

Notes and Comments.

The competition between nature, operating by herself to make things grow, and man, standing in the chemical laboratory to imitate her processes and her products with greater economy, will doubtless be developed in the twentieth century to an extent now scarcely imaginable and with a degree of triumph for man that will make him appear a wonder-worker indeed.

In 1881 Prof. V. Bayer found a way of making indigo synthetically from its component parts. He produced an indigo, true and pure but too costly for commercial use. It cost a great deal more than natural indigo.

About 250,000 acres of land in India is required to produce as much indigo as is now manufactured annually from coal tar by one company in Baden. Dr. Brunck said that he was convinced that the artificial product will soon drive the natural product from the market and he advised the Indian Government to ascertain how the land devoted to indigo culture may be otherwise utilized.

FEUDAL DUKE

The Duke of Atholl still maintains a Small Army on His Estates. The Duke of Atholl is the only Englishman who maintains an armed body of men in the British Kingdom, but strictly speaking, His Grace, in keeping up an armed body guard of 228 officers and men at his castle at Blair Atholl, commits an unconstitutional act.

A Time Saver. Parke—Your wife tells me you have just bought her a new wheel. Lane—Yes. She can now run home from the golf links and see the children occasionally.—Detroit Free Press.

Bargain Counter Sentence. Mrs. Snags—That New York bank embezzler, Alvord, is liable to receive a sentence of 150 years' imprisonment. Mr. Snags—If a woman judge were on the bench, she might mark it down to 140 years.

HIS CHOICE.

They took their places in time to see the horses come out. There were five runners: Port Admiral, Mr. Bedford, up, was now a hot favourite at 6 to 4 on; Carnation, Mr. Western, who had opened as good a favourite as the other, was being backed feebly at 5 to 2. Red Deer, an odd specimen quite to know why, found friends at 7 to 1; and 100 to 8 bar three was freely offered.

Stebbing did, in fact, on this occasion "know something." There had been a short but important conversation earlier in the afternoon between Bedford and Western. Stebbing did, in fact, on this occasion "know something." There had been a short but important conversation earlier in the afternoon between Bedford and Western.

"I don't care. Which you like. You win if you want to, Western said. "All right. What will you have on mine?" "A hundred, and you must not give me less than even money if they want to take odds."

So in a few words the bargain was arranged, and the pair of noble sportsmen separated. Bedford glanced about the paddock, evidently in search of someone, and presently spotted his man, an evil-faced personage with a big moustache, twisted at the ends so as to impart a Mephistophelian expression to his countenance.

"I don't know. I think not. What's the good? Jackson, as the other was called, replied. "You'll win, I suppose?" "I am sure to win if I have a good strong pace all the way; but if they muddle along, Western will very likely beat me for speed. If you'd make running for me, I couldn't lose."

"I'm afraid it's too late," Cecil replied. "We're on, aren't we?" he said, turning to Stebbing. "Yes, I've had a wire from my man to say that it's all done. But don't be afraid! Favourites don't always win," Stebbing said, looking mysteriously at Douglas with a more or less cheery "All right, then," strolled away.

The flag soon fell, and Vintager was first off, a fact for which he, and not his rider, was solely responsible, for the horse, in spite of Stebbing's aid, was on his own way; but Chimney Corner was at his quarters, and the pair went on thus, till the top turn where Vintager ran out, leaving Jackson with a lead of a dozen lengths, which he increased going down the hill. Red Deer was well beaten before they had gone a mile; Bedford on Port Admiral, in orange and white stripes, Western on Carnation, in green and black hoops, went on side by side, swinging easily along, but now twenty lengths behind the leader; and so they passed the railway gates, and turned the corner.

"You pull back a bit," Bedford said; "this brute lays hold so when you're alongside," and Western somewhat reluctantly complied.

"Now the favourite's coming up!" was the cry from the stand, for Port Admiral seemed to be leaving Carnation; but still Chimney Corner's red jacket was a dozen lengths to the good. Soon, however, Port Admiral began to creep up. He was evidently catching the other, and catching her pretty fast; but by this time the beginning of the stands was reached, and there was not much farther to go.

"The favourite wins! The favourite walks in!" shouts an enthusiast who has had a plunge on Port Admiral, and believes that his money is as good as already won. Cecil, his heart thumping against his ribs, watches breathlessly. "The favourite don't win! He'll never get up!" yells another observer.

"Thank you!" he gasps out with fervent emphasis, turning to Stebbing by his side. "Damnation!" is that gentleman's extraordinary response, uttered with a look of such intense indignation and expression of gratitude; and the remarkably successful tipster abruptly turns round and walks off to the paddock to see the horses come in.

"I couldn't wait for you, you know!" Jackson said, as he walked by Bedford's side, amazed at the result and furious with himself for not having taken a bet on his mare. "I had such a price!" Western was savage also—indeed, "savagely" hardly expresses his condition of wrath.

"You ought to have won in a walk," he exclaimed, angrily. "I hope you don't expect to get a hundred out of me for the exhibition!" "I do, though!" Bedford answered. "Then you won't!" was the reply. Bedford, however, did not seem to be very much put out at his failure, and the reason why might have been gathered from a conversation which took place a few minutes afterwards in a secluded corner of the paddock.

"That's about the best thing I ever knew in my life! What a joke—and a damned profitable one, too!" said the friend. "Yes, but it was all I could do to get him to bet me at the time!" the idiot was waiting for me to come in. No one said anything, I suppose?" Bedford inquired.

"Oh, yes, they said lots of things—the you weren't fit to ride a donkey, you were a better driver than a head, and so got done, and it served you right. You're the worst judge of pace that ever got on a horse, and an ass generally."

Cecil got his money from Stebbing. When, two years later, a turf scandal came to light, it became tolerably evident that the Captain's simple game had been to induce silly young men to let him put large stakes for them on horses which he declared were good things, though he knew that they had no chance. He had a long mental struggle before he made up his mind to part with the large sum of £2,375; was for Chimney Corner's starting price was duly returned at 100 to 8, which Cecil imagined he had won. It was, however, a question of paying up or disappearing from the turf altogether, for Edwardes and Douglas were witnesses who would have been able to confirm Cecil's story. Greatly struck with Stebbing's knowledge and perspicuity, these two young men had shown much deference for his opinion when he met them after the war, and it occurred to him, that, starting with such a reputation in their eyes, he might turn them both to profitable account, as they were both young and green. On the whole, therefore, he decided to pay and look as pleasant as he could.

judges 50 pounds of milk in one day that made 2 pounds 4 ounces of butter. In the cheese test she made 58.32 pounds from 524.4 pounds of milk, gaining no flesh. In a 90-day test, with her feet disabled by "stable soreness," she made 170.094 pounds of butter, putting all her feed into the pail and 21 pounds off her bones. She held her own in spite of fresh cows offered for the 30 days, so that she was chosen fourth by Mr. Fuller for the new list when she had been milking 170 days.

Hand Raised Calves. I have had very good success in raising calves by hand out of a pail, says a correspondent of The Prairie Farmer. We never have any trouble in getting them to drink from the time they are 24 hours old. When they are from 2 to 3 weeks old, we put some hay and oats where they have access to them, and they soon learn to eat both and grow right from the start.

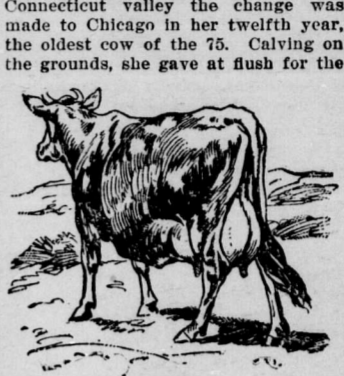
The Creamery as a Club. A peculiar phase of the dairy business in some quarters is the organization of co-operative creameries, which everybody hopes will not do business, says The National Stockman. The milk producers of the east have concluded that the exchanges, the condensaries and the middlemen should not have exclusive control of the business, including the fixing of the prices at both ends of the line.

Willing to Listen. Mr. Sly—I love you more than words can tell. Miss Sharp—Then let the preacher do the talking.—Detroit Free Press.

His Idea of Trimming. He—Gee whizz! Is that your new hat? She—Oh, it has to be trimmed. He—Too large, eh?

SAYDA JERSEYS.

Wonderful Milk Record and Jerseys of Emulation. Our present interests in Sayda Jerseys have their beginning in Sayda II, No. 17,317, that was contributed by Edgar Brown, of Hartford county to the World's fair dairy tests at Chicago, says D. D. Bishop in The American Agriculturist. The picture shows her in her prime, before she went into that strain and waste, when she had to be milked three times per day. It is much to be regretted that, owing to the ill health of her owner at that time, no record is available of what she actually gave in milk and butter when she was at her best.



From the succulent meadows of the Connecticut valley the change was made to Chicago in her twelfth year, the oldest cow of the 75. Calving on the grounds, she gave at flush for the judges 50 pounds of milk in one day that made 2 pounds 4 ounces of butter. In the cheese test she made 58.32 pounds from 524.4 pounds of milk, gaining no flesh.

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THE CHEESE TRADE.

SOME REASONS WHY OUR EXPORTS HAVE DECREASED. More Cheese Eaten in the United States—Our Skim and Filled Cheeses Abroad—What Canada Does to Help the Industry. While we imported into the United States in the seven months ending July 31, 1900, 7,116,675 pounds of cheese, worth \$940,542, or a little over 13 cents a pound, we exported in the same time 36,353,221 pounds, worth \$3,689,903, or a little over 10 cents a pound. The imports are of the fancy European cheese, such as a few of our rich people have acquired a taste for, but they are most in demand by those who came here from the countries where they are made.

Why is this decrease? Our Canadian neighbors will point to their increased exports—from less than 6,000,000 pounds in 1870 and about 40,000,000 pounds in 1880 to 150,000,000 pounds in 1898—and they assert that the British buyers became prejudiced against the cheese from the United States because we sent "skim" and "filled" cheese there, while they are not allowed to be sold in Canada, and their "full cream" cheese has become popular in England.

There is no doubt but that some truth exists in this view, but it does not tell the entire story. One reason for lessened exportation of cheese has been that we did not have the cheese to sell. Dairy men who once patronized cheese factories or made cheese at home found that their milk by having creameries or butter factories. The manufacture of condensed milk has largely increased, and the operators have located factories in sections where once were cheese factories, and the farmers are better satisfied with the prices they pay than with the results of cheesemaking.

Still other sections of large dairies where once much cheese was made have been drained by those who furnish the milk to the larger cities, and this, like the condensary, relieves the dairymen of further care of the milk after it is once skimmed. But not least in the reasons why we have not cheese to export we believe to be that our increasing population consumes more cheese than it did one or two decades ago, and besides the increase in our numbers there is a per capita increase in consumption, with which production has not kept pace. We have not figures at hand to show how much that increase may amount to, but from the reports of dealers we believe it to be considerable.

A part of this is due to the character of the people who have immigrated here within the past 20 years both from Europe and the British provinces. Many of them eat cheese not only because they like it, but because they think there is more nutrition to be had for the money from cheese than from meat or from butter. They were cheese eaters at home, and they still demand it. We think also the custom of having cheese always in the house, and a part of each day's food, has become more common among our native born citizens, as the quality of cheese to be bought has improved and become more uniform.

The same cause that has made cheese more popular as an article of diet in the United States has helped increase the demand for cheese in foreign countries, and Canadians have profited by it. They have been establishing new cheese factories, while we have let many of ours remain idle and diverted the milk to other purposes. Whether we have been wise in so doing may be seen in the future. It is sure that we could sell more cheese if we had it to sell. We could produce more if we thought cheesemaking would be as profitable each year as it seems to be this year, or, rather, if we could be sure of getting as good prices as it sells for now.

There are other reasons why Canada has been able to increase her exports of cheese. The governments of the Dominion and of the provinces have encouraged by the use of money and in other ways the establishment of cheese factories there. The dairy associations have sent out instructors to teach the best methods and inspectors to see that their teachings were followed, and in this they have been aided by the government dairy schools, which have helped to train up cheesemakers to take charge of the factories.

Cottage Cheese. For working cottage cheese put two gallons of sour (clabbered) milk into a granite or porcelain kettle, set over the fire, stirring constantly until about as warm as new milk or until the whey separates from the curd. Have ready a colander, over which you have laid a piece of strong cheesecloth. Pour in the warm milk, let it stand to drain, lifting the corners of the cloth occasionally to allow the whey to run out. Drain and press until perfectly dry. Add to the dry curd one pint of good cream (not necessarily perfectly sweet), a little salt and a dash of pepper if liked. Mix and run through the colander, beat well, add more or less cream to taste. The milk must not become too warm, for if the curd is too hard it will not absorb the cream.

THE Ladies of Can... Why? Becau... ada and Tom... fish possession... lesson-is, th... the colonies a... and the ladies... power—can d... that end. C... finest tea. I... sister colonie... These teas a... from purity, i... they are sup... Drinkers of G... Salada or Blac... Miss Newly... coming upon... n't think one... for so many li... her on, grandp...

CAS For Inf... The fam... of... "What's th... and boodie?"... man ears and... boodie is what... THE JARS DI... the menthol c... D. L. Mendis... stantly backa... rheumatism a... the Davis & Lav... Committee M... "We was your... motto over thi... ren. How wou... do? School te... The children k... is.

Hay Fever, C... Any one of the... ates bear the bur... Asthma is all to... these maladies... practice of rec... and ointments o... prove useless, a... and are disagr... the new treatme... breathe to the... and the uterine... chest tubes. It... maintain diseas... the mucous sur... Bronchitis, Asth... by magic. Two... have voluntarily... other remedy in... like Catarrh... where or we wil... upon receipt of... if you lack it, w... out for 10 cent... Kingston, Ont., I... Sold by J. E. I...

Blow The old idea t... needs a powerfu... has been expl... Life Pills, wh... gently stimulate... poisonous matter... absolutely cure... Headache. Only... drug store. Jasper—I hear... row with his... caused it? Jasp... other night and fe... A Surprise The promptness... Kidney-Liver Pil... the action of the... is a surprise to... a people's favorite... liver complaint, i... tion. The sale of... enormous. One pi... all dealers.

Child CAS Brown—Jones st... afraid to think f... doesn't he get marr... Salt rheum and... of the skin are cure... Compound Iron Pil... Marie—Have yo... est photograph?... look pleasant or... CORN! C... Discovered at las... safe and painless... and Wart Extractor... pain, nor even the... Parson's Corn Ext... many cheap, danc... substitutes in the... Sold by J. E. Ric...