

One of the most interesting points elicited during the tests in a very hot and moist atmosphere is the rapid onset of fatigue more particularly mental. After a man has been doing hard work for more than 20 or 30 minutes in an atmosphere with a wet bulb at anything over 85 degrees F., he is overcome by a feeling of irresistible lassitude and disinclination to exert himself in any way whatever. He becomes particularly indisposed to mental exertion and irritable when it becomes imperative. Any such mental effort as deciding on a particular course of action, directing operations and assuming responsibility, remembering where a thing is,

pronouncing whether it is of such and such a kind or not, is apt to prove too exhausting. The mental lassitude and irritability in these hot and moist atmospheres is overwhelming in spite of efforts to the contrary.

I think that this partial mental enfeeblement is a fact of some account, inasmuch as a person, fatigued by hard work in a rescue apparatus worn in a hot and moist air, might, in some situation requiring promptness of decision, coolness of judgment of the accurate recollecting, for instance, of instructions, plans, etc., not prove himself equal to the emergency.

SOME EARLY GARDEN TALKS

BY RACHEL E. TODD, M.D., C.M., TORONTO.

In a few short days, we home gardeners will be prying around among our precious leaf and straw covered mounds, to discover what Old Winter has left us of all our cherished hoards. And we will find Old Winter has been very decent to us, if we have been thoughtful for the welfare of our sleeping plants. If we have given our roots and bulbs a careful mulching and a generous protection of leaf and straw and old weathered branches to protect them from our well known winters, they will be so warm, so cosy, and so well provided for, down underneath, with fresh currents of air playing around them constantly, that long weeks before everyday people even dream of it, steady, silent, sturdy growth is taking place.

For after all, our bulbs and roots do not really sleep long, and it is surprising how many people believe that before any growth takes place, the direct warm rays and heat of the sun is necessary, to waken up life. Not so. Our roots sleep with one eye open, as it were; and many of them take but "forty winks," and many of them but pause to take a longer breath or two. But certainly, growth never ceases. In the darkest, dimmest spot and hour, somewhere, in some degree, while there is life, there, growth is going on. For long, long hours, and days, and weeks, it is infinitesimal, but

it is growth, nevertheless. Some of those that go to sleep last and wake up first are such well known favorites as the Iris, Bleeding Heart, Peonies, and the great host of Lilies; and these truly are they that "sleep with one eye open." Their growth is so constant that it can almost be seen with the naked eye.

And so, if one were to go out into the snow covered garden now, and delve down beneath the snow, and lift up the heavy or light—as the case may be—covering of straw and manure, and put one's hand in underneath it all, close to the earth, one will be surprised to find a genuine blanket of soft warm air, moist and life-bearing snuggling over all. And one's fingers (oh, let them be so wary) may touch a tender spike or two, that has pushed up a curious and inquiring blade to see "the time o' day."

Have You Smothered Your Roots?

I spoke a moment ago of "fresh currents of air, playing around the roots." One of the most frequent causes of failure to a young gardener is this very thing. Plants must have air, and plenty of it. And they must have it constantly; and it must be carried to every part of the plant structure in the very same way that blood must reach every minutest portion of the hu-