

NINTH MONTH September THE SEVEN DOLORS 30 DAYS

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical details for September 1903.

Clergymen, who are continually on their feet, try DUNLOP RUBBER HEELS for Comfort



...The HOME CIRCLE

TWENTIETH CENTURY FARMING

Fall Versus Spring Ploughing. There are few subjects upon which average farmers differ more widely than whether spring or fall ploughing is most desirable.

loss is necessarily very great. When the ground is ploughed in the fall and the manure is put on the ground as produced, the pulverized soil takes up these fertilizing elements nearer the surface, and the spring harrowing and cultivation mix them thoroughly with that portion of the soil that comes in contact with the plant root from the time it starts. Ordinarily it is not practical in the Northern climate to draw out the manure on the ground in the spring, owing to the moist wheels cutting in packing the moist ground, to its serious injury. The time is needed for seeding as soon as the ground is dry enough to admit of hauling manure, and spring ploughing as a rule, means belated seeding.

Experiment stations report that careful examination of temperature of the soil shows that when soil is turned under in the spring, owing to the rapid fermentation occasioned by the decay of the roots and vegetable matter, the soil is some two or three degrees warmer than when ploughed in the fall. In germinating corn this increase of temperature is a matter of considerable importance, and is to be considered in determining whether sod ground shall be turned over in the fall or spring.

It can be pretty safely stated that in upland clay loam soil fall ploughing is ordinarily much preferable to spring ploughing. When ploughed late in the fall there is little danger of the soil washing on side hills prior to freezing, and, with the melting snow acting on the soil, it becomes so settled that it takes a heavy rain to affect it materially, and then it is that rain comes soon after spring ploughing the danger is greatly increased by the spring ploughing.

Late fall ploughing also turns up the nests or homes of the wireworm, cut worm and other injurious vermin, and their number is greatly decreased. For the last twenty years I have followed fall ploughing for all crops, when possible to plough then, and I have never been seriously affected by either wireworms or cutworms, while farms in the neighborhood have suffered severely by these pests. — L. Peck, Conduport, Pa., in New York Tribune Farmer.

A NONSENSE CALENDAR. (September St. Nicholas.) The Oyster is a stupid thing. He cannot dance, he cannot sing. He cannot even read or write. Indeed, he isn't very bright.

When in September school begins (A school of fish, I mean). The fishes come with shining fins And sit in rows with happy grins, But Oyster isn't seen.

PECULIARITIES OF FISH. (From The Field.) There are two popular delusions about fish—one that they cannot live out of water, and the other that they can live in any pure water, the food supply taking care of itself. As a matter of fact, there are fish in Africa which, having to exist in absolutely dry rivers for a portion of the year, have developed lungs; while in many an amateur's aquarium fish cannot live in the water provided, owing to lack of food.

Children's Corner

BY POLLY'S AID. A School Teacher's Story.

The schoolroom was very quiet. The master sat at the desk, wearily leaning his head on his hand, his eyes fixed on a boyish scrawl decorating the blackboard across the room. "This world is all a fleeting show for man's delusion given," he read with a mild wonder as to how Bobby Green chanced to express so pessimistic a doctrine.

The misquotation, as it stood, was certainly in sad accord with his own ideas; but that was no reason why the children should learn the truth thus early in life. He could remember a time in his own past existence when he had believed quite the opposite of this dreary sentiment, but that was before she came into his life—or, rather, it was before she went out of his life. Unconsciously he heaved a sigh and equally unconsciously, Polly, on the front seat, echoed it.

Scott Fairfield, the new master of the district school at the Corners, had the name of being a "powerful hand for grammar and composition, and to-day he had outdone himself. After a lengthy and painstaking explanation of the word "biography" he had started the children by requesting each one to write the biography of some friend or relative, and it was with many laborious sharpenings of pencils and much rattling of paper that the youthful writers had begun their task.

As closing time drew near, Polly's sigh was echoed in all directions, and the abstracted gaze and fiercely bitten pencils of the discouraged biographers plainly testified that more time was needed for their unaccommodated task; so it was with the assurance that they could complete their work in the morning, that Fairfield sent them to school at four o'clock.

Polly Dean walked down the street in a brown study. She had listened faithfully to all the master had said—that is, as faithfully as she could, when all the time Tommy Brown across the aisle was drawing on his slate those queer-looking pictures for her special benefit—but now she was not quite so sure that she knew what "biography" meant. At the Deans' supper table that night, during a momentary lull in the conversation, came Polly's opportunity.

"Mamma, what's a biography?" "Bless the child—what is she up to now?" exclaimed Mrs. Dean in gentle surprise.

"It's writing a whole lot of nice things about somebody—praising him way to the skies, when it isn't true at all!" snapped Aunt Midge, who had just been reading the eulogy of a man she cordially disliked.

"It's telling of everything a person did or does, and a few things he didn't," declared brother Ned with a shrug of his shoulders.

"My dear, it's a full account of one's life which one would never recognize as one's own," said her father, as he pushed back his chair; and in the general laugh that followed Polly nodded away.

Chats With Young Men

THE DANGERS IN MIDDLE LIFE.

Dr. Floyd M. Crandall, in How to Keep Well—an explanation of modern methods of preventing disease—summarizes in popular form what every one should know in regard to modern medicine and surgery, bacteria, the management and control of infectious diseases, antitoxins, the regulations of daily life with a view to health and years. Dr. Crandall states in his preface that his object was to give in language that all could understand and profit by the knowledge accumulated during long years of laboratory, the post-mortem room, and the hospital. Our reading is from one of the chapters dealing with the regimen of adult life.

Every man ought to understand, that when he has reached the age of forty-five he has entered upon a period of life in which certain accidents are common. They are not inevitable and he will be unwise to allow himself to become morbid upon the subject, and be worried by a dread of what may never come. He ought, however, to recognize the fact that this period, like every other stage of life, has its particular dangers, and not run blindly into them. Although he feels and looks young, he should not forget that he is a "middle-aged man."

Certain retrograde changes begin about that time of life, and the fact should not be ignored. The time at which these changes begin varies greatly in different individuals and in different families. It depends much upon the earlier life and inherited tendency. In most men of fifty, who have lived an intense life with its cares and responsibilities, in some of the organs there is what Dr. Holmes would call a "general flavor of mild decay."

General nervous breakdown, like the organic diseases, usually shows its danger signals some time in advance. Persistent insomnia in one who has been a good sleeper, unwanted irritability, worry over details of business, loss of power of concentration, prolonged lack of energy, and a dread of grappling with business problems, are warning signals. Occurring for limited periods, they mean little or nothing, and may depend upon some temporary ailment. Any one or two alone may indicate little. Their importance may be easily exaggerated and cause unnecessary alarm. But several of them occurring in conjunction and persisting are danger signals which should not be ignored.

More maintain a higher tension of life than is necessary. The delirious style of doing business is partly habit, and in some cases is done for effect. Men often keep themselves in a nervous state and do more rushing. They keep themselves keyed up to about that there is any necessity for such a pitch that they use up as much vital force in doing routine work and unimportant details as in negotiating great transactions. Men permit themselves to become excited over trifles, and fly into passions of temper over trivial shortcomings of subordinates or at fancied insults. They do not put sufficient control upon their nerves, but allow themselves to be continually annoyed and excited. They get into a combative state, and are continually looking for trouble.

They come to live in a tremor, and are irritable and unhappy. All this impairs their judgment and renders them capable of making mistakes and incapable of doing good work. It is a tremendous drain upon the vital power. Many a man helps to bring on a breakdown by living a life of unnecessary tension and using up his vital power through failure to control himself, and by allowing a man to assume so much business that he will be obliged to labor up to the full extent of his powers. There should be some allowance made for emergencies when the business will suddenly be increased. Anxiety and worry are more exhausting to the physical powers than actual labor. They cause rapid anemia, and loss of flesh. It is a common experience of the physician to see business men go on without apparent difficulty until a period of panic and financial depression comes, and then break down at the time it is most important for them to be on duty with clear heads.

A well-known New York physician used to say that he could do a year's work in eleven months, but could not do it in twelve. The annual vacation is one of the most efficient defensive weapons against breakdown for those who live the intense modern life. If it be a sedentary one, the necessity of the vacation is the greater. It is greater still if it be like that of the busy doctor, which knows neither evenings nor nights, Sundays nor holidays, but is an unrelenting grind, month after month. The vacation is one of the most potent aids in helping to keep out of the rut into which the daily routine of life tends to force one. One or two days a week during the summer do not afford sufficient rest for the hardworking business man. They are very beneficial, but do not permit him to really step from beneath his burdens and feel that he is free from care. I appreciate fully that it is very difficult for many men, and absolutely impossible for others, to escape from their responsibilities for more than a day or two at a time. It could often be done, however, if its importance were appreciated. Many a man has learned a lesson from an illness. After years of closest application to business he has been forced by disease to remain away from business, and has been surprised and a little annoyed to find that affairs moved on pretty well without him. It is the duty of every man to attempt to arrange his affairs so that he may leave them to others if it is necessary. Accident or illness may come to any man without warning, and they are rendered far more serious by worry over business.

Life, believe, is not a dream So dark as sages say; Oft a little merriment, rain Forthlets a pleasant day.

UNERRING CHILDHOOD. (From The Academy.) The child is so often right. It has not the miscellaneous knowledge of the grown-up person who reads newspapers and keeps a tame Encyclopaedia Britannica in a carefully devised cage. But the childish mind has in any way confused by superfluity of information.

Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture. We may not take up the broken threads of the life that is gone and weave them into a web of joy and hope; but to those who are still left, who have ears to hear and hearts to throbb with pain and grief, we may be generous and just, forgiving, loving and kind.

IT IS GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST—Not only Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil of incomparable value in the household, but the farmer and stockman will find it very serviceable in the farm yard and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon. In injuries to stock and in cases of cough and pains it can be used with good effect.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age

BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

188 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism, I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG, Tremont House, Yonge Street, Nov. 1, 1902.

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for some weeks, a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGAN, 475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1902.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 18, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN, 12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

199 King Street East. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pains. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN, Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1902.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 18, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts, send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours forever thankful, PETER AUSTEN, Toronto, April 10, 1902.

18 Spruce Street, Toronto. JOHN O'CONNOR: DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING, Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

J. O'CONNOR, Esq., City: DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE, 72 Wolseley Street, City, 114 George Street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq.: DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely, T. WALKER, Blacksmith, Address C. R. JOHN O'CONNOR, 199 KING ST. E. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, \$1 per box.