MAKING RAG CARPETS.

Making rag carpets is neither pleasant nor easy work, but it is work that well pays, writes Sarah E. Wilcox. With patience and perseverance economical, durable and pretty floor coverings are made of odds and ends of rags—cast-off garments which otherwise would find place in the rag-bag, cumber closet or attic, and invite moths. A well-made rag carpet will outlast two or three of the cheap, loosely-woven, sleazy articles sold at carpet emporiums.

Heavy woolen, cut wide and more or less unevenly, entered largely into the home-made carpets of our foremothers; little warp was used, and the rags in weaver's phrase "were not well beat up," the result was a fabric of coarse texture, heavy to handle and unbeautiful. The ideal modern rag carpet is made mostly of cotton and soft woolen, cut fine and neatly sewed, plenty of warp, close weaving, and a harmonious arrangement of colors give a light durable, and handsome carpet.

Experience teaches that the prevailing tone should be light rather than dark colored, as it shows dust and lint less. An accumulation of old garments, to be washed, ripped, sorted, cut, sewed, and possibly colored, is formidable; but if each is taken as soon as it is past use, cut, put in a box to be sewed in odd minutes, it is surprising how rapidly the balls will accumulate.

An idea of the outlay of time and money required to make the simplest of these floor coverings can be gained form the following extract from my diary:

Feb. 12, 1888.—There came from the weaver's to-day 27 yards of "hit and miss" carpeting. The cash outlay was for 9 1-2 lb. of warp, at 22c., $2.09; 4 spools thread, 20c.; 6 1-2 yds. damaged red calico, 20c.; weaving, 12c a yard, $3.24; total, $5.73. Cost per yard, 21 1-4c. A pound of warp suffices for about 3 yards. Annie and I prepared the material in four weeks during these short winter days, including the work for a family of four persons and the milking of two cows. We did not work evenings, and took from half to an hour each day for outdoor exercise. This carpet has seen constant service in a bedroom for ten years; careful scrutiny reveals only an occasional rag or thread broken.

For the best effect for "hit and miss" there should be a variety of bright colors, varying in length from two or three inches to thirty six. Prepare them all if possible, put in a box or basket, and mix well before commencing to sew. A hit-and-miss stripe, six inches wide, alternating with a plain stripe of preferred width or color, is a pretty design. Checks and stripes can be made by using different colored warp, but it cheapens the effect, one color gives a richer tone.

Pretty carpets for small bedrooms are made of colored white rags, old sheets, pillow slips and under garments. Half may be green and half medium brown, or half red and the remainder a yellow brown. A fancy effect can be produced by dipping half the skein in one dye and half in the other. Rags to be colored should be in skeins to save dye.

A memorandum of a piece of 95 yrds. made at an earlier date is given: 115 lb. of rags; 15 lb. black; 17 lb. green; 14 lb. red; 23 lb. tan; 29 1-2 lb. miscellaneous; 4 lb. orange; 3 1-2 lb. yellow; 9 lb. old calico.

The shades of green are given in round numbers, the same of tan and red:

Forty pounds of warp at 22c. .	$ 8.80
Weaving, 14c. a yard. . . .	13.30
Coloring material. . . .	3.78
Cash outlay. . . .	$25.88

Cost per yard, 27 1-4c.

It was not all yard wide, averaging about as in the hit-and-miss pieces, 6 knots, or a third of a pound to a yard.

The colors, recipes for which are given, were very fine; in a room not in constant use and kept dark are almost as bright as at first. Rags to be dyed should be washed in soap suds and rinsed in clear water, and put into the dye at once. Cut, sew, wind in skeins and loop each several times to avoid tangling.

Green, 5 lb.—Dissolve a pound of copperas in sufficient hot water to cover well; work in this one hour over a slow fire, and rinse in warm water. Dissolve 3 1-2 oz. of Prussiate of potash in milk-warm water, add 2 1-2 tablespoonfuls of oil of vitriol, mix, and immerse for the shade desired.

Black.—Use Black for Cotton, p. 398, noting that the sumac decoction is made of 3 1-2 lb. of sumac bark and wood in water sufficient to cover 5 lb.

Yellow, 5 lb.—Dissolve 8 oz. sugar of lead in a gallon or sufficient warm, soft water to cover, In another wooden vessel or tub, dissolve 5 oz. bichromate of potash; dip first in sugar of lead, drain lightly, then in potash, and alternate for the color desired. Let dry; then wash twice in clear water.

Orange.—Take unslaked lime, pour over water to cover rags, in this scald the yellow, but do not let lime-water boil.

Tan, or Snuff Brown, 5 lb.—Make a decoction of camwood by boiling a pound 15 minutes in water to cover; dip three-quarters of an hour; take out and add to dye 2 1-2 lb. fustic, boil 10 minutes, then dip three-quarters of an hour; take out, add 1 oz. copperas; dip half an hour; add copperas to darken as desired.

Catechu Brown, 5 lb.—Boil together in water 1 lb. prepared catechu and 1 1-2 oz. blue vitrol. Put in when dye is hot and let remain over night, or 12 hours. Dissolve 3 1-2 oz. bichromate of potash in warm water; wring rags, put into potash solution, let lie longer or shorter to obtain shades desired. Rinse and dry.

Let the weaver arrange the stripes giving you a sample which you can change if you wish. To save ravelling when cut, have woven in at the ends of each breadth some of the warp, or any old cotton yarn. If the size of the room cannot be determined at time of weaving, when ready to make, cut off each breadth, match stripes, and sew two or three times across each end with the machine. Bind with carpet braid rather than hem. Make the carpet somewhat smaller than size of room, as it stretches with use, and will need turning under after a year or two, and this is disastrous, as two thicknesses harbor moths.

FAST MOTOR CAR.

It Recently Ran Nearly Sixty-Six Miles an Hour in France.

A motor car in France lately attained the marvelous speed of nearly 66 miles an hour. A Belgian inventor, M Camille Jenatzy, in April, this year determined, if possible, to break the kilometer record of 38 3-5 seconds, made by Count de Chasseloup Laubat. The course was a perfectly straight and level road running through the new sewage farm lying off the highway between Saint Germain and Constance. The car which Jenatzy rode was the "Jamais Content," which is built of sheet iron, and is torpedo-shaped so as to offer as little resistance to the wind as possible. The first kilometer was ridden in 47 4-5 seconds, and the second in 34 seconds, which is equivalent to 105,882 kilometers, 65 miles 1,404 yards, in the hour. "La Jamais Contente" is not even yet satisfied, for Jenatzy thinks that he will be able to do the flying kilometer at the rate of about 120 kilometers, or about 75 miles an hour.

THE PROOF BEFORE HIM.

They say thet things is gettin' consarnedly rotten over in old Paris.

They must be.—Thet last lot o' paris green I bought wan't wuth shucks.

When a man dies, for years the light he leaves behind him lies on the paths of men.—Longfellow.

She Would Be a Lady

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Conrad, who was watching Eva, and debating mentally whether or not he should bestow his valuable affections upon her, was now pounced upon, and an immediate introduction demanded.

To the surprise of his friends, however, Conrad declined to accede to the request, and while they were still talking they saw Eva rise to her feet, as though in sudden surprise and agitation; then, after a moment's pause, she walked toward a tall, handsome, elderly lady dressed in black lace and diamonds, who had just entered, and was leaning upon the arm of a remarkably handsome yound man, who, from his likeness to herself could scarcely be taken for any one but her son.

"Mrs. Westbrook," Eva said, as she reached the lady's side.

The person she addressed looked at her in doubt for a moment. Not so the young man who was with her, however; he recognized her at once, and an expression of pleased surprise came over his face as he said:

"It is Eva Randolph."

Then he and his mother shook hands with the girl warmly; while she could not help blushing at the involuntary admiration with which Mrs. Westbrook regarded her.

"We are only passing through London," said that lady; "and I received your letter a day or two ago. I meant to see you before I left town, but I never expected to meet you here."

Eva replied that the unexpected pleasure was mutual. Then the lady asked the girl who brought her there? And if she knew many of the people present, and a few minutes later Dr. Scherer and Barbara coming to seek her, was introduced to her old friends. Whereupon the professor devoted himself to Mrs. Westbrook, and took her to the various points of interest in the building, and Ernest, with Eva and Barbara, followed.

But Barbara, after a short interval, felt herself de trop and lagged behind, and Ernest Westbrook found himself again by the side of the girl to whom he had once nearly proposed and whom he had carefully avoided ever since. But destiny stronger than his will had thrown them together once more.

But if Eva had been dangerous in the old days, she was ten thousand times more dangerous now. Then she was an unformed girl who had prematurely escaped from the schoolroom, now she is an accomplished woman, as clever and good as she is beautiful.

His thoughts do not travel quite as far as this, however. He only feels that a subtle attraction, such as he has never before experienced, draws him irresistibly toward her, and he very willingly yields to the delightful sensation.

CHAPTER VII.

The morning after the conversazione Eva was in her painting room trying to work, but she made little or no progress. A fever of restlessness was in her veins. She hoped rather than expected that Ernest Westbrook or his mother would call upon her and she was unable to work, and afraid to go out lest she should miss her friends if they did call. In the afternoon, however, her hopes were realized, for Mrs. Westbrook came to Gower street —but she came alone.

She was calmly and quietly kind to the girl; she looked critically at her work and praised it. Then she expressed her desire to have a little private conversation with Mrs. Longford, and Eva left them together.

"Now, Mrs. Longford, about Eva Randolph," began Mrs. Westbrook.

"I am glad to say that everything I can tell you is in her favor," was the reply.

"I am delighted to hear it," was Mrs. Westbrook's rejoinder. "She seems to be a very charming girl, besides being industrious and clever. Is she really as good as she seems?"

"Yes, better, if possible," was the warmly generous answer.

"That is very satisfactory; and now there is another subject I want to know something about. Has Eva any admirers — serious admirers, I mean —in plain words, does any man want to marry her?"

"Yes, I think so; but I cannot really say," stammered Mrs. Longford.

She was so unused to this direct method of catechising that, woman of the world as she was, she did not know how to evade or how to resent it with dignity and politeness.

"Don't think me needlessly inquisitive," said Mrs. Westbrook, a trifle more gently; "but I have, as you will perceive, a strong motive for my present questions. I have a son, Mrs. Longford, about whose future I am naturally anxious, and though Eva is a dear good girl, you can understand that I should not invite her to come and see me as I wish to do if I thought there would be any danger to him. Now I am as frank with you as I entreat you to be with me."

And so saying, Mrs. Westbrook leaned back in her chair, with a self-satisfied smile, and looked and seemed to feel as though her confidence had been a favor conferred upon her companion.

Poor Mrs. Longford at any rate accepted it as such, and ignoring a suggestion that was thrown out with regard to Dr. Scherer, she told Mrs. Westbrook, in confidence, that she knew her own son was in love with Eva, and she hoped and believed that Eva had a very warm preference for him.

"But she is so wrapped up in her profession," the artist's wife continued, "that she isn't like other girls; she takes too little notice of men."

"Then you think I am safe?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, blandly.

"Quite safe," was the reply.

Then Mrs. Westbrook was taken to Eva's studio, where Barbara Longford was somewhat excitedly talking to her.

"It's too bad of you, for you did flirt with him, and you know you don't care a pin for the man, while I am ready to die for him," the ladies heard Barbara say as they opened the door.

Mrs. Longford looked vexed and mortified, but Mrs. Westbrook was amused and she looked at the speaker somewhat curiously.

She was not pretty. Her long, abundant, coarse brown hair flew wildly down her back; her face was swarthy in hue, though the dark-red blood glowed brightly on her cheeks, and her brown eyes were half hidden by spectacles which she always wore.

A sudden idea struck Mrs. Westbrook. This girl, though plain, was, no doubt, clever; her people were friends of Mr. Carlyon, the rector, and it would not be a bad idea to invite her down to the Grange with Eva. It would keep the latter from being left alone with Ernest, and as for Barbara herself, even Mrs. Westbrook could not regard her as dangerous. So the invitation was given and accepted, and Mrs. Westbrook took her leave.

About a fortnight later the two girls arrived at Westbrook Grange.

Eva had not seen Ernest since the night of the conversazione, and she felt hurt and disappointed to find that he was not at home to greet her.

Not that she had any right to expect such an attention, she admitted to herself, for she was a mere nobody, a poor girl rescued from poverty by his mother's bounty, and some little talent and energy of her own, and she tried to crush down the feelings that rose in her heart, and to wish that, after all, she had not come here.

Her visit was not to be simply one of pleasure, however, she was to paint Mrs. Westbrook's portrait, and she told herself that she would be able to drive away unpleasant thoughts when she was at work.

But evening came, and with it her spirits brightened. Ernest had returned in time for dinner, and had brought the rector with him.

Mr. Carlyon was not an old man. He was pleased to meet Eva again and to congratuate her upon the wonderful improvement which time had made in her, but he was more especially delighted to renew his acquaintance with Barbara, whom he had not seen since she was quite a little girl.

So dinner passed over cheerfully and pleasantly, and, later in the evening Barbara played and Eva and Ernest sang, and Mr. Carlyon played the flute, while Mr. Westbrook pretended to be listening, when, in fact, she had fallen quietly asleep.

After this evening scarcely a day passed without the rector managing to make one of the party, on some pretext or other, and it soon became evident that Barbara had forgotten the German professor, and that she thought no position in life more desirable than that of the wife of a country clergyman.

Mrs. Westbrook saw what was going on, and smiled. She had often wondered that the rector did not marry, and as often wished he would.

One thing Mrs. Westbrook did not see, however, and that was her son Ernest was falling irretrievably in love with Eva.

This clever lady had been, and still was, so very careful of the girl that she believed such a catastrophe to be well-nigh impossible.

Seldom did she suffer Eva to leave her sight. On the plea of hastening on the completion of her portrait, Mrs. Westbrook kept the girl for some hours of each day closely at her easel.

Then she claimed her help and advice concerning quantities of old lace which she possessed, and, when the girl looked pale and fagged, she would insist that she should go for a drive, or a walk, and would herself, if possible, accompany her.

And if she did by chance lose sight of Eva for a time, she usually managed to secure the companionship of her son, so that he should be out of danger.

And yet love that laughs at locksmiths indulged in many a malicious grin at Mrs. Westbrook's expense.

Ernest Westbrook found Eva none the less dangerous because she was kept so much out of his way, while the difficulty he constantly experienced in even speaking to her, except in his mother's presence, gave a certain amount of piquancy to the pursuit, for pursuit it had now become.

Hitherto he had drifted with the stream, but now he was prepared to strike out and swim against adverse currents.

Meanwhile the visit which was to extend over two or three weeks was drawing to a close, and the young squire was only waiting for an opportunity to tell Eva that he loved her.

Mr. Carlyon, however, did not find his wooing so difficult.

Barbara did not profess to do anything more than amuse herself and her hostess and be amused, and though Mrs. Westbrook was always sweetly amiable to her, she soon wearied of the chatterer whom she had no motive for keeping by her side, and consequently the rector seldom failed to find her alone and glad of his company and attentions.

It seemed a very hasty kind of love making on the part of a man who had drifted into middle age without a serious thought of matrimony, but Mr. Carlyon, like many men who put off a momentous step for a long time, no sooner decided to take it than he set about doing so in a hurry.

The consequence was that the day before the girls were to return to town, and three weeks after he had met her, the rector proposed to Barbara Longford and was accepted.

By this time Barbara had quite forgotten the German professor. Indeed, she was so delighted that she forgot everything but her own good fortune and great happiness, and poor Eva had to listen to long rhapsodies of which the rector was the subject, while her own heart ached with the conviction that such tremulous bliss would never be hers.

She offered her congratulations, however, and tried to feel happy in the happiness of her friend, and then she stole away to her own room to lock herself in and weep at her own isolation.

But when she had thrown herself across a upon the bed preparatory to indulging in a flood of tears, she found that the tears would not come.

The room was close and suffocating, she could not breathe, the air seemed to be charged with electricity, a thunderstorm was evidently not far distant, and the atmosphere of the bedroom was intolerable.

In any less agitated frame of mind, Eva would have hesitated to leave the house, and she would certainly have avoided the trees.

But now the tearless storm in her heart was far more agitating than any conflict of the elements could be; she forgot her fear of thunder and lightning, she never gave a thought to any possible downpour of rain, she only knew that she was intensely miserable, that she was suffocating for want of cooler air, and without a thought of consequences she caught up a hat and went downstairs, making her way by a side path unobserved into the park.

Here she felt a little better. She took off her hat and sat down on the soft grass, and tried to think calmly of herself and of her future. Slowly but surely she was coming to a definite resolution. If she yielded to this love that had taken such a terrible hold upon her, it would ruin her life, unfit her for earnest work, and make noble endeavors almost impossible. Also, if she weakly gave her love unsought to a man who might disdain it, she would despise herself far more bitterly than any one else could despise her.

So she felt and she resolved that this weakness should end. This should be her last visit to Westbrook Grange, her very last. Nothing should ever tempt her to come to this dearly-loved spot again. To-morrow she would go away forever, and now she would look her last upon, and say farewell, to each well-remembered spot.

So she thought, and she wandered about until she came to a wide-spreading tree, which seemed, from the memories she associated with it, like an old friend, and she rested her hand on the gnarled trunk as though uttering a mute farewell.

At that moment a dreadful peal of thunder broke the oppressive silence, and seemed to shake the very ground, while a blaze of lurid lightning appeared to envelope the tree and the girl, who had, with the first shock, fallen insensible at its foot.

And now the rain came down in torrents, and the thunder pealed and the lightning flashed almost incessantly, while Eva lay under the tree quite motionless.

Barbara Longford, about this time, with a pale face, and her long hair streaming down her back, came into the room where Mrs. Westbrook and her son sat watching the storm and said, with evident terror:

"I am dreadfully frightened of thunder and lightning, and so is Eva—worse than I am. Do you know if she has come in from the grounds? I saw her going out half an hour ago."

"Eva out in this storm, and alone!" exclaimed Ernest Westbrook, starting to his feet in such sudden alarm that his mother, looking at him, felt her own heart sink within her.

There was more than kindly anxiety here. No man would be so agitated as this about any woman if he did not love her.

This sudden revelation so upset Mrs. Westbrook for the moment that she could do nothing.

"She must be out under the trees, and afraid to come through the rain," said the young man, with a troubled face. "I shall go and look for her."

His mother entreated him not to go himself, but to send some of the servants, but he paid no heed to her, and went out in the storm, followed by a couple of men.

"He cares for her more than he does for me," moaned Mrs. Westbrook, despairingly, when she saw her son go forth on his errand.

And Barbara, whose presence she had forgotten, replied, promptly:

"Yes, every one can see that the loves her."

And meanwhile the storm raged on with unabated fury, and the two ladies, watching through the windows, saw the party of men returning, carrying what seemed like a lifeless body between them.

"Oh, she is dead, she is dead!" cried Barbara, desparingly.

Mrs. Westbrook uttered never a word, but in her heart she hoped that Barbara's exclamation was well founded.

To be Continued.

HOW DREAMS ARE MADE.

Generally a Repetition of Thoughts Unguided by Reason.

Dreams are generally a repetition of thoughts unguided by reason. Those caused by internal action or brought about by action within the body are due entirely to the action and state of the stomach, which in turn is affected by the quantity and quality of food consumed.

The first ends or feelers of the nerves are located in the walls of the stomach, and as the food is digested they draw up the nourishment and distribute it throughout the nervous system to replace the waste that has taken place during the day. If the stomach be surcharged with an abundance of heating food, too much nourishment is forced upon the brain, causing an abnormal filling of the channels, thereby expanding them, bringing them in touch with others, and causing the matter from one to overflow into or to mix with the fluid of neighboring channels. Whenever the fluid traverses a channel more or less forcibly the thought which originated that passage is reproduced more or less vividly. Hence ensues the general mixing up of thoughts which originally had no connection with each other.

AN OVERLOADED STOMACH

also causes a flow of blood to the brain, sent there by nature to assist in assimilating the extra nourishment, and the overcharged blood vessels, pressing upon the nerve channels near the brain, cause even more turbulent disturbances. This accounts for the advice of so many medical men that no considerable quantity, especially of animal food, should be taken immediately before bedtime. The crossing recrossing and touching of these thought channels, brought about in this way, produces the absurd mixtures of fancies that often come to us when we sleep.

The stomach, too, is a mill which keeps on forever grinding, the walls acting as the grindstones. When, therefore, there is nothing between them, or, in other words, when the stomach is empty, one wall grinds upon the other, causing an irritation of the nerves which produces that peculiar sensation of falling from some great height.

To understand how external action will affect the dream of a sleeper it must be borne in mind, that those dreams, which seem to take hours, and even days, in passing, really occupy but a minute fraction of a second. If, therefore, we are awakened, by some loud, strident noise, say by the cracking of a whip, then between the time that the sound strikes the ear, while we are yet asleep, and the time that we are fully awake to realize what has caused the sound, a few moments only have elapsed, but these few moments were sufficient to allow of a dream of apparently several hours' duration.

As an example: A milkman, driving up beneath an open bedroom window, cracks his whip smartly. Immediately the thought produced by the sound causes a dream. The sleeper imagines himself a soldier who has fallen into the hands of the enemy.

HE IS LED OUT TO BE SHOT.

He stands blindfolded with hands tied before the platoon of soldiers. He hears the click-click-click as the rifles are cocked. He hears the word given and the noise of the volley rings out on his ears. Then he awakes with a start, to hear the rumble of the milkman's wagon as he cracked his whip and drove off over some rough cobblestones.

A blow, a cut or a sensation of pain will operate in the same way, and awaken certain channels of thought connected with pain just as the noise awoke those connected with the sound.

For instance, a sleeper dreams that he is closed up in some close travelling carriage and is being driven rapidly off in an unknown direction by a man who has designs upon his purse and life. He tries to shout, in vain he struggles to get free and in the tussel drives an arm through the glass window of the carriage. The hand is cut and bleeding. He starts fearfully, and he awakes to find that in his sleep he had carelessly thrown out an arm and his hand had smashed some fine medicine glass on a stand by the bedside. The whole dream passed between the time that the hand first struck the glass, creating the sensation of pain, the moment that the sleeper awoke to realize the fact.

AFTER EFFECTS OF FEVER

Mrs. Angle, of Merritton, Suffered so Severely That Her Friends Feared She Was Likely to be a Permanent Invalid.

In the picturesque village of Merritton resides Mrs. William Angle, who, after months of suffering, has found a cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Angle relates as follows the experience through which she has passed. "Four years ago this spring, while a resident of Buffalo I had an attack of typhoid fever and the disease left me in a worn out and extremely nervous condition, so that the least noise startled me. I could not sleep at times for a week on account of terrible attacks of heart trouble. Then again my head would trouble me and I had bad dreams. I had no appetite and lost twenty-two pounds in weight and had become so very thin that my friends were alarmed. While in this condition I was treated by two physicians but with no avail. I tried everything recommended but still found no relief. Finally a relative persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After I had taken the first box I could see a change for the better, so I continued the use of the pills until I had finished six boxes and the results were most gratifying. I now have normal sleep, there is no more twitching in my hands, the palpitations have ceased, and I have gained in weight and strength. My whole system seems toned up, and I feel entirely well. I feel grateful to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., and hope they will keep up the good work of administering to the afflicted."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

A HARD POSITION TO FILL.

Employment Agent—Why do you leave a place in which you have worked so many years?

Domestic—Well, you see, the misses died last month.

The house is lonely now, I suppose.

"Tain't that; but now the missus is dead, the master blames everything on me.

$3.95 Cut this out and return to us, with name of your nearest express office and we will send this watch there for you to examine. It is an open-face, gold-plated dust proof case, handsomely engraved, fitted with American made 7 jewelled stem wind and set movement, lady's or gent's size. It is a good time piece, equal in appearance to a $25.00 watch, and is just the thing for trading purposes. If on careful examination you are convinced this watch is worth far more than we ask, pay the express agent $3.95 and express charges and it is yours. Ferry Watch Co., Box Z, London, Canada.

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

SHEEP AND HOGS.

For small farms sheep and hogs are good animals to raise, and exclusive farming with either one generally produces an enthusiast. It really requires a man of enthusiasm to succeed in most branches of cattle raising. One must love both the work and the animals to obtain the best results. Then he will reduce everything down to a system that will be guided by good sense and sympathy. Some people cannot get enthusiastic over pigs; they are swine and dirty animals at that. Such people probably have never seen a clover lot of animals, sleek and fat with the green food they have eaten, and so intelligent looking that their porcine qualities seem to have left them. But if there is a feeling against pigs so that one can only regard them as swine fit to receive nothing but swill and scraps, it is better to let them alone, and devote the time and attention to sheep.

These animals have the name and reputation of attracting the sympathy of all animal lovers, they are the type and symbol of innocence and helplessness. But to the farmer they are much more than this. They are money makers for him in good seasons, and good standbys when the other products of the farm are paying poorly. Sheep farming is a science that only the small farmer practises. Herding sheep on the plains or on large plantations where land is so cheap and abundant is not sheep farming. It is only where the land is limited, and every acre must be made to produce its profit, that scientific sheep farming can be conducted with success and skill. A good crop rotation is essential, for it would not pay to let the soil deteriorate, neither would it do to deny the sheep of their proper food. They must be kept growing by liberal feeding, and the land must be kept up to a normal standard of fertility by a good system of crop rotation. Sheep are the only animals that thrive on all sorts of farm produce sufficiently to permit a good system of crop rotation. One may raise the greatest variety of crops, and vary them every year, and still always find that the sheep will eat them and convert them into better money as a rule than if they were shipped direct to the market. Wheat is probably about the only important exception. In an emergency of great depression of prices wheat could even be made a profitable food for the sheep mixed up with roots and hay. Sheep farming for the small farmer is thus an engaging and profitable occupation, and if he finds there is no market for his crops he can feed them to the sheep and not lose thereby.

MAKING VINEGAR ON THE FARM.

The making of pure cider vinegar on the farm is not a difficult matter. A little care and attention will enable the farmer to make a barrel for home use, or a larger quantity which should find a ready market in village or city. A first requisite is good cider and exposed to a temperature of about 70 de., it will soon make good vinegar. The barrel should not be quite full of the cider. It should be placed in a dry, warm place, not in the cellar. The barrel should not be disturbed for a time, resting on supports about 2 ft. from the ground for convenience in racking off. Let the barrel remain with the bung out until the first fermentation is over and the cider is clear, then rack off with a rubber hose siphon or an ordinary wooden faucet. Clean the barrel, restore the cider, and store in a fairly warm place for the winter, still leaving the bung out, the barrel not quite full.

If necessary to winter in an ordinary cellar, rack off again in the spring and move out to an open shed, putting a piece of thin cloth over the bung hole to protect from insects, but still admit air. Remember that it is exposure to heat and air that makes vinegar. By the following August a splendid product should be the result. On a large scale, vinegar is made in generators, the cider fermenting to a certain point, when a sample is taken and test made for alcohol strength. If necessary, it is then run over the generator a second time and it comes out good vinegar of proper strength for the markets. The methods here given are those employed by successful vinegar manufacturers.

IMPORTANCE OF KNOWING.

Many farmers remain poor and unsuccessful for the simple reason that they always "guess" at everyting. They, for instance, keep a half-dozen cows, three of which may not begin to pay for their food. They never take the pains to weigh the milk and test it, and compare the food consumed with the milk and butter fat produced so as to know, with certainty, whether each cow is profitable, or whether only three of them are, while the others are being fed at a positive loss. In these days of sharp competition, it is absolutely necessary for the farmer to be exact, and that he has the most definite knowledge upon which to base all of his calculations. He must figure closely or he will soon find himself blaming Providence and bemoaning his luck. A farmer should not scoff at novel systems or processes but should always endeavor to acquaint himself with the latest and best practices. Figures don't lie, rules are absolute, but "guesses" are too often swayed by preconceived ideas or prejudices. Don't trust them. The successful farmer needs good judgment and a steady purpose. The visionary, unsettled man, who is covetous of what his neighbor has honestly earned, will always be complaining of hard times and bad luck. Remember that there is no money to be made in farming to-day except by employing the most up-to-date methods and in every way keeping thoroughly abreast with the times.

"There is no new thing under the sun" but there are many good things and one of the best is Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

SAILORS AND MINERS.

Their Handicrafts Indelibly Impress Their Mark Upon Them.

Probably sailors and miners are more impressed by their respective callings than any other workers. The sailor, living in great open spaces, and subject to sudden and unforeseen contingencies, is frank to the verge of recklessness, and full of prompt resource. He usually thinks what he pleases and says what he thinks without chopping logic,—the sea molds his character to its own moods, and whether these resemble the hard-hitting of the gale, or the softer tempers of smooth waters, both are frank and free. The miner, on the contrary, is shaped by his work, to face hard facts as he does hard rock. He finds ways and means to get through or round both, exhibiting both physically and mentally a dogged perseverance, developing sometimes into obstinacy; hence miners' strikes are amongst the worst of labor disputes. As a class, also, miners tend to be narrow-minded; they work within limited horizons, and their character is influenced accordingly.

A CITY CASE.

One of a Thousand Such Come to Light in the Queen City.

Mr. John Blow, 67 Princess St., Toronto, Cured of Lumbago and Diabetes—An Interesting Letter—High Praise for Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Toronto, Oct. 2.—This city is one of the finest in Canada and among the healthiest on the continent of America, but like everywhere else it has its victims of kidney disease. Nevertheless, it is safe to say, however, that these cases are seventy-five per cent. less common now than ten years ago, and but few of those that do exist are anything like so severe as formerly. This is due wholly and solely to the popular use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have been found to be the only medicine that will cure Bright's Disease, the only cure for Diabetes, the only radical cure for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc., and equally efficacious for Heart Disease, Dropsy, Paralysis, Bladder and Urinary Troubles, Women's Weakness, Blood Disorders and any other form of Kidney Disease.

Concerning their virtue for Lumbago and Diabetes, Mr. John Blow, 67 Princess street, Toronto, says:—"I have been a great sufferer with Diabetes and Lumbago for years. Every remedy I could hear of was given a fair trial in hopes it would help me. But until I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills my hopes were all in vain, and my torture night and day unbearable. No one could imagine the sufferings I endured; night and day my pains kept me in misery. It seemed as if there was neither relief nor cure.

"When I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills I had lost faith in all medicines. But from the first one of these Heaven-sent Dodd's Kidney Pills I experienced relief. Every succeeding one hastened my complete cure.

"I have used in all five boxes and am thoroughly cured—a strong, healthy, hearty, vigorous man, whereas before I started to use your Dodd's Kidney Pills I was a constant and miserable sufferer. I cannot find words to express my entire confidence in Dodd's Kidney Pills."

CHANGED THE SUBJECT.

He gently—Are you not afraid some one may marry you for your money?

She, sweetly—Oh, dear, no. Such an idea never entered my head.

He, tenderly—Ah, in your sweet innocence you do not know how coldly, cruelly mercenary some men are.

She, quietly—Perhaps not.

He, with suppressed emotion—I — I would not for the world have such a terrible fate happen to you. The man who wins you should love you for yourself alone.

She—He'll have to. It's my cousin Jennie who has money, not I. You've got us mixed. I haven't a cent.

He—Er — Very pleasant weather we're having.

When Adam was a Boy.

This was years ago, for Adam has been dead quite a while, though to be sure he has left a progeny that keeps up pretty well the family characteristics. There are wise men to-day who delve into the misty past and tell us all sorts of things, but there are silent on those events that would make Adam interesting to the modern man. What did Adam do when he ran a sliver under his finger nail? Had he to take measels and whooping cough? If he had corns did he cut them with a razor or did he stretch forth a hand in the future and get a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor? Putnam's is the best, is sure, safe, painless, and acts in twenty-four hours.

SNAKES AS RATTERS.

Snakes are the professional ratcatchers in the Philippines. Nearly all of the older bungalows in Manila possess what are called house snakes—huge reptiles, generally 12 or 14 feet long and as thick as a fire engine hose—that permanently reside up in the roof and live on rats. These big creatures are harmless and rarely, if ever, leave their abodes.

THE WITNESS'S RETORT.

The present Lord Chancellor was cross-examining a shrewd bucolic witness some years ago, who rather "had" him.

They sometimes call you a Devonshire Dumpling, don't they? asked the genial advocate.

I believe they do, replied the witness.

But you are not a Devonshire Dumpling?

The witness waited till the laughter occasioned by this inquiry subsided, then he slowly drawled out:

Hay, but if I hod been a doompling, you lawyers 'ud a' gobbled I up afore now!

GOOD RIDDANCE.

Biggs—Why did you lend Dobbs your umbrella?

Boggs—Because I don't care to see either him or the umbrella again. Neither is any good.

LUBY'S Gives new life to the Hair. It makes it grow and restores the color. Sold by all druggists. 50c. a bottle.

A YOUTHFUL VERSION.

Bobby, who has tripped and fallen on a comb—Oh, mamma, look at the cut on my head. The teeth in the comb bit me.

CALLA LILY CREAM ensures a youthful complexion. Send 25 cents for trial bottle, or post card for circular on skin and complexion. Address W. T. Urquhart, 489 Queen St. W., Toronto.

VERY RICH.

Dinsmore is very rich, I am told, said Cumso to Cawker.

Rich? I should say he was. He's rich enough to evade the payment of his taxes.

THE PROOF OF A TEA IS IN THE DRINKING. TO PROVE THE HIGH QUALITY OF

LUDELLA

Lead packages. CEYLON TEA—TRY IT. 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

$4.95 Cut this out and send it to us with the name of your nearest express office and we will ship you this Violin with Outfit by express, subject to examination. Examine it at your express office, and if you find it exactly as we represent it and entirely satisfactory, pay the express agent our special price, $4.95 and express charges. This is a finely finished, regular $9.95 Stradivarius model violin, richly colored, highly polished, powerful and sweet in tone. Complete with fine bow, extra set of strings and resin. A genuine bargain at the price. Buy direct from us and save the dealer's profit. Johnston & McFarlane, Box 'Z,' Toronto, Ont.

HER LIMIT.

She hesitated. Dying was out of the question, but under the circumstances she might throw a counterfeiting faint.

In other words, though she could not kick the bucket she might turn a little pail.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

THE COST.

Wigwag—My wife is the dearest little woman in the world.

Watson—I don't know about that. How much does she cost you?

"Pharaoh 10c." Payne, Grant, Que. Cigar Manufacturer.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Policeman—Why did your husband kill that young man?

Mrs. Peanutti—He maka love toa mea.

Policeman—What did he say?

Mrs. Peanutti—He say that a cookastove and two beds too heavy for mea to carry.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

SIMILAR, PERHAPS.

Ever up in a balloon?

Me? No. But I have been in love.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF MALT Invigorates and Strengthens. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

FAST COLORS.

Knitting wool can be made a fast color by soaking it in a strong solution of salt and water, taking it out after a few minutes' immersion and hanging to dry in the open air.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.50 & up.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Prop's.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot Two blocks from C. P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate

COLORS IN FLOWERS.

The colors of flowers, even the most delicate, can be preserved by drying, says a German chemist, by pressing them between sheets of paper that have been saturated with a solution of 1 per cent of oxalic acid in water

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Cy., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY