I.

GWENDOLINE Iphigenia Broughne, sat in her exquisitely furnished boudoir receiving the finishing touches which her own maid was bestowing on her elaborate toilet. Gwendoline was a beauty of the most bewitching type, with a superb form and faultlessly featured face, a complexion of milk and cherries, eyes as blue as heaven's own azure, a mouth like a rosebud and hair like the tassels of corn when it is made luminous with the golden sunshine that issues from the portals of the morning.

Somewhat impatiently tapping the rich Persian carpet with a satin slipper, which incased a tiny foot smaller than that of the head wife of a Chinese mandarin, she said:

"Marie."
"Oui, mademoiselle."
"Who sent those flowers?"
"Lord Nozoo."
"Ah! I expect him. There's his ring now. Am I ready?"
"Oui, Mademoiselle."

CHAPTER II.

Lord Nozoo sprang from the rich fauteuil on which he had been sitting, as Gwendoline in all the pride of her regal loveliness swept into the room, and with outstretched hands and an eager light in his eye darted forward to meet her.

"Stop?" she said, with a commanding gesture.
He stopped.
"Who are you?" she asked.
"Lord Nozoo," he replied.
"You have no right to the title," she said. "It has been discovered that you are an impostor, a bogus lord. And to think that I gave up John Smith for you! By assuming a title you thought to marry me and obtain possession of my wealth. Your villainy is unmasked."

"The game's up, then," he said with a sigh of resignation.
"It is. What is your real name?"
"I decline to reveal it."
"I know what it is," she said, as she turned to leave the apartment.

"What is it?" he asked, with blanched cheeks.
Sweeping out of the room with the same regal air that she entered it, she turned her head, and casting upon him a withering look, said, in tones in which scorn and indignation were blended:
"Your name is Dennis."

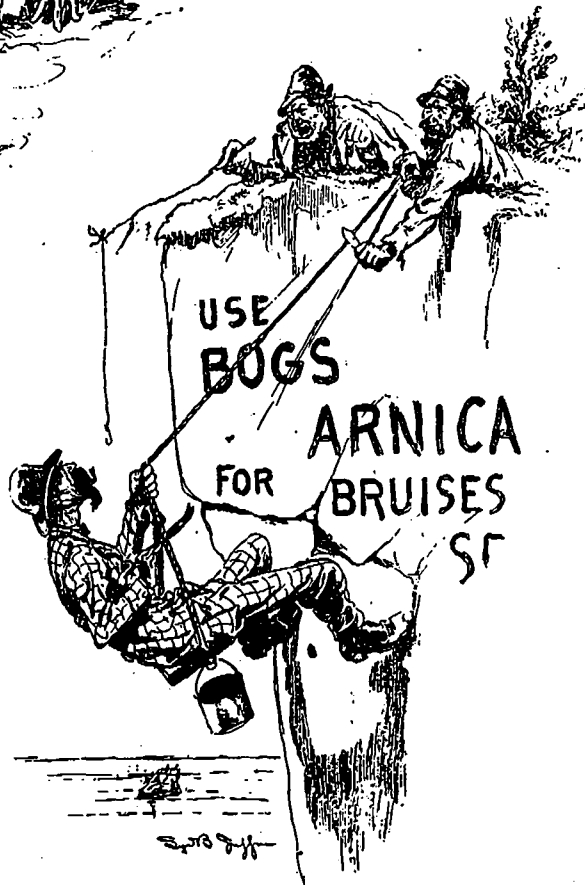
THE END.

"Tastes differ," said Mugley. "Good thing they do," put in Bottleton. "If they didn't, squills and strawberries would taste the same."

Detroit Free Press: Sports who invest in the ante are sooner or later bound to call upon their uncle.

Wife.—You can buy a sealskin sacque now for a song. Husband.—Sorry, my love, but I can't sing, you know.

Someone once said that he could almost hear the grass grow. We disbelieved him until, while crossing Holmes Field the other day, we distinctly heard it mown.



—WILL TURN.

WAYSIDE INNIS.—Excuse us, Mister; but could you oblige a couple of gents with the price of two good suits of clothes?



"FARMER B," Kentville, N.S., writes:—If any of your readers have tried to make a walk with coal ashes without success, here is a recipe which will help them out: Mix with ashes and coal screenings some unslaked lime, adding water sufficient to make a concrete. Put it on when it is the consistency of water, and roll smooth. If care is taken to follow these directions, this mixture will grow as hard as an oak floor, and a second application is only necessary to fill out the uneven spots.

"VET," Toronto, writes:—Comparatively few animals are properly groomed. A farmer's son may clean the colt, but the old horse that daily performs the drudgery of the farm seldom has the dust, dirt, and sweat thoroughly removed from his sensitive skin, that plays so important a part in his healthfulness. If the importance of grooming could be impressed upon farmers, and they would practice what they learn, it would add many years to the valuable service of farm animals. An important part of grooming is hand-rubbing. The legs of some horses are liable to swell, and there is no remedy so successful as hand-rubbing. The curry-comb should never be used on the bony parts of the head or on the legs. A good bed is not only a comfort to the tired horse, but it also saves much labor in grooming.

"ALICE," Dunville, Ont., writes:—I would like to say a few words about seeds for the garden. We see cheap seeds advertised, and when grown they are not worth the space they occupy. We cannot expect to "gather grapes from thistles, nor figs from thorns," neither can you raise flowers from poor and trashy seed. If I could not afford to lay out much money, I should buy only one paper of seed, but I should want the best. If several friends or neighbors would join you, they could with a small outlay have a variety of very choice seeds, as one package contains too much for a very small garden. I have always found plants of my own raising more satisfactory than bought ones; not being forced there is no falling back. You may have noticed no matter how fine a plant you buy, after a short time it degenerates; the flowers grow smaller, and do not open regularly, and the plant makes very little headway till nearly time for frost. The following are about the best for border and baskets; they are six to eight inches high: Sweet Alysum (little gem) one of the loveliest, very fragrant; can be potted in the fall and bloom all winter. Pyrethrum Aureum (golden feather) with handsome yellow foliage; is very hardy. I have some in my garden now, raised three years ago from seed. Miosotis (Forget-me-not) for a shady border. Oxalis rosea, also hardy; and last but not least, the lovely double Portulacca—no soil is too poor for them; neither heat nor drought is too great; when other flowers wilt in the hot atmosphere of July and August, they gladden you with hundreds of lovely flowers of all shades and colors. For bedding and pot culture, Sweet Mignonette (march) is the red and Golden Queen the yellow variety. The new Marguerite Carnation, mixed colors, is said to bloom four months after sowing, and all winter in the house. Coreopsis or Calliopsis, Candy tuft, Marigold, Larkspur, Poppy, Trinnia, Phlox drummondii and the Camelia flowered Balsam. They come in all shades and colors, and are so much improved you would hardly recognize the old-fashioned Lady-Slipper in them. Asters are particularly fine for fall blooming. For climbers prefer Honeysuckle and Wisteria. Still if you prefer those that die down in the winter, take Balsam apple, Hyacinth bean, Sweet Peas, and the tall growing Nasturtiums. These are about the most desirable annuals. Of course there are others just as desirable, but for those you are too late as they should be started early under glass.

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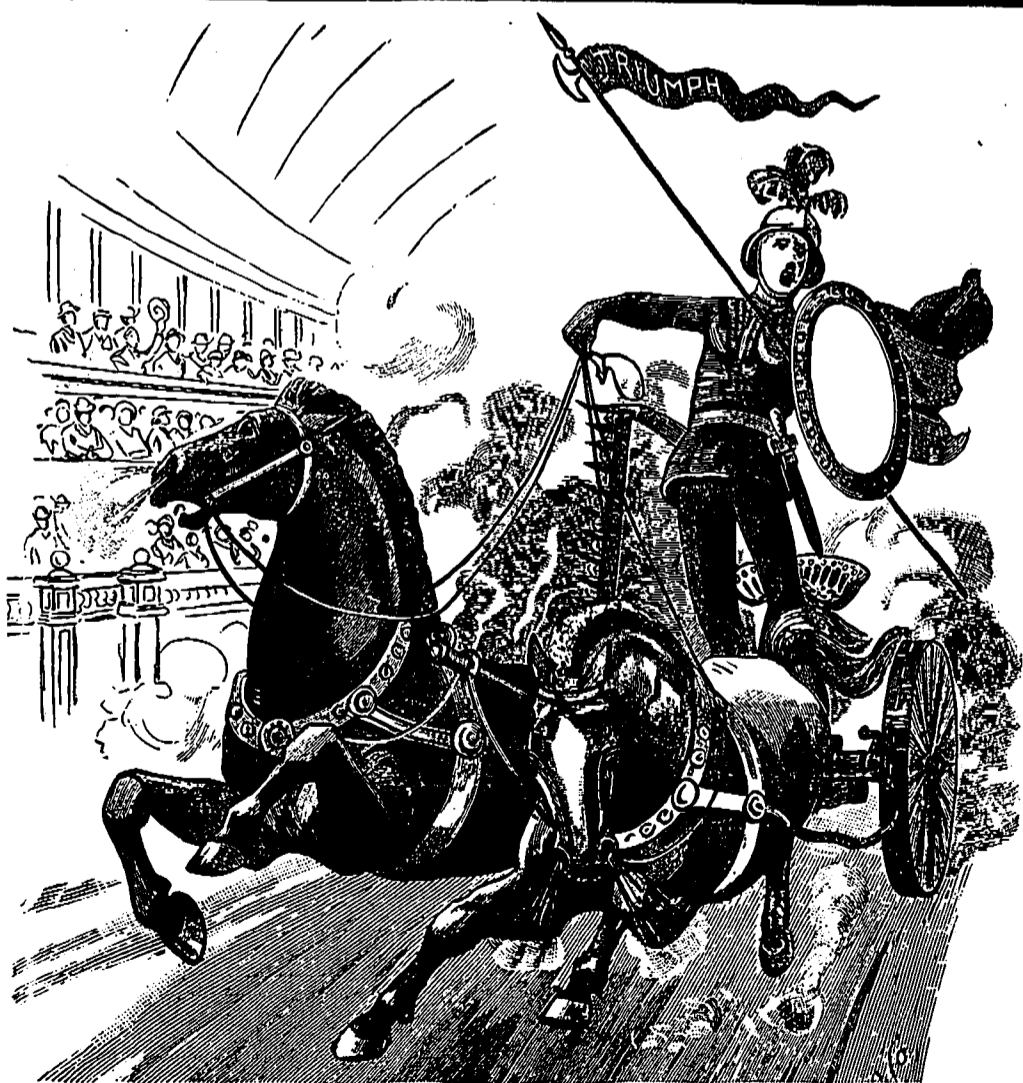
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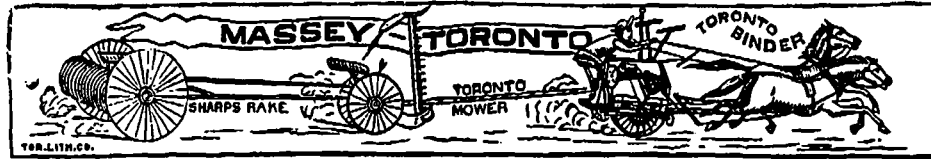
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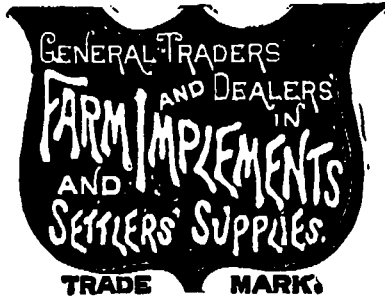
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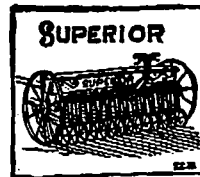
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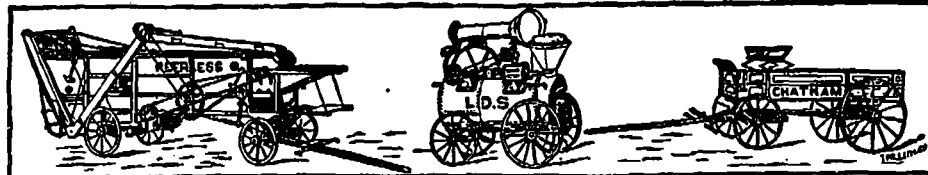
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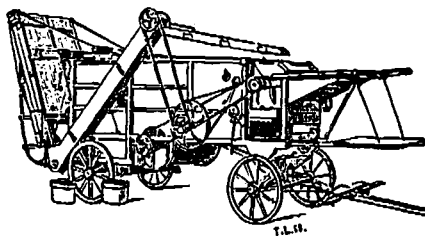
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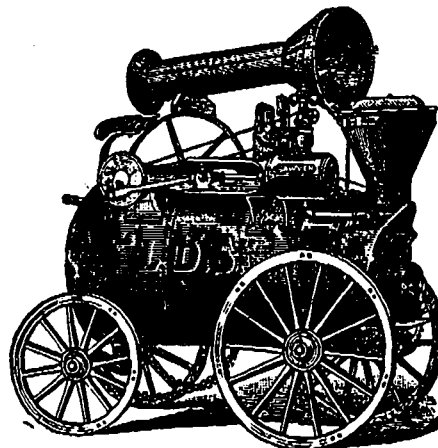
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Or 3. Annuity for Life \$1,296.00

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

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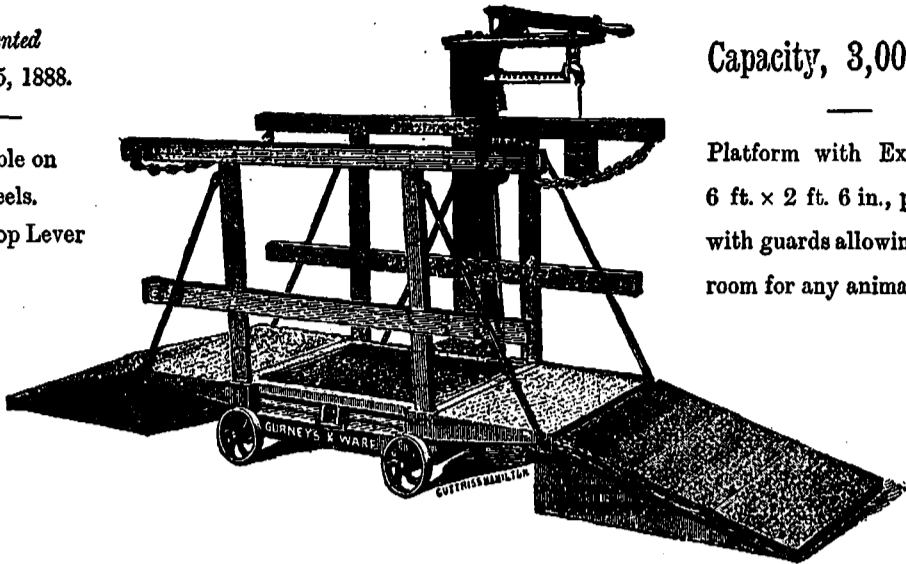
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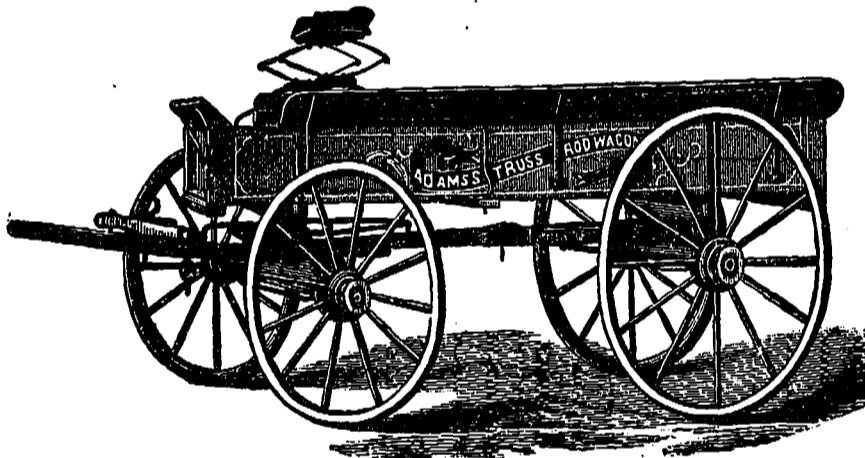
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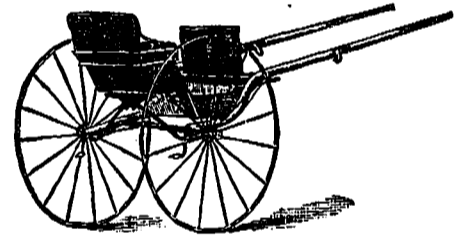
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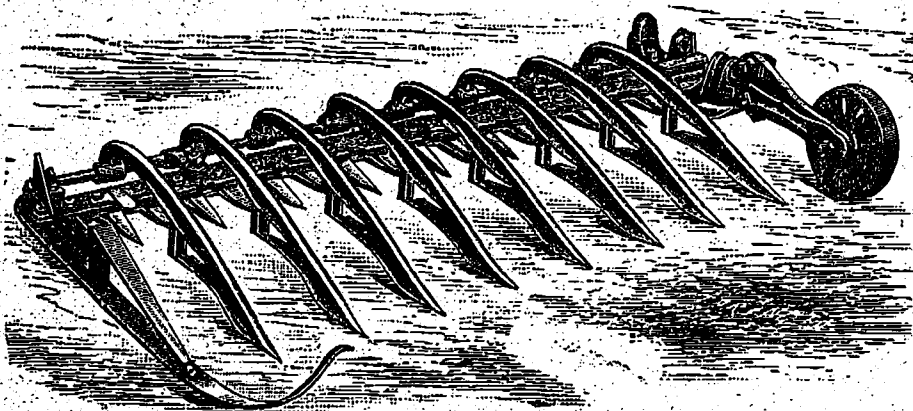
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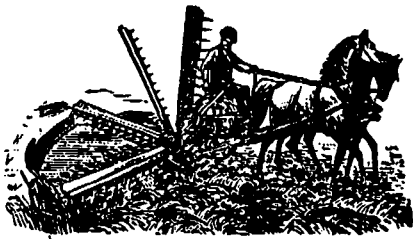
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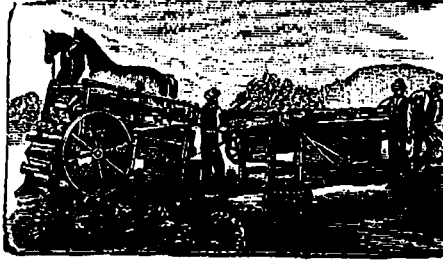
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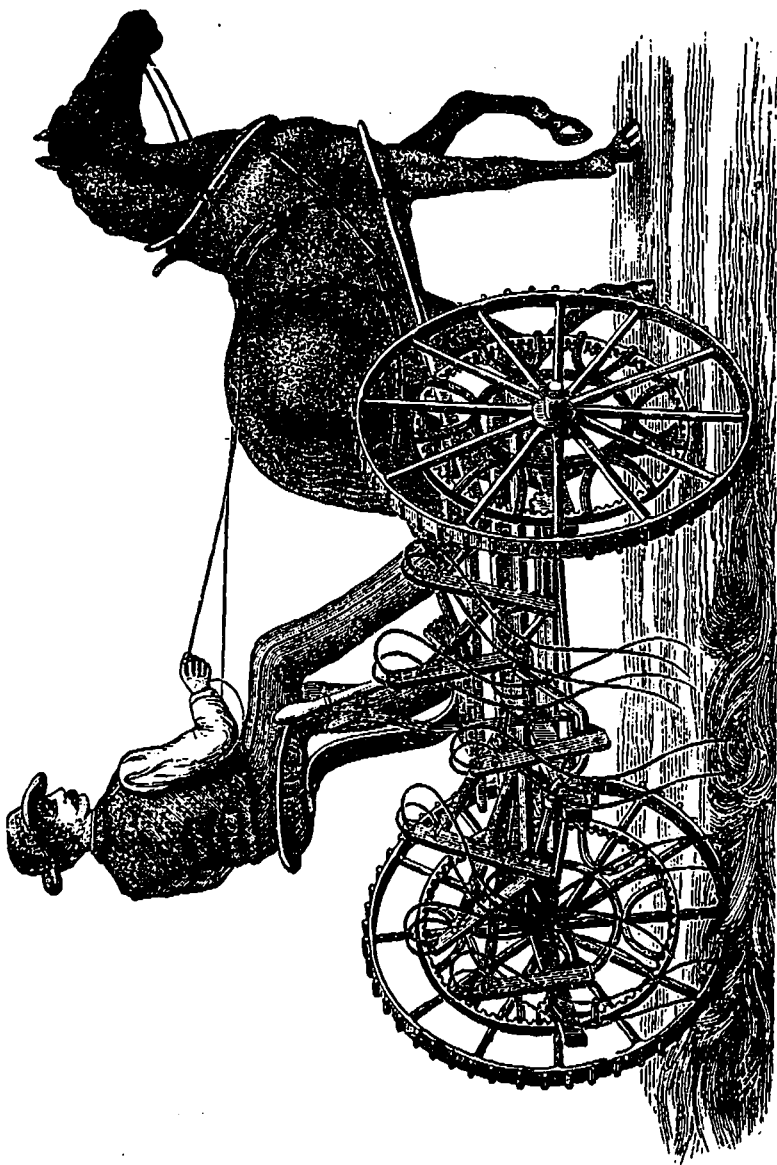
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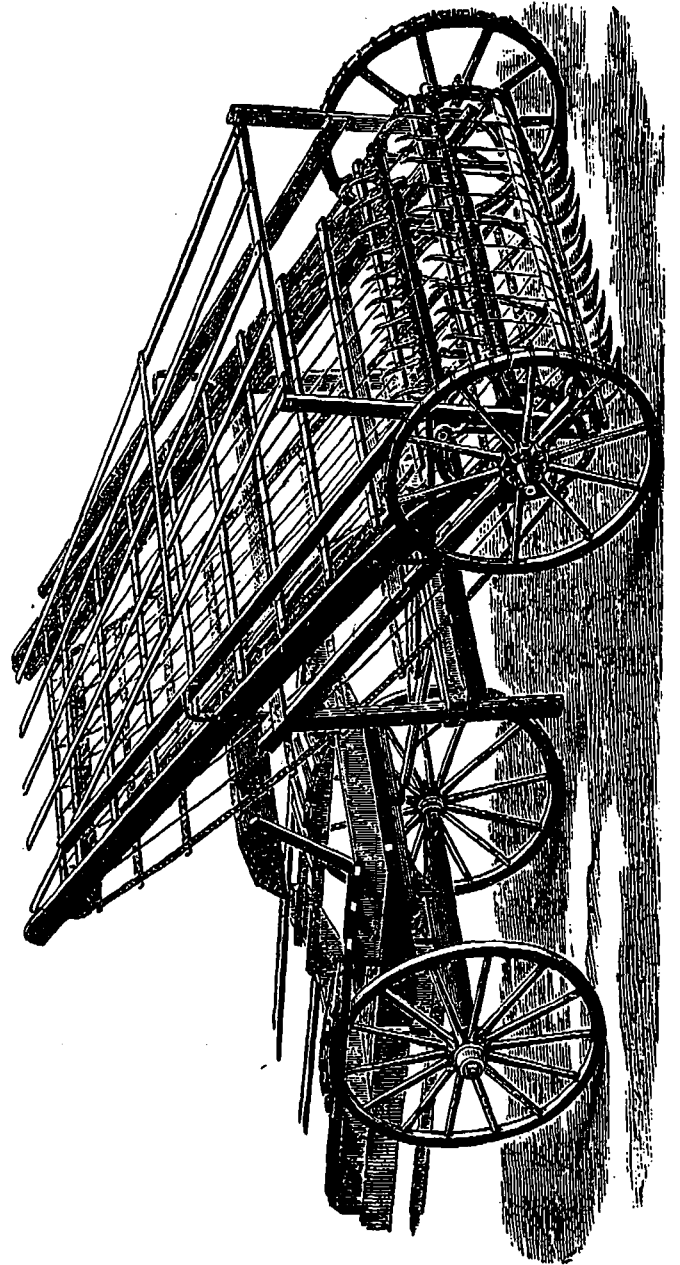
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