

The Farm

ABUSE OF THE HOSE AND WATERING POT.

No sooner does the sun give us a few days of its fullest favors than we find the ambitious suburban gardener out with his hose, sprinkling seed beds and flower borders with cold pipe water. He notices the soil looks thirsty, and naturally supposes it to be so. Now what is the result of this useless energy? The power of the sun may dry up the surface, but its influences cannot yet be felt beyond. Then again, the wind has been for some time mainly in the east, and during the last few weeks there have been night frosts of several degrees, all assisting to check vegetation, but these influences in wind and weather matter not to this type of gardener. His mind is made up, and he goes on watering in the full belief that he is assisting nature to do something that will help him to beat his neighbor. Poor deluded mortal; if he could but comprehend the damage he is doing he would desist; but it takes something to convince him that he is in the wrong. Later on he wonders why he cannot get his annuals to thrive in the hard, baked soil, toward which his early waterings have contributed. Even if they do grow they are stunted and weedy; this being due again to his persistent efforts in dosing them with hard water at a season when they do not need it. In a few weeks' time, when the evenings are more genial, the lady of the house will come out with her dainty little watering pot—it generally holds any quantity up to a quart—and with this she flits about, sprinkling the tops of every plant that happens to come in her way. The good soul is freshening up things because they look parched by the great heat. In her ignorance this type of gardener is not aware of the great harm she is doing; the plant may be suffering from drouth, but the food it needs to bring it again into vigor is wanted down at the root, and not on the surface. By her methods the tender rootlets are drawn upward in the endeavor to get at the moisture on top; down comes the sun, and not only dries out all water

that may have been absorbed by the foliage, but it also draws the little that fell on the surface, and the rootlets that have been seeking it are absolutely burned up. Thus the last stage of that plant is worse than the first.

These are our ideas in this important matter. Established shrubs or plants in fairly good soil do not want water this side of June. Those just planted on dry soils and in warm situations may do so, and it should be given in copious supplies during the morning at the present season, and if possible the water should be taken from an open receptacle that has been exposed to the air—it is far preferable to water freshly pumped from a well or drawn from a tap. Seedlings and annuals in beds and borders should not be sprinkled overhead when cold east winds abound and night frosts are prevalent; they are better kept in a backward state than checked in this manner. Let us take this opportunity to caution those who indulge in lawn sprinklers. In their way these appliances may be very good, if used in a reasonable manner, in the warm summer evenings; but to set them in action for the whole of the day, when all the strength in the grass is needed to withstand the sunshine, is certain ruin to the finer species that are so necessary to make a close and solid turf. The rank growers and the weeds will revel galore, but a lawn should not consist of meadow grasses and daisies. As soon as we get into real summer weather we may have something further to say on the point. —(London Daily Times.

I very much prefer a basement barn for keeping stock, and after twenty-five years' experience with a barn built on the level and twenty-five years' experience with basement barns, writes an old stock raiser, I would always build the latter for stabling stock, as it costs less to furnish a given amount of space in this way than when the barn is built on the level, and the feeding is easier to do when the feed is dropped down from above than when it must be lifted and put in mangers. I would rather make the barn on level, or nearly level, land and make it all of wood, than to dig into a hillside and make a stone wall. It is as cheap, or cheaper, to bridge, to give access to the upper floor than to make a fill, and much more satisfactory. Probably the best plan is to compromise between the two, making a partial fill and then a bridge for twelve or fifteen feet next to the barn. Stables in bank barns are usually dark and badly ventilated, but if the basement barn is built on level land, and with board sides instead of stone, it will enable you to have plenty of sunshine and a good circulation of air through the barn.—Ex.

There are several diseases and insect pests which an orchardist must continually fight. The most destructive of these to a young orchard is the apple tree borer, a small white grub which eats the inner bark and sappy wood just under the bark. The beetle which lays the egg that produces this grub is brown and white striped, about a half inch long, very shy and rarely found after it emerges from the tree in the beetle stage, which usually occurs about the first of June, or from May to Aug. 15. The beetle dies after laying the eggs for a new generation. The eggs are laid from May to September, and the grub stays in the tree nearly three years. The second summer of its existence it may do serious injury to young apple trees. A young orchard should be thoroughly looked over in the early part of every summer, and the borers killed. Use a common jack-knife to get them from their holes and a small piece of wire to insert in the holes when they are deeper than you can reach with the jack-knife. They are always near the ground, and may be detected by the chips which they throw out when eating. If small, the only sign will be a brown spot in the bark.

The International Live Stock Exposition was formally opened at Chicago, Monday.

HIGH ALTITUDES.

Food Cannot be Boiled as Quickly as in Low.

The curious experiences people have with coffee drinking are worth pondering over if anyone is ailing and does not know the exact reason thereof.

Coffee is a secretive worker, and through the nervous system affects different parts of the body in different people.

A young married woman, Mrs. T. L. Blackmon, Oswego, Montana, had a conclusive experience in the effects of coffee on her eyes. She says, "I have used coffee since a child, but a short time ago my eyes began to grow weak, and the least exertion such as reading or sewing would cause shooting pains and wavy lines of light so that I could see but little else for minutes at a time.

This alarmed me and I earnestly sought the cause of the trouble. Someone told me that coffee sometimes affected the eyes. I at once decided to quit it and see if I would be benefited, but I must have something to take the place of coffee, for I wanted to modify, as much as possible, the sacrifice of giving it up.

So I decided to try Postum for myself. When it came I made it strictly according to directions and was wonderfully surprised and pleased with it. Husband says that my Postum is very different, indeed, from that he once drank at a friend's table.

I frankly own that I like Postum better than I ever liked coffee. It has a rich body to it that coffee lacks. I boil it longer than twenty minutes and it improves it. Perhaps it requires longer boiling in the high altitudes. I think it does.

For three months now I have been using Postum and have been wonderfully benefited. My eyes no longer pain me, and are strong as they ever were. My complexion, instead of being sallow as formerly, is clear and rosy. I know to a certainty that my improvement has been caused by leaving off coffee and using Postum, for that is absolutely the only change I have made, and I have taken no medicine.

A Mr. Randall, a friend of ours, has obtained relief from his stomach trouble and headaches by leaving off coffee and taking Postum. We think we know something of the facts about coffee and about Postum.

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

EXPLAINS

Catarrh of the Nerves.

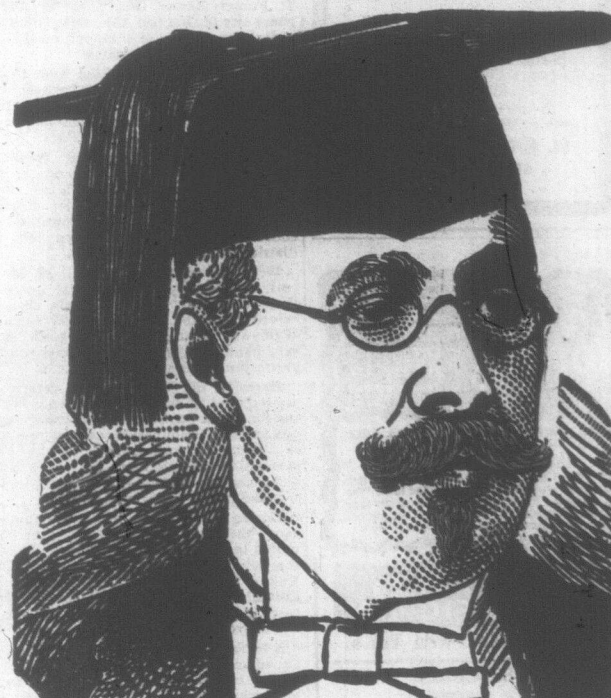
The above is a name of my own. There is no such term in the Medical Text Books as Catarrh of the Nerves, but it is the best I can think of under which to classify the following train of symptoms.

During the seventeen years I have been studying and treating Catarrh in its many and various forms, I have found many whose system was run down. No organ of the body was working properly, the blood was poor in quantity, so much so that it did not nourish and tone up the nervous system properly. Such persons are usually debilitated, despondent, always ready to look on the dark side of things. In short, life has lost its charm.

Very often such people are misunderstood by their friends, who tell them that they are not sick, that they only imagine they are unwell, and that if they just brace up they will be all right. All this is very wrong, it only makes the poor sufferer worse. Instead of this they should receive the utmost consideration, and all gentleness, kindness and sympathy.

It has been my privilege to treat very large numbers of such persons. My heart always seems to go out to them in their sufferings, and when I have once more restored them to health, I feel highly gratified and that my life is not being spent in vain, that it is being given for the good of my fellow human beings, and what a number of friends I have thus gained who were formerly my patients. You would be astonished at the number of letters I am all the time receiving, thanking me for the good I have done them, for once more bringing brightness back into their lives.

There is one which I will reproduce as it may be of interest to some of my readers. It is a piece of poetry.



To Dr. SPROULE, From a very grateful patient.

And are these years of weary pain Forever passed away? These seven long years of weary night Turned into endless day? I sometimes think 'tis all a dream, And I shall on the morrow, Wake up to all my aches and pains, The old, old grief and sorrow. Oh, no! 'tis true I walk abroad, With peace and heavenly joy, The sweet songs of the summer birds No more my nerves annoy. 'Tis by thy aid, my gracious friend, That I have found relief; For God has blessed your skillful work And sent this heavenly peace. Oh, may thy future life be crowned With blessings from above, And may you long be spared on earth For the great work of love. How many sickly homes you've cheered, How many hearts made light; For a sickness reigns no longer there, And all is calm and bright. God bless your life, God bless your home, That homes across the sea; A thousand, thousand thanks I send, For what you've done for me.

Such communications as the foregoing are highly gratifying to me, and are kept among my most valued possessions.

The most common symptoms of CATARRH of the NERVES.

- Do you get giddy? Is your mind dull? Is your memory poor? Are you easily dazed? Do you have headache? Are you easily excited? Do your temples throb? Do your hands tremble? Does your heart flutter? Are you easily irritated? Are you always anxious? Do your muscles twitch? Is your temper irritable? Is your brain fogged out? Suffer from sleeplessness? Are you easily frightened? Does not sleep refresh you? Do you forget what you read? Do you have horrible dreams? Does the least thing annoy you?

If you have some of the above symptoms mark yes or no to each question, cut out and send to me when I will take pleasure in answering your letter to the best of my ability. Catarrh Specialist, Dr. Sproule, 7, 9, 10, 11 and 12 Doane Street, Boston.

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