THE FARM.

CLOVER THE BEST HAY.

There can be no question but that clover is the best—yes the very best hay for dairy stock of all kinds—the calf, the heifer and the milch cow fresh or dry, says a writer. Good clover hay is almost good enough without grain to keep a cow in milk and in good condition. It will keep the heifers and dry stock very nicely. Of course if we have no clover hay other kinds of hay or forage may be substituted if properly balanced with grain. I once brought a bunch of heifers through the winter to early spring calving on two-year-old wheat straw, but I fed very liberally with oil meal. The next best hay for cows that I have found has been very early-cut Timothy, cut while it was very green and just commencing to bloom. I once had a few loads of Hungarian millet that was a great success. I had sown it early in June but the weather and ground was so dry that it did not sprout until we had had a good rain in July; then it came up and grew nicely. It began to head when their was danger of frost so I cut it and put it away in very good condition, well cured; it retained its bright green color until fed out in the winter. The cows would fairly gorge themselves with it, and the butter from the milk they gave had the June flavor and color. Sometimes having but a short crop of clover I have tried many substitutes. Oats cut green did fairly well when well cured but I found them quite difficult to cure. Mine grew very rank and contained so much sap and were so thick on the ground that I found it quite impossible to dry them. I have also cut wheat and rye for hay but the cow ate very little of it, it was not much better than straw. I once had an experience with peas. Perhaps my poor success was partly due to my inexperience. I planted them on quite rich ground and they grew very luxuriantly, and were probably four feet tall before they fell down. There was too great a growth to cure as they should; however, I dried them as well as I could and put them in the barn. The man who helped me tell the barn. The man who helped me tells me yet it was the hardest work he ever did, for they were so long and tangled that a whole windrow would hang together. They proved too strong a food to be fed as liberally as other hay. That information I gained at the cost of a registered Jersey heifer and a colt nearly three years old. I have grown peas with oats with better success. If the peas ripened at the same time as the oats I think it would be a good idea to sow the two together but the peas that I used became over-ripe before the oats were ready to cut. Cornfodder does fairly well as a substitute for clover if cut early and well cured. It is, perhaps, if economically handled, the cheapest forage that can be rown. But while the different substitutes help when we cannot get that which is the best it is always better to make the main dependence on clover hay, using the others only when compelled by necessity. Clover is no doubt the best hay for dairy stock in regard to its worth as a milk-making food but it is probably the most cheaply produced of any kind of forage planted especially for that purpose. It is easily grown, it cleans the land of many kinds of weeds, it enriches the land and puts it in ideal mechanical condition for growing other crops, and its yield ranks among the first in point of quantity per acre. Two crops are almost always cut and occasionally a third; otherwise it generally furnishes good pasturage after the second crop is harvested.

GROWING CALVES.

Our calves are bred and raised for the dairy, and to have good calves it is of great importance that they be from good well-developed sires and dams, says a knowing writer in Breeders' Gazette. When our cows drop calves if the udders are in good condition the calf is taken away when one or two days old; if the udder is badly swollen the calf is left with the cow longer, as I have found nothing that takes the place of the calf to reduce a caked udder. When taken from the cow they are put in a dry, light box stall and kept separate, so they cannot suck each other.

We commence feeding warm whole milk three times a day for one or two weeks and then we get them on two feeds a day and begin giving them part whole milk and part warm separator, and keep some wheat bran, whole oats and a very little cake meal where they can get it, with a little of the best hay we have, and it is surprising to see how soon they will commence eating the feed and hay. When about four weeks old we get them on the separator milk entirely and continue to give them milk twice a day in such quantities that they are hungry for more each time. We give them a little water each day after they are two or three weeks old and continue to give them the skim milk as long as we have it for them, say six to seven months.

I do not put young calves on grass until nearly a year old. After they are large enough to get along without the milk they get all the coarse fodder they want, with some wheat bran and cake meal. I like to see them eat plenty of coarse fodder, for it extends the stomach and makes them large, barreled and round ribbed, and a cow with a large stomach has the capacity to eat and digest more than one with a small barrel. Calves that are intended for the dairy should not be fed heating food like corn meal or cotton seed meal, as they should not be made fat, but require light feed, such as wheat bran and oats so that they develop good size and good digestion.

One very essential point in raising calves is cleanliness and fresh air. It is seldom you find a nice pen of calves that do not have a warm, dry and well ventilated stable. They should be carefully watched and kept growing the coming fall and winter, so that they do not get stunted and lose what they have gained as calves. We try to have our heifers come in at about two years old and prefer to have them calve during the spring, so that they can have grass, which seems to have a tendency to develop the heifer as a milker. A heifer after her first calf should be milked just as long as possible so as to induce her to be a long milker. Great care should be taken not to overfeed young calves, and the pails that they are fed out of should be thoroughly cleaned.

EGG FARMING.

In these days of specialties, farming is much more divided than formerly; we have fruit farming, dairy farming duck farming and egg farming. Of those who have attempted the production of eggs on a large scale a few have succeeded. The chief cause of failure with those who have not been successful has been that they seemingly undertook it with the idea that all they had to do was to multiply the small flock with which they did well by 100 or 1,000 to get 100 or 1,000 times as much profit. Multiplying the number of hens is the very smallest factor of success in egg farming.

The first element in successful egg farming is small flocks; the second is economical housing; the third, facilities for handling and cheaply caring for the flocks. The flocks being small each one can be cared for and treated as though it was the only one on the place. The houses should be warm and convenient for the birds and the attendant. It will be much cheaper to limit the range of the flocks by their own free will instead of by fences or runs. To do this, place the houses at short intervals apart—ten or twelve rods—and have them of different colors and with different surroundings so each may be readily distinguished by its occupants when they wish to seek "quarters" at night or for laying.

One of the most successful egg farmers arranges the houses of his hens along the streets, ten rods apart, through his farm. Half of the 120 acre farm is used as a hen yard one year and the other half cultivated. The next year the houses are moved over to the cultivated half, and the hen yard used for cropping purposes. The houses are built on sills which form runners and a good team is used for moving them in the spring. During the summer they are moved their length every week; in this way the houses are kept sweet, as the soil where they are to stand is plowed before the houses are moved. The object of this is to keep the houses healthy with fresh soil as an absorbent of the droppings which renders the air pure without labor and expense of a daily cleaning, and also 'fixes" the fertilizing elements in the droppings and enriches the soil for next year's crop.

WORKS ITSELF INTO THE SYSTEM.

The Insidious Nature of Kidney Disease.—Whilst pain will sometimes accompany kidney trouble, this is not always so. It may obtain a strong grip on the system before the victim knows he is under its spell. What numbers are dying of Bright's disease and diabetes, apparently in good health, and yet the system undermined. Security is found in the use of South American Kidney Cure, which purifies the blood of all poisons, and unlike pills and powders speedily dissolves the hardened substances that locate themselves in the system, an outcome of kidney disease. Physicians will sometimes say these cannot be removed, but South American Kidney Cure does it. The Rev. Jas. Murdock, of St. John, N.B., was cured of this trouble by taking only four bottles.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

LONG HUNT FOR A MURDERER.

A Man Arrested in Mexico for a Crime Committed in France Twelve Years Ago.

A peculiar arrest has just been made in Mexico City, Mex. In 1885 Ludovic de Virvett murdered his father in Tolosa, France, and was condemned to transportation for life to the penal settlement at Cayenne. After five years he escaped, and no trace of his whereabouts could be obtained by the French police.

It is now asserted that he went to Mexico City, where he has resided for seven years, having embarked in the business as a house painter under the name of Emilio Thorr. The French police have never ceased their search for him. They set a watch on his relatives in France and discovered that one of them occasionally posted a letter directed to Antonio Pablo, in Mexico.

The French Government at once notified the Mexican Government that Antonio Pablo was an escaped criminal, Ludovic de Virvett.

A detective was put on the case, and for five months his search was hopeless. No one called for letters addressed to Antonio Pablo, although several were advertised during that time. Finally a letter came so addressed, and when a man called for it he was promptly arrested, despite his protests. He easily identified himself as a Consul of one of the South American republics.

On Saturday last a person called for a letter addressed to Antonio Pablo and was immediately arrested. The man who was taken into custody by the police denies that he is Virvett and, although the descriptions of the convict and Antonio Pablo, or Thorr, do not exactly tally, the authorities are determined to hold the man until they hear from France. The French Consul sent cablegrams acquainting his Government with the above facts.

WHAT IT IS FOR.

Mr. Winebiddle—Well, that takes the palm.

Mr. Gildersleeve—What does?

Mr. Winebiddle—The glove.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

DOCTORS COULD NOT AGREE AS TO THE TROUBLE.

A New Brunswick Lady the Victim — Suffered for Thirty Years — The Attack Caused Partial Blindness and a Feeling of Semi-Paralysis.

From the Woodstock, N.S., Sentinel.

Mrs. E. P. Ross, of Riley Brook, N.B., says:—"I have been a sufferer for thirty years, and I am sure I would still be in the same lamentable condition had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was married at the age of twenty and am now fifty-one years old, I had always enjoyed good health until after my first child was born. About a month later the illness attacked me which has since made my life miserable. I consulted different doctors but they did not agree as to the nature of my trouble. One said it was a species of paralysis, others said symptoms of fits. I would be feeling very well when I would suddenly have a sensation of partial blindness and everything before me would sparkle. Then my hand and arm on one side would become numb, and after about ten minutes this sensation would pass to my lower limbs, then my tongue would become affected as would also my hearing. Voices, no matter how close to me, would seem dim and far away. These symptoms would last for about forty minutes, I would have a violent pain over the eyes, which would continue for twelve

hours or more. Notwithstanding all that was done for me, these spells were coming more frequently, and at last I would sometimes have two attacks a day. I was also troubled with bronchitis, which added to my misery. I could not sew or knit, or do any work that required close attention to it. All this trouble had never left me for years, and at the age of 48 I consulted another doctor. The medicine he gave me, however, made me worse instead of better. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was using the third box before I found any benefit, but then there was a decided change. By the time I used twelve boxes I felt as well as I did in my young days. Every symptom of the trouble that had so long made my life miserable had disappeared. For eighteen months I did not use the pills and was as well as ever I had been in my life. Then one morning I felt a slight attack of the old trouble and determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills again. I got a box and took an occasional pill and have never since had a symptom of the trouble. To say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done wonders for me is putting it mildly, and I strongly urge their use on all who may be ill. Pink Pills were also of great benefit to a niece of mine, Miss Effie J. Everett. Her mother died when she was quite young, and naturally much of the care of the household developed upon her, and as she grew up she became weak, easily tired, subject to headaches and her complexion was pale and wax-like. A young lady teacher who was boarding with the family, and who had used Pink Pills with great success, urged her to try them. The result was that she soon was enjoying the best of health and is a fine robust young lady who shows no traces of her former illness.

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 wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

NEW ODORS FOR FLOWERS.

It is a fad in Paris to perfume flowers artificially. Experiment has proved that it is possible not only to take away the natural odor of a flower, but also to make it yield a perfume derived from some other vegetable product. Some violets, for example, are perfect in form and coloring, but without fragrance, while others, very insignificant to look at, emit a delicious fragrance. The transfer of the odor from one species to the other has been accomplished. Those who have been most successful in this branch of horticulture refuse to tell their secret. It is said that the African marigold has been robbed of its disagreeable odor and endowed with a perfume that makes it much sought. The fad has been carried to the extreme of giving to the sunflower the odor of the rose and to the chrysanthemum that of the violet.

DEAD WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING.

Left home well in the morning to be carried home dead a few hours later. There is no fiction in the suddenness with which death is coming to many people in the present day. Apparently in the best of health, an hour later they are in the throes of death. Heart disease has obtained a terrible grip upon the men and women of this day. No greater duty under these conditions falls upon one than to proclaim to the world that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a medicine that absolutely cures this disease. Mrs. John Jamieson, of Tara, Ont., suffered so severely from heart trouble that it did not seem possible that she could live. This medicine was brought to her notice, and at a time when she was suffering intensely. Inside of 20 minutes after taking the first dose relief was secured. She continued its use, and says: "It was the means of saving my life."

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

IT CALLS THE FAITHFUL.

MOSLEMS EAGERLY RALLY TO THE GREEN BANNER.

It Means the Declaration of a Holy War—Carefully Guarded For Nearly Thirteen Centuries In a Jeweled Repository in the Sultan's Palace — The Signal For Fanatical Slaughter.

Treasured in a jeweled repository in the "Chamber of Noble Garments," in the most secret quarters of the old Seraglio is a small green banner. Forty silken coverings surround it. The jeweled box is sunk in the center of the flooring of the great apartment, only portions of its ornamented top being visible. Armed men guard it; not the ordinary soldiers in the employ of the Sultan, but men whose lives have been dedicated to Mohammed. That banner has been guarded by men of the same stamp for nearly 13 centuries, night and day, year in and year out.

Of all the great riches of Abdul Hamid this ancient banner is the most valued. Its power is mightier than the command of the mightiest potentate in the world. Once removed from its coverings and placed at the head of the imperial army it would draw soldiers from every quarter of the world where there are followers of Mohammed. Almost in a moment an army of five, or ten, or fifteen millions of men from Asia, Africa and Europe, would rise up, each human atom in the whole mass willing to die, and anxious for the opportunity to prove his faith in the green banner. Small wonder, then, that Abdul Hamid should cherish it as

HIS RICHEST POSSESSION.

Recent reports from Constantinople have more than hinted that a holy war is brewing, and that the sacred edict proclaiming it is in preparation. Perhaps before this reaches the eyes of readers the edict will be announced and the green banner unfurled. Should that calamity happen the world will be treated to a spectacle unsurpassed in barbarism even by the wars of the crusades. It will be the final effort of Islam to exterminate Christian Europe.

The green banner has been unfurled several times in the past dozen centuries, and with each loosening of the wild fury of its followers death reaped a rich harvest. In the Turko-Russian war Abdul Hamid twice threatened to announce a holy war, but was prevented by Great Britain's counter threat of hurling combined Europe at the Ottoman Empire and obliterating it.

IN THE TURKO-GREEK WAR

Of 1821 a "holy war," was preached against the Greeks, the silken banner was brought forth, and for the next few years Europe had an opportunity to view the power of this emblem of massacre and bloodshed. Thousands of helpless men were put to the sword, women and children carried into slavery and villages and cities burned. Mohammed's doctrine was obeyed literally.

In 1843 a holy war was instigated against the Nestorian, or Chalean Christians of Kurdestan, and in a few months 10,000 men were massacred and three times that number of women and children carried off as prizes by the blood-crazed Turks. Bedr Khan Bey, chief of the Moslem Kurds of that region, led the forces of the holy war, and made a conspicuous place for himself in the history of the vilest monsters of the world.

In one village the people of Ashita took refuge on a lofty platform rock, where they defended themselves against thousands of assailants. After three days fighting, when they were face to face with starvation, a capitulation was arranged. Bedr Khan swearing on the Koran to spare their lives if they would give up their arms.

The villagers agreed, but when their arms had been delivered, the Kurds swarmed up the rock and

THE MASSACRE BEGAN.

The place soon became so slippery from the constant spilling of blood that Bedr Khan ordered that the others be thrown into the river Zab, flowing hundreds of feet below. Not even the youngest child was spared in this slaughter, the young and the old meeting the same fate.

In 1870 the green banner was again unfurled against the Christians of Mt. Lebanon in Syria. This only progressed a few days when the allied powers of Europe put a stop to it, but even in that time the slaughter done was frightful. Summarized, the results were: 11,000 Christians massacred, 100,000 sufferers by the war, 20,000 desolate widows and orphans, 3,000 Christian habitations destroyed by the torch; 4,000 Christians perished of destitution and wounds, and $10,000,000 worth of Christian property destroyed. This was the last time the green banner was unfurled.

The green banner formed one of the curtains of the bed on which Mohammed died. His chief wife, Ayesha, removed it from the bed, and, giving it to his successor, Omar, the first of the Caliphs, bade him carry it in the front of the army; that wherever it was borne conquest was assured. Upon it is embroidered the words "Nasroom min Allah," meaning "Our Help is in God."

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

They that know no evil will suspect none.—Ben Jonson.

The retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities.—Sir. H. Taylor.

The first step of knowledge is to know that we are ignorant.—Cecil.

No communications can exhaust genius; no gifts impoverish charity.—Lavater.

The most utterly lost of all days, is that in which you have not once laughed.—Chamfort.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be; for loan oft loses both itself and friend. —Shakspeare.

The best portion of a good man's life is its little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.—Wordsworth.

THE VALLEY OF PAIN.

HOW ONE WOMAN MADE HER ESCAPE.

A LIFE OF TORTURE CHANGED TO A LIFE OF COMFORT AND HAPPINESS BY KOOTENAY CURE.

Of all the intense and persistent forms of pain one can scarcely conceive of anything more agonizing than Neuralgia. Its victim is one of those that draws forth our sympathy and pity as all efforts to effect a cure with the ordinary remedies signally fail to do anything more than give the merest temporary relief. Unbounded joy should fill the hearts of neuralgic sufferers at the announcement that in Kootenay the "new ingredient" is effecting miracles in the way of banishing the excruciating agony which has rendered their lives a curse, perhaps for years.

Mrs. William Judge, of Crumlin, P. O., in the County of Middlesex, went before C. G. Jarvis, a notary public of Ontario, and made a solemn declaration (so firmly did she believe in Kootenay) to the effect that for many years she was an intense sufferer from Neuralgia. She says that the pains in her head and neck were so severe she thought she would lose her reason.

She has taken Ryckman's Kootenay Cure and willingly testifies it has been her salvation, and believes that without it she would now be in the asylum.

This lady has had the deep shadow of suffering lifted from her life. She has been transported from the Valley of Pain to the Hill Top of Health—and all through Kootenay.

Mrs. James Kenny, of 30 York St., Hamilton, Ont., and many others testify *under oath* how they were released from suffering through the agency of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.

Full particulars of these cases will be mailed you by sending your address to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

The remedy is not dear, one bottle lasts a month.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

A GREAT TUNNEL.

Gigantic Engineering Feat Just Accomplished Near London, England.

Blackwall Tunnel under the Thames recently opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales with imposing ceremonies, is the greatest engineering accomplishment of its kind ever undertaken. It is situated a mile and a half below Greenwich and three miles above Woolwich, England, and will bring these places into communication with Poplar and the East and West India docks on the North Side of the Thames. Its commercial value is regarded as very great, fully justifying its total cost of £1,250,000 or $7,250,000.

But this cost, great as it is, is regarded by engineers as very cheap, considering the enormous and unusual difficulties in the way.

The total length of the tunnel is 6,200 feet or a little more than a mile. Of this, 1,735 feet is open approach on either side, while 1,382 feet consists of cut and cover work, or tunnelling from the top. The remaining central portion, of 3,083 feet, is cast iron tunnel.

The Thames at Blackwell is 1,200 feet wide, with a depth of 46 feet at high water. The bottom of the tunnel is 80 feet below the surface at high water. The tunnel is cylindrical in shape, with a diameter of 27 1-2 feet, so that the distance between the top of it and the bed of the river is only 6 feet. The cylindrical covering is lined with Portland cement and faced with white tiles, so that its effective interior diameter is only 24 feet.

The tunnel carries a wagon road sixteen feet wide and two side paths each a trifle over three feet wide. Under the roadbed is an arched subway, five and a half feet high, to carry water pipes, electric wires and the like. The whole will be lighted by three rows of incandescent electric lamps, placed ten feet apart. There will be no gas admitted.

SMART DOG.

Col. J. W. Barnett, in New Orleans, told a story of an unusually fine bird dog that he once owned, the best dog, he said, that ever was in his possession. He had trained the dog with great care to know a bird by the feathers it dropped. Did a partridge drop a feather the dog would take the scent and find the bird's retreat. One day the Colonel hit a wild duck, but only knocked out a few wing feathers. The dog sniffed them and started away. After a little his master called him, but got no response, and at the end of an exhaustive search of the neighborhood went home, expecting the dog would come along later. But the dog didn't come home until a week afterward, when one day he appeared, thin and bedraggled, just able to trot slowly along the road, but carrying a dead duck. The Colonel had saved the wing feathers which he saw the dog last sniff, and upon comparison, found that they belonged to the duck the faithful brute brought home. Apparently the dog had followed the quarry until he found its roosting place and nabbed it asleep.

GET WELL IN THREE DAYS.

South American Rheumatic Cure, for rheumatism and neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.