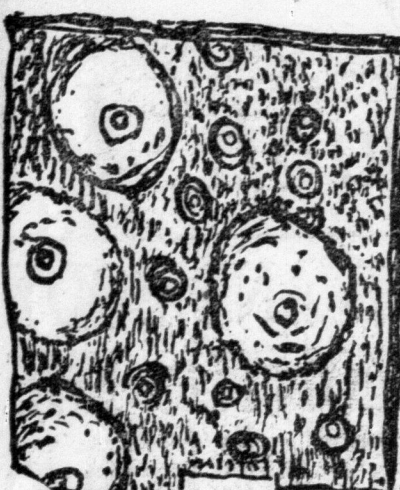


LITTLE SAN JOSE SCALE IN SPRINGBANK PARK

BY PROFESSOR DEARNESS.



Specimen of bark from Springbank Park, showing presence of San Jose Scale.

The commonest scale insect in our orchards is the Oyster-Shell, which has an elongated thick scale, not very unlike a miniature oyster-shell, whence the name.

Its eggs and young are white. Next in prevalence comes the Scurfy Scale, whose females are whitish, and eggs and young reddish. Both species can easily be distinguished by the naked eye from the San Jose, which has thin roundish scales and yellowish young. Two other species, Forbes' and Putnam's, are nearly like the San Jose, but single individuals can be positively distinguished without the use of the compound microscope.

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE.

The drawings accompanying this article are from a bit of bark supplied by Mr. Bartlett, of the Essex Fruit Growers' Association, as seen under a simple microscope. It shows four adults, fertilized females, and a number of young settled insects. The scales are grayish, near the center of a pin-point, attaining the size of a pin-point, near the center, which in the adults is frequently yellowish. The inner layer of the bark and the cambium are reddened as is usually the case under the San Jose scale.

The minute yellow larvae, although developed as eggs which can be seen in the parent body, emerge alive, creep out from under the mother's scale and seek a place to insert their sucking beaks or tongues into the bark. Presently they begin to secrete a shell or scale over their backs, absorb or lose their legs, and unless they are males never leave the spot and live.

NOT MUCH IN PARK.

Judging by the reports the Byron people are unnecessarily alarmed so far as danger from Springbank Park is concerned. I know the park pretty well, and am sure that there is not much San Jose scale in it. As I stated before, I found a little of it there two or three years ago, and traced it pretty certainly to an adjoining orchard, to whose owner I pointed it out at the time.

BIRDS NOT TO BLAME.

Secretary Bartlett is in error in stating that birds can carry the scale at this time of the year. It is an impossibility for a bird to transfer living scale from one tree to another in winter; therefore, I repeat that there is no need to cut trees down in such haste as not to give time for a proper examination of them. It is as reasonable to cut outside trees down to save the park ones as to pursue the converse course of action. It was not the park trees that introduced the insect into the neighborhood. While it is true that birds can carry the scale at certain seasons of the year they are a smaller factor in distribution than other agencies, and hence the presence of a little scale in the park, which from these would be carried only by birds, has not probably ever affected any tree outside of the grounds. Of course, affected trees that are not worth spraying should be cut down. If cut at a time when the young are hatching they should be burned.

THE BEST TREATMENT.

"What is the most approved treatment?" has been asked. To answer this question fully would make a long story. In brief it may be stated that a half dozen or more treatments that have been tried and recommended have all given place to the lime-sulphur one. The mixture may be made at home, but for most people it is best to buy the factory-made concentrated article, which costs eight or nine dollars a barrel, and with this give two or three thorough applications—a strong one, say one of the concentrated liquid to ten of water, just before the buds begin to swell in the spring, and one or two later applications, one-third of that strength by the time the fruit is setting. There should be no guess-work about the lime-sulphur treatment. Learn to use the hydrometer to test strength and closely follow the directions. The advice of the district representative is to be had gratis, and a bulletin on the use of the lime-sulphur remedy can be got on applications to the Department of Agriculture, Toronto.

TORTURE OF MIND AND BODY FOR MANY MONTHS BEILIS' EXPERIENCE

Continued From Page Seventeen.

hit me. The man replied that he hit me because "he killed a Christian child." I was then transferred to another cell, where there were but twelve men.

Tore Out Hair.

A month later Beilis was taken before the prosecutor, who informed him that several black hairs had been found on the pants which had belonged to the Yushinsky boy. Another official tore out a handful of hair from Beilis's head and beard. The prisoner was told that the hair was to be examined, and he was then put back in his cell. To continue:

During all this time I had not heard a word concerning my family. A few days later a prisoner named Kasatskenko offered to smuggle a letter to my wife. I was frightened lest I should be discovered, but I wrote a short note asking how she was and telling her that I was alive and all right. A few days later I received a reply saying they were well. Kasatskenko then suggested I write another letter, but as my glasses had been taken away I told him I could not see. He offered to write what I dictated. I learned later that he wrote an entirely different letter from the one I told him to, because he was a spy. As a result of this letter I was put in a solitary cell, measuring four by three yards.

A Dismal Cell.

It was terribly cold and damp, in there, and the only furniture was an iron bench and iron table. There was a tiny window near the top of the cell, but I could not even see the sky through it. I could not sleep that night, for I was nearly dead from the cold. I walked to and fro in the cell until I must have walked the length of the cell a hundred times. I was kept in that cell for ten months and suffered terribly, especially during the winter months. My one longing was to see the sky, but this was impossible. At length one of my feet became frostbitten, and I was taken to the hospital, where I spent a month and a half. At the end of that time I was returned to the little cell. It was at this time that I was first told I had been indicted for the murder of the boy. I read the indictment several times, and finally came to the conclusion that my case was not entirely hopeless, for I knew that I was perfectly innocent and that no evidence existed against me. From then on my hopes began to centre on the acquittal.

Encouraged by Counsel.

After some days I was taken before the governor of the prison, where I saw Margolin, the lawyer to whom my wife RUSS-TWO also said a word. Margolin had appeared for help. I was fearfully excited when I saw Margolin, but he quieted me by saying that he had gone through the indictment carefully and had come to the conclusion there was no evidence against me. He promised to see me through my trouble. He also promised to secure permission for me to see my wife and children whom I had not seen for eighteen months. My heart burst with joy when, several days later, I was taken to the room where the prisoners are allowed to see their friends. It was a large room in which were a number of wire cages in which the prisoners were placed in order that they might not reach their friends. A few moments after I was locked in one of the cages, my wife and children were led to the visitors' door. I thought my heart would burst with happiness, but my joy quickly turned to anguish. I noticed my wife's ap-

pearance. She was deathly pale and looked many years older than when I saw her last. Neither of us spoke a word, and for a time it seemed as though I must faint. I stood staring at my wife, while I shook with horror and the tears rolled down my face.

Trials Postponed.

One Friday, I remember the day well, Lawyer Margolin informed me the trial had been postponed. This was a terrible shock, and in despair I fell to the floor on the cell and implored him to hasten the trial, for I felt that if I were to be kept in prison much longer it would be better for me to die at once. He told me to have courage, and said the postponement was caused by one of the experts being taken ill. As soon as I heard the word expert, I realized the trial was going to be very complicated and that religious questions would be involved. With this my hope of being acquitted faded somewhat.

About this time Margolin secured permission for me to see one member of my family each Sunday. The sight of my wife and children, who took turns in visiting me, was the only thing that kept my spirits up. I fell into deep despair a few weeks later when these visits suddenly stopped. I begged the prison governor to allow me to see my family, but it was not until after the special prosecutor of the ministry of justice at St. Petersburg visited the prison that I obtained

permission for these visits to be renewed.

A New Indictment.

Several weeks later the same prosecutor came to the prison and read me the new indictment which had been found against me. It was several hundred pages long, and took him two days to finish reading it. I studied the document most carefully for a week, and while I found many names mentioned in it, I only found my name on the last page, very near the end.

The indictment was so full of untruth that it affected my mind, and I was not able to concentrate my thoughts upon the real facts of the case. Had it not been for the Bible, which was allowed me, and which spoke to me like a voice in the wilderness, I believe I should have gone insane.

About this time another prisoner was put into my cell. He was a Pole, who had just been sentenced to eighteen years in Siberia. I saw at once that he was a man of the better class, and highly educated. From the first moment he entered the cell he talked about nothing but his innocence and the great injustice done him. I tried to comfort him, and told him my tragedy of my life. He listened intently, and when I had finished he replied:

"Although I am a Pole and a Christian, I have lived among the Jews for years, and I know their religion, lives and habits, also their secrets. And I know there is no such thing as ritual murder among them."

I thanked him with tears in my eyes, and a great friendship grew between us.

One day he was called before the prison governor, and what he returned I saw he was greatly excited. I asked the cause, and he replied that while he did not wish to upset me he must tell the truth. He said he was called to the governor's office, where he was questioned by several high officials. The first question was, "Are you a Christian?" The Pole answered that he was, and he was then told, "As you are a Christian you must assist us to solve the murder of the Yushinsky boy by one who drinks our Christian blood."

The Pole said he was very anxious to help, but he did not see how he could.

"Perhaps Beilis has told you he committed the murder," said the governor. "You are with him day and night, and

perhaps his conscience has pricked him or maybe he talks in his sleep."

"I have listened very carefully," said the Pole, "and the only things I have noticed are the bitter tears of the Jew. I am convinced my cellmate is an innocent man."

"You were not asked that," yelled the official. "If you want to, you can get evidence from a sleeping man, as you can and get it from a single living soul awake."

Friend Sent Into Exile.

Two days later the pole was taken to Siberia, and I shall never forget our farewell.

The greatest joy I had felt since being imprisoned came three weeks later when the prison superintendent came to my cell one morning and told me that the hour of my trial was approaching. My prison clothes were taken away and the old blue suit, which I had not seen for two and a half years, was given to me, and I was told to make myself comfortable. The superintendent spoke so kindly that I could hardly realize that he was the same man who had previously treated me so abominably. He looked at me and evidently read my thoughts, for he said, "The truth will soon be known, and I see by the papers that there is no evidence against you, and that every one believes you will be set free. In that hour I want you to remember me kindly."

When I was led away by the soldiers I shall never forget my feelings as the great iron door in front of the prison swung open and I saw for the first time after many long months the glories of the sky and the sunshine. I was quickly hustled into the prison van, and the sight of so many people, for a crowd of men, women, and children gathered to see me, frightened me. As I was driven through the streets I looked through the small gathering in the side of the van and saw crowds of young men and young women students from the university, as well as hundreds of other persons who cheered and waved their hats as I passed by. With the crowd pressed to close about the van the Cossacks drove them back with whips.

At last we arrived at the court house and I was taken from the van. As I was anxious to help, but he did not see how he could.

"Perhaps Beilis has told you he committed the murder," said the governor. "You are with him day and night, and

WEST LONDONER VETERAN OF THE CRIMEA TELLS OF BLOODY BATTLE

Continued From Page Seventeen.

Born in Highlands.

Presently Mr. Murdoch commenced the history of his own life. He was born in Aberdeenshire in the parish of New Deer, a rural country place, in 1837, and there his happy boyhood days were spent.

"My father was a tenant farmer and fairly well off. Of course, my early years are spent in Scotland, and it is harder to make the wheels of life go round than in Canada.

"At the age of 12 years I was apprenticed to a carpenter for three years, with Major Duff, Hatton Castle, and there I learned the first laws of this branch of husbandry. When my time expired I went to Edinburgh and served in three years in the military business, at the end of which time I was a practical gardener.

"The nursery business is different in Scotland to Canada. In the land of Burns a young man must have a number of years' apprenticeship. Here a man thinks he is thoroughly experienced if he works a few months at one place.

"I believe if a youngster had to serve an apprenticeship here for a number of years on a garden he would benefit himself more than anyone else in the long run.

The Call to Arms.

"The country's call for help was responded to in an extraordinary way. A great wave of patriotic fervor swept over the nation. The recruiting sergeants found their work the easiest possible in enlisting men. Hundreds, aye, thousands of Highland plowmen threw up their work and took the Queen's shilling, to do or die for their country's honor. In every walk of life men quit their work—lawyers, bankers and merchants, all alike. Husband and wife, young men their sweethearts. Each and all responded to the bugle call. Indeed, never before or since has such overwhelming loyalty been shown. The recruiting sergeant had no need to ask me a second time. I enlisted in the Royal Artillery, and am proud of the fact, proud that I was a healthy, strong young man, and able to be of some use to my country.

Off to the War.

"We sailed from Leith to Southampton, and then took the transport steamer Dunbar to Scutari, in Asia Minor. From there we went to Varna and Odport, where we landed. This was on the 18th day of September, 1854. It was a fine day. In fact, the climate was very much like

Canada. We crossed the River Alma on the 20th of September, and about 10 o'clock in the morning the fight began. The British numbered about 25,000. The Russians must have had a fighting strength of over 75,000. They swarmed like bees everywhere. The country was alive with them.

A Terrific Battle.

"It was a terrific battle, which I shall never forget. The bullets flew everywhere. The mighty boom of the cannons was deafening, and the very earth quaked under the awful fusillade. The French gambols in the river helped us in our big task, and poured a deadly fire into the Russian lines. Under the able command of Lord Raglan, the British boys drove the Russians from their strongholds, and at 2 p.m. they were completely routed. British tactics, British bulldog courage, had won, and we did the trick in four hours.

"I composed a few lines on the battlefield. Let me see. Oh, yes:

"Two thousand British, I've heard it said,
Did fall upon that fatal day;
And fourteen thousand Frenchmen lay
In the bloody gore at Alma.

"Between the wounded and the slain,
The Russians lost eight thousand men,
And had three thousand prisoners taken
Upon the heights of Alma.

"I came out of the battle without a scratch, thank God, but many a brave boy found his last resting-place upon that blood-soaked soil. We would not have lost so heavily if more reconnoitering had been done.

"With the battle over, we commenced the arduous journey to Balaklava. This was a very trying ordeal, footsore and weary, we trudged along. Through glens and brushwood we heaved our way. We reached Balaklava two weeks after the battle of Alma, and I tell you, we were pretty well all in and mighty glad to get there. Our provisions had practically run out, and we saw what the pangs of real hunger felt like.

A Provision Fleet.

"Out in the bay off Balaklava were 14 vessels laden with provisions and clothing. Owing to some piece of red tape, the boats would not discharge their precious cargo until next day. This was a shame and entirely uncalled for. That

night a terrible storm broke over the sea and land, and the great waves played havoc along the coast line. When the dawn came we strained our eyes through the morning mists to catch a glimpse of the relief boats. But alas, the cruel storm king had ruled with an iron rod, and smashed the steamers upon the rocks. And thus we were fated to face with starvation. This was a terrible ordeal to pass through after the big battle of Alma, and the weeks of weary marching over the rough roads to Balaklava.

"When peace was declared some months after we sailed for Southampton, and I was glad to see the seagull once again."

The old veteran leaned back in his chair when he finished his story. His face was flushed and beaming.

"Well, Mr. Advertiser man," he stated, "you are satisfied now, I hope?"

On being introduced to the growing boy of a friend, old camp, I was moved to remark on the young fellow's portly proportions in a jesting manner. He had took it in good part, and then assured me his weight had been recently acquired.

"I'm the guy that put the bomb in my stomach, but maybe you'll think I'm swanking when I tell you I was a rattling skeleton six months ago. Say, I was so skinny my ribs used to wrinkle my vest. I never paid for a meal in a chuck kitchen, because I could hide behind a toothpick and fool the cashier. I had to wear a cigar band for a pants belt, and when I wanted new glad rags the tailor just used the stripe out of an awning for my suit."

My word!

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New Scale Williams Player Piano

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The family did not know how big dad's heart was until this Xmas. It was not all dad's fault, though. He did not believe that it was possible for him to buy a player piano on such favorable terms. So when we came to dad and told him that we would let him have a real New Scale Williams Meister-Touch Player for \$25.00 down and \$15.00 each month until the whole price of \$700.00 was paid in full, he said, "I'll take it and it's certainly the best \$25 worth I ever got in Xmas presents."

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The time was getting late as I rose and an interrogation.