

Sticking to the Farm.

(By H. L. Russell, Dean of the College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin.)

The outlook for the boy on the farm today is far different from what it was a generation ago. To John of bygone days it was a place merely of drudgery and toil. There were no opportunities for anything but work. He saw nothing of the wide world and its wonders, except as the animal circus, with its speeking and glitter, gave him a fleeting glimpse of things beyond his horizon; the weekly newspaper contained the chronicle of happenings from the country seat, but registered little of the doings of the outside world. Even hard work on the part of the father and the boys failed to secure more than moderate crop returns and with wheat at fifty or sixty cents a bushel, the financial rewards of farming were not such as to attract and hold John.

Such conditions led inevitably to one conclusion. As soon as the boy was old enough to strike out for himself, he left the farm. Not merely was this true for the "lad o' pairs," who was anxious for an education that would lift him into what he hoped would be a wider and higher sphere, but the desire for change, for improvement, led the young of all classes to desert the old farm. The result of this movement has been to crowd the shop and factory, as well as the so-called learned professions.

In many cases the old home, especially the old home in the East, has been abandoned, but it has well served its purpose in raising its "crop" of boys and girls. As a farming enterprise it could not hold out against the fertile and cheap lands of the West.

Until within a few years the educational influences have led every aspiring young man away from the farm. Colleges and schools have continued to grind out their gradates and have filled the commonly recognized professions to overflowing.

The inevitable result has naturally been the same as in the commercial world. Competition became keener and keener, and the maintenance of the price scale, cannot avert the ill effects of overproduction.

A census recently made of the incomes of Illinois physicians, including those of Chicago, showed that the average gross income was approximately eight hundred dollars a year.

While this condition has been developing in the professional, and also to a considerable extent in the business world, a new era has been opened for the country boy. He is today surrounded with a different environment and is given a different opportunity from that which his father and grandfather had a half-century ago. The crude machinery, hand-wielded, has been displaced with patterns of a power type, ranging from that of the three-horse team to that of the traction-engine. While the labor problem in times of great prosperity is most acute in the rural districts, yet the development of machinery has completely transformed conditions on the farm. The one-crop farm, be it wheat, corn or cotton, has now given way to a diversification of crops, which, with improved methods of culture, has resulted in lessened losses from insect and fungus pests. The farmer has learned that it does not pay to have all his eggs in one basket, even though he may be in the position of David Harms' trader, where he can watch that basket.

The work of the agricultural stations has laid the foundation of rational agriculture, and has shown the farmer how to maintain the fertility of the soil by proper rotation, by judicious application of fertilizers, and by utilization of leguminous crops.

The history of farming in America indicates an utter disregard of economic as well as ethical. The original fertility of our soils has been depleted by continued cropping, until in many portions the returns barely cover the cost of production. As Butterfield says: The American farmer has mined his farm rather than cultivated it, and in doing this he has robbed posterity of its just rights.

The boy of today, however, is coming into a different heritage. Fields of wheat have given way to live stock, and in the matter of selection of the quality of its stock he is able with scientific accuracy to eliminate the unfit. The farmer no longer ships his crops as unfinished products, but converts his corn, grain and hay into beef, mutton, pork, cheese or butter. The result is that the old farm yields more than it did a generation ago, and its products are far more profitable.

Farming, although the first step for most of the vocations of men, is the last to feel the impulse of scientific methods. There are still many tillers of the soil who fall far short of the possibilities of their vocation. They still scoff at "book farming," and reject the new ideas as impractical; but the leaves of Agricultural knowledge is rapidly permeating the soil, and the mental attitude of the

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it." W. A. NIXON, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

progressive young farmer of today is greatly different from that of the pioneers of a generation or so ago.

The agricultural press, the farmers' institutes, the colleges and experiment stations have quite revolutionized current practices; and hundreds of our college trained young men now see the opportunity that is open to them in what has been a more or less neglected occupation.

Social conditions, too, has undergone a wonderful transformation. The greatest barrier to farm life has been its location. To many this has been harder to bear than the drudgery of work. But the modern farmer is no longer forced to live isolated from his fellows.

The telephone is rapidly annihilating space, in the local sense of the term, and practically converts, for social purposes, a township area in a village block. Improved methods of transportation have not yet eliminated distance, but the good roads movement is just ahead of us, and a decade or two will witness the emancipation of the land occupant from the heaviest tax which he is called upon to pay—neglect of roads.

The boy who sticks to the farm retains an independence not to be despised. In the rural community individualism is not yet lost; in the city the social organism is so complex that the readjustment of any part interferes seriously with the well being of all related parts.

The farmer who can live in large measure from the fruits of his field; the business man is often almost wholly dependent for his success on so factors over which he has practically no control. His enterprises may be numerous and profitable, and in the twinkling of an eye business stagnation may develop where a short time before expansion could not keep pace with increasing commercial needs.

No such condition confronts the farmer. The world must have his products. The price of automobiles and other luxuries may go to smash, but butter, eggs, and the products of the field the people must have and must pay for. The boy who has stayed by the farm for the last decade has seen the old mortgage paid off, farm buildings built, modern improvements installed in the house, and the standards of living raised to the point of comfort.

Some days ago a young man walked into my office with his wife, and laid down some photographs. They were pictures of his house and his farm, they showed a well-kept place, a cozy house nestling among young trees and shrubbery, spacious barns and outhouses, with a well appointed dairy-house and ice-house. The young man said:

"I left this school eighteen years ago with just ten dollars in my pocket. Year by year I laid by a little until I rented a small piece of land and struck out for myself."

Now he has a farm and its equipment, worth at least eight thousand dollars, and all paid for. It was evident, too, that this accumulation had not been secured by sacrificing his life-blood in the effort. His home surroundings betokened the fact that he had lived as he went along.

A few weeks ago I sat at a banquet of the alumni of one of the agricultural courses. The president of the association had left the university fifteen years before to go home to a farm encumbered with mortgages. He bought a small interest in it from his father. The mortgages began to dwindle, and in a few years was cleared off entirely. Strawberries and other small fruits did the business. During the last four years the gross earnings of that young man was thirty-nine thousand dollars. How many professional men who have spent years of preparation and have been established as a grade or more could show as good a balance sheet?

This young farmer had also been largely instrumental in organizing a cooperative fruit association in his community. He and his neighbors pooled their crop; instead of dumping their product on the Chicago market and competing with each

other, they graded and selected the fruit of the community before consigning, and then shipped it in car-load lots to different markets, where it could be most advantageously handled.

In a short time the name of this community became an established trade mark in the fruit markets of the middle West. Is it any wonder that the mortgage melted away before that young man's energy?

What place offers a better opportunity for all round development than the farm? In the complexity of modern life, in the development of the social organism, the individual is rapidly disappearing. He is lost in the mass. In the city he becomes a cog in the machine. The whole industrial mechanism tends to transform him into an automaton.

The factory operative is no longer able to make a pair of shoes or fashion an implement, he cuts out this or that particular piece, or guides a machine that makes a screw or a bolt.

Specialization has undoubtedly reduced the cost of production, but to the toiler in the ranks this degree of organization only comes with loss of vision and perspective.

Deeper and deeper a man cuts the rut of his life, until at last escape becomes well-nigh impossible. How much of life he is able to live in the country! His interests here are varied and continually changing.

No vacation requires such a breadth of training to be up to date. In earlier days anybody who failed in any other avenue of life sought refuge in farming; but the successful farmer of today needs mental equipments, and alertness of mind, that fully equal that required in any other profession.

One who makes and keeps even a garden realizes how manifold are the enemies of his fruits and vines. For every plant there is a pest, and too frequently more than one. All these he must learn to conquer or check. The plague of to-day is perchance replaced by a new invasion next year. The constant struggle develops the keenest qualities in a man.

As the farm boy succeeds, he becomes more and more important in the community. The schools, the local government, the general raising of the standards of life find in a more general and freer expression in the country than in the city.

A man owes a duty not only to himself, but to those who are to follow him. What father and mother would not choose, if opportunity permitted, to raise their children in the country rather than in the city?

The tide has long been toward the town. But the boy who sticks to the farm, who learns how to utilize the forces of nature, to govern and control these agencies, has a large opportunity today. The rewards of peace, contentment, independence, come in full measure to him who finds his life-work in developing the soil.—The Youth's Companion.

Never Mind the Weather.

What if it is hot? Summer is supposed to be hot. And to a soul properly tempered with philosophy and common sense such weather as Cleveland has been having the last couple of days is like frosting on the cake of summer.

Fear of sunshine is probably a relic of cave days. Now we know that dark caves are unhygienic and melancholious. The present generation is slowly acquiring a taste for the sun. Sun worship was probably the first of all religions, and we seem to be swinging back to it.

For be it known that all health, as well as all energy, comes from the sun. Sunshine is the mightiest force for physical comfort and happiness; if you don't take too much at once. And if you accustom yourself to it gradually you won't get too much. Properly seasoned and tanned, one can soak up unconscionable quantities of sunshine with measureless benefit to body and soul.

The morning of the time. After an hour or two in the park, on the water, along a country road or living at length on one's own lawn, there need be no fear of a climbing thermometer. The maternal basking renders one immune, and after that the hot afternoon sun is not a furnace fire beating down on throbbing heads; it is merely a genial warmth. And the hot office, after the sunny inoculation seems cool. One can work in serene poplort even though there be no electric fan.

Don't run away from the sunshine and curdle your insides with ice-water. That policy is idiotic. Get used to the sun and then you can enjoy the summer and do just as much work as any other time of the year.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

About Mothers.

All that I am my mother made me.—John Quincy Adams.

Nature's loving proxy, the watchful mother.—Bulwer.

The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom.—H. W. Beecher.

All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.—Lincoln.

Let France have good mothers and she will have good sons.—Napoleon.

Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers desirable.—Richter.

The future destiny of the child

always the work of the mother.

Napoleon.

I would desire for a friend the son who never resisted the ears of his mother.—Lacretelle.

If you would reform the world from its errors and vices, begin by enlisting the mothers.—O. Simmonds.

If there be sought surpassing humed deed or word or thought, it is a mother's love.—Marchioness de Spodara.

Who can fathom the depths of a mother's love? No friendship so pure, so devoted. The wild storm of adversity and the bright sunshine of prosperity and all alike to her. Affection, a mother never ceases to love her very child. Often, when alone, as we gaze up to the stary glimpse of the angles around the great white throne, and among the brightest and fairest of them all, is our sweet mother, ever beckoning us onward and upward to her celestial home.—R. Smith.

The Salt Bath.

There are few things more invigorating to tired nerves than a salt bath either before going to bed or the first thing in the morning. If one is inclined to sleeplessness the latter time is best, as the salt is decidedly stimulating.

Sea salt can be bought in boxes and should be kept in bathroom closet, or some place where it is quickly found. As a brine is not made rapidly it is wiser, if the bath is to be taken in the morning, to soak a large double handful of the salt in two quarts of boiling water over night. Keep in a covered picher.

When ready to use add two quarts of fresh water, either tepid or cold as preferred. If one likes to bath in a tub, use more salt, keeping about the same proportions. This brine can be used on the face as well as the body and it does small hurt if it gets into the eye. The sting is temporary, and the good effects are felt in resting eyes as well as nerves.

Such a bath is strengthening to women who are unable to take cold plunges and find a daily bath in hot water enervating.

If you have no sea salt, ice cream salt, or even that for table use, will answer, but it costs more and is less beneficial.

When very tired one can add to the salt water three or four tablespoonfuls of alcohol. This combination is especially invigorating.

She Who Makes Friends.

The girl who makes friends wherever she goes is delightful. She comes into a room like a sea breeze—fresh, laughing, nodding right and left with happy impartiality. She is ready for anything, and never throws cold water on your plans.

She generally sees the funny side of things, and she has such a whole-hearted way of describing them your self. She does not recall gossip, though; and she does not think how to be spiteful, or sarcastic, or bitter, and she never exaggerates to produce an impression. She knows how to be clever and funny without being unkind, or untruthful, or coarse.

She likes everybody, not considering it to be her duty to suspect any one of evil until they have proven good.

She prefers to consider the world good and honest until it proves itself otherwise. She always gets along for she has friends everywhere. Her heart is big enough to contain everybody, and she never forgets her friends, or is forgotten by them.

The Long Silence.

"Yes," we are pretty comfortably fixed here," admitted a veteran employee in the reading-room of the Congressional library when a visitor envied him his soft berth and comfortable surroundings. "But there's one thing we long for—yes, thirst for with a burning thirst. That's noise—real, nerve-racking, ear-splitting, noise. The long hours of soft silence the dead stillness of everything about grows so oppressive that at times we could shriek out. We get into a sort of sick-room tiptoe and a low tone of voice that finally degenerates into a whisper even at the telephone. Give us an occasional battery of artillery or a roaring lion or a steam calliope. Even a squalling baby would help some."—Washington Star.

Sir George Sutton, formerly Premier of Natal, has been travelling in Western Canada, and said at Montreal on his return from the West, that "the very thought of Canada's possibilities makes one's head whirl." It has made some heads in Nova Scotia whirl too much, we fear; for they have already begun to imagine things that, under the most favorable conditions and continuous prosperity, cannot come to pass before the time of our great-grandchildren, and perhaps not then.—Casket.

Beware Of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of those parasites. Price 50c.

Troubled with Heart

NERVES WERE ALL UNSTRUNG

Mrs. Oscar Hamilton, Forest Glen, N.S., writes:—"I can truthfully say that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been a great friend to me. A few years ago I was very much troubled with my heart and my nerves were all unstrung. I had terrible pains all through my body. I was weak and had frequent and severe dizzy spells, and was continuously having to consult doctors. I had Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills recommended to me and after having taken a box they appeared to help me so much I continued to take them, and was soon able to do my work again. For this I am very grateful and would advise all people with weak heart or unstrung nerves to give them a thorough trial.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the original heart and nerve cure and are sold at all dealers for 50c per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"That woman would intimidate Satan himself."

"Who—Mrs Sprightly?"

"Yes."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I do. He wouldn't dare to intimate that a single soul was his own if she were around."

MILBURN'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.

Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON.

Belleisle, Station, King's Co., N. B., Sept. 17th, 1904.

"I want to learn to make money."

"Do you?"

"Yes. Can you tell me how?"

"Certainly."

"You can? Pray, do."

"Get a job at the mint."

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

"How do you manage to keep a cook?"

"Keep a cook?"

"Yes."

"Oh, we just salt her down with a big salary."

There is nothing harsh about Lax-Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dispepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25 cts.

"Would you rather write for the present or the future?"

"For the future, except for one thing."

"What is that?"

"I have to live in the present."

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

"A man should think twice before marrying."

"Oh, I don't know!"

"Really?"

"You see, he has so many things coming afterward."

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.

"You don't know how to smoke a cigar."

"What is wrong with my way?"

"Everything. Give me a cigar and I will show you."

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria

Lost Five Children With DIARRHOEA

Saved the Sixth One With DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mrs. John Firth, Craighurst, Ont., writes:—"I have had six children and lost them all but one. When young they would get Diarrhoea and nothing would stop it.

As I lived in a backward place, I did not know of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

I saved my last child, who is now eight years old, but I owe it to Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Had I known about it before I feel that I would have saved the others. I shall forever praise and bless it and will never be without it again!!

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for over sixty-five years, and has a "world wide" reputation for curing all Bowel Complaints.

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Men's Amherst Boots, \$1.60 to \$2.75

Women's " " 1.25 to 1.75

Boys' " " 1.50 to 2.00

Girls' " " 1.10 to 1.35

Childs " " 1.00

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