

# • Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

## September Number

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[Toronto, September, 1892.



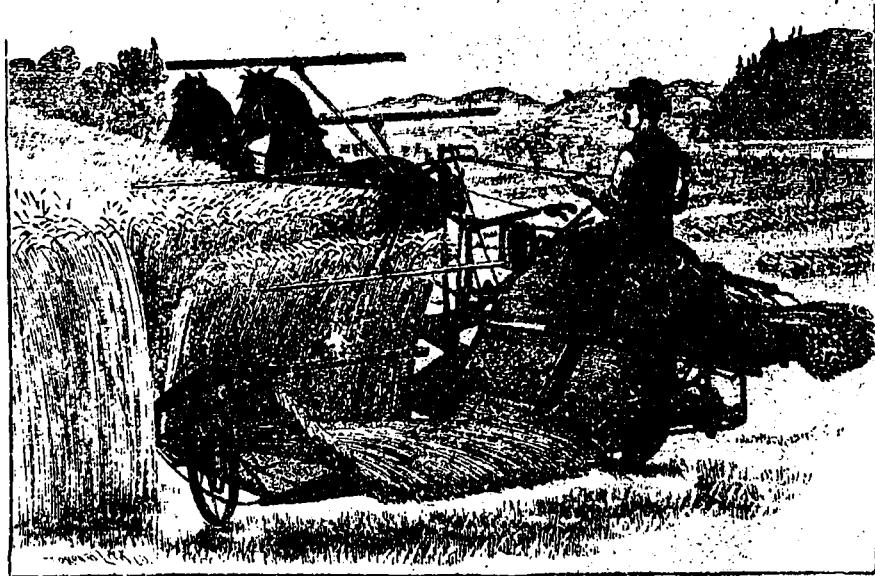
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# Massey-Harris

## WIDE-OPEN BINDER.

A Marvellous Record in the World's Harvest of 1892.

EVERYWHERE  
VICTORIOUS.



UNDAUNTED,  
TRIUMPHANT.



It anticipated this Machine would be a great success, but its workings, and the unparalleled record it has made in the harvest fields of the world during the season which has just past, have greatly surpassed our most sanguine expectations. At home and abroad it is the same story—"works perfectly"—"no trouble whatever"—"handles crops no other machine can touch"—"excels anything previously introduced," and at every trial where it competed it has taken the lead.

### SOME OF OUR VICTORIES AT PUBLIC FIELD TRIALS.

- July 10th. **ST. MIHIEL** (France) Field Trials. Awarded **First Prize, Grand Gold Medal**, defeating McCormick, W. A. Wood, Triumph, &c.
- July 24th **ARRAS** (France) Field Trials. Awarded **First Prize, £5 and Diploma**, defeating McCormick and others.
- July 31st. **CHAUMONT** (France) Field Trials. Awarded **First Prize, Grand Gold Medal**, defeating in order named, Adriance Platt, McCormick, Triumph, Johnston, Walter A. Wood, McCormick "Low Down."
- Aug. 12th. **GOETTINGEN** (Germany) Field Trials. Awarded **First Prize**, defeating Adriance and W. A. Wood.

These are the only four trials in which the MASSEY-HARRIS WIDE OPEN BINDER has competed in Europe this season; and knowing its merits, many makers have hesitated to enter against it, fearing their inevitable defeat.

Do not be misled by mere statements but rely on **PROVED FACTS** to guide you in your choice of a machine, and remember that our Wide-Open Binder bears the endorsement of thousands of users the world over last season, and that several of our leading competitors in England and the United States have publicly acknowledged their belief that we have discovered the one true principle for Self Binding Harvesters by their attempts to copy our machine.

**We Lead the Field. Others Imitate us and try to Follow.**

# MASSEY-HARRIS CO. Ltd.

## TORONTO, CANADA.

# ◆ Massey's Illustrated ◆

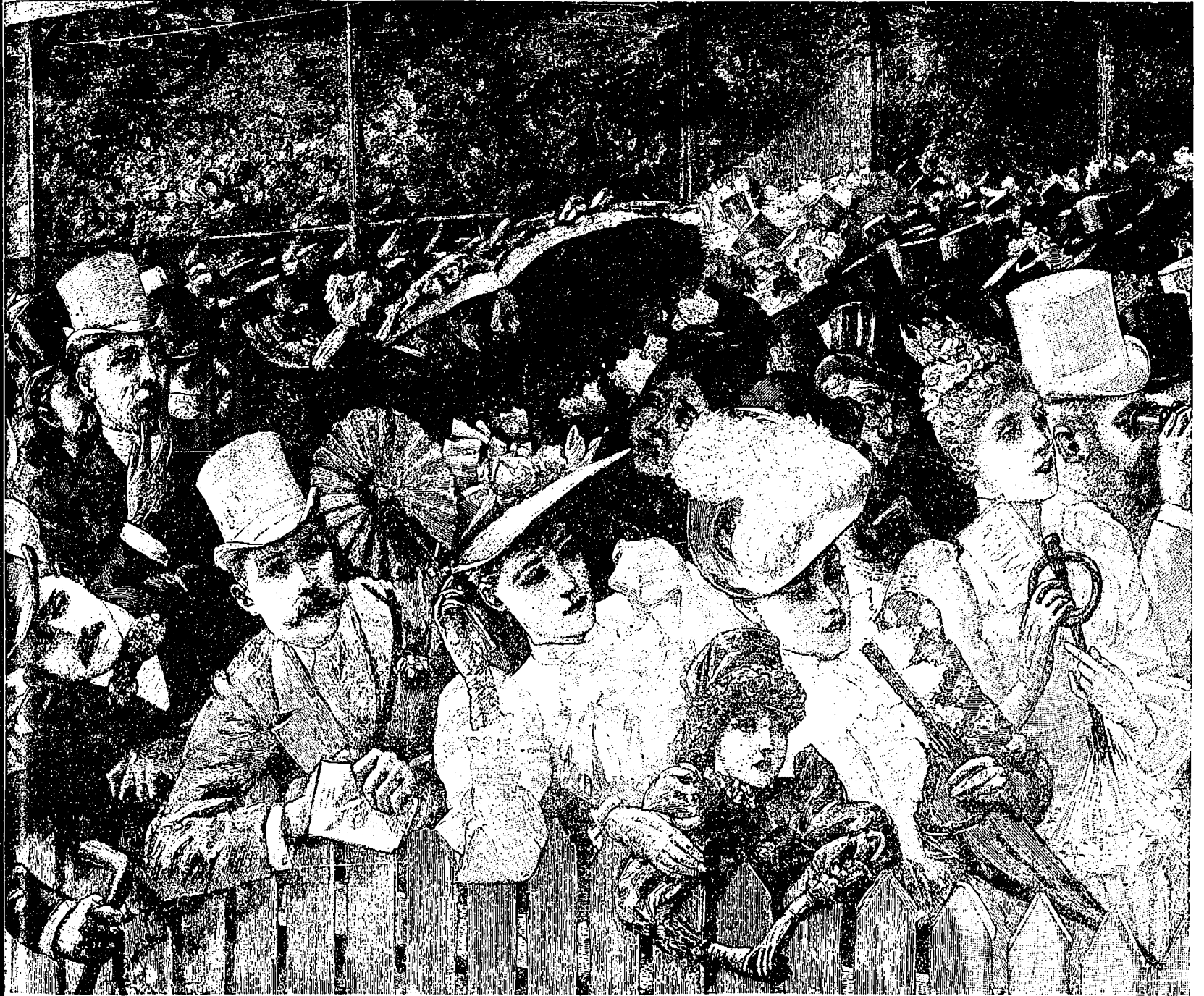
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New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER, 1892.

[Vol. 4, No. 9.



WATCHING "THE FINISH" FROM THE NEW GRAND STAND—TORONTO INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

## Toronto Industrial Exhibition.

THE Toronto Industrial Exhibition will be held this month from the 5th to the 17th, and judging from present appearances will prove the largest ever held in the city. Space has been secured by business men from all parts of the Dominion, and displays of manufacturers' goods will be on a magnificent scale. The everlasting crowding of the second week renders it difficult for spectators to derive the greatest possible benefit from their visit, and it might be well for farmers to try to make it convenient to come about the latter end of the first week or the beginning of the second week. To them the live stock and the farm implements

are the great attractions and they should be thoroughly examined. In the latter class, no farmer should miss seeing the specimens which will be placed on the MASSEY-HARRIS Co's stand. Year by year something new and something worth seeing is exhibited by them and anything that helps the farmer in his severe and varied toil, anything that lightens his labors, that expedites the work of the farm, and renders the daily routine more pleasant and more easily accomplished, is certainly an object of extreme interest to him. In the live stock pens and stalls will be found thorough-breds in horses, cattle, sheep and swine. Close attention ought to be paid to these, their good points examined and their market value

noted. Then, the poultry house will be well stocked, and farmers, their wives and daughters should see the various breeds. We urge upon them to do so. We long for the time when these important adjuncts to the farm—the poultry yard and the garden—will be appreciated by the average farmer and cultivated scientifically. There is money in them. The supply of honey will be large; farmers are gradually going into the keeping of bees, and to them this as well as the dairy department ought to offer features of attraction. In the dairy products and experiments carried on on the spot there is much to be learned. By all means visit this part of the show. By giving intelligent attention to some of these things our visitors may glean information of real value as well as derive much genuine pleasure. Give a wide berth to the horse ring until the substantial exhibits have been seen.



## Overcoming a Storm.

IN February the Rocky Mountains are like some stern and unapproachable old feudal castle. Their walls are high and white, and their gates are beset by death's own snares. Few men, who hold this human life the dearest possession, attempt to effect an entrance. Within the mountain wall, however, the miners have abundant supplies, and are prepared for a three months' siege of cold and storms.

Yet, knowing the dangers well, a solitary traveller started patiently to snow-shoe his way into the mountains at this very season of the year, and that, too, at the beginning of a storm. He knew the journey was one which might find him a grave somewhere among the hills, yet he continued steadily onward.

In Castle Cañon, a thankful wayside camp, sheltered on all sides by towering cliffs, he stopped for a little rest. Taking out a hearty lunch, he ate it, as a soldier arms himself for warfare, saying, as the last crumb disappeared, "Now, my boy, the next meal will be at the 'Daylight,' if it is to be terrestrial."

He knew that down in the valley it was little expected that he would ever return.

"But the Western population is forever shifting," he had said. "If a man seeks a grave in some cañon, or otherwise changes his residence, it is about the same to the camp he leaves."

But his friends had clung to him, with pleading and arguments. To these he had replied seriously:

"Life's a handy thing to have in camp; but I've always held that many good things were bought too dear, and life's one of those very articles. The exchange of a man's honor for the breathing apparatus of a craven is a poor trade."

"But," said an old-timer, "you're just buckin' agin fate. This storm's good fur ten feet in the mountains, an' no mortal critter kin live it down, much less carry anybody help."

"Never you fear, Jim," said Richard Vincent, gravely. "Here's a 'critter' will get through it. If I don't,—well, I'm no saint, but if I do meet a slide, God will bless the errand, if he doesn't the sinner; and afterwards—well I *must* go, and risk the 'afterwards.'"

His fingers trembled, as he leaned down to fasten his buckskin leggings, and the color deepened upon his determined face.

The big, muscular fellow looked noble in the strength of his manhood. He was dressed in blue flannel and corduroy. He put his feet under the straps of his snow-shoes,—great life-boats they seemed,—and said, with one backward glance, "Bound for the 'Snowstorm,' friends, and I'll get there!"

The sun seemed half asleep, or as though it had all day been watching, with an eye half-open, the clouds gathering for a storm. It was now reddening behind the western peaks. Vincent had reached the white-clad cabin of the "Daylight" mine.

Only the smoke stealing up from a snow-bank revealed the buried abode.

One big miner was sitting by the fire, with a book in his hand, while his partner lay on the bunk, sleeping.

Our traveller received a warm welcome, and the genial host, Abe Blunt, was soon bustling about the cabin, preparing a meal for him, for in the mountains the Eleventh Commandment is hospitality.

"It's pretty certain," he said, as he poked the fire, "thet your brother-in-law haint passed here on his way up."

"I'm afraid not, Abe. You see, the trouble was, he no sooner got down than he got to drinking. I was up at the mill, but they tell me he 'blew in' no less than three hundred dollars at the 'Silver Brick' night before last. That worries me, for Bill had no such money of his own to spend."



"But what did the rascally piece of flesh come down fur, leavin' the wife an' babies up there alone? That's what I'm after knowin'," questioned Abe, with a dark look. He never did "have any use for Bill Linton," as he had many a time said.

"Well, Abe, God only knows that; I'm sure I don't. The other fellows snow-shoed it down, and so he did—to get the mail, they tell me."

Abe Blunt said something under his breath. Then he got up and looked at the bread.

By-and-by he said, solemnly, "Dick Vincent, you never orter a let yer sister go into the mountains with sech cattle as that."

"Most true; but I couldn't help it. If you live long enough, Abe, you'll one of these days run against something in a gentle little woman that's like an iron wall. You see, by going up there she could make sixty dollars a month, outside of Bill's pay, cooking for the miners, and at the same time take care of her family."

"They were very poor," he continued, apologetically. "Alice's health was good, and she

thought it was best to go—not for the money alone, I think, but to keep her hold on Bill as well. When I found she was determined, I went up and saw that everything was comfortable. It didn't seem so bad then; but now—oh, this is terrible!"

Richard Vincent put his elbows on his knees, and covered his face with his hands.

In the meantime the supper cooked itself, and Abe began spreading the table for the now thoroughly hungry visitor. Hardly had he turned out one of his warm loaves, however, when a sudden rumbling, crushing noise reached their ears—not an unusual sound; but this one was terrible in its distinctness. The same instant an avalanche came upon them, and the cabin was left totally dark.

There is something in a snow-slide that strikes such terror to the heart as one can know only by experience. When it had passed, the two men, unhurt, stood in their places rigid with fear, not daring to move a foot, thinking, in their dismay, that the slightest stir might precipitate a second avalanche. Each feared a panic in the other, and each strove to appear unalarmed, hoping thus to steady the nerves of his comrade.

Dick spoke first.

"Where is the shovel, Abe!"

"It was right thar by the door," Abe replied, in a husky voice.

But the spell was broken. Work was the next thought. The cabin was not only buried, but half full of snow, and the sleeping Sam lay under a smothering load. Happily he was dug out alive, and, though probably fatally injured, he was soon made as comfortable as possible. Next came the labor of shovelling snow.

All night they worked, and, when morning came, they had barely made an opening for its welcome rays. Much damage was done to the cabin: and the work of repairs and the care of Sam occupied another day of precious time.

Our traveller saw that there was now no possibility of company on his way, or help from the Daylight miners, whatever the needs at the Snowstorm might be; and when another morning dawned, though the wind and snow still raged, Vincent insisted upon continuing his journey alone.

"It's clean suicide, mau," said the friendly Abe, bringing a lunch of bread and ham. "You'll never make the Snowstorm. Better stay a spell longer. You won't be losin' no time, now mind."

"Maybe not, Abe; but I've been thinkin' it over, and I believe I can make the old cabin, in Hogback Gulch, by noon, with all these odds against me. Then, even if I have to lie over for hours there, the trip across the divide, when the storm does let up, will be short. I tell you, Abe, I can't stay any longer. Bill is lost—that seems certain—and Alice and the children are up there alone."

He buckled his snow-shoes tight as he spoke, and, seizing his long pole, passed out of the cabin door.

"Startin' out with your life in your hands," was the solemn warning of Sam, from the bed.

"Well, you see I've no other baggage," the traveller returned, cheerfully.

He left the cabin with a brave heart, but with the world of wind and weather against him. The snow beat his face pitilessly, and the gusts of wind often rather forced his steps backward. He knew the trail well, but, had it been otherwise, there was small chance of losing it. He smiled grimly, as he said to himself, "All a fellow has to do is to keep to the edge of the cliffs," and he glanced over the rocks into the cañon hundreds of feet below.

At a sharp turn in the trail at this point he was obliged to take off his snow-shoes, and bear them on his shoulders, while he crept on hands and knees around the slippery pass.

Half a mile below was the deserted cabin of



Hogback Gulch. Long before he reached it, however, Vincent's strength seemed spent. He was attacked by a weariness such as men feel who are willing to brave the dangers of an unending sleep for a little rest. But he must reach the poor shelter, now just in sight. As he passed down, he could see the snow hanging in great masses over the edge of the mountains, ready to start at any motion. On occasions the foot of a bird would send it down on its work of destruction.

An avalanche might come at any moment, he knew, and he was in its direct course; but, waist-deep in snow, there was no hastening in his effort. Sometimes the mass would move with the wind, and then stop, and the defenceless traveller would count his chances of getting out of its tracks in time.

Once the snow mass broke loose at the top, and moved slowly and majestically downward, taking its time, as if conscious of its power.

Poor Dick, seeing it then, gave up for lost; but the avalanche quietly stopped, as a loaded train slows up for passengers, and he pushed on out of its reach.

No guest ever entered the door of a palace with feelings of greater thankfulness than he welcomed a rude structure of logs in the gulch, which had only the accommodations of a bunk in one corner, half-filled with straw, and a tumble-down fireplace. The cabin had long since been deserted by its owners—discouraged miners—and was never inhabited, except on occasions like the present. The door was gone, if there had ever been one, and the snow drifted rapidly in, as any other cold wayfarer would do on a stormy day.

Vincent threw himself down on the straw in the sheltered corner, and closed his aching snow-blinded eyes.

The wind groaned and howled by the cabin, with its burden of snow, as if hurrying on to assist a snow-slide, or to bury deeper in the gulch or cañon some unfortunate miner. As evening drew on, the cold became more intense. The cabin cracked, as if brittle with ice. Frost glittered on the walls, the ceiling, the straw. The very wind seemed frozen.

Dick had been so tired that, but for Alice, he would have lain down in the soft snow outside.

Now he began to feel rested.

From the first, he had felt a superhuman power to accomplish the journey. Then this exhaustion had come, like a heavy hand bearing him down and breaking his spirit. Now, courage and confidence were returning. He was not cold any longer. Peace was settling gently, like the snowflakes, down in his bosom. He was so happy! He would rest a few moments longer, then press on. His eyelids drooped childishly.

Suddenly, crashing, tearing down the mountain-side, breaking every tree in its course, laying low a hemlock a few feet from the cabin entrance, came a snow-slide. Was it a kindly spirit of warning, or did it indeed shriek "Alice! Alice!" above the wind and the storm? It roused the unwary young man in the embrace of death, and he opened his eyes. The wind took up the words.

"Alice! Alice!" it seemed to cry with every shrill breath.

He lifted his head, and, in his surprise and fear, tried to spring to his feet; but his limbs seemed unyielding with cold. He rose with difficulty and walked about the cabin as rapidly as possible, rubbing his hands with snow, all the time hearing that mournful warning on the air.

By this time the snow was over the cabin-roof, and the storm raged as if bent on destroying the earth.

Now and then the young man halted in his walk, at the sound of some falling tree or an avalanche more terrific than its predecessor. A horrible terror now entered into his heart. Must he die here, and leave Alice alone in the storm? He allowed himself no further rest, but spent the night in walking.

Morning came, and with it a slight abatement in the storm. If he could live outside, he had time to reach the Snowstorm before night. Certainly it was only death to remain where he was, with no food, fuel, or blankets. To go was a decision soon made and put into execution.

Making an opening in the doorway, with one of his snow-shoes, his preparations were complete. At the entrance he hesitated; and, for an instant, looked back, wondering if he should ever know a

shelter again. Then he balanced himself with his pole, and his snow-shoes carried him a hundred feet to the next incline in a twinkling.

From there to the Snowstorm it was a hard ascent. The storm subsided, but our traveller had still the drifts and biting cold to contend with, which strained his human strength to its utmost limits.

Now, he was climbing around boulders; now, in spaces blown bare of snow; and now, in drifts that threatened to bury him.

Now he would stop to rest and look back over the trail. What a grand sight it was!

The snow was formed into every shape of white magnificence. The old world had for hours seemed very dim and far away to him, and now he half wondered if it had not indeed vanished, leaving but this ghostly semblance.

The rocks everywhere were as monuments, the one rising up at his side like some pale statue. The sternness of the storm-worn cliffs and lowering peaks was lost in graceful draperies of white; and every hemlock, spruce, and lordly fir seemed intent on carrying armfuls of shroud-like apparel somewhere. The gentle aspens followed in the train, quivering under their own burdens.

He thought of the Judgment, the great white throne, and the angels clad in white garments. His steps startled a covey of snow-white quails just ahead.

He was not a religious man, and a fearful desolation came over him. In his sudden despair he sank down in the snow as if he, too, would gladly embrace death to escape the loneliness, the hunger and thirst of life. Then, again, he seemed to hear a voice calling him higher on the cliffs—a kindly voice that had admonition in its tones.

It was then—his own strength gone—that he looked higher, calling on his Maker for help.

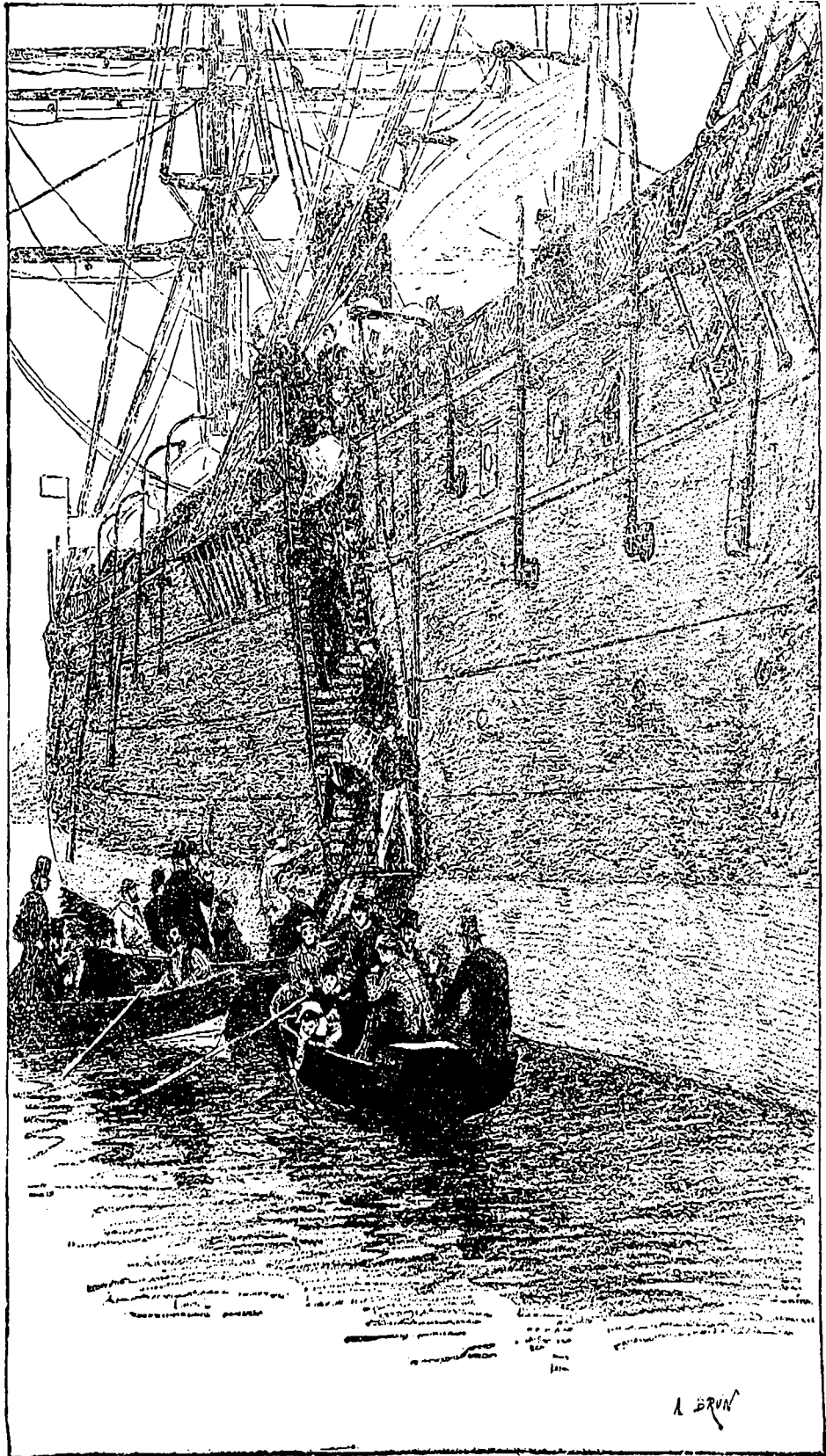
"It is Alice!" he pleaded. "It is my precious sister!" and he staggered on his journey.

He was nearing the Snowstorm mine now, for there was the store-house in sight. A quarter of a mile farther on was his sister's cabin. He dragged himself into the miner's provision-room half fainting.

What a sight was there for a starving man!

Long rows of hams and sides of bacon hung together. Shelves on all sides were laden with pleasant-looking cans.

(Going no farther, the young man took out his knife and cut off strips of the raw meat, which he



DISSEMBARKING FROM AN OCEAN STEAMSHIP.

ate ravenously. They gave him new life. A half-hour's rest, and he was on his way.

But what is this in the trail? His pole struck something hard, and, stooping down, he found it to be a can of fruit. At one side was a log from some cabin. Surprise acted as an anæsthetic upon Vincent's brain. He could not think the worst. He wondered vaguely what it meant. Then he found ore-sacks, a shovel, a pan, and, thrown on the low boughs of a hemlock a child's pink apron.

Hardly breathing, except in heavy gasps, not daring to think on what was before him, he rushed on over the now smooth ground toward the cabin site. He found it, but, alas! little beside. An avalanche had swept over it and left it a ruin. The end of the cabin, built against the mountain, was not entirely destroyed, but thrown sidewise, and rested on part of its own wreck. A section of the broken roof lay in front.

He found the lower bunk not destroyed and seemingly undisturbed. Mamie's doll and Alice's hood lay on it, and two little gowns tucked in at the head, had now slipped down close to the logs; but nowhere was any sign of the family.

Vincent went outside and called and was answered only by an echo. He followed down the smooth track of the slide, calling and hallooing at every step.

Hesitating once, and straining his ears to catch some answer to his cries, he heard a faint voice from the direction of the tunnel dump.

He listened. "Here," it said. He called again. "I am here, Dick," answered the voice, as if expecting help.

He hurried on in the direction of the sound. In a moment he was at the place, digging the snow away with his bare hands.

"Is that you, Dick?"

"Yes, Alice."

"O Dick! I was sure God would not let me die here all alone. I've been praying to Him," and Alice's pale, pinched face smiled gratefully. "I thought your steps were Will's, and then, dear Dick, I heard your voice. How good God is!"

Tears wet the man's weather-stained, blistered cheeks now. He could not speak. Loosening her from the wreck of the cabin, he clasped her in his arms. The movement gave her acute pain and she fainted. One of her limbs was broken, and her body was crushed and lacerated.

He hastened with his burden to the part of the cabin that was still standing and laid Alice on her own bed. Her hands were very cold, and he covered her with blankets to ward off the chill of death. As he did this her eyelids slowly lifted, just as the door into a dying chamber is softly opened sometimes, that you may take the last long look that must suffice to eternity.

"It has taken them all," she said, after a long silence, while great tears ran fast down her wan cheeks. "Dick, I thought it was the Judgment, and that the earth was being destroyed; and it was only my poor little world, after all!"

"Can you tell me about it, dear?" he asked.

Another long pause followed, her eyes closed, while occasionally she compressed her lips as if to overcome pain.

By-and-by she said: "It came when we were all so happy, Dick. I was cooking batter cakes for dinner, to please the children, and I was expecting Will, and knew how hungry he'd be. Mamie was watching for him that moment at the door, with her little pink apron over her head; and Charley"—a shudder passed over her—"Charley was opening one of those cans of maple syrup that you gave us, Dick. He put a little brown finger down in the first crack he made, and lifted it to me, with such a bright look in his lovely dark eyes—shall I ever forget it?" Her face contracted in agony.

"He never put that finger to his lips. That moment the crash came, and the light of my boy's face and all the world seemed to go out together. I didn't hear a cry. Everything seemed to be breaking, as if the mountains were falling upon us, and then I was half buried, as you found me.

"When I knew I couldn't rise, I called and called for Mamie and Charley, but no answer; and then I heard your voice. God sent you, Dick!"

She lifted her hand and passed it lovingly over his sunburned face.

"We were getting on so well," she continued. "I had saved three hundred dollars of my own, Dick, that Will took with him to put in the bank." Richard Vincent shuddered.

"It was very precious; and now—the earth seemed so valueless!"

The young man knelt by the bed and buried his face in the blankets, while his whole form shook with sobs. Never before had it seemed possible that he could be helpless in the presence of suffering. Mamie or Charley could have done as much as he for dying Alice.

To move her was an impossibility, and to go for help was to leave the delicate sister to meet death alone.

She held fast to one of his hands, her slender fingers clinging round one of his larger ones. Her expressive blue eyes were fixed on the logs above her head.

There were no more tears now. "Dick," she exclaimed, joyfully, "they are coming nearer—my little ones. Oh, the world's storms cannot separate us!"

As she spoke, another slide went thundering down the cañon. The small fingers clung a little tighter, but the womanly lips smiled.

"I can never be afraid again, dear," she whispered. "I have heard the sound of destruction, and the storms of life have spent themselves upon my poor heart. What have I to fear now?"

The eyes closed again, and two big tears found their way slowly down the cheeks—not sad tears, but drops of unshed sorrow that must be left to the world.

"Dick, I feel so strange—such peace! They are coming, dear!"

Then the angel of the resurrection gathered together, from the summit to the bottom of the terrible cañon, the broken family ties and held them tenderly in his hands.

There was never a grander funeral than the one at the Snowstorm that day, and never a jewel held in a fairer casket than that which Dick cut in solid whiteness for Alice!

It was down near the storehouse, in the shelter of protecting rocks, and, as he laid the beloved sister in the spotless grave, he placed the little pink apron on her bosom—thus to rest until the trails were open in the spring.

Looking down at the pure, upturned face, the loneliness and horror of the day seemed suddenly to vanish, and some words from an old book came back to Dick's memory:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Laura B. Marsh.

#### Day is Dying in the West.

Heaven is touching earth with rest:  
Day is dying in the west;  
Wait and worship while the night  
Sets our evening lamps alight  
Thro' all the sky.

Chorus.—Holy, holy, holy,  
Lord God of Hosts!  
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,  
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,  
O Lord most High!

Lord of life, beneath the dome  
Of the universe, Thy home,  
Gather us who seek Thy face  
To the fold of Thy embrace,  
For Thou art nigh.—*Cho.*

While the deepening shadows fall,  
Heart of Love, enfolding all,  
Through the glory and the grace  
Of the stars that veil Thy face  
Our hearts ascend.—*Cho.*

When forever from our sight  
Pass the stars, the day, the night,  
Lord of angels, on our eyes  
Let eternal morning rise  
And shadows end.—*Cho.*

#### Antwerp Cathedral.

HERE as I enter with uncovered head,  
And gaze in awe upon the stately pile  
That loving hands and cunning skill erewhile  
Slow builded as the ages quickly sped,  
I see a mighty throng, whose silent tread  
No longer echoes through the vaulted aisle,  
As from the twilight of the past they file,  
By the sweet influence of the mild Christ led.

Here is the savage strength of warriors bold:  
Here priests and prelates proud from victories won;  
Here march with pomp the hosts of chivalry:  
And then that nameless multitude I see,  
Who, full of care, here prayed at set of sun,  
With loving faith, more rich than proffered gold.

#### The Minister's Cow.

It was necessary to get a cow for our baby. Then began a hunt. My first discovery was that most farmers in our section virtually kept but one cow. Oh, certainly, there would be a herd of cattle—a dozen or fifteen, perhaps. But it would be like this: Mr. Ecks would sell me a cow. I went into his yard at milking time, walked past several that would give two or three quarts at a milking, two or three that would give six at their utmost when fresh, stopped at one which had the true milker's marks, and could be depended on to be a four-gallon cow, and asked her price. The answer was, "I shouldn't want to sell that one." At Mr. Wye's, when I made my pick of the only cow it would really pay to keep, the answer was, "That's the only thing on the place that I won't sell." I soon found that, on numerous farms, the one cow had to keep up the reputation of the herd. There would be two or three who were a tolerable second to her. The others were such as would have demoralized the best ledger that ever was invented, if their food had been entered on the "Dr." side and the milk expected to balance the account.

Autumn was fast coming on, and developed this further fact, that great numbers of cows were already half starved. There had been a drouth, but the full number had been kept in the dry pastures, nothing fed to them, and what didn't grow they had to do without. I went to see one man who had "a fresh Jersey" to sell for forty dollars. She was standing, thin as a rail, and very melancholy, in a wretched, scrubby lot. Near her was a pretty heifer, a little more forlorn. The owner said, "That's a three-year-old. She came in a while ago, but pasture's been rather short, and she hasn't done very well. I cut off a piece of her tail the other day to freshen her up a bit!" Poor, little cow! Trying to give milk without food, and when she failed under the strain, afforded the stimulus of an amputation as a substitute for something to eat.

Another man told me, not long after, "My whole herd ain't giving so as one cow ought to." I asked him if he had tried feeding bran or anything when the pasture began to fail. He answered, "No; perhaps it would have been worth while." In fact, here were hundreds of cattle starting in to what proved a hard, cold winter, half starved to begin with. Such a herd would eat every scrap of a great barn full of hay, give no milk worth speaking of the season through, and come out lean and wretched in the spring. It is a question if a cow ever fully recovers from one spell of starvation.

Next "the farrer cow" put in an appearance. She was for sale on every hand. Twenty-five dollars would buy her. She would give from a gallon to six quarts a day, and her great recommendation was the splendid frame of bones to lay meat on, for sale in the spring. Certainly, if ever meat was needed, it was there. Out-door exercise agreed with her, and after snow was on the ground, you would see her standing on the solitary hillside, under a leafless tree, where a placard was tacked up advertising "Pure, Raw Bone," while she mused upon the mysteries of civilization.

Then came recommendations of certain cows which "don't seem to have much bag, but when you begin to milk them the milk comes." I am ready to testify that it doesn't come. A good cow, like a good business man, will have some visible assets. If she has much milk, she will have a place to keep it in. She should have a good, generous udder, which is shapely after milking, its four sections keeping separate individuality and maintaining the "square" formation. If it all falls together, like an old glove, she may have any amount of indorsements, but she won't have milk. At length, I heard of "a staving good cow," that belonged to a doctor, who however asked "an awful price" for her—fifty dollars. I went to see her; a great, stately Shorthorn, mottled red and white, with just a dash of native blood from the "old Beck stock." She had the short horns of her race; head and limbs small for her size and finely formed; large, soft, kind eyes; deep chest and body, with milk veins as large as her halter rope; and a bag with seven teats, five of which give milk. It seemed as if Nature had tried to double the ordinary milking capacity, and almost succeeded. She—that is the cow, not Nature—had meat on her ribs; her hide was loose, her coat like velvet. She had never

been starved nor abused since she was born, and had the sumptuous, patrician look, which even a well-bred animal gets from habitual prosperity. Then her record was of the highest. Never one of her calves had gone to the butcher. A neighbor had one of them, now a three-year old heifer, for which he would not take seventy-five dollars.

I paid the "awful price," and opened a dairy with one cow. When her beautiful calf came at Thanksgiving time, everything began to overflow with milk. Over and over again we measured it, thirteen quarts, or thirteen quarts and a pint—a safe average of more than six gallons daily. The cream does not separate quite as readily as that of the Jerseys. Her skim-milk is better than we could buy of the milkman. But the cream churns into butter of the finest quality and with great facility, so that churning is a joke in our family. Through the summer she kept up her four gallon average with little diminution, and through the succeeding winter did all that could rationally be expected. Now she is "fresh" again, and we have still the brimming pail and the choice butter, while the two calves she has given us are already winning reputation in the two towns to which they have gone at good prices.

It seems to me that here is a way out for many discouraged dairy farmers, who find that "it don't pay." They will promptly answer, "They can't afford to buy blood stock;" no, nor anything else, so long as they keep those cadaverous, cavernous receptacles capable of containing everything that can be produced on a farm except milk. Let them pick out two or three of the worst ones, and shut them up to fatten; feed them well and get through with them soon. Then they will have some money to buy something with and can buy just one first-class cow of whose milking qualities they are perfectly sure. If possible, they should get one that is in condition to give a full mess immediately, or very soon, so that the profits may begin right off. Then let them fall upon two or three more of those unprofitable servants and treat them better than they were ever treated before in their lives, asking no return till the butcher is ready to give it. Don't mind if the inferior milker is young. That's all the more reason for getting rid of her, because there would be so many years to milk her at a loss. Besides, her beef would be ever so much better eating. Then let the farmer get another carefully picked cow. Soon he will have five or six first-class milkers that will give more than the whole herd sacrificed, with half the feed and half the trouble. It's far easier, as well as pleasanter, to milk six cows than sixteen for the same amount of milk. He can then save all the heifer calves from these choice cattle, taking care that they inherit good qualities from both sides, and he will soon have a herd to be proud of, and that will "pay." It was quite amusing to have our new girl just from the country exclaim, as she lifted the great pail of milk to strain it off, "Mercy! Is all that milk from one cow?" Wouldn't it pay to have every cow on a farm like that one?

## Verity Plow Co., Ltd.

### Who They are, and What They Propose.

PROBABLY there is no name associated with the Canadian Plow Trade which is more favorably known throughout the Dominion than that of Verity—particularly is this true in the Canadian North-West, where Verity Plows have won a reputation for excellence unapproached by that of any other Canadian or American manufacturer. The firm of W. H. Verity & Sons, Exeter, is in many respects a remarkable institution. A name which becomes celebrated in connection with a business enterprise generally comes into prominence through the efforts of one, or at most two or three, individual members of the family, but in the case of the Veritys we find a father and all his sons—four in number—each actively engaged in the business and doing his part to bring the Verity Plows to the present high standard of excellence. The father, Mr. W. H. Verity, acted as office manager; the

eldest son, R. H. Verity, as superintendent, and the other three sons each held a foremanship over one of the departments. That each member of the firm became greatly skilled in his department of the work is fully proven by the goods turned out, with which no fault could be found in any particular. In order to further extend the business relations of this worthy firm, and to manufacture on a still larger scale, it was decided to incorporate the industry under the name of Verity Plow Co., Limited.

In consummating this arrangement, the Plow business of Massey-Harris Co., Ltd. (formerly conducted by Patterson & Bro. Co., Ltd.) has been purchased, including the good will, plant, patterns, etc.

The works formerly occupied by J. O. Wisner, Son & Co., Brantford, have been acquired, and will be entirely remodelled and extensive additions made. An elaborate aerated fuel oil plant has been put in, by which process alone the best results in bending, forging and forming plow parts can be obtained.

The latest and most approved appliances for hardening and tempering steel will be adopted, and altogether the equipment will be the most complete in Canada for this line of work. A private railway siding is being run to the new factory, enabling the Company to lay down its raw ma-

terials at the closest possible price, and affording excellent shipping facilities. It is contemplated to manufacture the largest and most complete line of Plows made in Canada, and certainly, judging from their Fall Circular, these people are making a determined effort to gain the trade of our first farmers in every part of the Dominion. This new Company will have a capital of \$150,000.00.

The officers of the new Company have not as yet been appointed, though we are informed they will be about as follows:

**DIRECTORS**—W. H. Verity, R. H. Verity, W. J. Verity, H. A. Massey, and E. W. H. Van Allen.

H. A. Massey, *President*; W. H. Verity, *Vice-President*; R. H. Verity, *Sec'y & Gen'l Manager*; W. J. Verity, *Treasurer*.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED wishes the new Company every success.

SOMETIMES the lot of the young boys on the farm is one of exhausting labor, without much youthful enjoyment. Yet when time does permit, what healthy pleasures belong to the farmers' boys: fishing in the little stream, bird-nesting in the bush, and with their little sisters gathering wild flowers in the meadows or groves of trees. Life on the farm has its hard side, but it need never be monotonous nor dull, and with a little thoughtfulness even the necessary labors from day to day may be rendered interesting and pleasant for young and old.





## COMPENSATIONS.

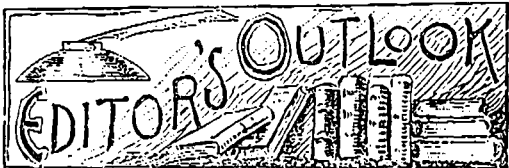
A shadow drifts over the landscape,  
And hangs like a pall o'er the scene,  
It lies over meadow and woodland,  
And darkens the shady ravine.  
But the light that flows in has a glamor,  
A softer, more roseate glow,  
And the charm of an undulous glory,  
It knew not an hour ago.

Those blossoms are often the fairest,  
That soonest come after the snow,  
The songs of the birds are the sweetest,  
For the silence of winter, I know.  
The stars are never so welcome,  
As after the tempest is gone;  
The damp and the gloom of the midnight,  
Are the dew and the splendor of dawn.

The rarest of all of our pleasures,  
Is shot from the quiver of pain,  
Our joys are the gifts of our sorrows,  
As the rainbow is that of the rain;  
And our passions, that move us and thrill us  
With ecstacy, thro' with our fears,  
Have their holiest office in giving  
For holiest baptism, tears.

So friendship is not worth possessing,  
Until it is to ted and tried;  
The fabrics with light interwoven  
With shade will the longest abide.  
Let us mingle the threads in the future,  
Since the impress of shadow is there,  
So skillfully, even the angels  
May say that the texture is fair.

—By Emma Scobury.



THE Ontario government has decided to utilize convict labor in the central prison for the manufacture of binder twine. We will offer them a suggestion. Let the Agricultural College at Guelph experiment on the stalks of sunflowers with the view of testing whether they are capable of yielding suitable straw for the twine. Should the experiment prove good the growing of sunflowers would become an easy and profitable farming industry.

THE Highland and Agricultural Society's show, the largest, the most important in Scotland and probably the oldest in the world, now existing, was held this year at Inverness, Scotland. It was more than usually successful and the entries, both as to number and standard of excellence, gave evidence of the prosperous condition of high class farming north of the Tweed. Sheep and horses were strong, showing a marked improvement on former years. Dairy products showed that at last, attention is being paid to the teachings of

science in the production of butter and cheese. It is with no small pride that Ontario farmers can look on Stratford and Stormont as cheese-making centres which have aroused the jealousy of Dunlop and Cheshire producers and have forced them to adopt the same means that have made a Ballantyne and a Macpherson famous among cheese kings. Canada is teaching the Scotch farmer the use of agricultural implements also, and it is no small triumph to know that Toronto's mammoth firm

gave its name to several useful implements which took prizes at this conservative show. In these, and some other things we are ahead, but in many other respects we, as farmers, are far behind our Scotch brethren. The specimens of grains exhibited were fine and taken altogether the Highland Society's show was a magnificent success.

By the lamented death of Sir Daniel Wilson, Canada's foremost educationalist and most distinguished archaeologist has passed away. Occupying the important position of professor in the Provincial University for many years and afterwards of President of the same institution, his opportunities for furthering the interests of higher education were many and they were taken advantage of with the grasp and vigour which distinguished the deceased. Early in his connection with Canada he was called upon to fight the battle of a public as against a denominational control of the university colleges. How he fought that contest and how he triumphed were achievements stamping him as a man of affairs and public views. As a scholar and man of letters he had already elicited a ready and hearty recognition from the home universities by the investiture of the Doctor's hood and gown. The deceased president was born in Edinburgh in 1816, and at the age of 21, having passed through the arts curriculum of the University of his native city, he proceeded to London to earn his living by the pen. In a short time he made his mark as an author and forthwith rose to fame. A list of his more pretentious and really valuable books are as follows: In 1847 he published "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time," and in 1851 appeared his great work, "The Archaeology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland." Both these works were copiously illustrated by drawings by himself. In 1862 appeared his "Pre-Historic Man: Researches Into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and New World." In 1869 he issued a Shakespearean study entitled "Caliban, or the Missing Link." In 1873 a volume of poems by him entitled "Spring Wild Flowers" appeared, and two years later he reprinted these with additions of an earlier volume of poems bearing the same title. In 1885 he published "Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh." In 1885 appeared his work on Anthropology, and in 1890, "William Nelson: A Memoir." He recently published another edition of "Edinburgh in the Olden Time," which is richly embellished with drawings from his own hand. This work is of special value, as the sketches represent buildings, etc., long since destroyed. "The Right Hand: Lefthandedness," a monograph on the left hand, by him, has just been published in England. Sir Daniel has in his monograph given much of the results of this study of the extent to which lefthandedness existed among various peoples. He examined clipped arrowheads with the microscope in

order to find how many of them had been chipped by the left hand. He has written articles for the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and on academical topics was a contributor to the public press of this country. One of his most successful books is that entitled "Chatterton: a Biographical Study," and was issued by him a few years ago. Sir Daniel was an authority on historical and ethnological questions, and ranked with Sir John Lubbock and other archaeologists. The vacancy created in the professoriate and presidency by his death will be difficult to fill. The names of Hon. Edward Blake and Dr. G. M. Grant have been mentioned in connection with it, but with little prospect of their filling it. The names of Hon. G. W. Ross and of Prof. Loudon have been before the public in the same connection and with more probability.

DURING a brief holiday the other week we happened on information regarding a vein of natural gas struck on a farm in Eldon township, at a comparatively short distance from the surface. The vein was not tapped nor was the gas put to any use. Now, this suggests a word to the farmer which we sincerely hope will not be lost on him. Natural gas may be found without incurring a formidable outlay, on very many farms within an area having Lake Ontario for its base and an oblique line from Trenton to the Georgian Bay for its northerly limit. The westerly limit is not so well-defined but it might drop from the Georgian Bay to any point on Lake Erie west of the county of Haldimand. Farmers should not be too ready to lease away their rights of boring for gas, to speculators who are now beginning to operate in this article, and when there is a strong probability that gas exists, advantage ought to be taken of its utility. Sink a well and tap the supply, you can use it to light your house, your barns, and stables, and instead of fuel. You will save on coal and wood and on coal oil, and will possess a fuel and light, clean and thoroughly effective for every purpose of the farm, to the generating of steam for machinery. A few years ago the Ontario Government built a few asylum cottages at Mimico near Toronto. In sinking a well for water, gas was struck, and it has been used since in the cottages. The cost was absurdly small, and the saving of money in light and fuel proportionately large. What has been done at Mimico can be done on the great majority of farms within the area described, probably on a much larger area in Ontario. Why should it not be done. Farmers may reasonably hesitate to spend large amounts of money in searching for gas on their farms, but when the amount does not exceed that of sinking an artesian well, or when as in the Eldon case, less, then surely wisdom points to its use as the best course to pursue. The day may not be far distant when the light and fuel on our best equipped farms will be conducted in a simple tube from a gas well.

PRINCE Edward Island, the Goshen of Canadian potato growers will, according to reliable estimates, yield at least twelve million bushels of the succulent tuber this fall. This will be an enormous quantity of the very best potatoes which can be raised on this continent, and, if placed on the market promptly, at fair prices, ought to be a source of wealth to the Islanders. Yet, it is questionable whether the yield will turn out as profitable to the producers as it ought to, as the market is circumscribed. The Canadian cities drawing their supplies from their own vicinities which this year are generally well-stocked, will not offer a hungry market, and the freight rates are too heavy to admit of even-handed competition. The cities within reach, such as Halifax and St. John, N. B., are accessible to the potato fields of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, and moreover the demand is limited. Boston, New York, and the cities of the eastern states are the usual customers on a large scale, but last year the gross imports of potatoes to the United States was not much more than one half the quantity produced this year by Prince Edward Island alone, and in 1888 the best year during the last ten years, the imports from Canada reached 8,259,538 bushels. Therefore, only a dearth in the United States would create a demand sufficient to meet the Prince Edward Island



supply. The United States tariff amounts to twenty-five cents per bushel, and that fact was mentioned by some writers last year, as retarding the traffic, but it is evident that the chief obstruction is the want of an adequate market with or without a tariff. Two courses are open to the Islanders. To pit the quality of their first class product against that of all comers in the United States market, and quality will always tell. Canadian cheese of the best quality obtains the highest price in the New York and London markets, because it surpasses in quality that of other competitors, and so with any other product of the factory or the farm, merit will rise to the top and will overcome all obstacles. There is no denying that Prince Edward Island is the home of the best potato grown in America, and if properly marketed in the United States and England, and even in Canada itself, it ought to beat all others. The other course is to turn the potato to new uses. Science has not said the last word as to the many uses to which the potato may be put. Let the inventive genius of the chemist and the manufacturer come into play and new ways will be shown in which money can be made from the cultivation of the potato. The farmer himself can find out uses hitherto unthought of for the potato in the feeding of his live stock. One fact is certain; it is that when nature has given special gifts to the soil, be it for dairy, for fruit, or for roots, the design is that man, nature's darling child, should have the fullest possible benefit from it.

THAT our remarks last month on emigration and its relations to farm help, went home has been evidenced by the responses from farmers which have been received by the editor. We are therefore once more encouraged to press upon the farmers the necessity of taking resolute action against the needs of next year. This is the time to make up your minds and to concert measures for your relief. Now the disadvantage at which you have been placed is fresh in your memory and it is well to strike the iron while it is hot. In the first place it should be insisted upon that the Immigration agents should be replaced at the various stations in Ontario. This is necessary for the proper and expeditious distribution of farm laborers arriving from the old country. Next, the \$15 per man, and \$7 per woman, given as a bonus to settlers in the North West ought to be shared with farm laborers settling in Ontario. It is all very well to settle the North-West. It certainly should be done, but not at the expense of the Ontario farmer, who has enough to do to maintain himself in comfort. Machinery, no doubt has supplanted manual labor to a great extent, and it is desirable that it should do so still more, but it has done so in the North-West as well as in Ontario, and the discrimination practised against the farmer here is entirely unjustifiable. Remember the institutes. They should be the debating societies of farmers' grievances. Legislation can never take the place of high class farming, but legislation can do much to make it easier and cheaper for farmers to execute good husbandry. A case in point is this scarcity of farm help. Abundance of help would keep labor at a paying level, would enable the farmer to produce more from the same area by applying labor to it, would enable the farmer to take advantage to the full limit of the short harvest-tide when wind and weather are such uncertain factors in successful harvesting. All this, and much more, such as attention to live stock, could be done at reasonable cost. And legislation can assist in bringing farm help to Ontario "Agitate, agitate, agitate," ought to be the watchwords this fall. The farmers must organize for their own interests and they must insist on being heard by the Provincial and Dominion governments. And let them listen to this, as soon as they give genuine evidence that they mean to fight for their rights, no government will dare to ignore their demands. There are, of course, many ways in which farm labor is affected as well as by emigration. The farmer can do much, himself, independent of any government or immigration measures, to keep laborers on his farm, but the point raised was that of immigration, and it is a strong one. All that is necessary to be done to perceive this is to compare the treatment meted out by government to Ontario and to the North West.

At this writing the report of the Dehorning Commission, appointed by the Ontario Legislature, has not been issued, but it is understood that it will pronounce in favor of the Dehorning practice. Chairman Drury and his associates have taken a great deal of evidence from practical men, and on their testimony the report will be based. It will be looked forward to with interest for there are many people who will not accept evidence in favor of dehorning from a humane standpoint, however strong. And it is likely that opinion will always differ. In Ireland and Scotland the practice of dehorning is allowed, no age nor circumstance being a restriction. In England, on the other hand, the practice is suppressed by law. The other day in actions brought at Newcastle on Tyne a couple of drovers and their man who executed the dehorning were fined \$25 and costs each. Yet much can be said in favor of the practice from the humane side. The pain inflicted by the operation may not be greater than that inflicted when by some accident or fright an animal dishorns itself, and hornless cattle are less dangerous to man and beast. By the application of chemicals to the horn button of calves the growth of the horn can be stopped, but the process is not painless as may be gathered from the following points suggested by experiments carried on at the Wisconsin Experimental station: "It is found in the majority of instances that the best results were reached when the compound was applied as soon as it was possible to locate the little horn button on the calf's head, which can be usually done when it is but three or four days old. From our experience it would seem that the dehorning compound should be fresh and the contents of the bottle well mixed before it is used; otherwise only partial success may be reached. The hair should be clipped from about the embryo horn with scissors, and the chemical applied with the rubber cork wet with the fluid and rubbed hard over the button until the application has penetrated the horn germ. When the germ has become soft, having an inflamed appearance, sufficient material has been applied. Care should be taken that no fluid runs down the calf's head, for the material is very caustic." Should legislation follow the Ontario Commission's report, as is likely to be the case, farmers who have been dishorning under threats of prosecution and indeed while pursued in the courts will find relief.

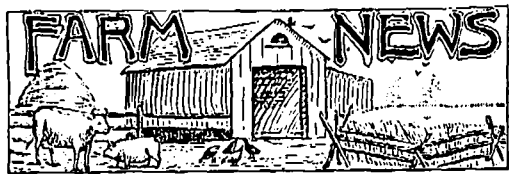
List of Principal Canadian Fairs, 1892.

PLACE OF FAIR.	DATES.
Toronto.....	Sept. 5th to 17th.
Kingston.....	Sept. 1st to 9th.
Sherbrooke, Que.....	Sept. 5th to 9th.
Picton.....	Sept. 7th and 8th.
Montreal, Que.....	Sept. 15th to 23rd.
London.....	Sept. 15th to 24th.
St. Catharines.....	Sept. 19th to 21st.
Wellesley.....	Sept. 20th and 21st.
Renfrew.....	Sept. 20th and 21st.
Guelph.....	Sept. 20th to 22nd.
Whitby.....	Sept. 20th to 22nd.
Perth.....	Sept. 20th to 22nd.
Stayner.....	Sept. 21st to 23rd.
Paisley.....	Sept. 22nd and 23rd.
Ottawa.....	Sept. 22nd to Oct. 1st.
Aylmer.....	Sept. 26th to Sept. 28th.
Tilsburg.....	Sept. 27th and 28th.
Durham.....	Sept. 27th and 28th.
Milverton.....	Sept. 27th and 28th.
Brampton.....	Sept. 27th and 28th.
Walkerton.....	Sept. 27th to 30th.
Brantford.....	Sept. 27th to 29th.
Peterboro.....	Sept. 27th to 29th.
Alntonite.....	Sept. 27th to 29th.
Collingwood.....	Sept. 27th to 30th.
Woodstock.....	Sept. 28th and 29th.
Stratford.....	Sept. 29th and 30th.
Cayuga.....	Oct. 4th and 5th.
Bowmanville.....	Oct. 4th and 5th.
Paris.....	Oct. 4th and 5th.
Markham.....	Oct. 5th to 7th.
Elora.....	Oct. 6th and 7th.
Beachburg.....	Oct. 6th and 7th.
Otterville.....	Oct. 7th and 8th.
Ridgetown.....	Oct. 11th to 13th.
Simcoe.....	Oct. 15th to 19th.
Woodbridge.....	Oct. 18th and 19th.

A meeting of the Canadian Association of Fairs and Exhibitions will be held in the Directors' Room, at the offices on the Toronto Exhibition grounds, on Monday afternoon, Sept. 12th. All Exhibition Associations are invited to send delegates.

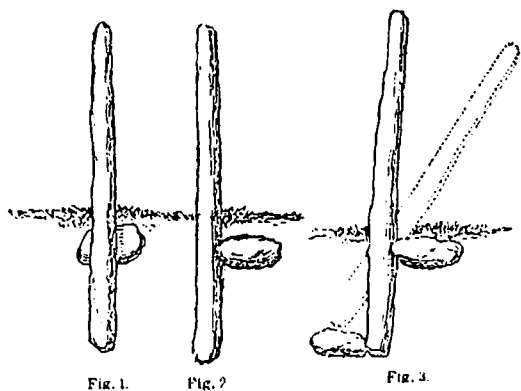


- 1st.—Earl Bathurst died. . . . . County Crown Attorney Badgerow, ex-M. P. Toronto, died. . . . . Operations suspended in the Champion Iron mine, Michigan, and 600 employes discharged, want of market for the ore given as cause.
- 2nd.—Strathroy's large knitting factory burned. . . . . Murdock Buchanan, a sailor, killed by a Grand Trunk train at Sarnia under peculiarly sad circumstances. . . . . New Panama canal company formed in Paris. . . . . The fourth centenary of Columbus' departure on the voyage resulting in the discovery of America.
- 3rd.—Brighton Cup won by Lord Roslyn's Buccaneer. . . . . Warrants issued charging the Carréje's and the Pinkerton police with murder. . . . . Steamer Prince Louise sunk in Bay of Quinte. . . . . Wall Paper Trust formed in New York with a capital of twenty millions.
- 4th.—The celebrated painter, Leopold Mueller, died in Vienna. . . . . Nail-maker's strike in Montreal ended. . . . . H. H. Warner elected president of the Anglers' Association. . . . . Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel re-elected speaker of the British House of Commons.
- 5th.—President Harrison signs the World's Fair Bill. . . . . Mrs. Erneshire Rose, the well-known Woman's Rights Advocate, died.
- 6th.—Revolutionary conspiracy discovered in Bolivia. . . . . Sir Daniel Wilson, president of University College, Toronto, died in the 72nd year of his age.
- 8th.—For first time Mexican bonds reach par in British and French money markets. . . . . Collapse of New York building strikes. . . . . Death of W. G. Storm, architect, Toronto. . . . . \$200,000 fire in Baltimore. . . . . Mrs. W. G. Moore, Toronto, drowned at Centre Island.
- 9th.—Herr Herrfurth, Prussian Minister of Interior, resigned. . . . . W. H. Ruby drowned at Port Elgin. . . . . Serious outbreak of phylloxera discovered in the fine vineyards of South France. . . . . Dr. Pavlides succeeds against the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Montreal, in his celebrated law suit.
- 10th.—Dingwall McKay, an East Iowa farmer, killed by lightning. . . . . Number of German cities shaken by earthquake. . . . . Edmon Worden, son of U.S. Consul at Wallaceburg, Ont., drowned near Sarnia.
- 11th.—No confidence motion carried in British House of Commons by 350 to 310 vote. . . . . Hon. George Duhamel, Commissioner of Crown Lands in late Mercier Government, died in Montreal. . . . . The Lindsay Lumber Co's. mill at Kinmount destroyed by fire.
- 12th.—7,000 boxes of cheese shipped from Belleville, Ont. . . . . Dr. A. C. Pousette elected reeve of Sarnia, vice late Mr. M. Fleming. . . . . By-law for \$40,000 for a sewerage system at Peterborough, Ont., defeated by a popular vote.
- 15th.—W. P. Loft, for many years city clerk of Ottawa, died. . . . . Mr. Gladstone proceeds to Osborne House, Isle of Wight, to receive the premiership from the Queen. . . . . Civic Holiday celebrated in Toronto, London, St. Catharines and Whitby.
- 16th.—Duke of Devonshire (Lord Hartington) married Dowager Duchess of Manchester. . . . . Body of young Henry Llovd Broughall, drowned at Port Union, found.
- 17th.—3,742 Russians died to-day from cholera. Dr. Geo. Paterson, Owen Sound, died. . . . . Wm. Dunbar, ex-mayor of Halifax, N.S., aged 80, married Jane C. Jennings, aged 25, of Victoria, B.C.
- 18th.—Duke of Manchester died, 30 years old. . . . . Severe shock of earthquake felt all over Great Britain. . . . . Frank Wilson, Newmarket, Ont., arrested on charge of having drowned his wife and child.
- 19th.—Steamer Coomassie successfully floated at Quebec. . . . . James McKee, Barrie, fatally injured at a railway crossing.
- 20th.—Honduras revolution ended. . . . . The Great Western Mills, Woodstock, Ont., burned.
- 22nd.—Baronetcy conferred on Sir Julian Pauncefoot, British Minister at Washington.
- 23rd.—Mr. George Rawlings, London, Ont., drowned in the river Thames. . . . . Death of Marshall de Fonseca, first President of Brazil.
- 24th.—Mr. Gladstone re-elected in Midlothian by Acclamation. . . . . Outbreak of cholera discovered in Hamburg.
- 25th.—A female Fallonist killed at Detroit. . . . . Heavy rains do considerable damage at Brockville.
- 26th.—Cholera has reached England. . . . . Quietness reigns in the Tennessee mining regions. . . . . Fearful mining accident in Wales, causing over 100 deaths.
- 27th.—Cholera still raging in Hamburg. . . . . Railway accident at Burnett, Minn.; four persons killed.
- 28th.—All Russian Jews arriving at Marseilles are quarantined and their clothing burnt.
- 29th.—Steamship companies refuse to take Russian Jews from Glasgow bound for the United States. . . . . Suspected dynamiters arrested in Montreal.
- 30th.—Rev. John Young, B.A. inducted to St. Enoch's Church, Toronto. . . . . Anti-Home Rule demonstration in Toronto.
- 31st.—Toronto and Montreal authorities adopt stringent measures to prevent a possible outbreak of cholera from Europe.



### Notes on Gates.

Nothing is more pleasant to the eye and, at the same time, more practically useful, than well-tilled, fertile fields enclosed with well-erected, well-kept, elegant fences. It denotes not only that carefulness and industry, the unmistakable marks of the thrifty and prosperous farmer, but also a degree of taste, the sure indication of enlightened ideas. Readers of the ILLUSTRATED have been often favored with pointers on various kinds of simple fences which no doubt have been more or less taken advantage of: in this article, therefore, a few diagrams of gates—an important part of the fence—will be given. The chief thing to be sought for in a gate is that it should swing well. In order to do so, it must be well hung on its hinges and to a firm post. Unless the post be firm, the weight of the gate drags it until it slants from its vertical position and instead of holding the gate evenly from hinge to latch, the forepart rests on the ground. Those having experience with dragging gates, and they are many, will agree that it is worth while to take some trouble to rid themselves of the inconvenience caused by the defective apparatus, provided it can be done at small expense. To assist them in so doing is the object of these notes. The diagrams are very simple, but the actual practice will be found to be effective.



It will be seen at once that the points of resistance are from the surface of the earth to the lowest extremity of the post. It is not so much the strength of the post, nor its superficial bulk, that gives it firmness (although both these conditions help) as the solidity of the earth in which it is placed. How to increase the resisting power of the earth, then, is the question. Fig. 1 shows a flat stone with its side against the post. The stone is wider than the post, and the idea is that its hold on the earth helps to resist the pulling pressure of the gate on the post. And to some extent it has this effect. But it were more effective if placed with its edge, instead of its side, against the post as shown in Fig. 2. In Fig. 2 the stone is placed flat in the soil, its edge against the post, and with the earth beaten hard around it. It will give more persistence than Fig. 1, because a stone will yield more readily to simple pressure than it will slide through hard soil. Both these methods are useful but not sufficient. The strain on the post presses the soil on both sides of the post—at the surface on the gate side and at the extreme end of the post on the reverse side. Therefore still more will be gained by placing a heavy stone at the bottom, on the opposite side of the post, as shown in Fig. 3. The dotted lines on this figure show the correct position of the post when the stiffening of the earth is sufficient.

It is not needful that stones should be used for this purpose; durable timber is better in many cases, because large masses of it can be more conveniently employed. Dig the post-holes in an oblong shape, long enough to receive the piece of

wood at the whole depth on the off side, and half way down on the gate side. Deposit the timbers in snug position, beat the earth firmly about them, and the post will be firmly set. Rough or knotty pieces of wood will be better than if straight and smooth, because it cannot be pushed so freely through the soil; and it will be more efficient as a stiffener with its end against the post than with its side. If the most durable timber cannot be procured, that which is less so will answer a good purpose, because being well buried in compact earth, it is shielded from the decaying influence of exposure to the air.

When several posts stand in a row, as in a continuous fence, iron rods may be used for braces, attached to the bottom of one post and to the top of the next one, as shown in Fig. 4. The bottom



FIG. 4



FIG. 5

of the first being nearly immovable, prevents the yielding of the top of the next one; and where gates are in the line of a post fence, they may be thus held immovable. When no pains are taken to set the posts of board or rail fences firmly, with full and sufficient depth, a few years of exposure will too often reduce them to the condition represented in Fig. 5.

There are positions where living trees may be used as gate posts, which after becoming large enough, will not yield to any external pressure. Single trees alone may be made to answer the purpose, if the draft on them is not too great while they are young. But if the weight of the gate slightly bends the tree, it will in time become permanently inclined. This may be prevented by using long horizontal limbs to extend over the gate and meet, as represented in Fig. 6.

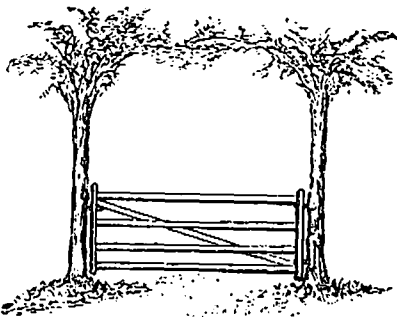


FIG. 6

SLACKED lime is a fine purifier for stalls.

CLEANLINESS and sweet, good pork go together.

A FARMER should never buy fruit from his neighbor. Grow it.

MONEY can be made out of the feathers of farm fowls. Try it.

STEAM and electricity are being applied to heavy farm work.

BETTER grows strong rapidly if the milk is not completely removed.

STOCK that is continually tempted by weak fences should not be blamed for becoming "breachy."

THE large flowered paniced hydrangea is one of the earliest plants to grow, and one of the most ornamental. It may be grown from cuttings or slips as easily as a currant, and flowers the second year.

CONTEMPORARIES on the other side of the border line are waging war strenuously on the shoeing of horses. Where is the experimentalist.

A WELL-KNOWN Australian wool grower raises 200 acres of rape for his sheep, and he speaks in the highest terms of its value. He has fattened twenty sheep per acre on his rape fields.

SENDING up shoots from the roots will prevent the growth of young trees, and especially of the pear. Keep down all shoots and occasionally rub off the extra buds from the trunk, so as not to overtax the trees.

A USEFUL RECIPE.—Take a good-sized bunch of catnip, wrap it in paper, leaving both ends of the paper open, and lay it on shelves or any place where ants are troublesome. The troublesome ants will soon disappear.

THE switching of the cow's tail, so troublesome to the milker, may be prevented by the use of a milking sheet made to cover the cow all over. It may be drawn together under the cow by small hooks, and by applying to the legs an infusion of tansy, the cow may be milked in peace.

THE annual production of butter in Ohio is 54,000,000 pounds, or 27,000 tons. Only about one-eighth of this is made in creameries. It is estimated that if the separator were used altogether, the milk from which 54,000,000 pounds are now made would yield over 65,000,000 pounds, or over 32,500 tons.

A TON of clover hay has been found to be of the value of \$8 as manure on the farm. Instead of selling hay at a low figure, would it not, therefore, be a wise thing for farmers to experiment how far they could more profitably use it for manurial purposes themselves. It might be ploughed under or fed to stock, and returning the manure made to the soil.

THIS is the month of months for the Fall Fairs. The best product of the farm in all its departments, the most improved implements, the best and purest live stock will be exhibited. The object is to diffuse knowledge, as well as to gain prizes, and visitors should come to the fairs in an inquisitive frame of mind, so that they may return home again knowing something to their advantage which they did not know before.

MANY plants of the buckwheat family contain the astringent tannin which preserves hides as useful leather. The rosy smartweed, or tannin plant, has been cultivated in the Missouri Valley for this purpose, and F. A. Gulley, of the Arizona station, is experimenting with the Canaigre dock, (*B. 5*) *Rumex hymenosepalus*, which grows in moist soil in the Southwestern United States and in Mexico. The roots resemble sweet potatoes, and grow in an upright cluster from three to twelve inches below the surface. The tannin extracted from the root has been used to make good leather, both in America and Europe.

THERE is profit in an intelligent study of the various grasses at hand for feeding purposes. Some of the leading Ontario farmers are devoting much attention to this special subject. The results of their experiments satisfy them that a good future remains for this branch of farm study. The feeding qualities of the various kinds of grasses, the best time of the year for their growth and cure, the kind of soil most suitable, the influences of climate—all these and many other points require study, and the value of grasses depends on an intelligent treatment in these respects, just as does that of any other farm product.

## Libe Stock.

ONE poor animal spoils the appearance of the herd.

JUST as stables ought to be most comfortable in winter, they ought to be cool and airy in summer.

THE maggot of the sheep's nostril fly is sometimes found developed in the cavity of the sheep's horn.

CATTLE must be kept comfortable. What is lacking in warm and dry shelters must be made up for in feed and consumed fat of the animals.

THE farther we get away from cruelty to animals the nearer we get to the gates of paradise, says *Farm, Stock and Home*, and who does not see the glittering truth of the remark.

FOR store hogs soon to go to market, there is nothing better than a variety of food; it is what a hog loves, but it should not be too much of bulky food, but reinforced with a regular grain ration their growth and gain will be wonderful.

GLANDERS and farcy are alarmingly prevalent in London and the English Counties, London and the County of Middlesex being the centres chiefly infested. An amendment to the Contagious Diseases Act is contemplated in order that the diseases may be stamped out.

IF your sheep have foot rot trim the hoofs neatly, wash clean in pure water especially between the toes, and dip every hoof of every sheep in the following mixture! Two parts pine tar, one part crude petroleum, and one part sulphate of copper dissolved in boiling water. Heat these enough to make a thorough admixture. Use when cold. This sticks well to the feet and one application is generally sufficient; but it is well to look over your flock every other day.

THE *Live Stock Journal* gives the following statistics of horses exported from the United Kingdom during the six months ending June 30th. The number exported during that period was 5,395, against 4,970 in 1891, and the value £227,386, against £214,486 last year. As in previous months this year, however, the totals, when they are examined in detail, are not so satisfactory to breeders. Thus, there were 224 stallions exported this year, against 324 last year; 1,480 mares, against 1,604; and 3,691 geldings, against 3,042. Of the stallions exported, 116 went to the United States, against 154; but, although the numbers were fewer, the value was greater, viz., £20,078, against £26,204. These figures go to show that, but for the unwise interference of the American Government, the exports to the United States would have improved in character, and probably the numbers, too, would have been greater.

IN answer to an enquiry regarding the keeping of sheep, the following valuable answer has been given: There is a cheaper way (than ensilage) to provide succulent feed for sheep, and one which is known to be safe. Turnips are a more natural sheep feed, and as many tons per acre of them can be grown on the same land as of corn ensilage, and usually more. Soil that will grow 14 tons of corn ensilage to the acre will grow 500 bushels of turnips, which is 15 tons. Such soil will previously grow two tons of clover hay. When the hay is off, the sod is turned and turnip seed sown with a grain-drill, mixing one pound of seed with 100 pounds of commercial fertilizer, stopping up every alternate discharge aperture, and setting the drill to sow 100 pounds per acre. No cultivation is necessary, and the turnips are gathered late in fall,

when time can be best spared for it. Most of the labor in corn-growing, harvesting, cutting and filling the silo is at seasons when it is usually demanded elsewhere on the farm. Labor connected with growing and securing the clover and turnips can scarcely equal that of growing and securing the corn. In the former case we have 15 tons of turnips and 2 of clover hay, and in the latter 14 tons of ensilage, and nobody would be willing to exchange the former for the latter.

FOR conciseness and comprehensiveness, considering the extent and interest of the subject, the following clipping from *Live Stock Journal*, London, England, would be difficult to equal: "The grand breeds of England, the massive, stately handsome ones, are first—as all the world knows—the Shorthorns, followed by the Herefords, the Sussex, the Red-Polled cattle of Norfolk and Suffolk, the fugitive Longhorns, the South Devons, and the "South-hammers," which are an offshoot of the Devons. The North Devons are the "cobs" of our bovine breeds—plump, lively, enduring, active, and decidedly pretty. Then we have the larger Welsh breeds, the Polled breeds of Scotland, and the handsome, shaggy, rugged West Highlanders, so suggestive of mountains and forests and heather-clad moors. To our fancy, however, the Herefords, as ornaments to the landscape, are the most strikingly pleasing of all the British breeds, the snowy-white faces forming so bright a contrast with the deep red of the adjoining skin. Of these many excellent breeds the Shorthorns, Longhorns, Devons, and Red Polls are at all events good milkers as a general thing; and if the others are not so it is their misfortune rather than their fault, for they are certainly susceptible of becoming so under management designed to develop the lacteal potentialities of cattle. Even the Herefords, which are understood to be inferior as a breed for milk, are known to be good milkers where used as other breeds are to hand milking, and not expected merely to raise their own offspring. The milking function, indeed, may be developed by training or dwarfed by neglect; and although it is in the Jerseys, for example, a natural function artificially developed to a high degree, we are free to admit a superior natural tendency and aptitude in the breeds which to-day possess it more lavishly than others. It may be said that no breed of cattle has won, as the Shorthorn has, its right to the term "cosmopolitan"; and though some Americans term it a beef breed, denying its claim to be regarded as a dairy breed, we in England know better—we know, in fact, that many Shorthorns are capital milkers; and we feel that, if American Shorthorns are poor milkers, it is because the Shorthorn bulls imported from England have been selected from families in which milk-yielding has become a lost art.

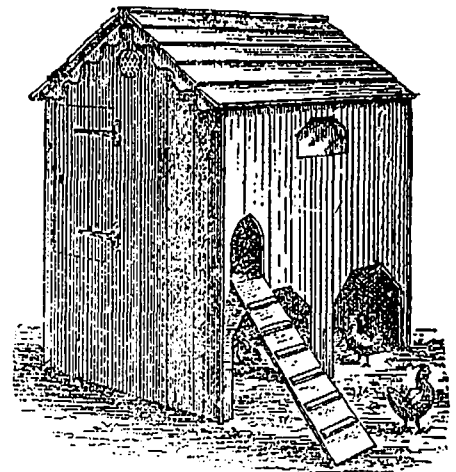
## The Poultry Yard.

### Poultry Houses.

STEPHEN BEALE writes on poultry houses as follows: Among the finest of the large poultry houses in Britain is that owned by the Countess of Aberdeen at Haddo House, Aberdeen, a very splendid structure, well designed, highly ornamental, and as its runs are strictly looked after

there is no danger from overcrowding. But even here it is found necessary to supplement the large house by smaller ones, and in the great majority of cases we know it is found better to have a number of small houses rather than a large one. The expense is perhaps a little more at first, but not when it is taken into account that with portable houses fencing is unnecessary, and dispensing with that more than compensates for the greater cost. The advantages of keeping flocks of, say, fifty hens in one house, and placing these houses in different parts of the farm, must be obvious. For some unexplainable reason fowls thrive and lay better in small numbers than when a great number are massed together. With a house such as I have mentioned, placed in the corner of a field, fifty fowls can be kept quite easily, and as it can be moved quickly there is no danger whatever from disease arising from foulness of the ground.

Some time ago I was at a farm in the north of England, where 2,400 laying hens are kept. These were placed out in flocks of fifty, as suggested, and as the land upon which they were running was occupied also by dairy cattle, there was no danger of the ground being contaminated. Around each

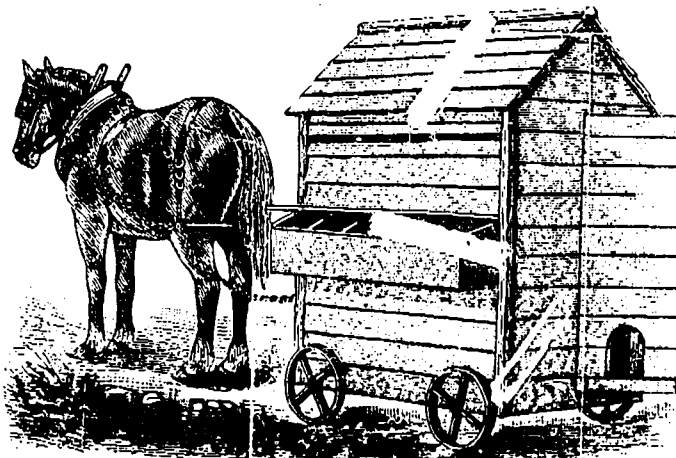


house was placed a low fence to keep the cattle from rubbing themselves thereon. In this way so large a number of fowls as named are kept in perfect health, and I may say that in places where poultry are bred extensively this is the better plan. Of course there is a little more trouble involved, in the direction of feeding, cleaning, collection of eggs, and general oversight, than if the hens were all placed in one house, but I am sure the additional trouble is compensated for by the fact that an attendant can better supervise a small number of fowls, seeing that all are healthy, than if there are several hundred together. At any rate the additional labor is not found to be any drawback to the method I am advocating. One of the great dangers when keeping poultry in large numbers is caused either by great waste of food or starvation of the fowls, and as either is certain to bring evil in its train, it is most important that careful attention be paid to these questions.—*Country Gentleman*.

If a hen lays one egg a week she will pay for the food she eats during a whole year.

THE one essential in keeping hen manure so as to realize the greatest good from it, is to keep it dry, under cover, where the rains or sun will not destroy and remove its valuable, though volatile, quality. The poultry house should be strewn with loam, pulverized clay, or sand, as is necessary to preserve cleanliness and to absorb the moisture.

IT is not necessary that Pekin ducks should have either a stream or pond, as many suppose: if a large part of their especial feeding could be thrown into shallow tubs of water sunk into the ground it would be a great help to them so far as health, rapid growth, and general vigor are concerned. Swimming is not a necessity for the ducks.





Daisy and I.

I had put on Daisy's hat,  
And she had put on mine;  
And then we ran and got to school  
Just as the clock struck nine.

And there I sat in Daisy's seat,  
And she went into mine;  
For I was Daisy for the day,  
And she was me, May Vine.

At noon each ate the other's lunch  
My appetite was small,  
For Mamma'd made my special cake,  
And Daisy had it all.

Then, after school, when I went off  
To Daisy's house to tea,  
I thought "would mamma spread the jam  
As thick for her as me?"

And Daisy's papa'd brought for her  
A box of chewing gum;  
And, oh! I saw across the street  
My "Fairy Tales" had come!

You see, I don't like chewing gum,  
It makes me sick, indeed;  
While Daisy—she's a darling girl,  
But doesn't like to read.

So, like a flash, I skipped away,  
And right upon the walk  
Was Daisy dear—she'd started, too!  
We didn't stop to talk,

But I ran into papa's house,  
And was so glad 'twas past,  
And I was my own mamma's girl,  
And in her arms at last!

A Name Key Oddity.

By use of the table given below you can ascertain the name of any person or place, provided the rules below the lettered diagram are strictly observed:—

A	B	D	H	P
C	C	E	I	Q
E	F	F	J	R
G	G	G	K	S
I	J	L	L	T
K	K	M	M	U
M	N	N	N	V
O	O	O	O	W
Q	R	T	X	X
S	S	V	Z	Y
U	V	U	Y	Z
W	W	W		
Y	Z			

Have the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of the name is contained. If it is found in but one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column, it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of the columns in which it is to be found, the sum being the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time, in the way outlined above, the whole word or name may be plainly spelled out.

Take the word Jane as an example. J is found in the two columns beginning with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet; their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column, the first, where it stands at the head. N is seen in the column headed with B, D and H, which are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet; added, they give the fourteenth, or N, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the rules of explanation.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Taught Early.

He was a pretty little fellow, but it was his manners, not his looks, that attracted everybody—clerk n | the stores, people in the horse cars—men

women and children. A boy four years old, who, if anybody said to him, "How do you do?" answered, "I am well, thanks;" and if he had a request to make, be it of friend or stranger, began it with "please." And the beauty of it was that the "thanks" and "please" were so much a matter of course to the child that he never knew he was doing anything noticeable.

"How cunning it is," said a showy woman to his mother, as they sat at dinner at the public table of a hotel one day, "to hear that child thank the waiters, and say 'please' when he wants anything. I never saw anything so sweet. My children have to be constantly told if I want them to thank people. How well you must have taught him that he never forgets!"

"He has always been accustomed to it," said the mother. "We have always said 'please' to him when we wished him to do anything, and have thanked him. He knows no other way."

A Few Words for the Boys.

WHEN you harness a team see if the collar is free from dirt and hair, and be sure it fits properly. Always speak to a horse when you approach him, especially from behind.

If, when afield with a machine, you take tools out of the tool box always leave what you do not want in the box. Don't place them on the ground where you are liable to forget and lose them.

If you wish to be educated you must go to school, and if you want to make a good farmer you must study the books and papers devoted to farming. Beware of the habit of forgetting what you read. It isn't what a man bolts down, but what he digests that makes him strong, and it isn't what you hastily skim over but what you thoroughly assimilate mentally that will make you wise.

If your older acquaintances smoke, chew, swear, and gamble, don't take their opinions as standard authority on such matters. Ask your father about it. He knows more than you, and is more interested in your future than they.

Boys, remember the foundations of a building are more important than any part of the superstructure. Farmers are the foundations of society, the most useful and most responsible part of it.

A Child's Self-Respect.

ONCE given a reputation to live up to, a character to maintain, and the child's pride comes to the rescue, his sense of honor is cultivated to the point of giving birth to truthfulness, and thenceforward noblesse oblige, until at last he seizes on the real beauty and value of truth, upon which truth itself obliges. And on the other hand, if you would make the little liar a big liar, and eternally a liar, then constantly confront him with the fact that he is a liar already. He will have small motive for telling the truth, since all the world believes and knows that he is a liar; he sees that he would not be credited if he told the truth; he will not have the name without the game, and his fate, which the tact and watchfulness of which we have spoken might have made very different, is early sealed.—*Harper's Bazar.*

How to Make a Man Kite.

CROSS two straight sticks four feet long at an angle of about sixty degrees as the frame-work for the legs and body. Fasten to the ends of the shorter arms of the cross another stick three and a half feet long for the arms, and add still another piece two and a half feet long for the spine. For the head bend a piece of split rattan into a circle, and attach to the top of the spine. This makes a kite about four feet high. Cover with paper as you would any other kite, and decorate to suit your taste.

ANY boy who can get out into the woods, can make a pretty and unique flower stand for his mother at very little expense. He must hunt until he finds three crooked sticks, each about four feet in length. These sticks must be passed through an iron or wooden ring which fastens them in the centre, something as the legs of a gypsy table are fastened. Spread the legs apart at the bottom and fasten them with strong twigs, as the legs of a chair are fastened by the "rounds." Procure a large cocoanut or some hanging baskets, which must be suspended from the tops of these sticks by chains. You might also fasten a cocoanut basket to the end of each one of them, and thus secure places for more plants.

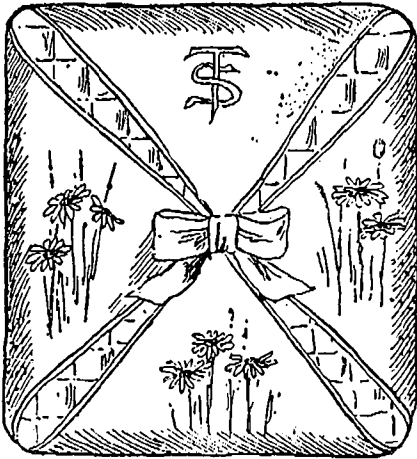




(Communications intended for this Department should be addressed to AUNT TUTU, care MASSEY PRESS, Massey Street, Toronto.)

#### Handkerchief Sachet.

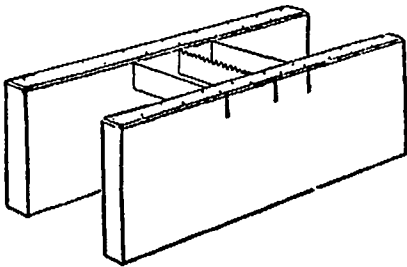
A foot square of pearl-gray plush and shell-pink silk will be needed for the sachet. Have both the materials quite square. Work any kind of flowers in three of the corners of the plush, and in the fourth corner the initials or name of the person who is to be presented with the sachet. The flowers and name should be worked with shell-pink silk. The square of pink silk should now be laid upon cotton wool and then quilted; of course the wool must be freely scented with sachet powder. Tack the plush and quilted silk together now and bind them with very narrow ribbon to match the silk. Take the four corners and make them meet in the exact middle of sachet. Fasten two of the



corners by means of a small button-hole and pearl button; the other two corners must tie with a large bow of wide pink ribbon. The sachet is now complete.

#### Corn Grater.

This simple contrivance can be made by any one who is handy with tools. Two pieces of hard wood, three-quarters to one inch thick, four to five inches wide and ten inches long, are planed smooth on faces and edges. An old saw blade, four to five inches long and about an inch wide, is filed sharp and the set taken out. Insert this in a centre slit sawed on the edges of the two pieces having the saw edge come just even with the edge of the pieces. Two other pieces of the saw, or of iron,



plain on the edges, are inserted in slits on each side. The middle or saw piece cuts the grains and the two plain pieces scrape out the meat. Strips are tacked on the edges to keep the blades from coming out, and if these blades are forced into the slits they will hold the frame together.

To remove freshly spilt ink from carpets, first take up as much as possible of the ink with a teaspoon. Then pour cold sweet milk upon the spot and take up as before, pouring on milk until at last it becomes only slightly tinged with black; then wash with cold water, and absorb with a cloth without too much rubbing.

#### A Convenient Music Rest.

Many pianos have music rests in which the sheets get caught and torn when turned; others have no support for the back of the music, and it bends and breaks when not bound. The accompanying engraving illustrates a very pretty and convenient homemade rest. The materials required are two pieces of pine board a quarter of an inch thick, one 14 inches square; the other of the same



length and two inches wide; enough butcher's linen to cover both pieces; some floss and cord (the color to harmonize with the furnishing of the room). Work some design on the linen—a Kate Greenaway girl or a spray of flowers—and cover the large board with it. Also cover the slat, tack neatly and firmly, at a right angle, the large board to the edge of the narrow one, and edge the whole with the cord. This may be left on the piano rack, as it is ornamental as well as useful.

#### Commonplace Decorations.

A handsome decoration for an afternoon tea-table was as follows: In the center of the table was placed a square of crimson felt. On this stood a large plate filled with damp sand, and heaped with snowy masses of elderberry blossoms, with now and then a glowing fire pink. Resting on a fringe of delicate green, which trailed out here and there on the crimson of the felt, it made a beautiful and effective decoration, not soon forgotten by those who sat at the table, and which cost the hostess nothing but a few minutes time spent in arranging.

Another pretty center piece had the square of crimson felt as before, and in the large plate stood a glass dish with low stem.

The elderberry blossoms and fire pinks were then massed about the dish till it was nearly hidden from view, a few delicate ferns and trailing vines falling over the edge of the dish completing the effect. In the dish were heaped oranges, bananas and raspberries, with here and there a trail of green, or a bright blossom, while from the center rose a tiny bouquet of delicate flowers.

One of the prettiest tea-tables we ever saw, had, among other decorations, a platter of cold meat, its edges garnished with curled lettuce leaves and slices of hard-boiled eggs; the golden circle of the egg, surrounded by its ring of white, being very effective on the delicate green of the leaves. Opposite this stood a similar platter, containing canned salmon, garnished with small lettuce leaves and pieces of beet pickle cut in squares, diamonds and circles; the deep crimson of the beet, the green of the leaves, and the delicate golden pink of the salmon being in fine contrast.

Radishes make an attractive addition to a table if they be served on a bed of lettuce leaves, the dish being entirely covered with them.

Hard-boiled eggs cut in halves, or deviled eggs, are rendered more attractive if they, too, are served in a nest of lettuce or nasturtium leaves. If the latter are used a few blossoms may be added and the effect will be all the better.

Every housekeeper should raise an abundance of those beautiful old-fashioned flowers, the nasturtiums, for there is nothing nicer for table decoration where color is desired, and both leaves and blossoms make attractive decorations for cold meats, salads, etc.

#### Hints to Housekeepers.

Clean piano keys with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

To clean a black silk dress, use a sponge dipped in strong black tea, cold.

Take egg stains from silver by rubbing with a wet rag which has been dipped in common table salt.

When crackers become soft from long standing, put them in a pan and bake them over. They will be as crisp as fresh ones.

Hemorrhages of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

Never use a metal spoon for stirring stewed fruit or tomatoes. A wooden one is best, and those with short handles are preferable for stirring thick messes.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one always keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

A good tonic for the hair is of salt water; a teaspoonful of salt to a half pint of water, applied to the hair two or three times a week. The effect at the end of a month will be surprising.

When bread or biscuit become stale, you can freshen it by pouring a little hot water over the loaf and draining it off quickly; then set it in the oven to heat through and it will be as good as new.

A hole in a garment may be patched so deftly that the defect will be scarcely visible. The patch should be fitted into the aperture with the greatest accuracy, and should be overhanded to the surrounding edges.

To tighten cane seat chairs, turn up the chair-bottom and wash the cane work thoroughly with soapy water and a soft cloth. Let it dry in the air, and it will be firm as when new, provided the cane has not been broken.

To make a mustard plaster for young children, mix one teaspoonful of mustard and three of wheat flour with water to the consistency of a stiff batter, and apply between soft muslin cloths. For adults: one part of mustard and two of flour.

To remove iron rust and ink stains: Rub lemon juice on the stain, then cover it with salt and lay the articles in the sun. If necessary, repeat the process two or three times. Spots from most kinds of ink are similarly taken out. Vinegar will sometimes do it.

When doing housework, if your hands become chapped or red, mix corn meal and vinegar into a stiff paste and apply to the hands two or three times a day, after washing them in hot water; then let them dry without wiping and rub with glycerine. At night use cold cream and wear gloves.

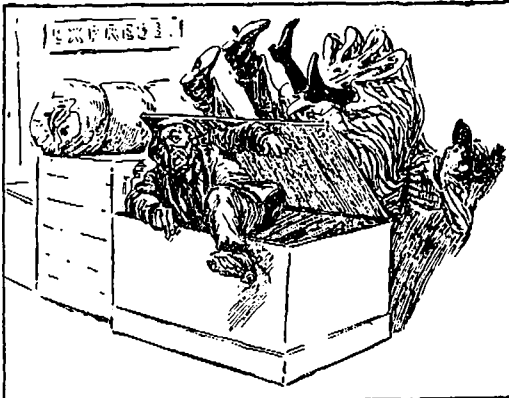
In buying graham flour, never get but small quantities at a time. The coarser kinds make a good quality of graham bread used for dyspeptics; screened a little finer, it is called cannell flour or middlings, and is nice for gems or batter cakes. Brown bread is not made stiff enough to knead, but just a stiff batter that can be poured into the pans.

Freshly cut flowers may be preserved alive for a long time by placing them in a glass or vase with fresh water in which a little charcoal has been steeped, or a small piece of camphor dissolved. The vase should be set upon a plate or dish and covered with a bell glass, around the edges of which, when it comes in contact with the place, a little water should be poured to exclude the air.

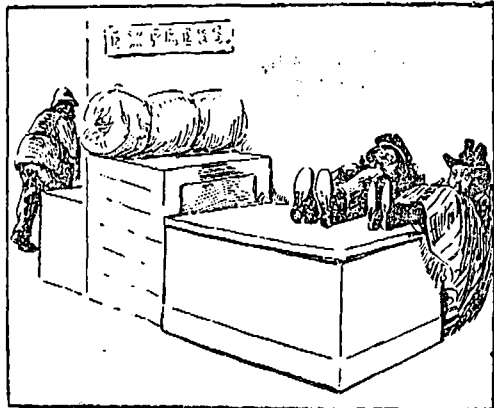
A pretty variety of the cold or the hot boiled potato is to cut out little balls with the small 15-cent cutter that comes for that purpose, and boil them in salted water for a few minutes. They are not desired to be mealy, therefore it is best not to shake them. They are very nice as an accompaniment of fish, either baked or boiled; put on the same platter with slices of lemon or parsley, or both. With a cream sauce, into which shallots or parsley have been thrown, and to which a few drops of lemon juice have been added, these potatoes are a delightful dish.



TOM RUSSELL (the porter).—Mary, I love you, I love you. One word from you can make me the happiest of men. Say that one sweet word, and raise me—



BON HUSTLE (the tramp).—Holy Moses!—this is gettin' too hot for me!



MARY.—Oh, Tom; this is so unexpected! But—yes!

THAT'S THE WAY OF IT.

He pitched his white tent in the wilds,  
Far from the human "set";  
And with a faith just like a child's  
He said: "I'll get there yet."

He put him up a case of type,  
A hand-press and a "stick,"  
And there, where screamed the owl and snipe,  
He made the letters "click."

They wondered what he was about  
When in the woods they found him;  
But when he got his paper out  
They built a town around him.

KNEW HIS PLACE.

Harper's Magazine publishes a story of an old Revolutionary soldier, a resident of Vermont, who never wearied of relating his own adventures, and who, as he grew older, seemed to grow more and more imaginative. One "yarn," of which he was particularly fond, had to do with a time when General Washington needed, for some reason, to send a despatch to General Lafayette. The trip was so peculiarly hazardous that Washington hesitated to order any one to undertake it. He stepped out in front of a line of men and asked for a volunteer. For a moment or two no one moved. "Then," the veteran Vermonteer used to say, "I just stepped

cut three paces and tipped my hat, and said I, 'I'm your man, Mr. Washington.'

He set out at once, and after many hair-breadth escapes, found General Lafayette and returned safely to camp. There he hastened to the "Mr. Washington's" tent and reported his errand accomplished. At this point in his story the old gentleman always waxed eloquent:

"The general he said he thought as how I was as plucky, and as able a man as he'd ever see; and then he took off his sword and his belt, and he handed 'em to me, sayin' as how I was so much braver than him I'd earned the right to wear 'em instead of him. He thought as how I was so much more fitten for sich honor than him, an' he wanted me to take his place."

At this interesting point the narrator would stop and wait till some one asked, as some one always did:

"What did you say, Mr. L—?"  
Then he would draw himself up to his full height and reply: "I says to him, says I, 'Mr. Washington, you're a better dedicated man than I am; you keep 'em yourself.'"

After all, a man cannot contract a bad habit too much.

The value of a farm product is not always declining when it is on the wain.

"There's nothing like poached eggs," as the man said when he robbed his neighbor's hen house.

A petrified ham has been found in an Indiana field. This is the first supply of material for World's Fair sandwiches.

Clara—"Do you ever look under the bed for burglars?"  
Laura—"Not since I found a mouse there once."

Mother—"What does my little boy mean by telling a lie?"  
Bobby—"I didn't mean to tell a lie, but I couldn't think of the truth."

A Thieving storm—"This is a highway robbery," said Morrison Essex, as the heavy rains washed the road away from in front of his place.

"What's your son Josiah doin'?" said a neighbor to Farmer Bogosh. "Wall," was the reply, "he thinks he's diggin' bait but he's makin' a garden."

Inquiring child—"Why do the papers call office-holders public servants?" Mother—"Because they are paid so much and do so little."

The Latest Intensifier—Wool: "I hear Bronson's marriage was a failure; is it true?" Van Pelt: "A failure? It was a regular peach crop."

Jasper—"Why did the Rev. Dr. Poundtext come east?" Jumpuppe—"He was chased out of the west for teaching the golden rule in a silver state."

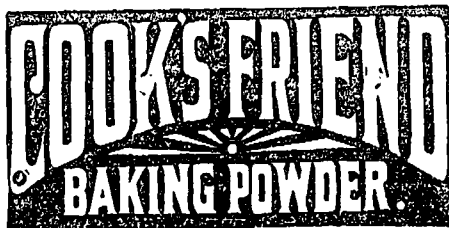
In Sunday School—"Why should we say to Satan 'Get thee behind me!'" asked the teacher. "So that we shall get ahead of him," returned the bright boy.

There are people who seem to have an idea that they attract attention in heaven for their piety every time they buy a dish of ice cream at a church festival.

The Boom was Over.—Capitalist: "How is that town you spoke to me about some months ago; is it laid out yet?" The Boomer: "Yes, indeed; stiffer than a mackerel."

First Drummer—"What noble animal do you think best represents our business?" Second Drummer—"Give it up." First Drummer—"Why the lie-on, of course."

McLAREN'S Celebrated



is best value to the purchaser.

It has high leavening power for its cost and contains no alum, or other dangerous ingredient  
Buy only

McLAREN'S GENUINE **COOK'S FRIEND.**

THE CHATHAM FANNING MILL

1000 sold in 1884  
1830 sold in 1885  
2000 sold in 1886  
2300 sold in 1887  
2500 sold in 1888  
3600 sold in 1889  
4000 sold in 1890  
4500 sold in 1891

More than have been sold by any ten factories in Canada put together.

STRATHROY—CARADOCK, Sept. 25, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—I am well pleased with the Mill, especially the Bagger, which is grand.  
Yours truly, JOHN ANDERSON.

29,000 Chatham Mills now in use.

Over 7,000 Bagging Attachments now in use.

Bagging Attachment is run with a Chain Belt that cannot slip. The Elevator Cups are also attached to Endless Chain Belt that cannot slip nor clog.

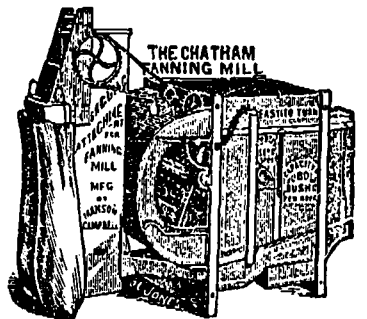
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE CLEANING OF ALSAC CLOVER SEED.

The Mill is fitted with Screens and Riddles to clean and separate all kinds of Grain and Seed, and is sold with or without a Bagger.

For prices and full information apply to

**MANSON CAMPBELL, Chatham, Ont.**

For Sale by all Agents of MASSEY-HARRIS Co. LTD. in Manitoba, N.W.T., and Province of Quebec.



"George, dear, don't you think it's rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, love; economical. Same piece of bread does for both."

Vicar's wife—"Willie Smith, how is it you do not take off your hat when you meet me?" Willie—"Well, mum, if I take off my hat to you, what be I do when I meet t' parson?"

Giglamp—"The cardinals wear red cloaks, do they not?" Knowitall—"Yes." "Well, suppose they have to keep the Papal bulls tied up when the cardinals are at the Vatican."

First Girl Graduate—"What did you think of my essay?" Second Girl Graduate—"Why, Margie, you looked just too sweet for anything." First Girl Graduate—"Oh, you dear!" They embrace on the spot.

"Oh, for the Wings of a Dove!"—Helen: "Just listen to that soprano! What good would the 'wings of a dove' do her? She must weigh 200 pounds." Jack: "Probably she wants them to trim a hat with."

Spacer—I believe that if Shakespeare were alive at the present time, and trying to live by his pen in New York, the comic papers would reject many of his best jokes.

Paragraphic Serf—I know it. I have tried 'em all.

A Special Make—New Amanuensis: "I can't understand how it is, sir: I thought I had written this letter correctly; but I find it full of misspelled words." Great Author—"Ah! I see; you used the wrong typewriter. That one is for dialect stories only."

Better Unsaid—Friend (after tea): "Your little wife is a brilliantly handsome woman. I should think you'd be jealous of her." Host (confidentially): "To tell the truth, Simpkins, I am. I never invite anybody here that any sane woman would take a fancy to."

Advertising in England, European Continent, Etc.

SELL'S ADVERTISING AGENCY, LTD.

Capital \$250,000. Henry Sell, Manager (editor and founder of "Sell's World's Press.")

Full particulars regarding British or European Advertising, sample papers, rates, etc., at the London Office, 167-168 Fleet Street, or at

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Show Cards, Labels, Calendars,

Advertising Cards, etc.

also, FINE WOOD ENGRAVING.

DONALD C. BIDOUT & CO.,

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SOLICITORS OF HOME AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

22 King St. E., Toronto, Ont

# Rubber Belting!

**THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO. OF MONTREAL**

**Manufacture the Best Threshing Machine Belts in America.**

ASK THE MERCHANT YOU DEAL WITH FOR THEM, AND *TAKE NO OTHER.*

**RUBBER**

**WESTERN BRANCH:**

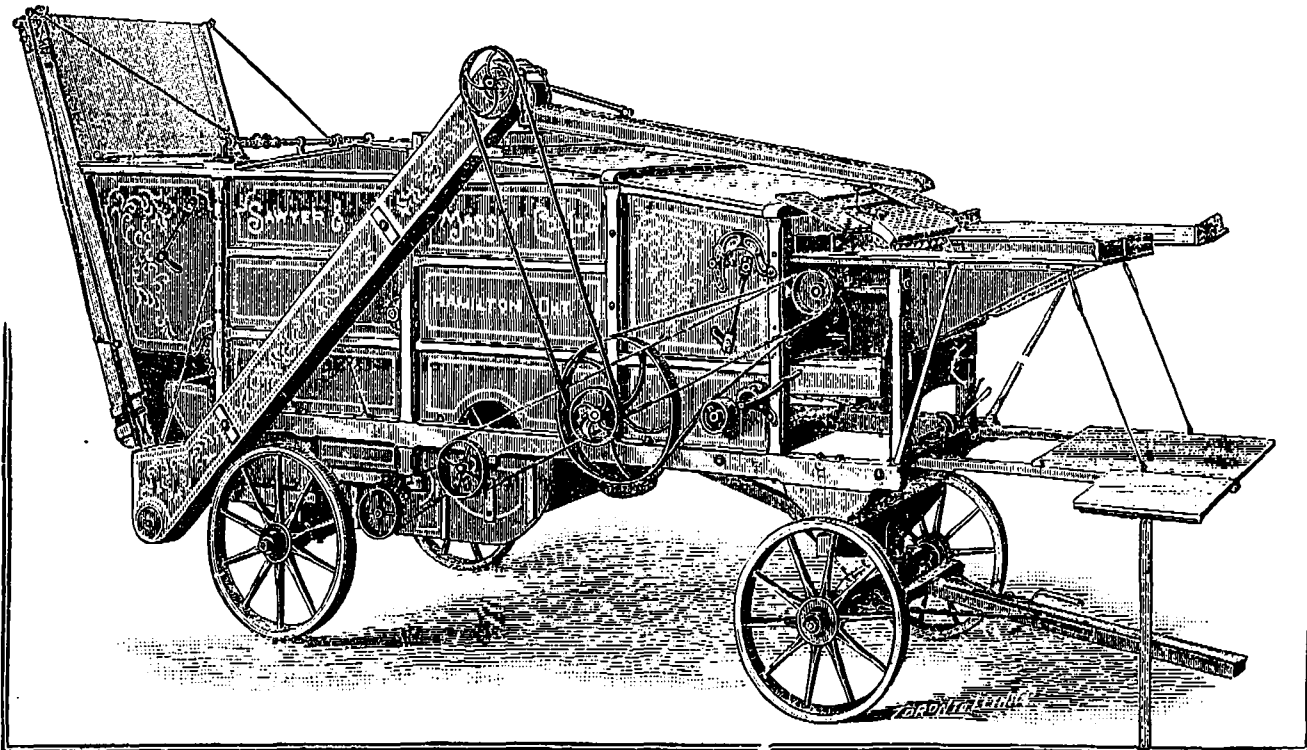
Cor. Front & Yonge Sts., TORONTO.

**BELTING**

**High-Class Threshing Machinery.**

The "PEERLESS" has more New and Strong Points in its favor than any other Separator made.

Belt Side View of the "Peerless" Thresher, showing Elevator and Straw Stacker folded. 36 in. Cylinder, 56 in. Body.



This is the Latest Improved Style, with Grain Screw, Iron Sides, and Cylinder Cap. Unsurpassed for Threshing Wet Grain, Peas, and all kinds of Grain and Seeds.

**Sawyer & Massey Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.**

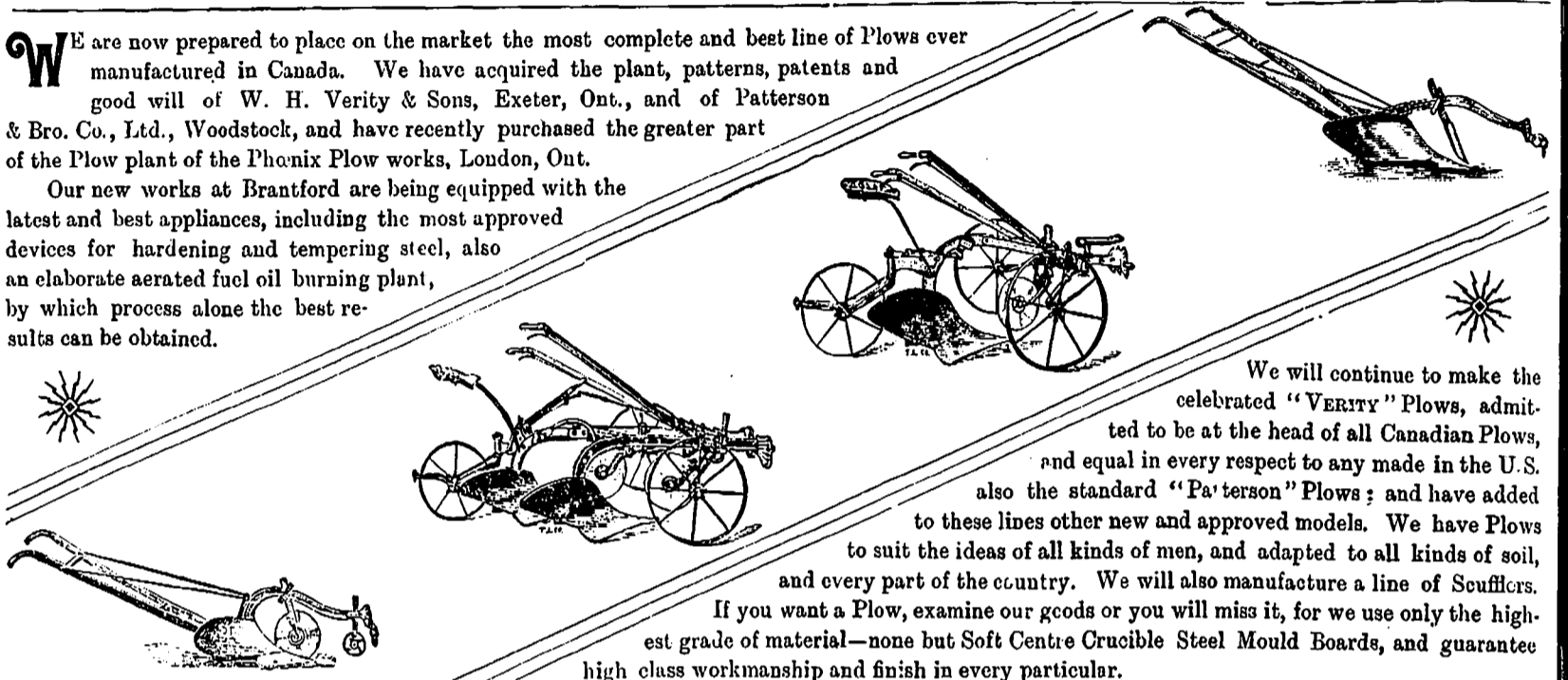
# VERITY PLOW CO. LTD.

BRANTFORD, ONT., CANADA.

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

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

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



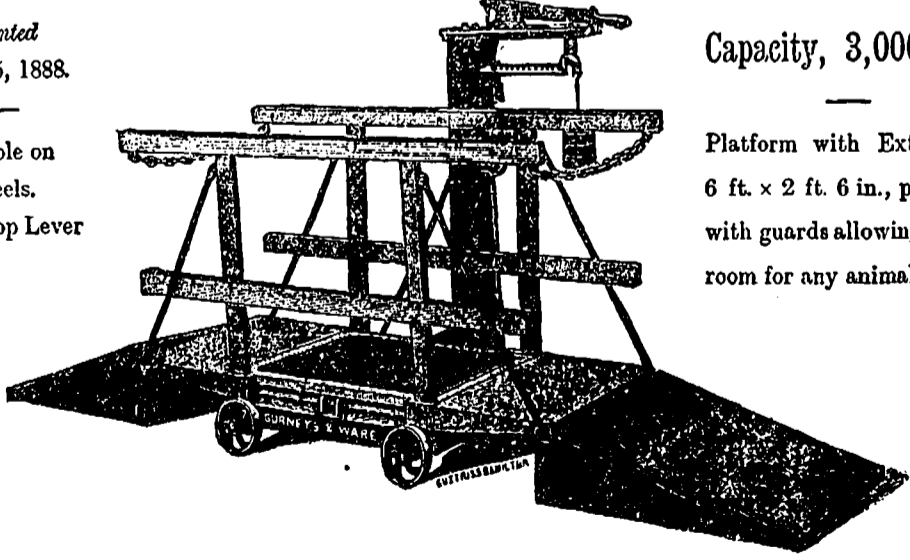
We will continue to make the celebrated "VERITY" Plows, admitted to be at the head of all Canadian Plows, and equal in every respect to any made in the U.S. also the standard "Patterson" Plows; and have added to these lines other new and approved models. We have Plows to suit the ideas of all kinds of men, and adapted to all kinds of soil, and every part of the country. We will also manufacture a line of Scufflers. If you want a Plow, examine our goods or you will miss it, for we use only the highest grade of material—none but Soft Centre Crucible Steel Mould Boards, and guarantee high class workmanship and finish in every particular.

# VERITY PLOW CO. LTD.

## GURNEYS' FARM & STOCK SCALE.

Patented April 25, 1888.

Portable on Wheels. With Drop Lever



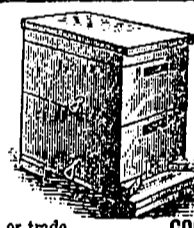
Capacity, 3,000 lbs.

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

So constructed that Extensions and Guards can be uncoupled when desired, and Scale used without them. This Scale was first introduced in 1888. We sold more Scales of this description in 1891 than we did in the three former years put together, showing its increasing popularity.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE GURNEY SCALE CO., - HAMILTON, ONT.

NOTE.—We manufacture all kinds of Scales



**HONEY BEES**  
We make the Best Bee Hives. Our Honey Extractors, six different kinds, from \$5 00 up, take the lead everywhere. We sell you first-class Comb Foundations, or will make up everything wanted by Bee-keepers. Bees, Queens and Honey for sale. Send to the largest Bee Hive Factory in Canada for Illustrated Catalogue. We want 20,000 lbs. of Bees' wax; will pay cash or trade.  
**GOOLD & CO., BRANTFORD, ONT.**

SPECIALTIES—  
FINE ART & LIVE STOCK  
MECHANICAL  
HIGH GLASS  
**WOODS ENGRAVING**  
TORONTO ENGRAVING CO.  
BRIGDEN MANGER  
REMOVED TO  
53 KING ST W  
COR BAY  
TORONTO

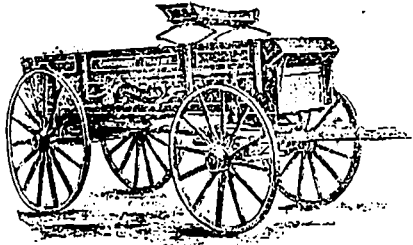


ROGERS' PEERLESS MACHINE OIL is specially manufactured for Farmers' Machinery, and excels in all the qualities necessary for Farmers' use.

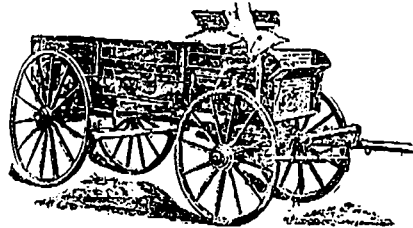
Every Stable should have Peerless Hoof Ointment.



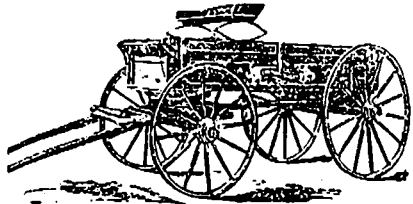
# THE OLD RELIABLE CHATHAM WAGON



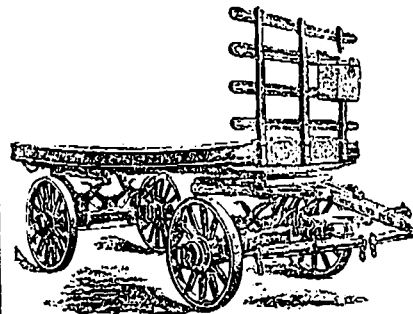
FOR USE IN ONTARIO, QUEBEC, Etc.



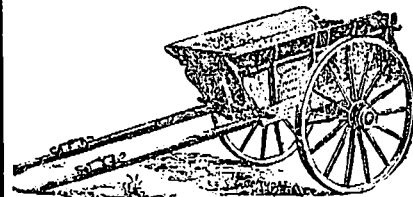
FOR USE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.



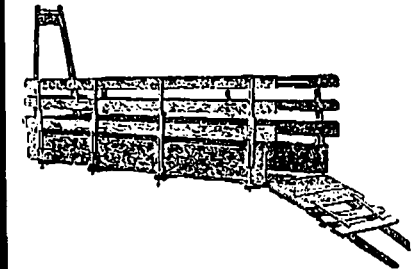
ONE-HORSE WAGON, WITH UPPER BOX.



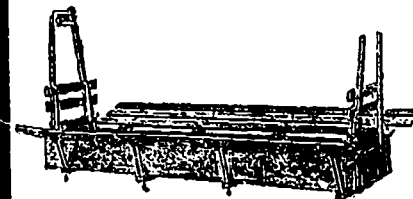
CHATHAM TWO-HORSE SPRING LORRY.



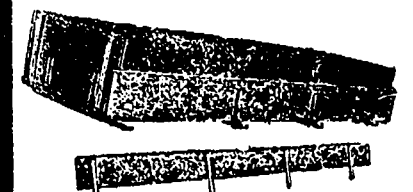
DUMP CART, WITH SPRING FASTENINGS.



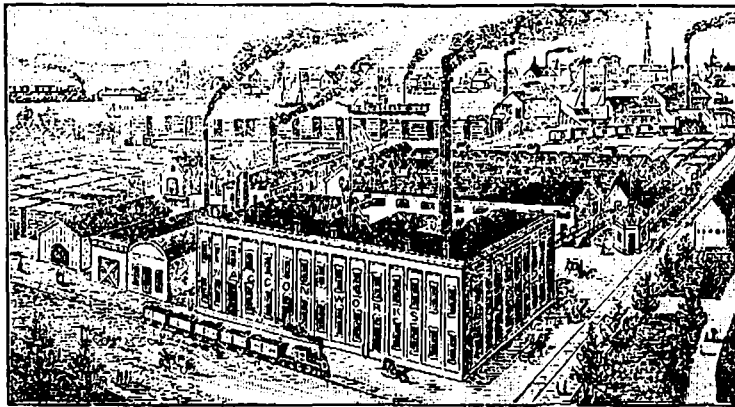
COMBINED WAGON BOX, HAY & STOCK RACK.



HERE YOU SEE IT AS A HAY RACK.



HERE IT IS AS A WAGON BOX.



WAGON WORKS AND SAW MILLS.

## TO THE TRADE:

We make no claim to superiority in mechanical skill; any good mechanic can make as good a Farm Wagon as we can, IF—and that "IF" is the biggest word in the English language in this connection—so we say IF he has his own Saw Mills in a section of the country abounding in the very best woods for wagon purposes, as we have; IF he make his own Hubs and Spokes from the very best of white oak, as we do; IF he cast his own Arms in such a way, and of such iron, as to make them almost malleable, as we do; IF he have arrangements by which the best of iron is made specially for him, as we have; IF he keep in stock at all times, dry and under cover, every piece of wood used in a wagon for 3,000 wagons, as we do, and adopt our method of extracting atmospheric dampness from wood before using it in wagons; IF he have West's Cold Tire and Hub Band Setters, as we have, and so avoid charring the Fellies of his wheels, and give them just the right and uniform dish, and band his hubs so they can never loosen; IF he have that most important machine, an Arm Setter, as we have, which unerringly and accurately sets arms so as to give the wheels the proper pitch and gather; IF he have the right to use our Patents covering the method of making wooden axles with cast arms, without truss rods, unbreakable; Malleable Adjustable Stakes, our Climax Truss Rod, etc.; IF he use the best material the world furnishes for painting; and, finally, IF he have the best wagon mechanics to be found, he may make as good a wagon as we do, but without these we fearlessly assert he cannot do so. We do not claim that we make low priced wagons, but we do claim and aim to make **THE BEST**, which under all circumstances will prove the cheapest in the end. Referring the reader to the cuts on this page of some of the different vehicles, etc., we build, and soliciting correspondence,

We are, his obedient servants,

**CHATHAM MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.**  
**CHATHAM, ONT.**

CHATHAM  
AND  
CHAUTAQUA  
GIANTS



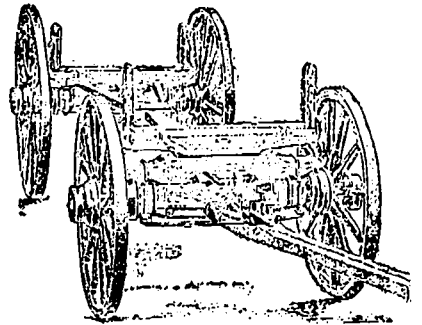
SHOWS CENTRE SPRING IN POSITION FOR LIGHT LOAD.



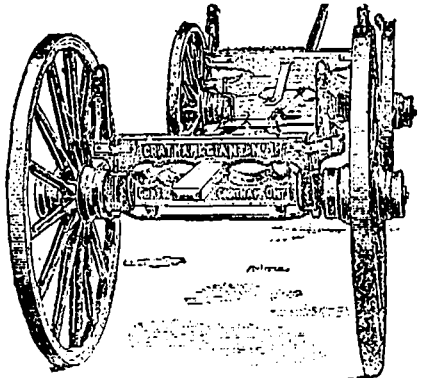
CENTRE SPRING IN POSITION FOR HEAVY LOAD.

PATENT BOLSTER WAGON SPRING.

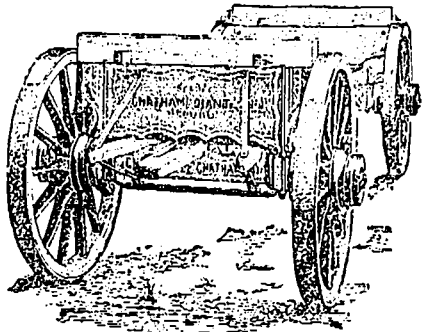
HAVE  
UNBREAK-  
ABLE  
AXLES.



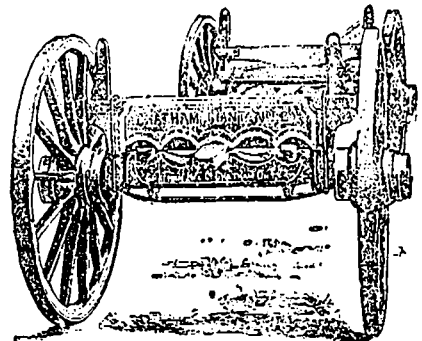
FRONT VIEW OF CHAUTAUQUA GIANT.



REAR VIEW OF CHAUTAUQUA GIANT.



CHATHAM GIANT LOG TRUCK.



CHATHAM GIANT FARM TRUCK.



FRONT AXLE OF CHAUTAUQUA GIANT.



FRONT AXLE CHATHAM GIANT.



HIND AXLE AND BOLSTER OF BOTH THE ABOVE.



ONLY REAL OSCILLATING RUNNER IN THE MARKET,  
IS THE BEST BOB-SLEIGH ON EARTH.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

## PAINTS, VARNISHES, Pure Paris Green

— New making for next Season 200 tons. —

Farmers' Paint for Outhouses sold by all Hardware Men at 60 cents per gallon, in five-gallon Buckets.

MAKERS OF PAINTS AND VARNISHES FOR MASSEY-HARRIS CO., LTD.

FACTORY AND OFFICE:

### Leslie Street, TORONTO.

#### NOTICE.

You will Miss it if You Buy



Without Getting their Price.

What the Farmers say about the **BRANTFORD FANNING MILL**

Your Mill is the best I ever saw.

JOHN ETTY, Raymond P.O.

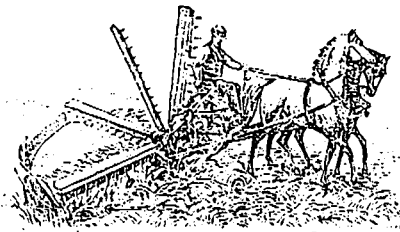
Have cleaned five thousand bushels of very dirty grain. It gives the best of satisfaction.

DAVID A. ADAMS, Thornton P.O.

**E. L. GOOLD & CO.,**

Manufacturers of Fanning Mills and Beekeepers' Supplies,  
**BRANTFORD, ONT.**

#### TWO FAMOUS REAPING MACHINES.



**MASSEY HARVESTER  
BRANTFORD REAPER**

MANUFACTURED BY

**MASSEY-HARRIS CO., Ltd., Toronto.**

#### BOYS FOR FARM HELP.

The managers of DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES desire to obtain good situations with farmers throughout the country for the boys they are sending out from time to time from their London Homes. There are at present over 4,000 children in these Homes, receiving an industrial training and education to fit them for positions of usefulness in life; and those who are sent to Canada will be selected with the utmost care, with a view to their moral and physical suitability for Canadian farm life. Farmers requiring such help are invited to apply to  
**MR. ALFRED B. OWEN, Agent Dr. Barnardo's Homes,**  
214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.

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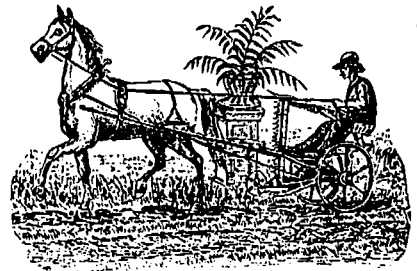
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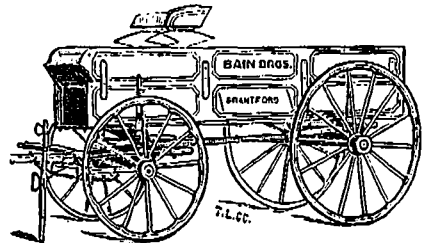
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Toronto &  
Brantford  
One-Horse  
Mowers  
are Little  
Gems.

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If You are in want of a Good Farm Wagon this Spring,

WE WOULD OFFER YOU A WORD OF ADVICE.

No other Implement about the Farm is so Indispensable as a Good Wagon.

A cheap wagon is dear at any price. The farmer who takes pride in having the best should not overlook the claims for pre-eminence of

#### THE BRANTFORD BAIN WAGON

While positive that it has no superior, we are candidly of the opinion that it is unequaled.

#### The Brantford Bain Wagon

Is built of the best white oak timber, thoroughly seasoned, and is ironed in a manner to secure further strength without giving it a clumsy appearance. It is painted and varnished with the best of material that money can procure, thus giving it a bright and attractive appearance.

Common prudence dictates that when a farmer buys a wagon he should get the best to be had—the wagon which combines strength, durability and ease of running, with a workmanlike and tasteful finish—and all these desirable qualities are to be found in

#### THE BRANTFORD BAIN WAGON

The popularity with which

#### The Brantford Bain Wagon

is everywhere received is indicated by its enormous sale, and attested by the testimony of hundreds of representative farmers and dealers.

Before placing your order for a wagon this spring be sure to call upon our agent or write us direct, and see that you get

**THE ONLY GENUINE BAIN WAGON**  
manufactured in Canada.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

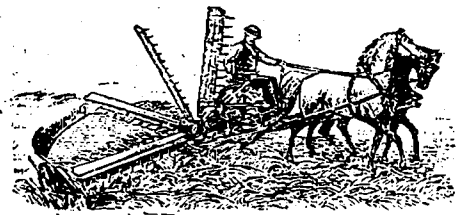
**THE BAIN BROS. MFG. CO.**

(LIMITED)

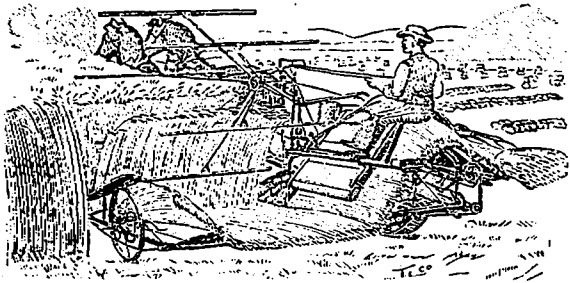
**BRANTFORD, ONT.**



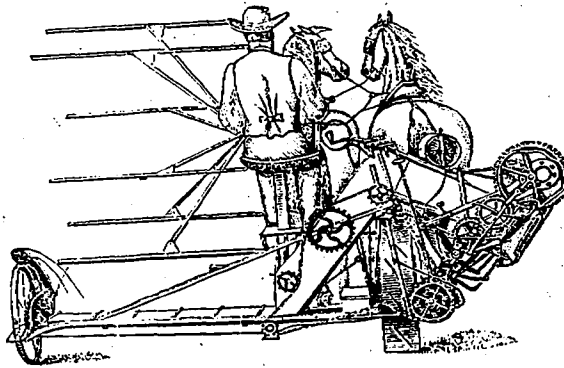
# HIGH-CLASS HARVESTING MACHINERY.



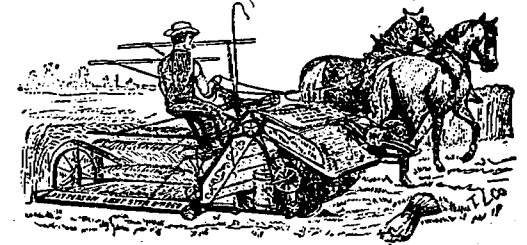
MASSEY HARVESTER AND BRANTFORD REAPER.



MASSEY-HARRIS WIDE-OPEN BINDER.

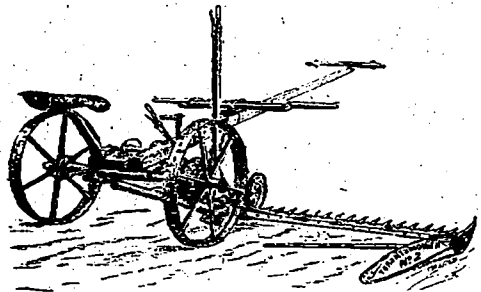


TORONTO LIGHT BINDER.

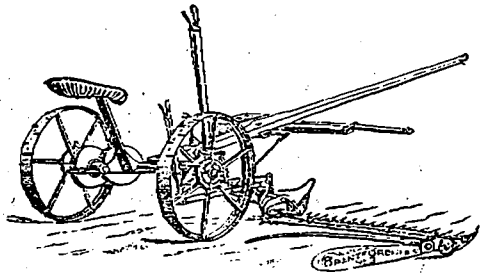


PATTERSON LIGHT STEEL BINDER.

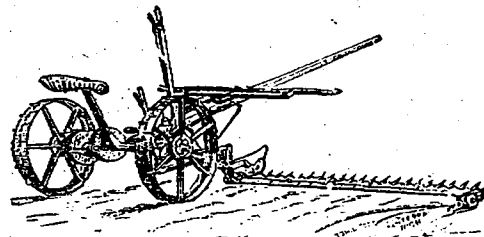
## HIGH CLASS HAY-MAKING MACHINERY.



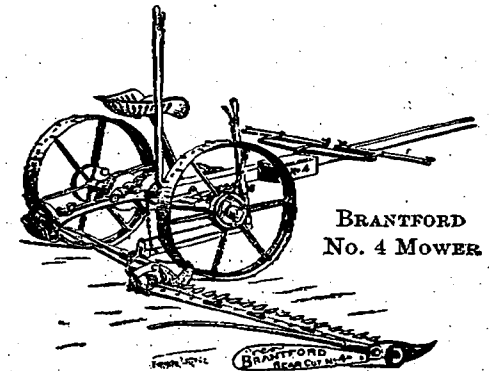
TORONTO MOWER No. 2.



BRANTFORD MOWER No. 3.



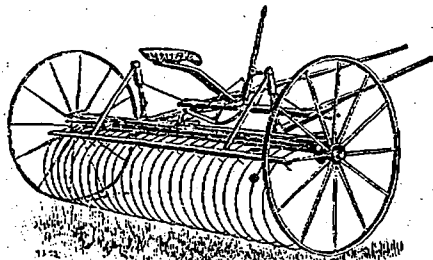
BRANTFORD BIG B MOWER.



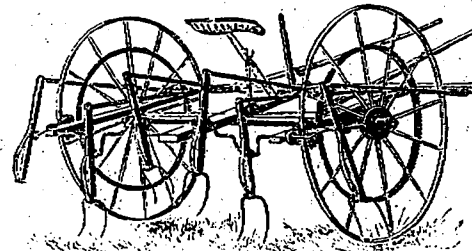
BRANTFORD No. 4 MOWER.



PATTERSON FRONT AND REAR CUT MOWERS.



SHARP'S, ITHACA AND TIGER RAKES.

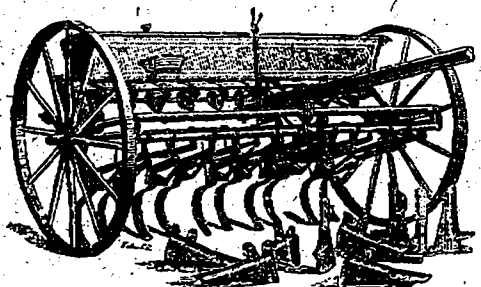


MASSEY-HARRIS HAY TEDDER.

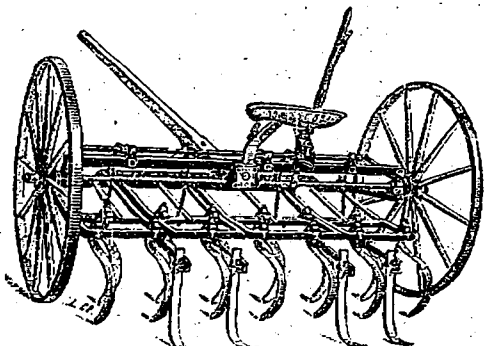


"BRANTFORD" & "TORONTO" ONE-HORSE MOWERS.

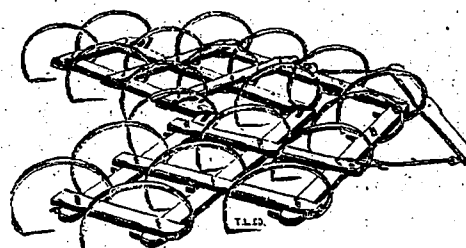
## HIGH-CLASS SEEDING & CULTIVATING MACHINERY.



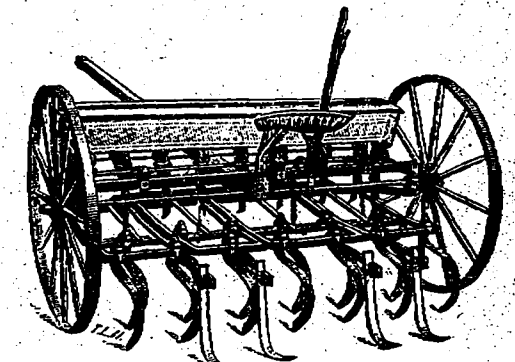
WISSER COMBINED DRILL.



MASSEY-HARRIS CULTIVATOR.



PATTERSON SPRING TOOTH HARROW.



SECTIONAL SPRING TOOTH SEEDER.