

# ◆ Massey's Illustrated ◆

UNITED WITH THE "TRIP HAMMER."  
(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

## June Number

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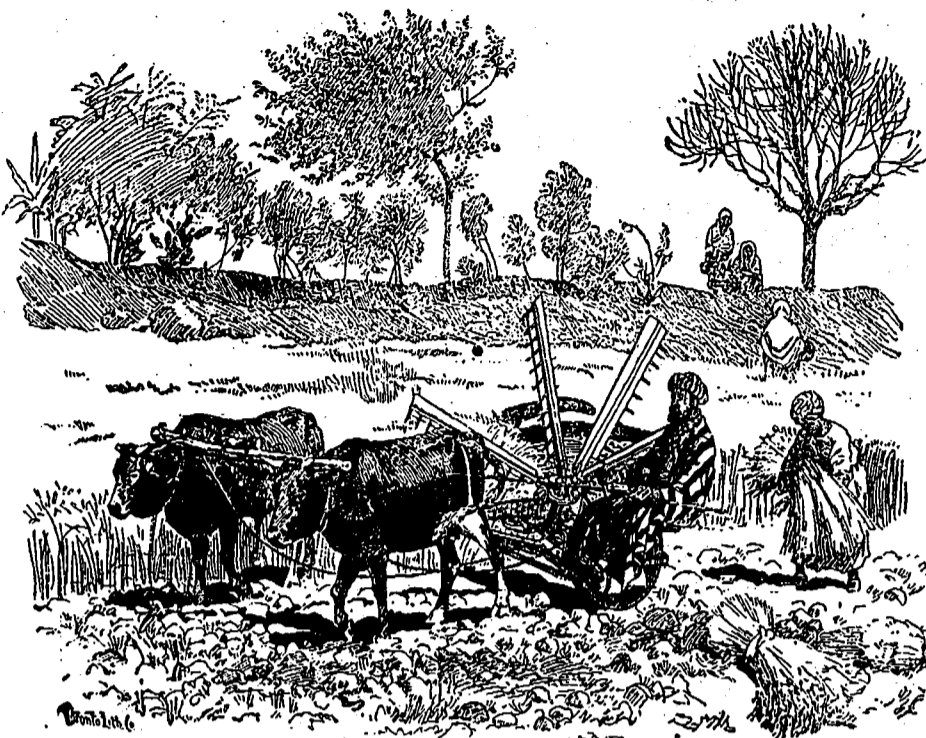
[Toronto, June, 1889.



ON THE AVON, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND. (See page 2.)

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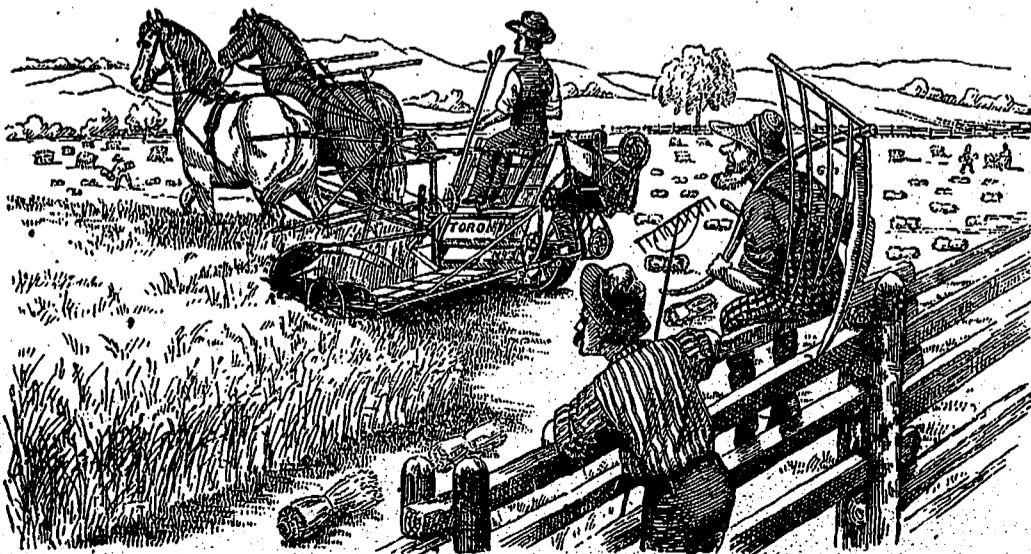
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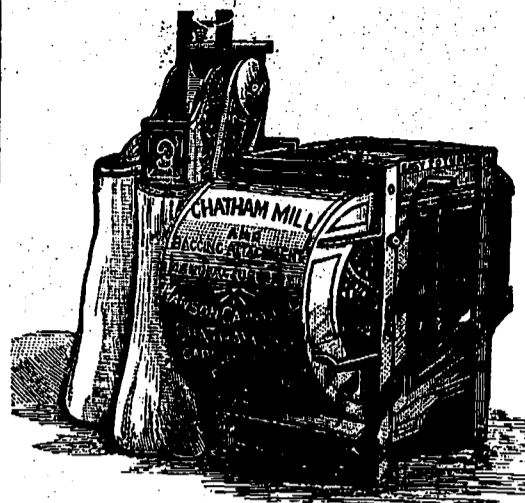
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A JOURNAL OF  
NEWS, LITERATURE FOR RURAL HOMES

UNITED WITH THE "TRIP HAMMER."

Series.  
Published Monthly.

TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE, 1889 .

[Vol. I., No. 7.]

**ROUND THE WORLD,**

*Run through the OCCIDENT, the ANTIPODES, and the ORIENT.*

Extracts from a series of letters written to the employés of Massey Manufacturing Co., by W. E. H. MASSEY, Esq.)

**NEW ZEALAND.**

Fifth Letter, dated S.S. "Lusitania," March 1st, 1888.—Concluded.

It was a cloudy morning when we started by coach for Napier and bade farewell to the region of countless springs and geyser wonders. The long and fatiguing drive across the high plateau—an extensive plain of waste and desert land—was rendered none the more enjoyable by a cold, chilly wind, which made all the coach passengers rejoice at the open hearth fire at the midway station. Here a halt was made for lunch, though it was not New Zealand summer time. The afternoon drive was, however, more pleasant and the latter part interesting in the extreme, the road winding in and out, up and down amongst the mountains, at times commanding fine views.

Our coach, though not a heavy one, was drawn by five horses, and it was a pleasure to see the dexterity with which the driver would make the sharp and often dangerous curves—the horses going on the trot almost continuously. On one of the highest and most dangerous curves one of the horses broke, but by prompt and skilful management the driver avoided accident.

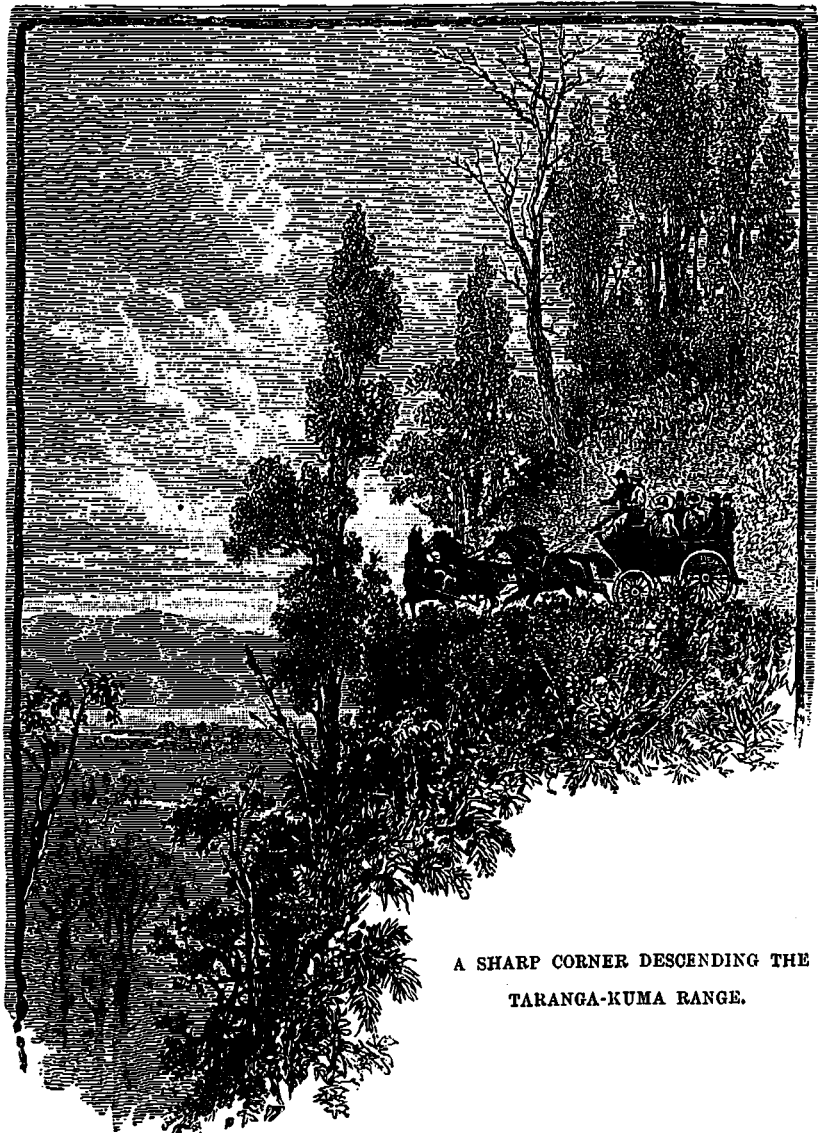
The end of the first day's journey was Tarawera\* (2,600 feet), a small settlement in the mountains, where we put up for the night. Seven o'clock the next morning found us on the way again, and the next two miles of driving before us was destined to be of such varied interest as to cause one to forget fatigue—indeed so charming were the sights that one felt fully compensated for the previous day's tiring, and monotonous coach journey. I will here remark, however, that there being no railway, "coaching" is the only way of going from Auckland to Napier, and no one will ask for a railway who is privileged to drive the last fifty or sixty miles. The road winds through a series of lovely valleys, over hills covered with an endless variety of ferns and patches of wild flax, now through a forest and then across or alongside a beautiful mountain stream.

The first long continuous climb was 1450 feet up Taranga-kuma, at the summit of which my aneroid

barometer registered 2,600 feet. The road here was very zigzag, and at each successive ascent commanded a grander view; that from the top being superb. From this a rapid descent of 1700 feet is made by a round-about route with many sharp and unavoidably dangerous turns. Then again there was a long climb across the Titiokura Range (2300 feet). When near the summit a very heavy shower came on, which fortunately lasted but a short time, for it made it exceedingly dangerous, causing the horses to slip a great deal. The driver increased our comfort but little by pointing down a frightfully steep precipice and relating the fate of a coach which had gone over at that point. When we stopped at noon for lunch, the best part of the day's drive had been accomplished, the remainder of the road to be traversed, though fine,

being less interesting. For a long distance we followed the course of the River Esk through a narrow valley or gorge, finally actually fording the stream forty-seven times. The river so-called is a good-sized stream, averaging about twenty-five feet in width, the water frequently being up to and sometimes over the hubs. I need not say this fording process got monotonous. Once away from the Esk River, our route was over a most excellent gravel road through the broad and beautiful Petane Valley, lined with well-kept rural cottages and grounds. There were a few small farms, and in several fields barley was being harvested.

After leaving Petane the road followed the Napier harbour for a few miles, thence over the "shingle" and across the inlet of the harbour by a long bridge into the town of Napier.



A SHARP CORNER DESCENDING THE TARANGA-KUMA RANGE.

\* Another Tarawera, not the great volcano.

Napier is an active, thriving place and has a good location on the bay with a fine "back country." The situation of the town proper is very peculiar. The site is really a peninsula, or rather a large hill, almost completely surrounded by water, and connected to the main land by a very narrow neck. The churches, banks, business houses, etc., are on the flats at the base of this hill, and the residences picturesquely placed on the slopes and top.

It so happened we were there on New Year's day and the Monday following, which was the day of celebration. It was a fine day, though rather warm, and the town was fairly deserted, for, according to the custom of the place, almost everybody had gone into the country, picnicing, etc., or to the races. Sunday-school picnics, or "festivals," as they are called, were held on that day. How strange it seemed to us—picnics at New Year's time! Horse racing is the standard amusement of the colony, and it is carried to a very great extreme—every village, no matter how small, having its "race meetings" at frequent intervals. It has come to be the "curse of the country," and the wasted time, drinking, and especially the gambling consequent upon these races, is a source of terrible evil. Many thousands of pounds sterling are annually put through the "totalizer" or "gambling machine" alone at these races.

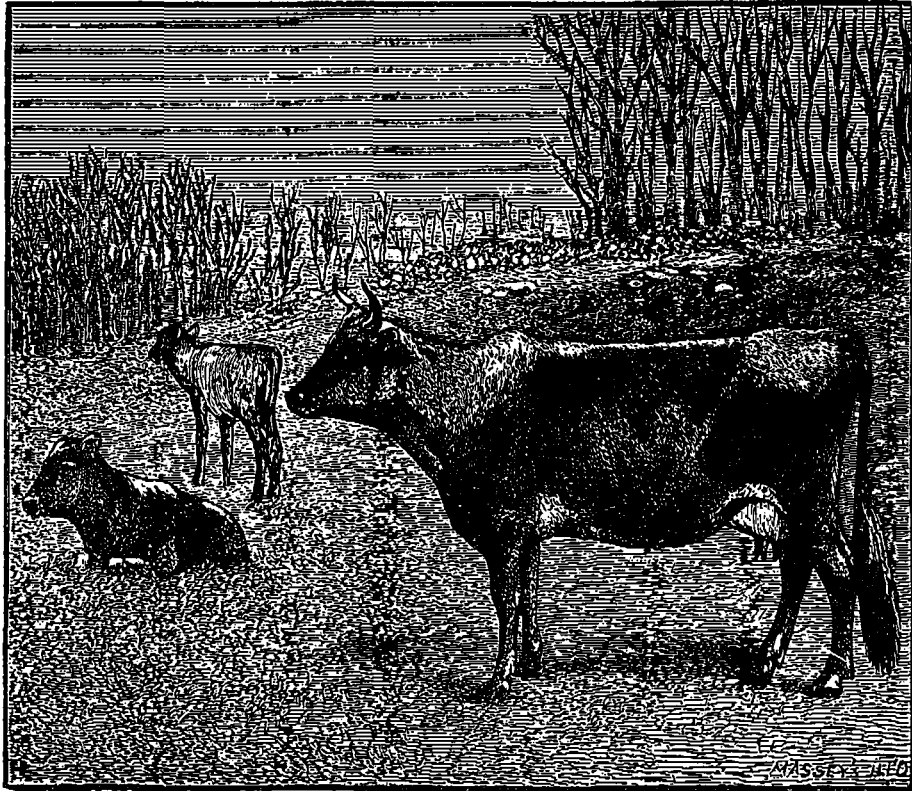
But to proceed. From Napier our route was overland to Wellington (200 miles) by rail, except the seventeen miles between Woodville and Palmerston, a gap where the railroad is still unfinished, which we fortunately had to perform by coach—I say fortunately, because it was through one of the prettiest bits of scenery I have ever been privileged to look upon.

Soon after leaving town the train passes through a good stretch of fine country laid out in farms, principally sheep and stock-raising, with occasional agricultural sections. Haying was just being finished and harvesting had about commenced. Away to the north-west of the train was a snow-streaked range of mountains. Except the drive through the Manawatu Gorge, of which I am about to speak, there is but little in this trip to Wellington to attract the purely sight-seeing tourist. The train reached Woodville in time for lunch, directly after which the coach started.

After a mile or two we crossed the Manawatu River by a fine bridge and entered the magnificent and very narrow gorge, through the bottom of which flows the handsome river—broad, swift, and deep—a noble stream. On either side the precipitous, I might almost say perpendicular, walls tower up hundreds of feet, and are clothed in a most luxuriant and fresh vegetation—splendid trees, shrubs, and ferns through the whole length of six miles.

The coach road, both smooth and good, has been cut out along one side and is a mere shelf in mid-air, barely wide enough, and without fence or rail-

ing to prevent going over. As the coach spun along, the horses on the full trot, one looked almost straight down upon the swift river fifty or seventy-five feet below, and above, as far as the eye could reach, was the impending embankment clad in nature's best, following the curves and turns of the gorge—a grander spectacle can scarcely be pictured. But one thing marred the scenery, and that was the cutting on the opposite side for the railway track, which is being put through—a very difficult piece of engineering. But for all it was so beautiful, frequently the turns were so alarmingly short around projecting rocks, the wheels coming within twelve inches of the very edge, one could but feel a sense of relief when again safely out on the open plains. At intervals indications of small washouts and land slides did not augment the pleasure of timid passengers. It was the first time in my life I can remember being really nervous while riding or driving, and I had previously been over some very dangerous places. We put up at Palmerston, quite a large village, for the night,



THE PETS ON A NEW ZEALAND STOCK FARM.

proceeding next morning by early train. Some miles before reaching Wellington the railway follows the west coast, winding about the rocky cliffs close to the water's edge, there being a great many pretty little bays and inlets; then it passes through a very mountainous district, many short tunnels being necessary. It is when emerging from one of these tunnels that Wellington with its pretty harbour comes suddenly into sight—a very pleasing surprise. The city is situated on the sides of a group of hills, which slope down towards its splendid harbour, forming a vast amphitheatre, as it were; the very opposite to Napier's location.

Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, is a city of perhaps 28,000 people, and has large commercial and shipping interests, its harbour being the safest and most commodious in New Zealand. It was on the site of Wellington that the first practical settlement was made in the colony.

We took our departure from the capital and the North Island on January 6th, sailing for Lyttleton, the port of Christchurch, on the east coast of the

South Island, where we arrived early the following morning. There was a stiff breeze blowing and the air perfectly clear, so that we had an excellent opportunity of seeing the fine rugged, rocky cliffs and headlands of the coast we were leaving, and in the dim distance the coast and snowy mountains of the South (or middle) Island were just visible. Having nothing to detain us at Lyttleton we went on at once to Christchurch, which is but half an hour by rail from its port, the range of hills along the coast being pierced by a tunnel a mile and five-eighths in length. The heights along the coast form an excellent protection to the interior country against the severe gales blowing down the coast.

Christchurch is the chief business centre of the famous Canterbury District, and is situated on the plains of that name on the River Avon. It is frequently styled the "City of the Plains," and in this respect, owing to its flat location, is a great contrast to other New Zealand cities. As I stood at some of the street corners and looked up and down the streets out over the plains, level and prairie-like, I could but think of Winnipeg. Christchurch is, however, "eminently English in its appearance, architecture, and surroundings," but I would add, "except that its streets are much wider than those of an English town." There are several fine buildings, among them the Museum, which contains a valuable and unique collection, and a cathedral (not as yet quite complete, though in use) with a tower 210 feet high\* and a peal of ten bells which last I heard with much delight on Sabbath morning and evening.

Christchurch claims, with its suburbs, forty odd thousand inhabitants. It is a neat, pretty city, and the beautiful River Avon, which flows through it, lined with handsome weeping willows, and the adjoining parks, are very attractive features. Altogether I was much taken with the place

(See cut on front cover.)

The Canterbury Plains are the pride of all New Zealand, and no wonder. A more beautiful agricultural district I never visited. A rich and very fertile stretch of, for the most part, flat prairie-like country extends from the East Coast to the mountain range in the west of the island, and here are to be seen some of the largest and finest farms in existence—the whole like one mammoth garden. Picture to yourself a tract of country, well laid out in farms, splendidly irrigated, the fields of which are each protected by well-trimmed gorse hedges (instead of old stumps, rails, or barbed wire fences), and the roads clean, neat, and in good condition; imagine each field to contain a heavy and even crop of wheat or oats, with an occasional potato patch, in as perfect condition as you can conceive of nature's attaining, and you will have

\*A portion of this tower was shaken down by a severe earthquake since Mr. W. E. H. Massey's visit at Christchurch, a brief account of which appeared in the December 1891 issue of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, under Foreign News.—Ed.

some idea of the beautiful district of Canterbury in the neighbourhood of Christchurch just previous to harvest time. Harvest is later in the South Island, and at the time of our trip through this country, the grain, although still green and not full grown, stood four to five feet high on the average, and so even was the length of the straw and the full heads so close together, that at a distance a field would have the appearance of a new-mown lawn—"as smooth and even as a velvet carpet." Some of these "paddocks" (fields) were said to be a mile square, and would rival our mammoth Manitoba crops, the yield being even greater. The yields of the Canterbury and Otago districts, the latter lying just south of the former, are claimed to be the largest in the world, wheat averaging 35 bushels to the acre, while single fields of 70, 80, and even 90 bushels to the acre are boasted, oat crops giving even a greater return. The average wheat yield for the whole of New Zealand is, however, 20 to 25 bushels to the acre.

The gorse hedges I mentioned are unique and picturesque. A mound of earth is first thrown up and the gorse planted on top of it, thus forming

I have said of the farming lands about Christchurch. From Timaru south through the whole of the Otago District, the land is rolling, hilly, and in parts mountainous. Self-Binders (now of American and English make) are used exclusively in harvesting, the single reaping machine being a thing of the past. I am glad to report we succeeded in laying the foundation of what I hope and believe will be a good trade in Toronto harvesting machinery.\* Approaching Dunedin the railway makes several "horseshoe bends" amongst the hills and along the cliffs by the sea, and for the last twenty miles affords some pretty bits of scenery. After going through several short tunnels, beautiful Port Chalmers—the port of Dunedin—comes into view. It lies at the entrance of the Otago Harbour, which extends nearly nine miles up to Dunedin, and is available for good-sized vessels the whole distance.

Dunedin is a splendid little city of 25,000 to 30,000 people. It is the most city-like city in New Zealand. The principal streets are neat and well-paved, the business section rather more concentrated, and the public buildings are more extravagant. Here one sees more of the genuine city life.

But there is not the slightest doubt that, with her great resources and most valuable territory, Maori Land will shortly overcome these obstacles to her progress, and in the meantime she has learned by a sad experience the old lesson, that it is best to "make haste slowly." The staple exports of the Colony are wheat, wool, and mutton, the latter being preferred and bringing a higher price on the English market than the Australian mutton. Mutton and beef are shipped in steamships provided with freezing chambers where the meat is carried in the frozen state. The ship in which I am now sailing has a small cargo of 3,115 carcasses of Australian mutton and 800 tubs of butter, besides the ordinary ship supplies, in her freezing rooms. The prices of sheep in New Zealand range from one to two dollars per head. Meat is so cheap that almost the poorest laborer may have it on his table three times a day. This is really a source of evil, since too much meat is eaten, and the consequent diseases are prevalent.

As will be inferred from the above, sheep and stock raising and agriculture are the leading industries, the latter being carried on much more extensively in the South Island than in the North. There are also several rich gold and coal mines, and other minerals are also found. New Zealand timbers are noted for their excellent properties in ship-building. The digging and exporting of Kauri gum, deposited from the Kauri pine tree and



PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

not only an almost impassable barrier, but also a splendid shelter from wind as well. The admirably-kept farms thus hedged in and the splendid roads—more especially in the vicinity of towns—forcibly reminded me of country districts of old England. When one thinks of the short space of time in which this state of perfection has been accomplished, it is a source of astonishment.

It is much easier to get about in the South Island than in the North, there being railway communication between all the towns and villages of any note. All New Zealand railways are under government management, which is far from the best. The gauge is very narrow, and the cars on the whole are not equal to the ordinary first-class American car (which they resemble), although the fare, first-class, averages five cents per mile.

The journey from Christchurch to Dunedin by rail is 230 miles, passing through the very best of the country. This we took, stopping off at Ashburton and Timaru—each centres of the very best agricultural districts—and at each point took a long drive into the country to see it thoroughly. To tell of what we saw would be to rehearse what

The site is, however, not the most favorable, being on the irregular slopes of a group of hills converging to the harbour and is too much hemmed in.

Everywhere one went in New Zealand he heard of the "financial panic," with which the colony is now seriously distressed and which I have previously mentioned. That a severe financial depression exists there is every evidence, but as usual "newspaper talk" and the evil prognostications of pessimists have painted it in its blackest, and have not only aggravated matters, but exaggerated the situation. The national debt of New Zealand is at the rate of nearly as many pounds sterling per capita as the Canadian national debt is dollars per capita—a matter of no small concern. The great expense attending the opening up of the country, wars with the natives, etc., and especially bad and grossly extravagant governmental management have brought this about. The recent great fall in prices of the staple articles of export and the consequent depreciation of property has been one of the principal causes of the present depression, according to some authorities.

\* Since the above was written, the Massey-Toronto machines have been introduced into the Colony, and have been so successful and met with such favor that a large and rapidly increasing trade has resulted—a flattering testimony to the worth of one of Canada's most flourishing industries.—Ed.

buried in ages past by volcanic action, forms a large industry on the peninsula north of Auckland. It makes a superior grade of varnish, and is in great demand, the export of the gum for 1885 being valued at nearly £300,000 sterling. And so I might name other industries.

The most magnificent scenery in Australasia is in the South Island of New Zealand, its beautiful lake districts being noted, while the inlets and bays of the West Coast Sounds are compared to the grand scenery of the coasts of Norway, but our plans for travel would not admit of seeing these sights.

From Dunedin we went to the Bluff by sea, and as we sailed down the Otago harbour had a better opportunity of seeing its beauty and that of Port Chalmers than from the railway train. Arriving at the Bluff, which is at the southern extremity of the island, in the early morning, we at once took the train for Invercargill, of which the Bluff is the port. Invercargill is a scattered, unattractive town of probably 8,000 souls and presented the least enterprise of any New Zealand city we visited. From thence we returned to the Bluff to take sail the same morning for Hobart Town, Tasmania.

And now I must bring this my lengthy letter to a close.

Mr. Massey's letter on Tasmania (Van Diemen's Land) will appear in our next issue.



## Mrs. Thompson's White Ware.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

MRS. THOMPSON stood by the kitchen table paring potatoes for dinner. Something was evidently wrong with the little lady, for there was an unmistakable air of "spite" in the way she tossed the potatoes into the pan of cool spring water, waiting there to receive them. It was sultry weather; and through the open window came the sound of mowers whetting their scythes, blended with the call of the robin, and the faint notes of the cuckoo in the shaded wood. But it only irritated Mrs. Thompson; indeed, everything irritated her that day. Looking out from the back door might be seen a lovely landscape, with broad reaches of meadow-land, fringed with graceful belts of birch; and softly-rounded mountains lifting their velvety foreheads to the white fleecy clouds that went slowly sailing across the exquisite ether, like huge drifts of thistle-down. But this also irritated her: everything could be beautiful, save her life, and that was cold and rude and barren. At least, Mrs. Thompson, in the plenitude of her present unsatisfactory mood, was telling herself that it was.

To begin at the beginning, Jane Lawrence had been an unusually romantic girl, and had gone for two years to a boarding-school. She had always fancied she would marry some famous artist or scholar, who would take her to Rome and Venice, where she might live in a perpetual dream of beauty. She so loved beautiful things! Perhaps all women do; and that may be the reason so many are found ready to barter love for gold.

But, contrary to all her pre-conceived notions, she married Robert Thompson, a plain, practical farmer; and instead of touring in Italy, she went to live at the old homestead, which had been the abode of the Thompsons for generations. Dreams and reality are so very different, you see.

Robert Thompson was a working farmer, as well as a practical man, and all his people worked. His mother had worked in her day, his sisters had worked, he expected his wife to work. She took to it gleefully; she had not been brought up with high notions, by any means; and at first the work did not seem so much. But every experienced lady knows how the labor seems to accumulate in a plain farmer's household as years after marriage go on. There were plenty of men and boys about, but only one woman servant was kept: and Mrs. Robert Thompson grew to find she helped at nearly everything, save perhaps the roughest of the labor. In the place of lounging in elegant foreign studios, or gliding down famed canals and streams in picturesque gondolas, she had butter and cheese to make, and poultry to rear, and dinners to cook in the long, low-ceiled kitchen, and the thousand and one cares upon her shoulders that make up a busy household. Quite a contrast it must be admitted.

With things a little different, she'd not have minded the work so much, could she have had nice carpets and tasteful furniture, and books, and a picture or two, and flowers. The home was so very hard and practical, and its surroundings were getting so shabby. At first she had not noticed this or cared for it; but every year, as the years rolled on, made matters look dingier. Old Mrs. Thompson had not cared to be smart and nice; Robert never thought about it. And what though he had? It is only natural for men to assume that what had done for a mother would do for a wife.

The matter to-day which had put her so much out, was this. A sewing-club had recently been established in the neighborhood. There was much distress among the poor laborers' wives and families, and some ladies with time on their hands set up a sewing-club, to make a few clothes for the nearly naked children. The farmers' wives had joined it—Mrs. Thompson amid others. They met at stated intervals, taking the different houses in rotation; dining at home at twelve, assembling at one o'clock and working steadily for several hours. It was surprising how much work got done; how many little petticoats and frocks were made in the long afternoons. In less than a month it would be Mrs. Thompson's turn to receive the company—for the first time—and she naturally began to consider ways and means. For they met for an entertainment as well as for sewing: tea in the afternoon, a grand meal later, when the stitching was over.

What was Mrs. Thompson to do? Their stock of plates and dishes consisted of a few odds and ends of cracked delf that had once been a kind of mulberry color. She had long wanted

some new white ware; she wanted it more than ever now. Grover, the keeper of the village crockery shop, had a lovely set for sale—white, with a delicate sprig of convolvuli and fuschias, looking every bit as good as real china. Mrs. Thompson had set her heart on the set, and that morning had broached the subject to her husband.

"What's the matter with the old ones?" he asked.

"Look at them," she answered. "They are frightfully old and shabby."

"I dare say the food will taste as well off them as off Grover's set of white ware."

"But there's not half enough. We have as good as none left."

"Mother had some best china. Where is it?"

"That's nearly all gone. We couldn't put the two on the table together."

"Why not?"

"O, Robert, look at this. It is the shabbiest old lot ever seen."

"'Twas good enough for mother."

Mrs. Robert Thompson disdained to make comment.

"You'd not have thought of this but for the sewing-circle having to come here. If they can't come and eat from such dishes as we've got, they are welcome to stay away."

There were tears in Mrs. Thompson's eyes, but she crowded them bravely back. He took his hat to go out to his mowing.

"We really want the things, Robert. Those at Grover's are very cheap. I can get all I want for a mere trifle. Do give me the money."

"Grover'll have to keep 'em for us; I've got no money to waste on fine china," returned the farmer. "By-the-way"—looking back from the door—"Jones and Lee are coming to give me a helping hand. I want to get the south meadow down to-day, if I can; it's a famous crop; so I shall bring them in to dinner. O, and the Hubbard's want six pounds of butter to-night; don't forget to have it ready."

With these words Mr. Robert Thompson had marched off, leaving his wife to her long, weary day's work, darkened and made distasteful by her disappointment. She was both grieved and angry. It was a little thing, perhaps, but it is the little things of life that delight or annoy.

Existence seemed very bare and homely to Jane Thompson that summer day. With her love of ease and beauty and symmetry, how rude and coarse and hard looked all her surroundings. It was only one long, monotonous round of homely toil, unrelieved by any of the little sweetness and graces that might make even toil pleasant. She did not often think of it, but she remembered that day, with the faintest little air of regret, that she might have been far differently situated; and as she looked up to the pretty French cottage on the hill, embowered in a perfect forest of blossoming vines, caught the cool gleam of urn and fountain, something like a sigh trembled on her lips.

"Squire Burnham's wife does not have to beg for a paltry bit of money to set out her table decently," she thought rebelliously.

What business had she to marry Robert Thompson? she asked herself, her slender wrist beating away at the butter for the Hubbards. For in the green and gloomy light that Mrs. Thompson looked at things to-day, she quite forgot the fact that she had fallen in love with the honest, steady, and good-looking young farmer, choosing him in preference to Joe Burnham, whom she might have had. Joe had a patrimony of his own—two hundred a year at least—and a good bit of land, which he rented, and was called "Squire," as his father had been before him. He wanted to marry Jane Lawrence and she would not; likes and dislikes cannot be controlled, and she cared more for Robert Thompson's little finger than for the whole of poor, undersized Joe. Squire Burnham found another wife, and Mrs. Thompson this weary day was furiously envying her. Mrs. Burnham would come amidst the rest of the sewing-club, too, and see the miserable shabbiness of the mulberry ware, and the home generally. The unfinished butter got beaten savagely at the thought.

Robert Thompson was not an unkind man, only thoughtless. He was a type of a very large class, more especially farmers, who do not feel the need of life's rugged pathway being softened with flowers.

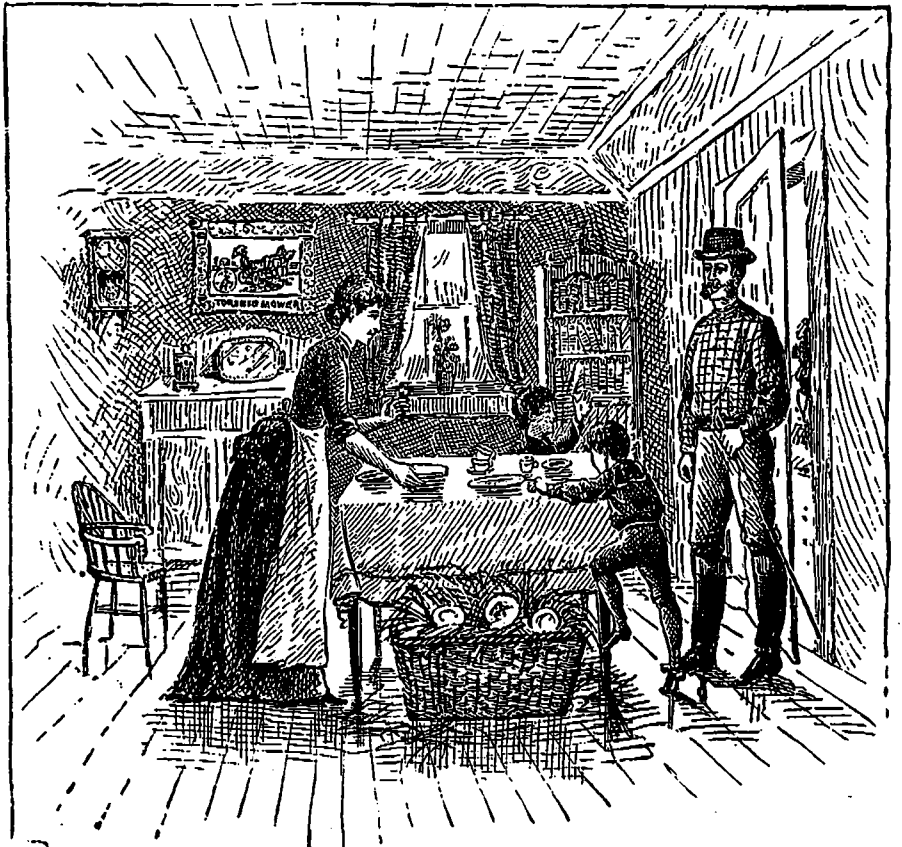
Absorbed in his stock, his crops, his money-getting, he did not realize how monotonous was his wife's life at home. He had his recreations, the weekly market, gossip with his brother farmers, politics. She had nothing but work and care. He did not realize the truth that the worn, shabby home told upon her; that she needed some brightening to come to it as a yearning want of life. And so, as the years had gone on, she grew dissatisfied at heart, hardly understanding what she wished for, or what she could not wish; the intensely unlovely, prosy, dull life somewhat souring her spirits. Now and again when she gave back a short or bitter retort, Robert wondered; she used to be so sweet-tempered.

All through the long forenoon Mrs. Thompson nursed her wrath. Robert was selfish and unreasonable, and she did not care who knew it. She would not have the sewing-club at the farm, come what might. The potatoes got boiled; the big piece of beef was simmering on the fire. Before twelve o'clock had well struck she saw her husband and his two friends coming through the orchard, with red and hungry faces. Mr. Thompson always wanted his dinner boiling hot; and she hastened to lay the cloth in the cool room off the kitchen. Frank and Charley, her two boys, came rushing in from school, each striving to claim her attention. She was tired, heated, and very cross.

"Why isn't dinner ready?" demanded Mr. Thompson, not seeing it actually on the table when he entered. "I told you we had no time to waste to-day," he added angrily in his hurry and hunger. "If I hadn't anything to do all the forenoon but get dinner, I'd have it ready in time, I know."

A bitter retort was springing to her lips, but ere it could be spoken Charley clamorously interposed, pushing his new copy book before her eyes.

"Look, mother! I am going into sentences now, like Frank. It's my first copy. The master wrote it; and he said I was to



MR. THOMPSON, CAME IN AND FOUND HER IN THE MIDST. "WHAT IS IT, JENNY?" HE ASKED.

get it by heart, too, and always remember it. Do read it, mother."

Mrs. Thompson, her arms full of the cracked mulberry plates, paused a moment to let her eyes fall on the new copy. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," was what she read. It was not that the proverb was new; she had read it scores of times; but there was something in its appropriateness to the present moment that fell like a cool, sweet wind on her heated pulses.

"I will have it ready in a moment, Robert," she said quietly. Mr. Robert Thompson looked up. Evidently he had not expected so pleasant a reply. If the truth must be told, he had thought a good bit that morning about the white ware. Not in the way of granting it, but that she would probably be sulky over it when they got in to dinner.

"It doesn't feel here as it does in that blazing meadow," he remarked to his friends, as they went into the cool north room to dinner. "Folks that can keep indoors this weather have an easy time of it; they don't know what heat is."

Mrs. Thompson wondered whether this was a slap at her. Her face looked scarlet enough for any amount of heat. As to sitting down with them, she had enough to do to wait on the party. It was washing-day, and Mollio must not be called.

"This butter must have been kept in the kitchen, it's like oil," said Mr. Thompson.

"I took it out of the cellar since you came in; I will go down and get you some more, if you think I had better," was the reply, given pleasantly.

"Never mind. Well, I declare! Do you call this meat boiled?" went on Mr. Thompson, as he began to carve. "It's harder than a rock. If meat has to be cooked pretty fresh this weather, it needn't be like this."

"I tried to have it nice, Robert," she said, striving to choke down a rising sob—as well as an angry word.

Mr. Thompson, aroused by a quiver in the tone, looked at his wife; his friends looked at one another. She sat down at length, but could not eat. Mr. Thompson finished the meal in silence.

He was watching his wife's face; there was something in it he did not understand—a kind of patient, hopeless look, as if she no longer cared to struggle onward. The old mulberry ware did look dingy on the snowy white tablecloth; almost too bad for these chums of his to sit down to; he wondered he had never thought of that before. Robert Thompson grew thoughtful.

He passed into the kitchen when they were going out again—how hot and stifling it felt with that big fire, as bad as the south meadow. His wife had been in it cooking; that must have made her face scarlet. Indoors was not so comfortable a place after all, if you had hot work to do, was the idea that flitted through his mind. And, perhaps, the work was over-much for his wife, who at best was but a delicate woman.

A fresh, cool breeze had sprung up from the south, as he went out, walking slowly, but the sun was burning hot still. Robert Thompson waited to wipe his brows; and in that moment the voices of his companions came towards him from the other side of the hedge, where they stood in the little shade it cast.

"I never pitied a woman so much in my life," quoth one of them. "She works like a slave, and does not get even so much as a 'thank ye' for it from Thompson. He's a good fellow, but uncommon down upon the work. Stroug as a horse himself, he thinks, I suppose, women must be the same."

"Yes, Bob's a sterling good fellow, but Jane Lawrence made a mistake when she said yes to his asking," said the other. "Jones, she wasn't cut out for a farmer's wife, especially one who keeps his folks to it like Thompson does. She's over sensitive—delicate; any lady but she would have turned long ago and bid him give her proper help. He won't make his money out of her many years if he don't take better care of her; she'll run down fast. Awfully changed she is; she looks as faded as the old house-rooms—and they haven't seen a coat of paint since grandfather Thompson's day."

"Ah, she'd better have took Joe Burnham. The Lawrences used to have things nice in their home, and she'd have got 'em so still if she'd married Joe. His wife's just gone out in her pony chaise. I say, Jones, I wonder whether Thompson's wife's ever sorry?"

Was she? The unconscious comments of those, his warm friends, came crushing down on Robert Thompson's heart and brain like a bolt of fire. That she rejected Burnham for him he knew, when she came home to the old homestead and took care of his invalid mother. Tenderly had she done it, too. Could she be wearing out her life in hard work for him; she, the mother of his boys; she whom he loved so well, for all his churlishness? Robert Thompson stole away; he could bear his thoughts no longer, and he felt that he could almost kill himself for his blind heedlessness.

The afternoon wore on toward evening. Mrs. Thompson had finished her indoor work—the washing up of the dinner dishes and the putting of the rooms straight—and was going in with an armful of fine things that she had taken from the clothes lines, when the sound of wheels made her look around.

"I've brought that white ware, Mrs. Thompson," said the brisk voice of Grover, springing from the cart and lifting down carefully a large hamper.

"But I didn't order it, Mr. Grover," she rejoined in rather a frightened voice.

"The master did, though. Mr. Thompson came down this afternoon and said the things was to come up to you at once. There's the dinner set you admired, and a tea set as well. Where shall I put 'em?"

"Bring 'em in, please," she answered rather faintly. He did as he was bid and then drove off.

Mrs. Thompson sat down by the hamper of crockery and cried as if her heart would break. They were magical tears, too, for they washed all the weariness and despair from her face, and the shadow from her eyes and heart. She forgot that she was tired, or that the day was hot; she only thought how kind Robert was, and what a wicked woman she had been for saying to herself in her temper that she'd rather have had Squire Burnham. Then she unpacked the treasure, pulling them out from amidst the hay, and singing softly all the while. O, it was beautiful, that ware! with its clear opaque white, and here and there a delicate tracing of fuschia or convolvulus.

Mr. Thompson came in and found her in the midst.

"What is it, Jenny?" he asked—the old fond name he used to call her.

"O Robert!" taking a step toward him.

He opened his arms and drew her close to his heart, kissing her as fondly and tenderly as he ever had in the days of his courtship. "I have been a brute, little wife," he whispered, huskily. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you? O, Robert! I never was so happy in my life! I have been to blame! I have not been as patient as I might."

"Yes, you have. You've been an angel compared to me; but all that is over. I did not think, Jenny; I did not, indeed."

"But—Robert—"

"You shall have more help in the house, another servant. We'll get her in, Jenny, long before the sewing-club comes round."

"O, Robert, how kind you are! I feel as light as a bird."

"And you are, almost," he answered, smiling a little sadly as he looked into her eager face. "We'll turn over a new leaf, Jane; heaven knows I did not mean to be cruel."

"Robert, you were never that."

"Well—we'll let it be; by-gones shall be by-gones if you will. Oh, and I forgot to say that I saw Leeds this afternoon. It's a very dull time just now, the poor fellow says, without a job on hand; so I thought I'd give him one. They'll be here to begin to-morrow morning."

"You are—not going to have the house done up?" she exclaimed in wild surprise.

"Every square inch of it. And, once the painting and that's finished, we'll see what else we can do to make it look a little bit brighter."

She hardly believed it; she burst into tears. "And I have been so wicked!" she cried. "Only to-day I had quite wicked thoughts, Robert. I was envying Mrs. Burnham; I was feeling angry with everybody. It was the discouragement, Robert."

"Yes, it was the discouragement," he said, quite humbly. "We will do better for the future, Jane; I'll try another plan."

She cried silently for a minute longer; soft, happy tears; feeling that light had superseded darkness.

"And it has all arisen from my trying to carry out for a bit that blessed proverb:—'A soft answer turneth away wrath,'" she murmured. "Robert, did you ever before see such lovely white ware?"



HAY HARVEST.

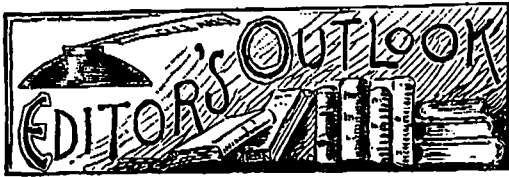


### Don't Worry.

Don't worry at trifles and troubles,  
Nor fret when misfortune appears;  
Repining each burden but doubles,  
And evils delay not for tears.  
Time wasted in useless complaining  
Is wealth we might use thrown away,  
Better wisely to use that remaining,  
Employing each hour of each day.

Don't worry if fortune has dowered  
Some other more richly than you;  
Sad grieving but makes one a coward,  
Success means to dare and to do.  
Time's chances have not all departed;  
Rich prizes are waiting a claim;  
But they fall not to those who down-hearted  
Creep feebly toward fortune and fame.

Don't worry o'er past tribulations:  
They're gone and their lesson is taught.  
Look forward! The future relations  
Are with grand possibilities fraught.  
Who conquers the present, improving  
Each hour of the here and the now,  
Gains a place in that circle which, moving,  
Brings the prized laurel wreath to his brow. —B.



THE results of the guess for the Sharp's Rake will be found on page fourteen.

MR. J. H. BROWNLEE, D. L. S., Brandon, Man., has sent us his new indexed map of Manitoba. Mr. Brownlee's aim has been to supply a long-felt want in the province for a reliable low-priced map, and in this he has succeeded admirably.

ADVICES from England bring the welcome news that the first shipment of Canadian cattle this season has met with a ready sale at favorable prices, and that the prospects are equally bright for later consignments. It must be gratifying to Canadians to know that in the face of active competition from other countries the cattle industry is an established success.

HON. CHAS. DRURY will devote this month to institute work by attending the various picnics in connection with Farmers' Institutes throughout the province. These picnics are a combination of pleasure and business and enable the Minister of Agriculture and the farmer to interchange views and opinions for the common good of the agricultural community.

WE are in receipt of a pamphlet by Mr. J. E. Johnson, of the Essex Liberal, giving a brief sketch of the County of Essex, describing its climate, situation, resources, soil, productions and advantages as a place of settlement; also a short history of the formation and growth of the town of Essex, with biographical sketches of some of the public men, etc. The pamphlet is neatly gotten up and is altogether a most creditable production.

THE heavy frost on the night of Tuesday, May 28th, did considerable damage throughout Ontario and several States in the Union. Garden vegetables and small fruits were almost completely destroyed, and large areas of wheat, particularly in low-lying lands, were badly damaged. In Manitoba and the North-west the wheat crop escaped the cold spell. What a pity it is that one night's frost should have darkened the bright hopes of the farmers in many places.

ABOUT this time directors of Agricultural Societies and Exhibition Associations are beginning to bestir

themselves in making preparations for the annual fairs and exhibitions. Prize lists are being arranged and for the larger exhibitions the secretaries are on the lookout for outside attractions. The directors of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, which will be held from September 9th to 21st, are already far advanced in their preparations. Over 250,000 visitors attended this exhibition last year, and as increased prizes, greater attractions and lower railway fares than ever before are promised, the attendance this year will no doubt exceed that of any previous year.

THE decision of the Government not to give assisted passages to immigrants, which came into effect last year, has apparently had a marked effect this season, the arrivals as compared with last season showing a considerable decrease. We are inclined to think that the country will not seriously suffer in consequence. Canada does not yearn for the poor and needy of the mother land. What she most wants are men able to pay their own way and who are willing to put their shoulder to the wheel and earn their daily bread by honest, manly toil. Such men are a nation's bulwarks, and Canada will gladly welcome them with outstretched arms. There is plenty of room in this grand country with all its varied attractions for thousands of men of this stamp.

SANITARIANS assert that bank notes are one of the most common causes of the spread of disease. We don't hanker after disease, but we yearn for bank notes. Subscribers to the ILLUSTRATED need not hesitate to send us bank notes for any new subscriptions they may obtain, as we will cheerfully brave the risk of contagion. Remember that we give on July 1st cash prizes of \$50, \$35 and \$15 for the first, second and third largest lists of new subscribers. Push ahead, therefore, for the few remaining weeks and send along your lists and bank notes. You will also receive a handsome premium in accordance with the number of new subscribers you send us. We will give liberal pay to those who prefer to work for cash. To any such we will be glad to furnish particulars on hearing from them. We want all the new subscribers possible before the 1st of July. Fifty cents a year is a very small sum for such a paper as the ILLUSTRATED.

IF the exodus of farmers and farmers' sons from Ontario to the fertile prairies of Manitoba and the North-west continues, her pre-eminence as an agricultural centre will soon be a thing of the past, and she will be compelled to look in some other direction for the elements which will make and keep her great. She is acknowledged to be immensely rich in minerals, and the time is apparently not far distant when she will have to depend largely upon her mines. An influential deputation waited on Premier Mowat recently to urge that a large grant be made by the Government to establish and maintain in Toronto a geological and biological museum, with the object of assisting in the development of the mines and other natural resources of the province. The matter is of such vital importance that although the Premier did not give more than a promise to take it into his serious consideration; he will undoubtedly see that it is in the best interests of the province to accede to the request of the deputation.

AT the annual meeting of the Toronto Humane Society last month, the subject of the over-check rein was brought up for discussion, and opinions were read from a large number of leading medical men and veterinary surgeons protesting emphatically against its use, on the ground that it is both painful and injurious to the horses. Some of them characterized it as injurious and barbarous. One of the speakers said that the position in which the horse's head was held was as painful to the animal as would be an arm twisted into and retained for a length of time in an unnatural position, and that it also interfered with the circulation of the blood. It is to be hoped that the efforts of the Society in calling public attention to the subject will speedily

result in the use of the over-check rein being abolished. There is no doubt that our dumb animals suffer much thoughtless cruelty that should be abated. The tight check-rein and blinders are both inhuman and unprofitable, and are the main causes of nervousness, fright and runaways with young horses. Foolish anger and brutal treatment never make a spirited animal docile, and the driver who thus allows his evil nature to govern, sinks himself lower in the moral scale than the animal he is trying to subdue.

WE drew attention in a recent number to the fact that Hon. Chas. Drury, Minister of Agriculture of Ontario, had sent a few samples of Canadian two-rowed barley to England for the purpose of being tested by practical men. These tests have now been made, and Mr. Byrne, the agent of the Government at Liverpool, has forwarded to Mr. Drury the opinions of the various experts. Like doctors, the opinions of maltsters differ, as will be seen from the following: "The barley would not find a ready sale in this country except at a very low price, and then only in case the English barley was a very bad crop." "We have tested the sample of barley sent and find it to grow very well indeed. There is just an odd dead corn, but the percentage is very small, and we are confirmed in our opinion that maltsters of experience should find little difficulty in manufacturing good malt from barley grown in Ontario, if the average be equal to the sample we have had and carefully tested." "It is too thin and small to command a market in England, besides being steely in quality." The preponderance of opinion is to the effect that the barley is not of a grade sufficiently high to suit the English brewers. However much this may be regretted there is no cause to feel despondent, as with a proper selection of seed and a little more care in cultivation, there should be every prospect of raising a quality of two-rowed barley to suit the English market. It is likely that seedsmen will see it to their advantage to import the necessary seed. Mr. Drury states that experiments will be conducted this year by the Government at the Agricultural College grounds, Guelph, and by farmers, who will receive seed from the Government. By this means more will be known about the barley before the end of the year.

ONE of the chief "characteristics of the age" is said to be condensation. Modern skill and ingenuity have certainly accomplished a good deal in this direction. A vast number of "extracts," "essences" and "condensations" are in the market professing to contain the strength and virtue of material twenty or a hundred times their bulk. We have compressed beef, a small portion of which dissolved in hot water, gives us a mouthful, containing, it is claimed, as much nourishment as a whole beefsteak; and we have also condensed milk. It is believed that the time is not far distant when we may be able to obtain in a small pellet as much refreshment and nourishment as will suffice for a whole meal. What a delightful prospect this opens out for us! All the culinary botherations can then be dispensed with and a person will be able to carry a few food pills in his pocket, and when it is time for dinner he will just take one, thus swallowing his meal at a gulp. But there are other examples of a different kind, of the condensing spirit of the age. Take the case of travelling, whether by land or water. Journeys which used to take weeks or days are now condensed into as many days or hours. And the process is still going on; the journey between New York and Liverpool, already a marvel of condensation, being recently accomplished in less than six days. In the transmission of intelligence we have a still more marvelous example of this characteristic of the age—days, weeks and months having actually been condensed into seconds. It is even hinted that the time will come when we can have ourselves conveyed as rapidly as our messages. Speaking generally, life as a whole is now much more condensed than in any former age. We pass with much greater rapidity from one state of consciousness to another. As much life is now compressed into one year as was formerly spread over several. The real life of man is thus not only being lengthened by extension, but by compression. The condensing principle might perhaps be carried with



great advantage into certain departments of life it has not yet reached—parliamentary proceedings for example. It is a very general complaint that "the House" takes an unconscionable time to talk over and do a little bit of business. Last Session our members of Parliament talked sufficient to fill nearly four thousand columns of Hansard. In this age of condensation, why should not, at least, the speeches of members be condensed? This is worth pondering over before the next Session of Parliament.

In the province of Quebec the condition of agriculture appears to be alarming. A prominent agriculturist is writing a series of letters to the *Montreal Witness* with the object of drawing attention to the cause of the depression and pointing out remedies therefor. He states that almost half the number of farms are for sale. There has been a large exodus of French Canadian farmers to the manufacturing centres in the New England States which no doubt accounts for so many vacant farms. There is no denying the fact that in all the older provinces the number of farmers, who are giving up their farms and removing to cities, is on the increase. The same thing has been going on for years in the United States, to such an extent that alarmists are looking upon it in the light of a national calamity. They are pointing to the fact that a similar desolation of the country for the city has occurred twice before in the history of the world with disastrous results. The first was immediately before the beginning of the decline of the Roman Empire, when the wealthy farmers of Italy flocked to the great cities. The second was just previous to the French revolution, when land owners deserted their ancestral estates and moved to Paris. In both cases the removal of the superior class from the country produced an unfavorable effect, not only on the rural districts, but on the entire country. Agriculture no longer advanced and the yield of nearly every crop decreased. As a consequence there was a decline in commerce. While statesmen and scientists in the States are puzzling their brains to solve the problem, the exodus to the cities continues. We are not so bad in Canada, but if the Province of Quebec is in the condition that it is alleged to be, our statesmen and scientists should seriously consider what requires to be done to remedy it. There is, no doubt, a certain class of farmers who are never satisfied with the results of their labor. They look upon the mercantile business as something to be envied and to be got into as soon as they can raise the necessary capital. They seldom consider how the successful merchant has striven to establish himself in the way of making money, and how watchful he has to be to sustain himself. Still there is no reason why the same processes may not lead to as great successes on the land as in the store; indeed, it is a common experience that it is so. Hundreds of men every year make money to their entire satisfaction out of agricultural pursuits. They are not so well known and do not make as much show as a storekeeper—agriculturists are too much scattered to make this imposing appearance—but the profits we speak of are there as surely in the one case as in the other. As the world must be fed as long as it is a world, somebody will feed it, and the men who feed it with the best judgment and skill, will do it at a profit. It is not in human nature to be happy and contented in a business that is not fairly profitable, and farming is no exception. Many farmers, year in and year out, work their farms in such a way as to leave them a very small margin of profit, or no profit at all. They, as a rule, seldom subscribe for an agricultural paper, and would probably not read it if it were given them for nothing. They rest content with the idea that their own experience and observation have disclosed all that is possible or valuable to know regarding their business, and they are filled with envy at the success of their neighbors who prefer to make themselves thoroughly acquainted by reading and experiments with everything pertaining to it. They ultimately get thoroughly disheartened and remove to the city, only to find that they are in a worse position than before. For farming to be profitable it must be conducted on improved methods, or methods which will enable the owner to compete with other farmers, and this can only be accomplished by keeping abreast with the times.

Simple Studies on Interesting Subjects.

No. III.—Gas Lime.

We have selected for the third article on "Simple Studies on Interesting Subjects" the subject of Gas Lime.

In the manufacture of illuminating gas from coal, there are three principal waste products, all of which are useful on the farm, directly or indirectly. The gas is first generated by heating the coal in retorts. Thence it passes to a condenser, where a black, heavy liquid is precipitated from the gas, and this, when cooled and separated from water, is known as coal or gas tar, which now has so many uses. The gas then passes on to a washer, where water absorbs the greater part of the ammonia, this "gas water" being a very offensive liquid, called also "ammoniacal liquor." From this gas liquor, which varies greatly in its strength, the sulphate of ammonia is made, one of the most expensive of chemical manures. The gas is not rendered fit for use by its washing, but must still pass through a purifier. This consists of tiers of shelves in an iron box, the shelves having layers of damp, powdered lime upon them. Formerly a sort of thick whitewash, called "cream of lime," was used in the purifier, but this method, invented in 1807, was not long after replaced by the drier form of purifier. By passing over and through this lime the gas is freed from its sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonic acid. The latter are absorbed by the lime, and the gas thence flows through pipes to its storage place, where it is held, sufficiently pure, without further treatment, to be forced out to the various points where it is to be used for illuminating purposes.

The contents of the purifier, originally pure, dry, powdered lime, rapidly become foul in the process, and have to be renewed. This foul lime is the "gas lime," which in some places is largely used as a fertilizer. As it leaves the purifiers it is charged with sulphur and carbonic acid, and by chemical combinations is then a mixture of sulphuret of calcium with carbonate of lime and some caustic lime. The substance also generally, while fresh, emits an odor of sulphide of ammonium, although the ammonia is not present in sufficient quantity to give value to the mass, besides which, it all escapes as the lime dries out. In its fresh state this gas lime is extremely offensive, and gives rise to what is frequently heard of as "the gas nuisance," in the neighborhood of gas works.

This waste product is usually treated at the works by washing and airing to remove or suppress its extreme offensiveness.

Nevertheless, the sulphite of lime which the substance contains in its ordinary commercial form, and the traces of the sulphide of ammonium, both regarded as fatal to plant life, make it unfit for agricultural purposes until it has been "weathered" effectually. For this purpose it should be left in small piles, and if convenient loosened up and turned over once or twice. Chemical changes are thus hastened which rid gas lime largely of its dangerous properties, and give it additional fertilizing value (if lime in any form is truly a fertilizer) by increasing the proportion of gypsum.

An authentic analysis of a fair average sample of gas lime follows. This had been "weathered" and subsequently dried out at 212° F. It will be noticed that it still contained too much sulphite of lime to be used indiscriminately.

ANALYSIS OF GAS LIME. WEATHERED AND DRIED.	
Caustic Lime.....	18 23 per cent.
Carbonate of Lime.....	49 40 "
Sulphite of Lime.....	15 19 "
Sulphate of Lime (gypsum).....	4 64 "
Magnesia and alkalis.....	2 53 "
Oxide of iron and alumina.....	2 40 "
Phosphoric acid.....	a trace.
Sand, etc.....	0 28 "
Water, in combination.....	7 24 "
Total.....	100 00 "

At its best gas lime is a heavy, noxious material, and when, in addition, we consider the care necessary in thoroughly weathering it, and the judgment needed in its application, it is quite safe to say that if one bushel of good agricultural lime can be obtained, delivered on the land where used, at what three bushels of gas-lime cost at the same spot, the former is the cheaper article.



A Summary of News for the Past Month.

- 1st.—Rev. Father O'Connor consecrated Bishop of the diocese of Peterborough, Ont.
- 2nd.—Prorogation of the Dominion Parliament. . . . Installation of Bishop Dowling, formerly of Peterborough, as Bishop of Hamilton.
- 3rd.—Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new British Minister at Washington, presents his credentials to President Harrison. . . . Heavy frosts, with great injury to small fruits, reported from many sections of Illinois and Indiana. . . . The Senate Committee on Inter-State Commerce commence their investigation at New York.
- 4th.—The new C. P. R. steamer "Manitoba" for the lake Superior route successfully launched at Owen Sound.
- 5th.—Opening ceremonies at the Paris Exhibition, France. . . . Destructive fire at Winnipeg, Man.; loss \$49,000.
- 7th.—Death of Count Tolstoi, Russian Minister of the Interior. . . . Col. McMillan sworn in as treasurer of Manitoba.
- 8th.—Annual meeting of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at Montreal; net earnings for the year \$3,870,774.
- 9th.—The House of Lords rejects the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill by a vote of 147 to 170. . . . England annexes the Suwarrow Islands in the Southern Pacific ocean. . . . Scott Act defeated in Lambton and Middlesex counties.
- 10th.—Ninety thousand miners on strike in Germany for shorter hours and increased pay. . . . Great rain storm in Pittsburgh and Renova, Pa.; six lives lost and half a million dollars worth of property destroyed.
- 11th.—Twenty-one persons, including three English and several French and Belgian noblemen, arrested at the Field Club, London, England, for gambling. . . . Suicide of ex-deputy Sheriff Sherwood of Carleton, at Ottawa, Ont.
- 13th.—Death of Washington Irving Bishop, the mind-reader, at New York.
- 14th.—William O'Brien, M.P., obtains a writ for libel against Lord Salisbury; damages claimed, £10,000.
- 15th.—Plebiscite taken in Edinburgh, Scotland, on the proposal to confer the freedom of the city on Mr. Parnell; majority against, 14,611. . . . Motion in favor of the disestablishment of the church in Wales defeated in the Imperial House of Commons.
- 16th.—Village of St. Sauveur, Que., almost completely wrecked by fire, and Major Short and Sergeant-Major Walleck, of "B" Battery, killed by a premature explosion of gunpowder. . . . Rufus Pope, son of the late Hon. J. H. Pope, elected for Compton by a majority of 832. . . . Heavy snow storms reported in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.
- 17th.—Motion to abolish hereditary seating in the House of Lords defeated in the Imperial House of Commons by 201 to 160. . . . Chief Justice Galt refuses to remove the injunction obtained to prevent the federationists from taking further steps for removing Victoria College from Cobourg to Toronto.
- 18th.—Col. McMillan elected by acclamation for Centre Winnipeg. . . . Grand Trunk passenger train run into by a freight train at Corbyville, near Belleville, and thirty people injured. . . . By-law for the erection of a new city hall and court house in Toronto carried by a large majority.
- 20th.—Public meeting in Hamilton, Ont., to protest against the Jesuit Estates Act. . . . Proposal to allow women to sit as members of county councils rejected by the House of Lords by a vote of 128 to 23.
- 21st.—Princess Beatrice gives birth to a son. . . . King Humbert, of Italy, visits Emperor William at Berlin.
- 22nd.—Collision between the steamers Cynthia and Polynean in the channel near Montreal; the Cynthia sunk and eight lives lost.
- 24th.—Celebration of Her Majesty's seventieth birthday. . . . Statute of the late Dr. Ryerson, founder of Ontario's school system, unveiled at Toronto.
- 25th.—Death of Senator Thomas Ryan at Montreal. . . . Town of Bridgewater, Ont., nearly destroyed by fire; loss, \$70,000.
- 27th.—Meeting of the Orange Grand Lodge of British North America at Goderich, Ont.
- 28th.—Terrific gale sweeps over lake Ontario doing considerable damage to shipping; one vessel wrecked and eight lives lost.
- 29th.—Earl Zetland accepts the Irish Viceroyship. . . . Mr. Taillon, leader of the Opposition in the Quebec Legislature, banquetted at Montreal. . . . Committee formed to arrange for a national memorial to John Bright. . . . Russia reported to be making war preparations on an extensive scale. . . . Much property and many lives lost by a hurricane along the New South Wales coast.
- 30th.—Immense damage done by storms in China. . . . Prolonged shock of earthquake felt on the English Channel Islands. . . . Great damage to crops by severe storms throughout France. . . . Celebration of Decoration Day throughout the United States. . . . Rev. Dr. Castle tendered a complimentary banquet by the Toronto Baptists on his retirement from the principalship of McMaster University.
- 31st.—Dire catastrophe at Johnstown, Pa., the whole village being swept out of existence by the breaking of a dam on the Alleghany mountains and twelve thousand lives lost. . . . American fishing schooner, Mattie Winship, seized by the cutter Vigilant at North Sidney, Cape Breton, for fishing within the three mile limit.



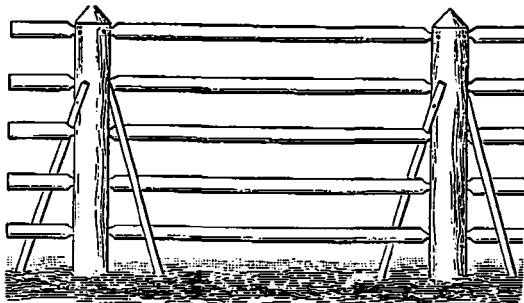
### Reward.

If farmers, who have discovered ingenious methods in connection with their work which would be of use to their fellow farmers, will write us and describe the same, furnishing a sketch when practicable, we will reward them by publishing their contributions, over their names, with an illustration when possible; and further, when we consider the plans or ideas advanced have special merit we will remit them amounts varying from 75c to \$5.00, in proportion to our estimate of their value to our readers.

### A Good Rail Fence and Gateway.

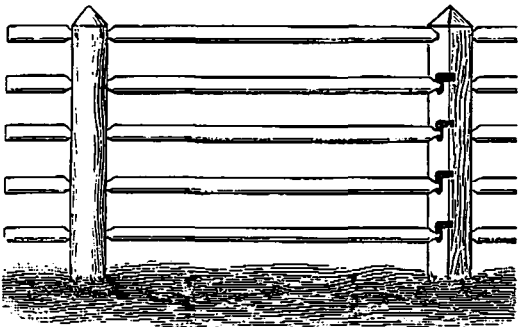
"FARMER'S SON," Uxbridge, Ont., writes us:—I give the following for the benefit of farmers.

A good rail fence may be made as follows:—Get your posts out about five and a half feet long. Have them bored with a three-inch auger, placing the holes closest at the bottom and wider apart at the top. About five rails high is sufficient for any common fence. Have your rails cut all the same



length and turned at the ends to fit snugly into the holes bored in the posts. Insert rails into posts, driving them home with a sledge hammer. Keep tops of posts even, according to rise or fall of ground, by taking a little earth from under the post. Spike the top rail through the post. Make stakes about five feet long, driving them slanting as close to the post at the bottom as possible, having the stake between the third and fourth rail from the bottom. Spike them to the post, and saw off all the stake that projects beyond the post.

To make a good gateway, have large posts set into the ground three or four feet deep. You can



have bars by cutting a piece out of the posts as shown in cut, allowing the rails to drop into the holes. Have the rails dressed long at each end, so that you may slide them into the holes after dropping them into the notch.

I know a fence that was built in this way eight or nine years ago, some of it on swampy ground. It is surprising how firm it stands when properly braced and spiked.

### Ensilage and the Silo.

SCIENCE and practice unite in urging the use of the feed-cutter for both corn and clover before putting into the silo.

With a good silo farmers can sell most of their hay at a large profit, and yet keep their farms in fine condition.

Don't put the crop into the silo when at all wet with rain or dew.

Silage is succulent food, and so, like the green pasture of June, is appetizing, digestible, assimilable—just the food that suits the need of the animal.

Heating to a high temperature, to kill the germs of fermentation, is required to secure first-class silage.

Good silage increases the milk of the cows and increases the butter yield. There is no injury to milk, cream, or butter.

You must keep stock, cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses on the land—the more the better. With silage properly secured stock can be increased one-half; many say that the stock can be doubled.

When space and convenience permit there is no better place for the silo than the barn. This makes it convenient for feed and saves expense, as no roof is required. If the barn is a basement barn, the silo may extend from the floor of the basement to the plates of the barn.

The ears of the corn, as well as the stalks, are cut and run into the silos. There is no other way that the corn can be harvested so easily and cheaply. In the silo the corn is softened so that no grinding is required; for even cattle will digest thoroughly this softened corn in the silage.

Beyond question corn is the most profitable crop for silage. It is a very sure crop, and with a good yield of from twelve to twenty tons per acre. As three tons of silage are worth one ton of the best hay, this is equal to from four to ten tons per acre.

It is conceded that silage is pre-eminently the food for cattle. It is just as good for young colts and other horses—giving one feed a day of good hay and adding some grain. It has also been found that sheep never do so well as when they are given silage; not only do they thrive in winter, but drop their lambs without trouble, and the lambs are more vigorous, strong, and hardy. Silage is also valuable to add to the winter rations of swine.

It has been proved that the old rule to cut and fill one day and rest the next, that the silage may heat and destroy the germs of fermentation, and thus fill on alternate days, is not necessary, and that filling rapidly is just as safe and excellent in its results.

### Milk for Cheese Factories.

PROF. JAS. W. ROBERTSON, of the Ontario Agricultural College, in a bulletin on "Milk for Cheese Factories," says:—

In the following short paragraphs I have ventured to gather helpful advice in the matters most needful of care.

1. Milk from cows in excellent health and apparent contentment only should be used.

2. Until after the eighth milking the milk should not be offered to a cheese factory.

3. An abundant supply of suitable, succulent, easily digested, wholesome, nutritious food should be provided.

4. Pure cold water should be allowed in quantities limited only by the cow's capacity and desire to drink.

5. A box or trough containing salt to which the cows have access every day, is a requisite indispensable in the profitable keeping of cows.

6. Stagnant impure water should be prohibited. The responsibility for the efficacy of that beneficial prohibition rests wholly with the individual farmer.

7. Wild leeks and other weeds common to bush pastures give an offensive odor and flavor to the milk of animals consuming them.

8. All vessels used in the handling of milk should be thoroughly cleansed immediately after their use. Washing first in tepid or cold water to which has been added a little soda, and subsequent scalding with boiling water, will prepare them for *airing*, that they may remain perfectly sweet.

9. Cows should be milked *with dry hands*, and only after the udders have been washed or thoroughly brushed.

10. Tin pails only should be used.

11. All milk should be properly strained *immediately* after it is drawn.

12. Milking should be done and milk should be kept only in a place where the surrounding air is pure. Otherwise the presence of the tainting odors will not be neglected by the milk.

13. All milk should be *thoroughly aired* immediately after it has been strained. The treatment is equally beneficial to the evening and the morning milk.

14. In warm weather all milk should be cooled to the temperature of the atmosphere after it has been aired, but not before.

15. Milk is the better for being kept over night in small quantities, rather than in a large quantity in one vessel.

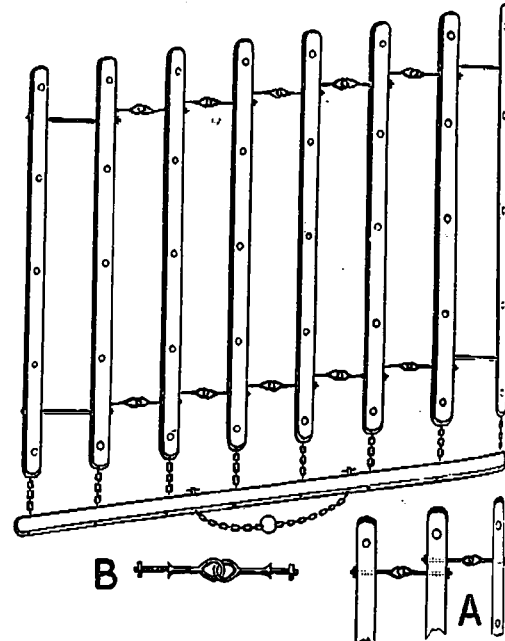
16. Milk-stands should be constructed to shade the cans or vessels containing milk from the sun, as well as to shelter them from rains.

17. Only pure, clean, honest milk should be offered. Any deviation from that will not always go unpunished.

### A Superior Harrow.

"W. A. B.," Loch Broom, Pictou, N.S., writes us:—Harrow—of which there are a great variety of styles, from the old "drag," with its great wooden teeth, to the steel square-hinged harrow, and those of a still later form, provided with wheels and a seat for the driver—all have a common object to accomplish, that is, the thorough pulverization of the soil and mixing of the various fertilizers that may have been added, thus making an acceptable bed for the seed.

I send you a sketch of a harrow which is coming



A—Showing how to angle the harrow. B—Hinge.

into use in this locality, and is highly spoken of by all who have used it. It is of the kind known as the "scratch harrow," with this important difference, that the bars, instead of being framed together, are joined, by means of hinges, with the exception of the two outer ones, which must have no hinge between them, otherwise they will draw on their side. The harrow is flexible, and as can be readily seen, will adapt itself to uneven ground. The teeth also have an oscillating movement which prevents their following the same track. A minute description of its construction, which is very simple, is unnecessary, as anyone can make it from the plan. The bars are of hardwood,  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3$  in., 4 feet long, 5 teeth in each. The "drawbar," to which the team is attached, has eyebolts inserted with a few links, which are attached to hooks fastened to the under side of the bar. The hinges are of half-inch round iron, and are in the form of eyebolts, with shoulder and nut at the point of contact with the wood. The teeth may be of  $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{4}$  in. steel, 12 inches long. To give the harrow the requisite angle, each bar recedes two inches from the head of the preceding one, as shown on cut marked A.

S. D. L. CHISHOLM says two dollars invested in an alarm clock will pay the farmer a thousand-fold.

EVERY farmer can raise peaches. Plant the stones of peaches, ripe and selected for the purpose in the fall. Build a fence about and allow the chickens to run amongst them; in this way several crops can be grown and you will not be troubled with the "yellows." Raise native fruit; budded trees are more susceptible to the changes of the weather.

A PROMINENT agriculturist says:—My experience during a good many years, convinces me that oats are the best crop for seeding with clover or grasses, or both together. I have never yet had a failure; but at the same time I should say that fall plowing, winter manuring, and thorough working of the soil to give the oats a good chance, have doubtless secured the unfailingly successful seedings

SECRETARY L. N. Bonham, of Ohio, says that a few years ago his hired man told him that the blackbirds were destroying the green corn ears, and must be shot. The neighbors were all shooting them. Mr. Bonham investigated and found that wherever one of the birds had been at the corn he had extracted a boll worm. So he told the man that the neighbors could drive the birds all on to his corn if they wanted to. Moral: Don't kill the small birds.

As soon in spring as pastures have made a vigorous growth, the earliest growers among the grasses will begin to form seed-heads. As the seeds ripen, the stalks die, and irregular patches of dead grass are seen over the pasture, lessening its value and exhausting the soil. About the same time various perennial seeds spring up with additional detriment. A common reaping machine, set to cut ten to twelve inches high, will run over ten acres in a day, cut the seed stalks and the weeds, and leave the pasture with a neat and even appearance.

If farmers would stick to a regular rotation of crops, interspersed with some paying crop of vegetables in a small way, but being sure to have their soil in an early and perfect condition for a seed bed, they would in the long run succeed. The elements, of course, are sometimes against the farmer, but not always when he thinks so. If his soil is in the proper condition when he sows his seeds that are not to be cultivated, a drought will not so much affect them, nor his cultivated crops if he continues to stir the soil, which stirring is both moisture and manure, and he will have a crop in the driest season. The password of every farmer should be "stir the soil," and it is oftener from neglect of many things that farmers get short crops than they are willing to acknowledge.

## Live Stock.

### Sheep Trough.

MR. THOMAS A. FRASER, Pugwash River, Cumberland Co., N.S., writes us:—I have tried different kinds of troughs for feeding grain to sheep, but I find this the best. Take two one inch boards (one 7 in. wide, the other 6 in.), nail them together, lapping the 7 in. board over the edge of the 6 in.,



so as to form a trough; then take three squares of a 6 in. board, and put one at each end and one in the middle of the trough, and nail them to the trough; then take a strip of an inch board two inches wide and nail it to the top corners of the

squares, after cutting the tops off so as to let the strip lie on them; then divide the trough into as many as you want by putting the half of a square of a 6 in. board, cut from corner to corner, and nailing them to the trough so that every sheep will have a part to itself (those pieces can be nailed from the outside of the trough); then cut a V into two pieces of scantling, and set the trough in them, nailing them to it so as to keep setting right.

### Care of Animals in Summer.

PROVIDE water—fresh, pure water. Give the horse frequent opportunity to quench his thirst at times when not too much overheated, and before eating. To drink freely immediately after eating prevents a favorable digestion of food.

Provide shade. If the pasture is not provided with shade trees, in a convenient locality set four, six, or eight supports, across which place straw or grass, and thus, in a brief time, and with little labor make a shade in which animals can rest from the heat of the sun, to the great comfort of themselves and benefit to their owners.

Remove the harness from the horses in the hot day whenever you desire to give them a full, free rest, and once during the day, preferably at night, a thorough currying and grooming will not only give rest, but will do about as much toward improving the animal's condition as will the oats.

Examine the harness on your working team, and you will discover that blinds, check-reins, and cruppers are simply torturing contrivances, serving no useful purpose. Take them off for the convenience of yourselves and the comfort of the horses. Keep the stables well ventilated and free from the strong ammonia, which is injurious to the eyes. Assist the animals to protect themselves against flies, feed regularly, hitch in the shade, and remember that the care which will give comfort to the lower animals will make them doubly profitable to their owners, aside from the humane bearing upon the subject.

S. D. L. CHISHOLM says that potatoes fed to cows before they come in will make them clean.

IN developing heifers excessive feeding should be avoided. When they get more feed than they properly digest, it prevents, rather than promotes, development.

It is better, says the *Agricultural Epitomist*, to have a cow that will give you 300 pounds of butter a year for five years and then die on your hands, than to have one that will give you 200 pounds a year for ten years and then make you 1500 pounds of old cow beef.

THE surest way of teaching an animal to pull well is not to overload him. Commence gradually, giving a light load at first, and then gradually increasing as circumstances may seem necessary. Get the confidence of your team, and it will only be a load that they cannot pull that will cause them to refuse. But a young horse that you are training to pull, if overloaded at the start, and then beaten and abused because he is not able to do what is required, is often ruined, so that no dependence can be placed in his willingness to pull when necessary, even though but a small exertion may be necessary to pull through.

## The Poultry Yard.

IRON drinking vessels are the best as the rust is good for the fowls.

To stop hens from eating their eggs put them, if fat, into a chicken pot pie.

HERE is a question for farmers to think over. If a fancier can raise superior stock in a confined space—often a small village house-yard—why should not an enterprising farmer be able to out do

him, who has an unlimited range for poultry? When we say enterprising farmer, we mean one who doesn't believe poultry can thrive on wind and water alone, and roost around on the wheat drill, and whose wife is constantly "shooing" them out of the garden, for when stock is thus kept poultry keeping is a pest.

THERE is twelve per cent. of solid matter in milk before it is skimmed, and from six to eight per cent. after. Fresh milk does not contain any more egg-producing material than skim milk, except carbon, which is easily obtained from other sources. Give the hens all the skim milk or buttermilk they can drink. For chicks the milk should not be sour as it may cause bowel disease, but adult fowls may drink all kinds without injury. Curds are excellent for hens, and even they may be used in mixing food.—*Mirror and Farmer*.

FRANK S. BALLARD says in the *Poultry Monthly*:—Most farmers, while they have learned the superiority of thoroughbred cattle and sheep over those of the scrub variety, yet retain the mistaken notion that a hen is a hen, regardless of its breed. It matters not whether she be two years old or ten, whether green or yellow, large or small, lays or does not lay, she is a hen, that is all that is necessary in his mind. The farmer will in time, perhaps, learn how superior the thoroughbred fowl is to the mongrel in every way. But until he does find this out, we must expect to hear a continuance of that wide spread complaint among farmers that there is not any money to be made out of poultry raising.

THE following maxims are worth their weight in gold to any poultryman who will make practical application of them in the management of his fowls:—

Practice scrupulous cleanliness. Lime is cheaper than croup, and fumigation more profitable than lice.

Underfeeding is expensive.

Overfeeding is false liberality.

Sunlight is as necessary as corn.

Exercise is cheaper than medicine.

Fresh water is abundant and cheap.

Disinfectants are better than disease.

Carbolic acid is cheaper than cholera.

The hen is a scratching bird; let her scratch.

The best stock is the cheapest; therefore, never sell the best, and never buy anything but the best.

Now is the most important word in the dictionary. Do now the thing that now needs to be done.

Nail up these maxims, then live up to them, and you will find poultry keeping robbed of its terrors, and its pleasures and profits multiplied.—*Poultry World*.

### Pithily Put Pickings.

If farming does not pay it is easier to put enough energy and brain work into it to make it pay than to enter upon the fierce struggle for life that is going on in all cities. There are nine chances to win on a farm to one in a city.—*N. W. Agriculturist*.

LACK of system costs farmers lots of money. . . . The good-natured master makes the good-natured servant. . . . Do not despise that which may be above your present ability to accomplish. . . . A well-cultivated field and a well-cultivated mind scarcely ever fail to produce a profitable crop.—*Farm, Stock, and Home*.

If you would dry your soil, stir deep and often; but if you would retain its moisture, stir only the surface.—*New England Farmer*.

It is folly to decry farming as a business that yields no profit though it must be admitted that under present conditions its returns are not fairly adequate to capital and labor employed.

Nearly every class are better public speakers than farmers, but we need a fair share of this element in all our law-making bodies, in order that the farming interest should have proper recognition.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman*.

WHAT we need most is not larger farms but larger farmers. Has any man a right to more land than he knows how to farm to profit? Has he a right to misuse and depreciate that by which the nation must live?—*Vermont State Journal*.

TAKK two workmen, give them plows of the same make and teams of equal strength. Can one prepare the land in better shape for the crop than the other? Yes, sir. And it is possible for one team of horses to excel another at plowing by 50 per cent.—*Rural New Yorker*.

THE poor farmer hates an agricultural paper, but the progressive farmer knows he can get more ideas from a good farm paper than any other way. . . . Agriculture fills the farmer's pocket at the expense of no other man.—*The Agricultural Epitomist*.

### Crops and Live Stock in Ontario.

The May *Bulletin* issued by Mr. A. Blue, secretary of the Ontario Bureau of Industries, on crops, live stock, etc., states that there is a remarkable and most gratifying contrast in the tenor of the fall wheat reports this year compared with those received in the spring of 1888. In 1888 a trying fall had been followed by a severe winter and an inclement and a late spring. This year's crop was put in during one of the best seeding times within memory; the winter was mild, and the spring early—in some sections too early—for the wheat was uncovered and left subject to damage by the repeated freezing and thawing weather of March. But on the whole the reports now at hand are the most favorable that have been received since the gathering of crop statistics was commenced in Ontario. Less winter-killing is reported than has occurred for many years past, and the acreage that has been plowed up is insignificant. Throughout the reports is to be noticed testimony to the efficacy of drainage, even in a season such as the present when there has not been a superabundance of rain or of snow water to carry off. The crop has been singularly free from insect ravages. Wherever winter rye is grown extensively the prospects are reported good for an extraordinary crop. The reports relating to the clover crop are very bad, but throughout the reports there is an absence of complaint about insect ravages upon the crop, from which it may be reasonably inferred that the worst of the clover midge is over. The condition of the farm animals throughout the province is very much better than the most sanguine could have hoped for six months ago. Generally speaking, the winter was the easiest for stock on record. The result is that food, instead of being scarce, is now abundant. The condition of the health of the cattle, sheep and pigs seems to be unusually good. No infectious or epizootic disease among them is anywhere reported. Among horses there has been an outbreak of the old epizootic which caused so much inconvenience on its first appearance about eighteen years ago. Reports from all parts of the province are to the effect that vegetation was a week or two in advance of the previous year at the same date (May 1). The opening of the spring presaged a still earlier start of bud and leaf, but the latter half of April was cold and kept vegetation in check. There is a remarkable unanimity of opinion regarding fruit trees. Very little damage was done to orchards by the winter, but in the case of peaches early blossoms were nipped by spring frosts. Early cherries were also in bloom, but did not suffer to any great extent from late frosts. Apple, pear and plum buds were swelling, but had not blossomed when the reports were sent in. The black-knot continues its work of destruction to the plum and cherry trees of the province, but not a single complaint has been made of injury to orchard trees by mice or other field vermin. Small fruits are said to have come through the winter in good condition. The winter was favorable to bees and a number of apiarists claim to have brought their stock through without the loss of a single colony. Others place the mortality at from 10 to 30 per cent. Very little loss from disease is reported. The season has been an unusually early one for plowing and seeding. From various parts of the province come statements regarding a decrease in the acreage of barley and an increase in the extent of spring wheat sown. In Western Ontario a large area of pease is reported, and oats will also be more largely grown than ever. Taken altogether, the outlook for spring crops is a cheering one. Wherever ensiled fodder has been given a fair trial, the reports show that it has been almost invariably successful. Mammoth Southern sweet corn appears to have been the favorite crop grown for the purpose. The reports regarding the labor supply for spring work vary considerably, but in all ordinary cases the supply, such as it is, is quite sufficient. The extended use of labor-saving machinery and the increased skill of the farmers themselves have evidently contributed to this end, for from all over the province come reports that the supply of skilled labor has been greatly reduced by the extraordinary exodus this season of farmers' sons and of the better class of laborers to Manitoba and the North West.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM A CANADIAN LADY—CHANGE IN THE CLIMATE—FARMS AND FARMERS—CHINESE GARDENERS—VICTORIAN SCENERY.

We have much pleasure in publishing another interesting letter from our lady correspondent in Melbourne, Australia, who is a native-born Canadian.

To the Editor of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

SIR,—Some time ago I wrote a letter to MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, and promised another at some future date, describing more minutely what a life in Australia is like. But I fear that that was rather a boastful promise, as I know comparatively little (excepting what I have read) of any part of the country outside of Victoria, and my knowledge of even this Colony is of rather a meagre character. However, as I find everything different here to what it was in Canada, I shall do my best in the way of giving you a little information on this distant land.

In the first place I must tell you that Australia is divided into six divisions or Colonies, the same as Canada is divided into Provinces, with this difference, that, while Canada is governed by one Governor alone (as a head) we are more independent, as each Colony has her own Governor, and is not dependent upon any of the other Colonies for any of her laws. Of these six divisions Western Australia is the largest (area 975,920 square miles) but the most thinly populated and least prosperous of all the Colonies. Tasmania—perhaps better known to you under the name of Van Diemen's Land—is the smallest (area 26,375 square miles) Colony of the group, and lies south of Victoria, but I think it is the most interesting spot in the whole of the Continent, it being the centre where so much treachery and barbarism were carried on for so many years by the British Government. It could well be called England's skeleton in the closet, and if there are any survivors in England at the present time, of that cruel law, they deserve to be haunted by the cries of those poor maniacs, who now inhabit a worse hole than a convict's cell, viz.—a madman's dungeon. This latter place is nothing more nor less than an amateur Hades. It is Australia's darkest chapter, and a sight of it needs no repetition to be remembered. We realize to the fullest extent the barbarity of these laws, when we run across one of the poor banished ones, who, in some cases, are very rich, and who would forfeit his last pound to once more see his mother country. But, alas, no such boon is ever granted him. Perhaps for having, in a moment of desperation, stolen even a mere loaf of bread, he has to spend his whole life in exile; and now that he has all that heart can desire in the way of riches, not one penny can he spend in the way he would most like to. 'Tis hard indeed.

#### COLONY OF VICTORIA.

I shall now tell you a little of our home colony. Victoria is the second smallest of the Australian Colonies, yet it outrivals all the others in population and prosperity. It is perfectly wonderful when we think that fifty four years ago there was scarcely a civilized person in the country. Although it was discovered in 1770 no efforts were put forth to colonize the country until 1803, and even then without success. It was not until 1835 that it became a place of habitation. At that time it was known as Port Philip, and was a part of New South Wales, and continued to be so until 1851, when it was politically separated, and became a distinct Colony. In this same year gold was discovered, and when the news got abroad thousands of adventurers flocked from all parts of the world, to try their luck in the new field. It was in this way that Victoria became so quickly populated, and from that period until the present day, it has progressed at a rate unprecedented in history, and I think deservedly holds first rank in the Australian Colonies.

#### VARIATION IN THE CLIMATE.

The climate is varied, and is becoming more so every year. If we were not so near the coast, I think we might predict snow for the future. As it is the winter rains are cold and extremely disagreeable. During the past summer, which has been intensely warm up country, farmers and stock owners have suffered severely from a withering drought. It has been one of the hardest seasons to the crops that has been seen in Australia for years, several stock owners being forced to kill off thousands of their sheep in order to save a few of them. This is one great drawback to the Australian farmers—scarcity and uncertainty of rain during the hot season, and invariably when a rain storm does come, it comes with a vengeance—in fact it lasts so long, and falls in such torrents, that oftentimes it does more harm than good. In some parts of the interior it is almost impossible to do anything in the way of cultivation without irrigation.

#### FARMS AND FARMERS.

The farmers in this country have not the luxuries that they have in Canada, nor such pretty and picturesque homes; although one would naturally be inclined to think otherwise, as they have not the long, cold, and snow laden winters to contend with, and, therefore, should have more time for beautifying their homes. But such, I fear, is not their aim, as I am inclined to think that the majority are wrapt up in trying means to decorate the insides of their pockets with the shining gold, rather than their home surroundings. In having semi-tropical weather the year round they are saved the necessity of having to provide warm shelter for their stock. Still they have many disadvantages as well as advantages, and the majority of the farmers have their share of hard work. The farms generally average between two and twenty thousand acres. In many instances gentlemen who own these large tracts of land live in the city, and only spend certain seasons on their estates. Few farmers cultivate vegetables except for

their own use, those owning pastoral stations not even doing this much, and it is the same in the fruit line. They say that it does not pay them to waste time on such minor matters, when they have other affairs of such vital importance to attend to. The Chinese do most of the gardening and carry it on most extensively. If it were not for the much despised "Chings" I fear we would have to go without vegetables pretty often. It is a picture to see their gardens—everything being done so systematically and uniquely.

#### VICTORIAN SCENERY.

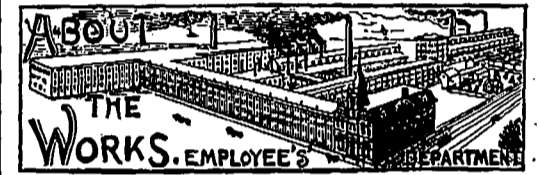
The Victorian scenery is delightfully charming, and affords a limitless scope for the artistic eye. The native trees, which are ever green, grow in clumps, and present a park-like appearance. The fern tree is, perhaps, the most conspicuous and, at the same time, the prettiest of the native trees, and is to be seen in all sizes, from a small plant a few inches high, up to a tree of forty feet. They are most peculiar looking things, resembling very much a huge umbrella, as the fern leaves only appear at the top of the stalk. Another thing that struck me as being very odd, was to see the way in which the cactus plant grows. We very often see whole hedges of it grown even higher than an ordinary fence. They make a very good hedge for any such place as a Chinaman's garden, as they are hard to scale, or to jump over, being rather prickly, and even the little "larrikin" would, I fancy, forego the pleasure of a few melons, rather than run the risk of being caught in such a trap—where he would undoubtedly have to remain for a good many hours ere his would-be victim, the Chinaman, would choose to liberate him—and by that time, I imagine, he would understand the meaning of the old saying, "a thorn in the flesh" to its fullest extent.

I must now draw my letter to a close. I am afraid I have already made it too long to be interesting.

Wishing you a prosperous season.

Yours, etc.,  
C. E. M.

MELBOURNE, April 13, 1889.



CONDUCTED BY J. B. HARRIS.

IN connection with the article in our last issue, concerning the question of the future life, a correspondent sends the following, taken from the *Rural New Yorker* :—

Every one is endowed, each for himself, with a special gift of salutary influence, a peculiar benign power, which he can no more get another to employ for him than one flower can get another flower to breathe forth its fragrance, or one star depute to another star its shining. Your individual character, the special mould and temper of your being is different from that of all other beings; and God, in creating it, designed it for a special use in His church.

Your relations to your fellow-men are peculiar to yourself, and over some minds, some little group or circle of moral beings, you can wield an influence which it is given to no other man to wield.

Your place and lot in life, too, is one which has been assigned to you alone; for no other has the same part been cast; on your particular path no other footsteps shall ever leave their print; through that one course, winding or straight, rapid or slow, brief or long-protracted, in no other course, shall the stream of life flow on to the great ocean.

And so to you it is given to shed blessings around you, to do good to others, to communicate, as you pass through life, to those whose moral history borders or crosses yours, a heavenly influence, which is all your own. If this power be not used by you it will never be used. There is work in God's Church which, if not done by you, will be left forever undone.

We are responsible for our influence whether we try to use it or not.

We are not neutral, if our influence is not on the side of religion it goes against it.

REFERRING to the question in the last paragraph of our article in the last issue, "Is there any preparation needed here to fit us for the life to come? If so, what means can we use to this end?" the same correspondent sends us :—

Whoever repents and forsakes every sin,  
And opens his heart for the Lord to come in,  
A present and perfect salvation shall have,  
For Jesus is ready this moment to save.

My brother, the Master is calling for thee,  
His grace and His mercy are wondrously free;  
His blood, as a ransom, for sinners He gave,  
And He is abundantly able to save.

Whoever receiveth the message of God,  
And trusts in the power of the soul cleansing blood,  
A full and eternal redemption shall have,  
For He is both able and willing to save.



CONDUCTED BY AUNT TUTU.

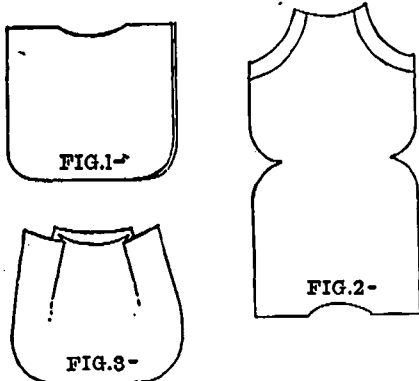
(Communications intended for this Department should be addressed to AUNT TUTU, care MASSEY PRESS, Massey Street, Toronto.)

### USEFUL HOUSEKEEPING APPLIANCES.

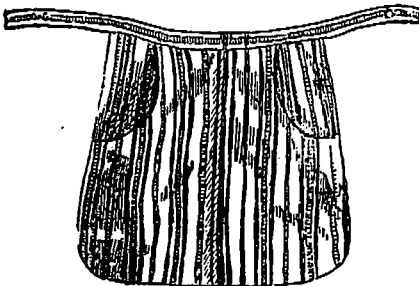
#### Clothes-Pin Apron.

Use one yard of some strong material.

First cut from the side a strip for the band, then fold the goods in half, so that the fold comes across the bottom of the apron, round off these corners, and hollow out the top as shown in Fig. 1.



Open the material, and on one of the halves curve over the two top corners, as in Fig. 2. The straight



edges of these pieces must measure eight inches. Face these curved places with the pieces taken out, which can be cut to fit.

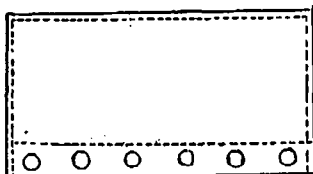
Fold the two halves of the apron together wrong side out, and sew up the sides; also hem or face the sides of the back where they come above the curves on the front. Make two plaits as shown in Fig. 3 (see diagram); these should come just to the edge of the narrow part of the front of the apron.

Stitch on the band, make a button-hole on one end, and sew a button on the other.

If this apron is worn when the clothes are hung out, and also when they are taken in, it will save a great deal of time and strength, besides keeping the pins together and perfectly clean.

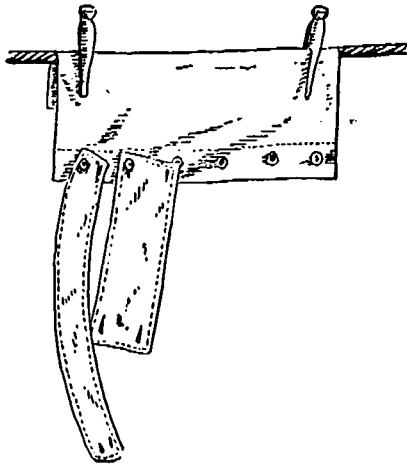
#### Collar and Cuff Band.

Take a piece of strong cotton cloth, about twelve inches square. Fold this through the centre, turn in the edges, and stitch as in diagram.



Put another row of stitching about one and one-half inches from the folded edge, and sew on a row of small bone buttons, about two inches apart, between the edge and the row of stitching.

When the collars and cuffs are ready to be hung out, they should be buttoned on this band while in



the house, then taken out, and the band hung on the line.

This prevents the collar and cuffs from being dropped and soiled, when one is in a hurry; and is especially convenient in cold weather, as each small, separate article can be buttoned on in the warm house, instead of having to be pinned to the line in the freezing air.

A few of such very simple, but very useful and labor-saving contrivances, would prove of more real value and comfort to a young housekeeper, than the same number of painted or embroidered trifles for her parlor mantel.

After having become accustomed to such very convenient articles they will seem a necessity.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### Ornamental Supports for a Clothes Line.

CLOTHES-LINE posts are generally a thing of necessity rather than beauty, but in our illustration and by following the few words of explanation, we believe the usual "eyesore" on the grounds may be made attractive. Procure four cedar posts, seventeen feet long and twelve inches in diameter at the large end. Remove all branches except a stout one at the summit of each post, which should be cut to three feet in length. Set the posts five feet deep in the ground, with the three-foot branches all pointing to the centre. Fix a strong peg six inches from the extremity of each branch to hold the clothes-line. A variety of climbers may be chosen—such as moon-flowers, clematis, or the common morning-glory.

The climbers will soon cover the posts, making them most attractive. If the posts are already set, they can be used by fixing in the peg for the line.

#### Washing-Day Paragraphs.

COLD rain water and soap are a specific detergent for machine oil on washable goods.

RIPE tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands.

BOILED starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm salt or gum arabic dissolved.

CLOTHES-PINS boiled for a few minutes and quickly dried once or twice a month, become more durable.

A LAUNDRESS advises making starch with soapy water as the best way to produce a gloss and prevent the iron from sticking.

CLEAR boiling water will remove tea-stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent it spreading over the fabric.

INK-STAINS are removed by the immediate application of dry salt before the ink has dried. When the salt becomes discolored by absorbing the ink, brush it off and apply more, wetting it slightly. Continue this till the ink is all removed.

BESWAX and salt will make rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

TO MAKE WASHING EASY.—Put in boiler four pails of water, one cake of soap, and four table-spoonfuls of kerosene oil. Slice the soap into tiny bits and put into the water and let boil; then add the kerosene oil. Have clothes well sorted, putting those the least soiled in first boiler. Let boil twenty to thirty minutes. Rinse thoroughly in two or three waters, and you will see that without any rubbing they will be clean and white. No odor from the oil is left in the clothes.

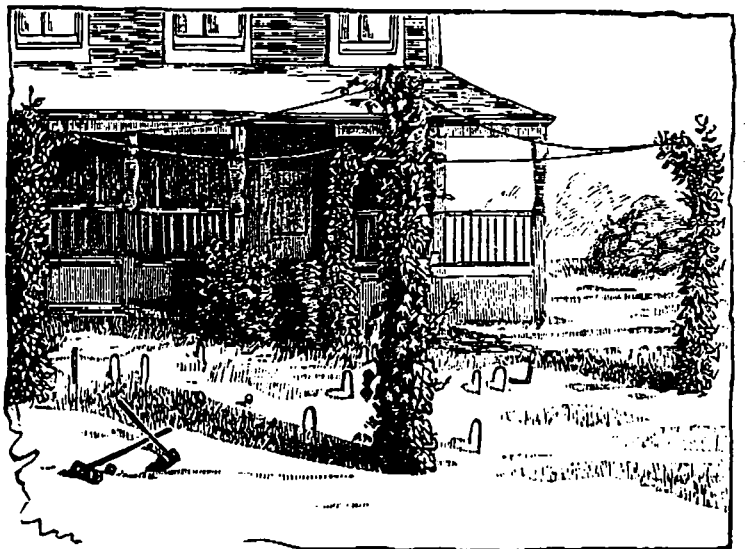
#### Helpful Household Hints.

USE ammonia and water instead of soap-suds for washing soda.

To clean carpets—go over them once a week with a broom dipped in hot water to which a little turpentine has been added.

ONLY sharp scissors should be used in trimming lamp-wicks, if an even, clear flame is wanted. The wick should not be cut below the charred portion, but just at the point of change.

It is not always easy to start a fruit-jar cover. Instead of wrenching your hands and bringing on



blisters, simply invert the jar and place the top in hot water for a minute. Then you will find it turns quite easy.

To take rust out of steel, rub the steel with sweet oil; in a day or two rub with finely-powdered unslacked lime until the rust all disappears, then oil again, roll in woollen and put in a dry place, especially if it be table cutlery.

A NEW broom immersed in boiling water until it is quite cold and then thoroughly dried in the air, will be far more pleasant to use and will last much longer. Frequent moistening of the broom is conducive to its usefulness, and also saves the carpet.

EGG-SPOONS become tarnished by the sulphur in the egg combining with the silver, which may be removed by rubbing with fine wet salt of ammonia.



### The Prize Essays.

We have much pleasure in publishing this month the essays on "Why I Like Life in the Country," written by two little girls, ten years of age, viz:—Maggie B. Annan, Duharton, Oa t., and Dora Watts, Goldielands, Settle, Yorkshire, England. They are both very creditable productions, and are as follows:

WELL, because it is healthy in the country. You can go out in the fields and garden and work. You can see the pretty grain in the fields. You can go and gather flowers in the woods, and grow them in the garden. You can go in the shade and play. You can see pretty little squirrels running about. The fruit is nice to eat and you can grow it on your own farm and then you would not have to buy any unless you like. The birds sing such pretty songs all day long. The grass is nice and green to play on. The trees are nice and shady, they have such pretty leaves. It is nice to see the lambs, colts, and calves, running about the field. I like to see the little turkeys, goslings, and chickens running in the yard. I think it is fun to gather in the eggs, and slide down off the straw stack, and play hide and seek in the barn. I like to sail boats down at the creek with my little brother, and gather pretty stones and shells at the lake, and throw sticks in the water and have our big dog bring them out. I like to run to the orchard when the apples and pears are ripe, and get some to take to school. I like to go to school, and I am in the senior third. My brother and I go gathering beech-nuts when they are ripe, and lay them away for winter. Oh, my, what fun we have sleighriding down the hills and skating on the ice. I went up to town with my papa and mamma one day, and we visited the Zoo, and the Island, and still I could not see any nice place for little boys and girls to play on. Out in the country here we have lots of room to play in. This is the longest letter I ever wrote as I am not quite ten years old. And I love my country home more and more every day. And this is my experience of country life.

MAGGIE B. ANNAN.

I LOVE the blue sky, the song of the birds, and best of all the flowers. I like to sit amongst the rocks and trees, and read or think, listening to the chirping of the birds and the bleating of the sheep. Then to wade in the streams, sometimes by an unlucky slip sitting down in the water, sometimes following little boats down the stream till a current carries them away or they stick on a stone, and I must go to the rescue. Then, when tired of this, sitting on a stone, dangling my feet in the water, and building castles in the air. Then the long rambles through the lanes and woods in search of flowers, making daisy chains in the fields full of buttercups and daisies, going walks up the hills, generally coming home minus a shoe, covered with scratches, and both hands and mouth stained with blackberry juice. When haymaking time comes then there is great fun, helping the farmers to make the hay, burying each other in the hay, eating the tea on the haycocks, very often getting a mouthful of hay as well as bread and butter. The farmers have a very busy time. I like watching them at their work milking the cows, ploughing, sowing, reaping, going with the carts for bracken and peat, taking the wheat to the mill, and many other things. In the winter, of course, we cannot do these things, but then there is skating, sliding, and snow-balling, which we can take part in without fear of knocking some cabby's hat off, as in the town. And in the town the snow is always dirty, whilst in the country it is fresh and white. Then skating, spinning along and very often falling plump on the ice. In all seasons the country is pleasant; the air is so pleasant and pure, which in a town where there are large works like the Massey Manufacturing Company and mills it is not so. The flowers, too, of which I am so fond, are abundant in the country, the pale primrose, the golden buttercup, the pretty little daisy, the scarlet poisonous lords and ladies, or jack in the pulpit, the tiny pimpernel, and many others. I think flowers are so wonderful and pretty divided into so many delicate pieces, soft and velvety. I like all flowers, but my favorites are lily of the valley, snow-drop, and daisy. The lily and the snow-drop leave us in some parts of the year, but the daisy—the wee, modest, crimson-tipped, flower—stays with us all the year round.

DORA WATTS.

MANY a child goes astray, simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. If home is the place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

### Freddie Victor's Time-Table.

My little nephew ran across a paragraph somewhere which said that anybody could save at least two hours of wasted time a day by running on a time-table.

Freddie brought the clipping to me and asked what it meant. I told him that I supposed it meant that a person could save two hours a day by having all his work or amusement planned and arranged beforehand—such and such a thing to be done at such a time, and another thing following directly after, and so on.

Freddie seemed so much interested that I advised him to make out a time-table for himself, and try running on it for a few days. He said he guessed he would, because two extra hours a day would be a great help to him in learning to strike out the fellows, and possibly would secure him the coveted position of pitcher in the school nine.

The next day Freddie submitted the following to me:—

#### A. M.

6.45 to 7—Gettin' up.  
7 to 7.30—Bath and gettin' redy for brekfus.  
7.30 to 8—Brekfus.  
8 to 8.20—Prais.  
8.20 to 8.30—Hard study.  
8.30—Start for skool.  
9—Get there (a feller must have some fun in life).  
9 to 10.30—Study and resite.  
10.30 to 10.45—Reses (ought to be longer).  
10.45 to 12—Study and resite.

#### P. M.

12 to 12.15—Goin' fer lunch.  
12.15 to 12.30—Eatin' it.  
12.30 to 1—Sloos of things. Playin' ball mosly.  
1 to 3—Skool agen. Tuffest part of the day.  
3—Skool over. Fun begins.  
3 to 6—Bace ball. Bisiikle ridin'. Goin' to walk (sometimes with a gurl). Slidin' and skatin' in winter. Flyin' kite. Bothrin' dog. Penuts. Goin' to ride with pa. Shoppin' with ma (wen I don't kno' it beforehand). Kandy. In bad wether readin'. Sloos of other things.  
6 to 7—Dinner (grate time for me).  
7 to 7.30—Nothin' much. Don't feel like it.  
7.30 to 8—Pa gets dun with paper, an' reads sunthin' aloud.  
8—Sez I must begin to study.  
8 to 8.15—Kickin' against it.  
8.15 to 9.15—Study.  
9.15—Gwup to bed.  
9.15 to 9.35—Windin' Waterbury watch.  
9.35 to 9.45—Undressin' and gettin' into bed.  
9.45 till mornin'.—Grate big times with dreems, but a feller can't stop to enjoy them much. Wonder why dreems can't hang on more like reel things?  
P.S.—Ware do those too extry 'ours cum in?

### Rules for Well-Behaved Children.

SHUT every door after you, and without slamming it.

Don't make a practice of shouting, jumping, or running in the house.

Never call to persons upstairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly to where they are.

Always speak kindly and politely to everybody, if you would have them do the same to you.

When told to do or not to do a thing by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.

Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.

Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.

Be prompt at every meal hour.

Never sit down at the table or in the sitting room with dirty hands or tumbled hair.

Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.

Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

Let your first, last, and best confidante be your mother.—*Ec.*

### A Little Girl's Essay on the Cow.

A cow is an animal with four legs on the under side. The tail is longer than the legs, but it is not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. The cow has big ears that wiggles on hinges; so does her tail. The cow is bigger than the calf, but not so big as an elephant. She is made so small that she can go into the barn when nobody is looking. Some cows are black and some hook. A dog was hooked once. She tossed the dog that killed the cat that worried the rat. Black cows give white milk; so do other cows. Milkmen sell milk to buy their little girls dresses, which they put water in and chalk. Cows chew cuds, and each finds its own chew. That is all there is about cows.—*Hartford Times.*

### Tommy and the Lion.

WE commence in this number "The Eventful History of Tommy and the Lion," in twelve illustrated chapters, showing the horrible fate of a bad little boy, who always said, "Don't Care."



Tommy, a bad boy who said 'Don't Care!'



HE says 'I again.'



A lion lies in wait for Tommy in consequence



The Lion is going to be down when Tommy



### The Usual Experience.

I own a horse, an excellent horse;  
I bought him for such, as a matter of course;  
And an excellent horse he is, no doubt—  
Yet it's queer that I never can take him out.

When I tell my coachman, whose name is Tim,  
That I'd like my charger, whose name is Jim,  
He calmly informs me that "Jim" has got  
Either bone-spavin, or else dry-rot.

"That hoss," he says, "aint fit to drive  
A dozen furlongs, an' stay alive.  
I d' 'no' who had him afore you bought;  
But he ain't been treated as he had ought."

I ask for that horse in the morning fair,  
And am told that he ought not to risk the air;  
I ask for that horse in the evening dim,  
And my coachman says, "Well, it's death on him."

And so I walk, both morn and night,  
And I wouldn't suggest that it isn't right;  
But there's just one thing that I'd like to know—  
If you'll tell me that, I'll arise and go.

Why is it that when the Sunday sun  
Comes chuckling over the week that's done,  
My coachman takes that same old horse,  
And drives right out, as a matter of course,  
And get his girl, and drives away,  
And drives the animal about forty-seven miles, with  
various stops for refreshment, and two or three dashes  
to show the way he can go when you let him out, and  
brings him back feeling comfortable, at the end of the  
day?—Puck.

YOUNG LADY—"I want to look at a pair of eye-glasses, sir,  
of extra magnifying power." Dealer—"Yes, ma'am; some-  
thing very strong?" Young lady—"Yes, sir. While visiting  
in the country last summer I made a very painful blunder  
which I never want to repeat." Dealer—"May I ask what  
that—er—blunder was?" Young lady—"Oh yes. I mistook  
a bumble-bee for a blackberry."

WHEN two young people of dissimilar sex, with a singleness  
of purpose and a doubleness of affection, sit up with each  
other, and so on, and when the clock strikes a dozen, he says  
—"Is it possible?" and she says—"Why, I didn't know it was  
so late!" you may draw your conclusions that very soon a  
united couple will be buying some furniture.

"WIFE, I have decided to send Harry to college."  
"College! I thought you were going to take him into the  
office and make a business man of him."  
"His natural inclinations are toward a college education.  
He tells me that he has got a curve pitch, he's a member of  
two boat clubs, he's handy with the gloves, and very fond of  
pugilism, and I think that college is the best place for him."

### THE MAIDEN PAUSED.

The maiden paused; a look of pain  
Stole o'er her chiseled features;  
Her hands flew back with might and main,  
Like two unbridled creatures,  
She wriggled, panted, held her breath,  
And writhed through every muscle.  
"Great Scott!" I cried, "can this be death?"  
"Guess not," a stranger near me saith,  
"She's bunchin' out her bustle!"

### QUESTIONS ABOUT DUCKS.

Why does a duck go into the water?—For divers reasons.  
Why does it come out?—For sundry reasons.  
Why does it go back?—To liquidate its bill.  
Why does it come out again?—To make a run on the bank.

### SUGGESTED MATRIMONIAL EXAMINATION FOR FEMALE CANDIDATES.

1. Give a detailed account of all your former flirtations, with extenuating circumstances, if there were any.
2. Which of your husband's faults do you intend to set about correcting as soon as the ceremony is over?
3. Have you the smallest notion of housekeeping? If so, which?
4. Do you paint, dye your hair, or wear false teeth, and do you mean to continue doing so?
5. How would you proceed to sew on an ordinary shirt button?
6. Supposing you had to make real jam, how would you set about it?

SHE—"I saw a funny thing in the paper. It says that some-  
where out West the weather is so hot that a farmer who went  
into his cornfield found that all the corn had popped. It  
must be awfully nice to have such weather." He—"Why,  
what are you talking about? Think how you'd suffer!"  
She—"Yes, I might suffer. But then other things besides  
the corn might pop." He popped.

"You will want to enter something for the county fair, I  
suppose, Mr. Jones?" said the president of the agricultural  
society. "Waal, yes," replied Jones, "you can put me down  
for the biggest hog in the county."

POLICEMAN—"Look'r, you! What are ye doin' 'round here  
this time o' mornin'?"  
Stranger (boldly)—"I'm tendin' to me bisness. What do  
yer s'pose?"

Policeman—"Oh, ye are! Where did that chicken come  
from?"  
Stranger (with more under his coat), savagely—"It come  
from an neg, av coorse? What in thunder did yer think it  
come from—a sody fountin'?"

"YOUNG GENTLEMEN," said an old doctor to a graduating  
class of medical students—"young gentlemen, keep your pa-  
tients alive—if you can; dead men run up no bills."

A MINISTER not long ago intimated from the pulpit that he  
would visit the families residing in a certain district, em-  
bracing at the same time the servant girls.

"To curing your pony that died, \$5.25," was the bill lately  
presented to the ponyless farmer by the medical attendant  
of the deceased quadruped.

Our little Tim  
Was such a limb  
His mother scarce  
Could manage him.  
His eyes were blue,  
And looked you through,  
And seemed to say,  
"I'll have my way!"  
His age was six,  
His saucy tricks  
But made you smile,  
Though all the while  
You said, "You limb,  
You wicked Tim,  
Be quiet, do!"

I SHOULD re-mark," said  
the merchant, when the  
price of goods went up.

AN equestrienne who can't  
hold her roan should ride  
somebody else's sorrel.

ONE can no more achieve  
fame without labor than he  
can reap wheat with an  
icicle.

DEBTORS would please cre-  
ditors if they would liqui-  
date what is dew.

MAY a man be called pov-  
erty-stricken when knocked  
down by a beggar.

THE man who carries his  
railroad ticket in his hat-  
band makes a fare display.

SUE—"Lan' ob de liben!  
Brudder Eli! Did you come  
on de kyars or by private  
conveyance?" He—"Pri-  
vate conveyance, chile; I  
walked."

TALK about your piercing  
eyes, did you ever sit down  
upon the blunt end of a  
needle?

NOTHING sours more quick-  
ly than the milk of human  
kindness. Has this thought  
ever a curd to you?



CONDUCTED BY R. HARMER.

VICTORIA.—Our Melbourne correspondent sends us the following extract from the report of the Government Statist. The figures show that Australia this year, in place of being a competitor with the United States and Canada in the European grain markets, will have to import largely. New Zealand will thus have a ready market for what promises to be her abundant surplus.

The area under wheat was 1,214,876 acres; oats, 197,379 acres; potatoes, 43,241 acres; hay, 410,395 acres. The gross produce of the crops was—wheat, 8,603,230 bushels, being an average of 7.1 bushels per acre; oats, 2,801,858 bushels, an average of 14.20 bushels; potatoes, 133,481 tons, an average of 3.09; hay, 309,068 tons, an average of 1.5. The figures as to wheat are particularly disappointing, as, after deducting the necessary quantity for home consumption and seed requirements, the total left for export is only 1,064,705 bushels, and as up to 9th March, 746,127 bushels had been exported, it follows that the surplus now remaining for export is only 318,578 bushels, or practically none. The local market will have, therefore, to depend on local supply and demand. The dry season has been ruinous also to oats, which show an average return of only 14.20 bushels as compared with very close on 23 bushels for the two preceding years. Australia, as a whole, promises to be a large importer of wheat this year. Victoria has practically nothing left for export. South Australia, with an average of three bushels per acre, has a little over 2,000,000 bushels for export, whilst New South Wales, which has an average of five bushels to the acre, will require to import to satisfy her own needs, no less than 6,500,000 bushels.

RECENT advices from Paris, France, under date of 12th May say that there are a considerable number of exhibits not yet in position. Those of the Massey Manufacturing Co. were about the first machines erected, and are receiving great compliments from the immense crowd of visitors. If any of our readers should visit the exhibition, don't fail to call at the Massey Stand.

REPORTS from Manitoba are of the most encouraging kind, the crop prospects being much better than known for years at this date. Fine rains and cool weather have had the beneficial effect of retarding the too rapid growth. Verily this province is destined to be the greatest wheat-growing belt in the world.

MONTREAL, QUE.—Our season here is far in advance of any previous ones. Farmers are nearly done seeding, whilst it is not general for them to do so until June. We are having beautiful rains, the prospects are most favorable, and we live in hopes of our French-Canadians reaping a good harvest.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—Our correspondent reports the season fully three weeks earlier than usual and every prospect for a good crop. We know of no place under the sun where the farmers need a good crop more than in the Maritime Provinces, where they have had a series of poor harvests for the past three years. We sincerely trust these anticipations may be fully realized, and that for once their barns may be filled to repletion.



### THE DUDE'S SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

In trying to escape from that ferocious dog, young Brown has set fire to the hay-cook with his cigarette, sat down on a hornet's nest, and now the confounded beast is waiting for him to come down.

**S S S S S S**

Guess No. 610 wins the Sharp's Rake and No. 657 the Second Prize.

The Sharp's Rake offered by MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED to the new subscriber guessing nearest the number of S's on page six of this issue, has fallen to Charles Soby, Yatton, Ont., whose guess was 610, or within 9 of the correct number, viz.: 619. The Second Prize of a Premium or Premiums equal to twenty new subscriptions, as per our Illustrated Premium List, falls to Mr. Jacob S. Snider, Waterloo West P.O., Ont., whose guess was 657, or within 38 of the correct number. Mr. Isaac B. Howard, Fairfield P.O., St. John Co., N.B., ran Mr. Snider very close, as his guess was 577, or within 42 of the correct number.

The guesses which came within 100 of the correct number were:—

- 563, Geo. Bennett, Athol P.O., Ont.
- 551, A. W. Callander, North Gower P.O., Ont.
- 550, W. H. Goblett, Dunmore Junction, N. W. T.
- 700, Burton Spafford, Cherry Valley P.O., Ont.
- 533, A. McDiarmid, Ridgetown P.O., Ont.
- 521, John D. McKillop, Eagle P.O., Ont.

We are very much pleased with the response to our offer. We feel satisfied that those subscribers who did not get prizes will not regret investing fifty cents in the ILLUSTRATED. We hope that our friends will help us during this month by canvassing for new subscriptions, as on July 1st our special cash prizes of \$50, \$35, and \$15, for the three largest lists of subscribers, will be awarded.

**BINDER TWINE.**

Harvest is rapidly approaching and every farmer should at once see that his full season's requirement of Binder Twine is ordered, and not delay it till the last moment, running the risk of not being able to get it.

The Massey Manufacturing Co. wish to inform their customers and farmers generally that they will be prepared to accept within a reasonable time a limited number of orders for their celebrated brands, made specially for them.

Those who intend favoring them with their orders will kindly make their wants known to their Agents with as little delay as possible, so as to give ample opportunity for its shipment.

**THE MASSEY M'FG CO.**

The Dressmakers' **MAGIC SCALE.** The most perfect tailor system of cutting. Entire in one piece, with book of instructions.—*Will C. Hood, Inventor.* Taught by Miss CHUBB, general agent for Ontario; also for the Universal Perfect Fitting Patterns. Send stamp for catalogue. Agents wanted. 420 1/2 Yonge St., Toronto.

**BEST YET.** YOUR NAME on 25 cards, 20 Scrap Pictures and Prairie Whistle for 15c. TOM WILAY, Rodney, Ont.

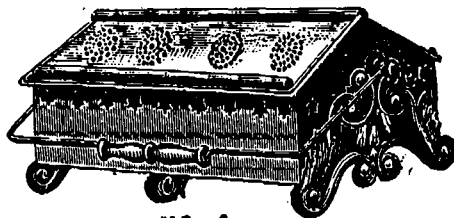
It will pay farmers and others to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, and in writing to advertisers we would esteem it a favor if they would kindly mention MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

**CLINE'S PATENT PORTABLE FOOT HEATER.**

The Farmers' Friend.

Keeps the Feet Warm.

TEN HOURS SOLID COMFORT FOR TWO CENTS.



No. 4

Specially adapted for Waggon and all outside Purposes.

**WARDS.** The Foot Warmer should be filled about three-quarters full with the Fuel, and will burn steadily without re-filling or any attention for TEN HOURS. The entire cost of Fuel will not exceed TWO CENTS per day in the small heaters. Fuel sold in kegs or barrels.

Agents Wanted throughout the Dominion.

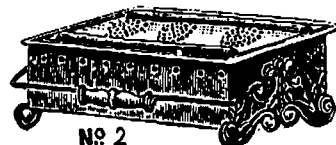
Liberal Trade Discount given. Write for prices and particulars to—

**The Cline Manufacturing Co., Limited,**  
Esplanade West, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

FARMERS and others who have long suffered the disadvantage of COLD FEET while driving or sitting at home, will hail with delight this great and wonderful invention for Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs, Cutters, Waggon, General Household and Office use.

**500,000 IN USE.** The Fuel is a black compound, perfectly harmless, burns without smoke, odorless, and entirely safe in handling. Guaranteed healthy and can be lighted by a child. It differs largely from all other sources of heating, viz.: **IT BURNS DOWNWARDS**

**AND HEATS UP-**



No. 2

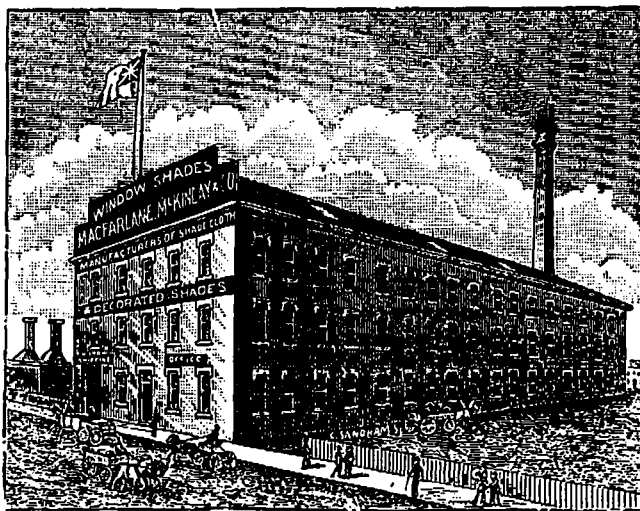
Specially adapted for Household Use.

**MACFARLANE, MCKINLAY & CO.,**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**WINDOW SHADES,**

Plain and  
Ornamental  
Oil Shades,  
Shade Cloth  
and



**SPRING ROLLERS,**

Tassels,  
Cords,  
Fringes,  
Shade Pulls  
and  
Ornaments.

OFFICE & FACTORY, 31 & 33 ST. ALBANS STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Established 1868.

**THOMAS CLAXTON,**

197 Yonge Street and 163 King St. West,  
TORONTO, ONT.,

Importer of and Dealer in

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**

Music for all Instruments. Violins, Violas, Violincellos, German, American (Washburn), and Genuine Spanish Guitars, Harp, Single and Double Action, Bows, Music Stands, and Strings for all Instruments.

Sole Agent in Canada for

*The Aine & Co's Paris Band Instruments,*  
the largest Band Instrument Factory in the World.

Catalogue of Music and Instruments free by post.

**FENCE. FENCE. FENCE.**

The great question of the day with the farmer and every owner of an acre of land is What Shall We Do for fencing? We Say buy our new Combination Fence and save valuable time, land and money. We carry in stock, or make to order, all kinds of Farm, Field, Orchard or Vineyard, Market Garden, Poultry Yard, Town or City, plain or ornamental fence from 50 cents to \$1.50 per rod. Send for price list. Sole agents for the Favorite Fence Making Machines.

**TORONTO PICKET WIRE FENCE COMPANY,**  
151 River Street, Toronto, Ont.

**PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT**

To persons with \$25 to \$50, in Manufacture, Sale of, and Appointing Agents to Sell most Practical Implement. 100 per cent. profit; good business men wanted. Farmers' sons good agents. Improved implement sold same price as old.

**HUGH JOHNSTON,**  
Bay and Richmond Streets, Toronto.

**TWO AND THREE-PLY READY ROOFING.**

Fire & Storm Proof.



Samples Sent Free.

Can be fixed on Roofs by Farmers and others themselves. Send for particulars to

**D. FORBES, ROOFER, TORONTO.**

**Breeders' Directory.**

Cards of not less than two line space and not more than six line space inserted for one year at \$2.00 per line, less 25 per cent. discount, if paid quarterly in advance.

**MOULTONDALE STOCK FARM.**—Address F. J. RAMSEY, DUNNVILLE, ONT., Breeder and Importer of thoroughbred Suffolk and Berkshire Pigs, Shropshire and Leicester Sheep, Clydes and Shorthorns. Stock for Sale.

**ANDREW GILMORE, OAK DALE FARM,** HUNTINGDON, QUE., Importer and Breeder of Polled Angus Cattle, Oxford Down Sheep, and Yorkshire Pigs. Young Stock of the above for sale.



## OUR PREMIUMS.

Read this carefully, then go ahead and Canvass vigorously.

As many of our new subscribers are unaware of the many valuable Premiums we offer for new subscriptions, we publish a list of the articles offered, with the retail prices of some of the smaller ones. The numbers correspond to those on our ILLUSTRATED PREMIUM LIST, sent free to any address on application.

We beg to draw particular attention to our liberal CASH AWARDS, amounting to \$100.00, to be given as follows: To the one who secures the most 50 cent subscriptions prior to July 1st, and remits us the amount for the same, as he or she collects it, \$50; to the one sending in second largest number of subscriptions, \$35; to the one sending in third largest number of subscriptions, \$15. (See back page of Cover.) There is only this month left, and we urge all our friends and well-wishers to make a vigorous canvass, and earn not only some handsome premiums, but probably one of the cash prizes. Anyone who has already subscribed or who sends us 50 cents for a year's subscription, has the privilege of canvassing and competing in the cash competition. Now, friends, go ahead with a will.

Our Premiums are as follows, all the articles being guaranteed first-class in every respect:—

### Given for One New Subscription.

- No. 27, Pair of Quoits, weighing 3lb. 14oz. each, price 50c., sent by express.  
 No. 39, Harmonica, price 30c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 51, Book, "Life of Queen Victoria," price 35c., postage 4 cents.  
 No. 54, Book, "Elements Necessary to the Success of Business Character," price 35c., postage 4 cents.  
 No. 63, Silver Thimble, price 75c., postage 5 cents.  
 No. 64, Burglar Alarm, price 50c., postage 10 cents.  
 No. 65, Handsome Lithograph, "Ruth, the Moabitess," price 25c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 71, The "World" Washboard, price 20c., sent by express.  
 No. 68, Wire Dish-Cloth, price 20c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 77, Pair Scissors, price 25c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 89, Butter Knife, electro-plated, price 60c., postage prepaid, receiver to send 15 cents.  
 No. 102, School Bag for Girls, price 40c., postage 12c., receiver also to send 8 cents.  
 No. 104, Rug Strap, price 35c., postage prepaid, receiver to send 5 cents.  
 No. 106, Malleable Iron Whip Stock, price 20c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 108, Wrought Iron Monkey Wrench, price 50c., postage 28 cents or sent by express.  
 No. 117, Sheepskin Purse, price 35c., postage prepaid.

### Given for Two New Subscriptions.

- No. 25, Pair of Dumb Bells, 6 lbs. and 7½ lbs., price 75c., sent by express.  
 No. 37, Ocarina, soprano, price 75c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 40, Harmonica, price 80c., postage prepaid, receiver to send 5 cents.  
 No. 47, The Pansy Books, any one of the series, price 60c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 50, Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," price \$1.00, postage prepaid.  
 No. 52, Book, "Old Vice and New Chivalry," price 80c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 55, Photograph Album, 10 x 8 inches, price 80c., sent by express.  
 No. 78, Pair Scissors, price 45c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 101, School Knapsack, price 60c., postage 18 cents.  
 No. 109, Rubber Stamp, with one, two, or three lines as required, price 50c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 110, Jack Knife, price 65c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 111, Pen-Knife, price 50c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 112, Lady's Pocket-Knife, price 80c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 114, The "Dandy" Patent Bag-Holder, price 75c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 119, White Sheepskin Wallet, price 65c., postage prepaid.

### Given for Three New Subscriptions.

- No. 2, Pair Genuine Acme All-Clamp Club Skates, Style No. 0, price 90c., sent by express.  
 No. 6, Three Bench Bent Knee Bow Sleigh, price \$1.25, sent by express.  
 No. 26, Pair Dumb Bells, sizes 8 lbs. and 9½ lbs. each, price \$1.00, sent by express.  
 No. 41, Handsome Music Roll, price \$1.25, sent by express.  
 No. 53, Etymological Dictionary, price \$1.10, postage prepaid.  
 No. 61, Scrap Album, price \$1.50, postage 32c., or sent by express.  
 No. 72, Folding Clothes Horse, price \$1.00, sent by express.  
 No. 79, Pair Shears, price 90c., postage prepaid.  
 No. 113, Gentleman's Pocket Knife, price \$1.00, postage prepaid.  
 No. 115, Lady's Silk Plush Hand Satchel, price \$1.40, sent by express, receiver to send 10c.

- No. 116, Lady's Leather Purse, price \$1.00, postage prepaid.  
 No. 118, Calfskin Purse, price \$1.00, postage prepaid.  
 No. 120, Lady's Morocco Hand Satchel, price \$1.25, sent by express.  
 No. 124, Book, "More Leaves from a Journal of a Life in the Highlands," by Queen Victoria, price \$1.75, postage prepaid.

### Given for Four New Subscriptions.

- No. 5, Clipper Coaster, price \$1.25, sent by express.  
 No. 33, Lacrosse Stick, best in the market, price \$1.75, sent by express.  
 No. 56, Photograph Album, embossed cloth, 10½ x 8 inches, price \$1.50, sent by express.  
 No. 57, Photograph Album, bound in leather, 10½ x 8 inches, price \$1.50, sent by express.  
 No. 60, Autograph Album, 4 x 6 inches, price \$1.60, postage prepaid.  
 No. 75, Automatic Lock-Step Ladder, price \$1.30, sent by express.  
 No. 97, Time Clock, price \$1.75, sent by express.  
 No. 125, Book, "The Latin Poems of Pope Leo XIII," done into English verse, price \$2.25, postage prepaid.  
 N.B.—Where the amount of postage is mentioned the receiver will send it when ordering premium. Charges on all articles sent by express or freight are payable by receiver.

Below we give in a condensed form the attractive and valuable premiums offered for larger lists of subscribers. Send for our handsome Illustrated Premium List (post free) for details.

Given for Five New Subscriptions.—Pair genuine Acme All-Clamp Club Skates. Oxford Teacher's Bible. Canvas Portfolio. Alarm Clock.

Given for Six New Subscriptions.—Croquet Set. Round Top Piano Stool. Family Bible. Book, "America Illustrated." Book, "Sweet Cicely." Photograph Album, 10½ x 8 inches, bound in leather. Lady's Solid Gold Pen with Rubber Holder (receiver to send 10c.).

Given for Seven New Subscriptions.—Oxford Teacher's Bible. Photograph Album, plush. One dozen Electro-Plated Teaspoons. Electro-Plated Pickle Stand and Fork. Electro-Plated Butter Cooler.

Given for Eight New Subscriptions.—Gentleman's Solid Gold Pen, with Rubber Holder. Amateur Printing Press. Navy Barrow.

Given for Nine New Subscriptions.—Association Round Football, No. 4. Rugby Oval Football, No. 4. Boys' Cricket Set, complete. Professional Accordeon. Book, "Canadian Pictures," by the Marquis of Lorne.

Given for Ten New Subscriptions.—Pair of Curling Stones, weighing 37 lbs. each. Lady's Plush Writing Desk. One dozen Electro-Plated Dessert Knives. Heavy Garden Barrow.

Given for Eleven New Subscriptions.—One dozen Electro-Plated Table Knives.

Given for Twelve New Subscriptions.—Pair genuine Acme All-Clamp Club Skates, Style No. 10. Professional Croquet Set. One dozen Electro-Plated Dessert Spoons. One dozen Electro-Plated Dessert Forks. Electro-Plated Cruet Stand. Electro-Plated Cake Basket. Gladstone Travelling Bag.

Given for Thirteen New Subscriptions.—Pair Ladies' Snow Shoes. Pair Men's Snow Shoes.

Given for Fourteen New Subscriptions.—Eagle Wringer, with 10 inch roller. One dozen Electro-Plated Table Spoons. One dozen Electro-Plated Table Forks.

Given for Sixteen New Subscriptions.—Flobert Rifle, with Remington Action. Automatic Organette. Family Bible. Eagle Steam Washer. Eagle Wringer, with 11 inch roller.

Given for Eighteen New Subscriptions.—Boys' Bicycle, No. 1 size. Baseball Set. Lady's Watch, Solid Silver.

Given for Twenty New Subscriptions.—Counter Scale with Tin Scoop, capacity ½ oz. to 36 lbs. Churn No. 3, Union, with Thermometer.

Given for Twenty-four New Subscriptions.—The New Shooting Star Toboggan. Cricket Set.

Given for Twenty-six New Subscriptions.—Boys' Bicycle, Size No. 2.

Given for Twenty-seven New Subscriptions.—Gents' Watch, stem-winding.

Given for Thirty New Subscriptions.—Boys' Bicycle, Size No. 3. Girls' Tricycle, Size No. 1. Lawn Tennis Set, complete. Double Barrel Breech-Loader, with pistol grip stock and rebounding locks. Children's Carriage, upholstered in cretonne, and having lambrequin canopy top with bullion fringe.

Given for Thirty-five New Subscriptions.—Boys' Bicycle, Size No. 4.

Given for Thirty-six New Subscriptions.—Girls' Tricycle, Size No. 2. Gents' Watch, stem-winder, solid silver case.

Given for Forty New Subscriptions.—Boys' Bicycle, Size No. 5.

Given for Forty-two New Subscriptions.—Girls' Tricycle, Size No. 3.

Given for Fifty-five New Subscriptions.—White Wall Tent, 11 x 8 feet, 8 feet high.

Given for Seventy-six New Subscriptions.—Sewing Machine, Wanzel "C," No. 6, with walnut stand and extension table, set of drawers and gothic cover.

Given for Ninety-four New Subscriptions.—Children's Carriage, best in the market, upholstered in saten russe with silk plush roll.

Given for One Hundred and Sixty New Subscriptions.—Gem Organ, case all solid walnut, with gold ornamentation, height 4 ft. 8½ in.; width, 1 ft. 5½ in.; length, 3 ft. 5 in.

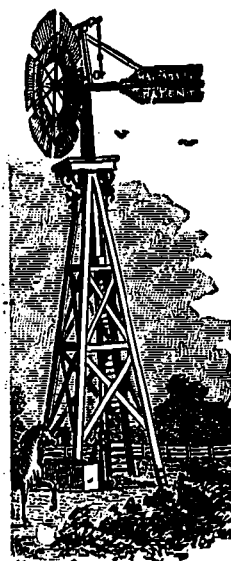
Given for One Hundred and Eighty-two New Subscriptions.—Bicycle, "Comet," No. 2, all sizes.

Given for Two Hundred and Forty New Subscriptions.—Bicycle, "Comet," Safety.

## HALLADAY STANDARD WINDMILLS

For supplying constantly pure and fresh water for the following purposes, viz:—

Pumping Water for Stock,	Hotels, Colleges,
Farm Buildings,	Pumping for Railway Stations,
Mansions,	Fire Protection,
Villa Residences,	Irrigation,
Public Institutions,	Tanneries,
Gardens,	Breweries,
Green Houses,	Sewage, Mines,
Town & Village Waterworks.	Draining Low Lands.



These celebrated Windmills are made from one man to forty horse-power. They are perfectly controllable in gales and uniform in speed.

Also Manufacturers of FEED GRINDERS, HAYING TOOLS, IRON and WOOD PUMPS, and a full line of Railway, Town, Farm, and Ornamental Water Supply Materials.

Catalogue and Price Lists, with references, mailed free on application to

## ONTARIO PUMP CO.,

TORONTO, ONT., CANADA.

Mention this Paper.

THE

## J. A. CONVERSE M'FG CO.

A. W. MORRIS & BRO., Proprietors

Manufacture the Celebrated

## "RED CAP" Brand of Manila BINDER TWINE.

The only Twine that invariably gives satisfaction.

FACTORIES,

MONTREAL, QUE., &

PORT HOPE, ONT.

Head Office—MONTREAL, QUE.

Also Manufacture

Jute and Cotton Bags,

Gordage,

Calcined and Land Plaster.

## USE ONLY

Peuchen's Poison,

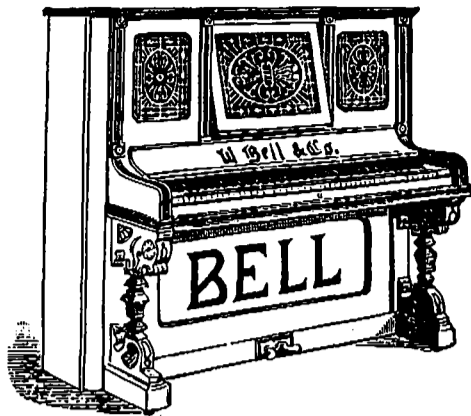
Pure Paris Green.

This green is the best in the market, and is much stronger than any imported. We would ask those who use Paris Green to put a little in Ammonia, and should there remain any sediment, it will show amount of adulteration. We are the only manufacturers in Canada, and are making a pure article. Ask your dealer for same, and if you cannot get it, write for it.

A. G. PEUCHEN & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

# "BELL" PIANOS,

With Improved Plate and Scale, are in Tone and Durability superior to all other makes.



# "BELL" ORGANS,

Pure and Sweet in Tone, and made of best material, are known throughout the world as strictly first-class.

Every Instrument Guaranteed. High Class Goods a Specialty.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

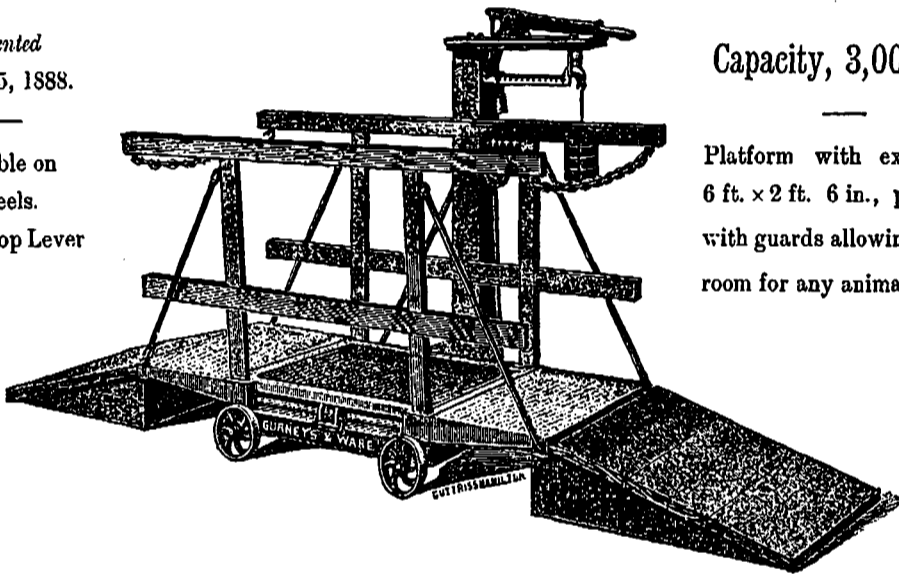
**W. BELL & CO.** OFFICE AND FACTORIES, **GUELPH, ONT.**

Warerooms at **TORONTO, HAMILTON, ST. THOMAS, & WINNIPEG.**

## GURNEY'S 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.

Designed especially to meet the wants of Farmers and Stock Raisers.

Made very strong, of the best material and finish. So constructed that Extensions and Guards can be uncoupled when desired, and Scale used without them. **PRICE MODERATE.**

See this Scale at your nearest Hardware Merchant, or write direct to Makers.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

**GURNEY'S & WARE SCALE CO., HAMILTON, ONT.**

CANADA'S GREAT **INDUSTRIAL** FAIR

AND Agricultural Exposition, 1889

**TORONTO** Sept. 9th to 21st.

Increased Prizes, Greater Attractions, and Lower Railway Fares than ever before.

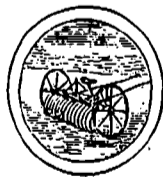
The Newest and Best Special Features that money can procure.

Over 250,000 visitors attended this exhibition last year.

**ENTRIES CLOSE AUG. 17th.**

For Prize Lists and Forms drop a post card to **H. J. HILL,** Manager and Sec., Toronto.

J. J. WITHROW, Pres.



**ONLY** a very few days remain before you will be making hay, and now is the time to choose a rake.

**SHARP'S** is the best Rake, according to the People's votes. **32,909** previously sold will be in the field this spring, and the most of the **3,000** made for this season's trade are already sold. Order **at once**, if you want one. Many farmers lost their chance of getting one last spring because they ordered

**TOO LATE.**

**THE MASSEY M'F'G CO.**



## MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

An Independent Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.



Printed and published by THE MASSEY PRESS (a separate and independent branch of the business enterprise conducted by THE MASSEY MANUFACTURING CO., Toronto, Ont., Canada.)

PROF. SCRUB . . . . . Editor.  
CHAS. MORRISON . . . . . Associate Editor and Business Manager.

### SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

To all parts of Canada and United States, only 50 cents per annum, postage prepaid. (Good clean postage stamps received in payment of subscription price.)

To the British Isles and Europe, or any country in the Postal Union, only two shillings and sixpence per annum, postage prepaid.

To any part of Australasia, only three shillings per annum, postage prepaid.

Always address **MASSEY PRESS, Massey Street, Toronto, Ont.**

It is guaranteed that no issue will be less than \$0.00. Beyond any question it is the surest and best means of reaching Rural Homes open to advertisers.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

are 20c. per nonpareil line. Space on back page 10 per cent. extra. Terms strictly cash.

There are 12 lines to the inch. There are 122 lines to the column. The columns are 2 1/2 inches wide, i.e., space for type matter. Electrotypes must not be over 2 1/2 inches wide, unless more than a column in width is taken.

None but advertisements of first-class establishments will be accepted.

Liberal discounts on large contracts. Write for prices.

### MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED CLUBBING LIST.

Arrangements with the publishers enable us to offer MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED in connection with other publications at the rates named in the list below, which will give all an opportunity to procure their yearly publications at reduced rates.

The following is the present list, though we hope to extend it, due notice of which will be given

- Weekly Globe (\$1.00) with Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, given for only **\$1.00**
- Weekly Mail (\$1.00) with Farm and Fireside (75c.) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, given for only **\$1.10**
- Weekly Empire (\$1.00) with Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, and bust of Sir John Macdonald packed and delivered at Express Office, given for only **\$1.10**
- Canadian Live Stock and Farm Journal (\$1.00) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, given for only **\$1.00**
- Grip (\$2.00) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, given for only **\$2.00**
- The Presbyterian Review (\$1.50) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, given for only **\$1.60**
- The Canadian Advance (\$1.00) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, given for only **\$1.00**
- Truth (\$3.00) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, together with any four one-subscription Premiums the subscriber may select from our handsome Illustrated Premium List issued with the December number of the Illustrated, given for only **\$3.00**
- YOUTH'S COMPANION (Boston, Mass.) (new subscriptions only, not renewals), \$1.75, and Massey's Illustrated, 50c., one year, together with any one-subscription Premium the subscriber may select from our Handsome Illustrated Premium List issued with the December number of "Massey's Illustrated," given for only **\$1.90**
- The Dominion Illustrated (\$4.00) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.) one year, together with a copy of Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent" (Premium No. 50, Price \$1.00), given for only **\$4.00**

N.B.—Clubbing List Subscriptions cannot under any circumstances count in competitions for Premiums or Prizes, but we will allow persons so subscribing to canvass and earn Premiums.

Printed and Published at the Office of the **MASSEY PRESS, Massey St., Toronto, Ont.**

**THE TORONTO MOWER.**



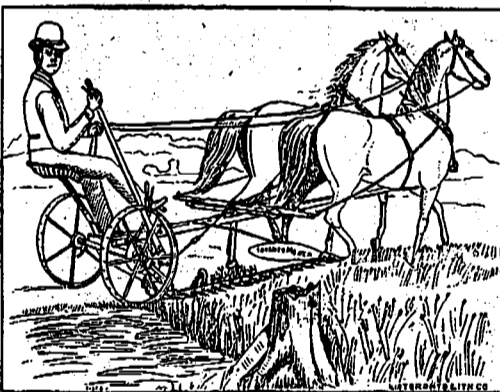
OVER A STONE—KNIFE IN FULL MOTION.

The Toronto Mower is made exceptionally strong, and for rough land its equal is not known. It is often used on new land, where it would be most unsafe to venture with any other style of machine. It can even be used for under-brushing a swamp.



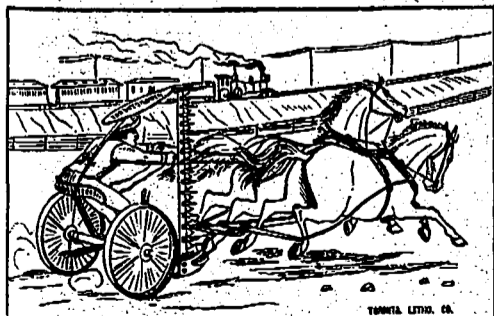
PASSING A TREE—KNIFE IN FULL MOTION.

The Toronto Mower is the only machine which practically admits of the cutter bar being raised to an upright position with the knife in full motion. No stopping required with the "Toronto" in passing obstacles.



OVER A STUMP—KNIFE IN FULL MOTION.

The Toronto Mower admits of the cutter bar being raised to any angle from the ground to an upright position, with the knife in full motion. Hence for orchard cutting, fields full of obstructions, etc., it has no equal. It could also be used to trim a hedge.



LET HER GO! NO HARM CAN COME.

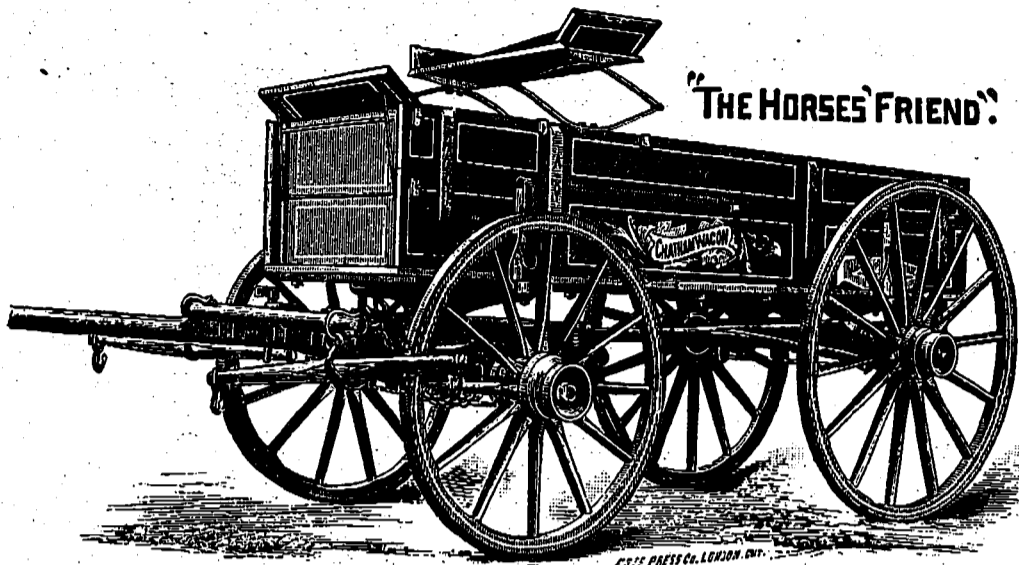
When out of gear, the Toronto Mower may be safely driven over the road for miles and miles without the slightest danger of injury to the machine, as when out of gear the only two cog wheels on it are thrown wide apart and the machine is like a sulky, and with the fine spring seat rides almost as easy.

**THE MASSEY M'FG CO.,**  
TORONTO, ONT.

**THE CHATHAM M'FG CO. (LTD.)**

MANUFACTURERS OF

HARDWOOD LUMBER, SHIP PLANK &



**THE CHATHAM WAGON,** of which wagon the above is a faithful cut, and which the Government of the Dominion of Canada has adopted as the STANDARD WAGON. We simply ask intending purchasers, in their own interests, to send to us for particulars of the Chatham Wagon, or if there is one convenient closely examine it before purchasing any other.

We also make Railway Platform Baggage Trucks, Farm and other Dump Carts, the Celebrated Main Bob Sleigh, the Patent Champion Hay Rack, etc., etc.

**CHATHAM MANUFACTURING CO., Limited.**  
CHATHAM, ONT.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

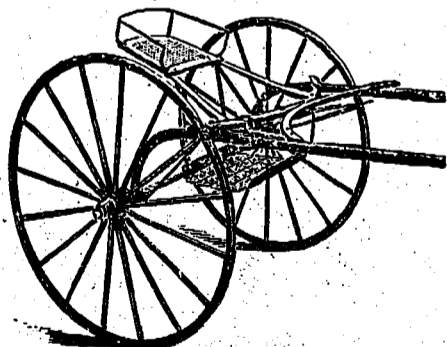
FARMERS.

THRESHERS.



Every Stable should have Peerless Hoof Ointment.

Peerless Axle Grease for Wagons and Gearing.



**HAWKEY'S PATENTED IMPROVED STEEL SPRING ROAD CART.**

This road-cart is unrivalled for neatness, strength, and comfort. It has an oil tempered four-leaved cast steel spring without shackles or joints. Wheel jar and horse motion are neutralized by a non-vibrating connection between the footboard and gear. It is made to carry one or two persons. Sold at the agencies of the Massey Manufacturing Co. Write for circulars to J. R. HAWKEY, Parkhill, Ont.

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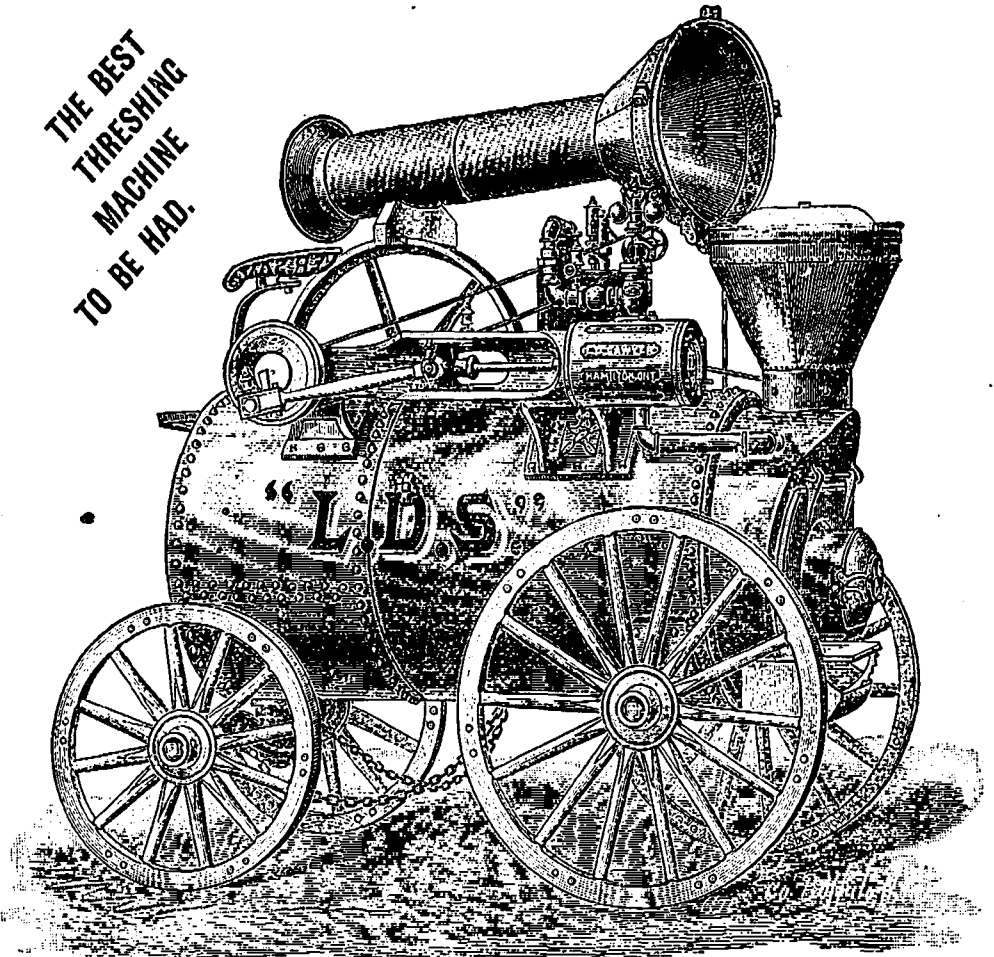
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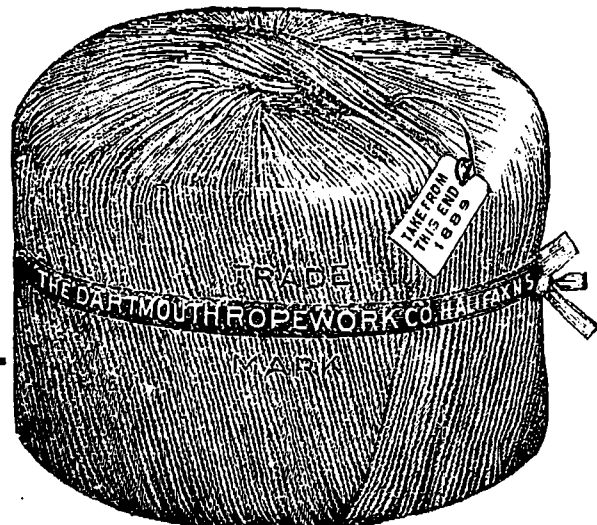
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