

toes, 1½ lbs. sugar, ½ ounce cinnamon, more and cloves mixed, 1 pint vinegar. Peel and slice the tomatoes; stick the cloves into them; put all in a saucepan and stew an hour. When done, pack in jars and pour the syrup over boiling hot. Jumbo Pickles.—Chop a head of cabbage fine and sprinkle with salt. Let remain for 12 hours, then mix a finely-chopped onion with the cabbage. Drain, season strongly with pepper and celery seed. Put in a jar and cover with vinegar. Ready for use in three days.

To Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and
bless

With fruit the vines that round the
thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-
trees,

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the
core;

To swell the gourd, and plump the
hazel shells

With a sweet kernel; to set budding
more,

And still more, later flowers for the
bees,

Until they think warm days will never
cease,

For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their
clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy
store?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may
find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing
wind;

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while
thy hook

Spare the next swath and all its
twined flowers;

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost
keep

Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours
by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay,
where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy
music too,—

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying
day,

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy
hue;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats
mourn

Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or
dies;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from
hilly bourn;

Hedge-crickets sing; and now with
treble soft

The red-breast whistles from a garden-
croft,

And gathering swallows twitter in
the skies.

—John Keats.

Open the Door.

Open the door, and let in the air;
The winds are sweet, and the flowers
fair

Joy is abroad in the world to-day
If our door is wide open it may come
this way.

Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun,
He hath a smile for everyone;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and
gems;

He may change our tears to diadems.
Open the door!

Open the door of thy heart; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish
sin.

They will grow and bloom with a grace
divine,

And their fruit shall be sweeter than that
of the vine.

Open the door!

Open the door of thy heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin
It will make the halls so fair

That angels may enter unawares
Open the door!

"The Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
6419 Loose Fitting Coat.

6419.—Coat, to be made of tweed, homespun, etc., or of cravenette, to serve as a raincoat.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

6422 Tucked Waist.

6410 Seven Gored Walking Skirt.

Costume suitable for plaids, checks, cashmere, novelty cloth, etc.

The above patterns will be supplied at the low price of ten cents per pattern. State bust and waist measure when ordering, and be sure to order by number. Address: "Fashion Department," "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

Autumn in the Garden.

When the frosty kiss of autumn in the
dark

Makes its mark

On the flowers, and the misty morning
grieves

O'er fallen leaves.

Then my olden garden, where the golden
soil

Through the toil

Of a hundred years is mellow, rich, and
deep,

Whispers in its sleep.

'Mid the crumpled beds of marigold and
phlox,

Where the box

Borders with its glossy green the ancient
walks,

There is a voice that talks

Of the human hopes that bloomed and
withered here,

Year by year—

Dreams of joy that brightened all the
laboring hours,

Fading as the flowers.

Yet the whispered story does not deepen
grief:

But relief

For the loneliness of sorrow seems to
flow

From the Long-Ago.

When I think of other lives that learned,
like mine,

To resign,

And remembered that the sadness of the
fall

Comes alike to all.

With regrets, what longings for the lost
were theirs!

And what prayers

For the silent strength that nerves us to
endure

Things we cannot cure

Pacing up and down the garden where
they paced,

I have traced

All their well-worn paths of patience, till
I find

Comfort in my mind.

Faint and far away their ancient griefs
appear:

Yet how near

Is the tender voice, the careworn kindly
face,

Of the human race!

Let us walk together in the garden, dear-
est Heart—

Not apart!

They who know the sorrows other lives
have known

Never walk alone.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Useful Kitchen Utensils.

Some time ago we announced that we had secured handsome 40-piece china sets to be given as premiums to any subscriber sending us in four new subscriptions (i. e., strictly new names for our lists), at \$1.50 per year each. This offer still holds good.

In addition, we have a new premium to offer. To each present subscriber who sends us in just one new subscription (new name) to "The Farmer's Advocate," for one year, at \$1.50, we will, on request, send one of our new kitchen collections, consisting of one cake-beater, one griddle-cake turner, one sharpening steel, one butcher-knife, one bread-knife, one paring-knife. These are all made of high-grade, crucible steel, with strong handles, mounted with nickel-plated ferrules. In fact, the collection is just such as must prove invaluable to the housekeeper, and may be conveniently kept suspended from a shelf-rack, which may be easily made at home. When sending us in the subscription, kindly state that you wish this collection, as we have several other premiums that are given for one new subscriber. Address: "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

HIS STERN RESOLVE.

Master—Did you enjoy your trip to the city, Pat?

Coachman—Niver a bit, sorr. I'll niver go near the city again 'til I've been there often enough to learn me way round.

Fidgety People.

By A. M. Marriott.

Of all things, boys and girls, learn to be still, to sit still, to stand still, to appear at ease; to be able to sit with quietly folded hands for an hour, if need be, and not to give every person the impression that you are struggling with an attack of St. Vitus' dance.

Some people are constantly moving their feet or thumping their fingers on tables, chair-arms, etc., to the time of some tune, that for the time seems to render them oblivious to their surroundings; others whisk their pocket handkerchief, snapping it at an imaginary fly, or perhaps at some unlucky individual who chances to come within range of their long arms. I tremble when such a one turns his attention to my magazines or papers. He seizes the very latest, whirls the leaves over, glances at a picture, then deliberately rolling it up, peers through it, whistles through it, hits it on his knee, driving it through his fingers; repeating this until the thought occurs to him that he might, if he kept on trying, roll it tighter than before; then he goes through the whole process again, talking and working. Once, to save a dearly beloved magazine, I drew the attention of one of these busy people to a large album that lay near on a table. He took the album, flipped the leaves over hastily, then poising the book on one point, with a hand on each side, began whirling that heavy album over and over, while I watched every motion with breathless apprehension, like one fascinated.

The dread of seeing my cherished album bereft of its cover, a wreck on the floor, finally broke the spell, and in desperation I grabbed a mammoth catalogue from some Chicago house, and managed to get him to exchange playthings, and hastily put everything for which I had any regard out of reach. The catalogue answered every purpose, and as it was stout and used to being handled, I think he really enjoyed it. I did at any rate. I have noticed others, when talking, keep their fingers busily roving over their chair-arms or around the seat, seeming in search of a loosened tack or a bit of fringe that had a break in it, then work away as if they had taken a contract to see how soon they could get that piece of furniture fit for the upholsterer—I almost said the undertaker (there are times when one could send for the latter with unbecoming cheerfulness). But to resume: A great many girls are as bad as boys in this respect. A piece of jewelry, a watch-chain, a pencil, anything, no matter what, so it is something to pick at, to chew, biting their finger nails, if nothing else comes in reach of those restless hands. They constantly remind you of perpetual motion, and it is a wonder that some keen-sighted inventive genius has not made a fortune taking such a one as a model from which to make a machine that would "keep on" forever. I used to be acquainted with a young lady, who, besides being very beautiful, had the delightful charm of quietness. She often reminded me of a marble statue, as with her white hands folded in her lap, and her heavy-lashed eyelids brushing her cheek, she would sit so motionless—it rested one to look at her. She was as lively as anyone when liveliness was desirable, but at other times had the most perfect control of her hands, and, in fact, her whole body, of anyone I ever knew. So, my dear girls, take notice of yourselves and your acquaintances. Notice how fidgety, restless ones compare with those whose ease of manner shows a cultivation worthy of imitation. Practice the art of being still for ten minutes at a time, at least once a day, increasing the dose, as the physicians say, as you become accustomed to it, and in time I am quite sure you will feel that you have learned at least one desirable accomplishment—the art of keeping still—Selected.

"Was she artistic?" asked an inquiring person of Kim Hubbard, the Indianapolis engraving-maker, who was describing an Indiana girl.

"Artistic?" said Hubbard. "Was she artistic?" I should say she was. She was so artistic that one day, when one of her pocket-handkerchiefs she had made herself fall into the pianola, they played two Beethoven rhapsodies with it before they discovered their mistake."