

Apply Lime in the Fall.

IT IS A SOIL ENRICHER AND THIS IS THE TIME TO USE IT.

The best period of the year for the application of lime to the soil is in the fall. Lime is a plant food and is essential, and while it exists to a greater or less extent in all soils, yet it proves beneficial on both heavy and light lands, assisting to render heavy soils lighter and light soils heavier. It does not take the place of phosphates, nor can it be substituted for wood ashes, which contain potash, but it is capable of enabling plants to derive both potash and phosphoric acid from the soil by inducing chemical processes by which the insoluble matter of the soil is changed in composition, thereby becoming of a condition which permits of the use of such foods by plants. The small cost of lime, and its lasting effects in the soil, should stimulate farmers to use it more liberally than is done, and as it benefits nearly all kinds of crops and injures no soils, its use is one that results in benefit, and especially when applied on soils intended for crops that have an abundance of lime in their composition.

The tendency of lime is to work down into the soil, every rain carrying it deeper. Lime that is recently soaked is a hydrate, and is easily diffused by the rains, but after exposure in the soil it reverts to its original condition of carbonate, being then again insoluble. During these changes, when losing its characteristics as a hydrate to become a carbonate, it compels other substances in the soil to change their forms also. When stone lime is burnt, in order to produce lime, the carbonic acid is driven off and lime is the result. When the lime absorbs moisture from the air (air-slacking) it combines chemically with the water, forming a hydrate. In this condition it is applied to the soil. But the lime will not remain a hydrate, preferring to again become a carbonate, and it is this desire (or affinity) to combine with carbonic acid that prompts it to force the chemical changes in the soil which release plant food existing in the soil, but which plants cannot reduce.

It requires quite a time for lime to complete its work in the soil. Applied in the fall it will, with the aid of the frost, have the land in excellent condition in spring, especially if the lime is broadcasted over the surface of the soil after a green crop has been turned under. It is more serviceable when used in connection with green manural crops than under any other conditions. On light, sandy soils it always gives excellent results, permitting of the growing of clover on soils that usually give but small crops, and on heavy soils the land is made more friable and tenacious. Some farmers apply lime once in three or four years. It is better to apply forty bushels per acre in the fall and ten bushels every year thereafter than to omit it at any time, as the most benefit from lime is when it is in the condition of a hydrate.

All Around the Farm.

Professor L. H. Bailey says, at the present rate of tree planting, the Northern half of Western New York will be a continuous orchard by the middle of the coming century.

All breeds of cattle were scrubs in the beginning. By care and good feeding they were brought up to their present value. If you have scrub cows, bring them up in the same way.

According to the census the non-producers of food are increasing five times as fast as the producers. Theoretically, this will soon make us hustle to feed ourselves. Despite the discouragement, the wise farmer should get ready for the coming demand by bringing his land to the very highest state of productiveness.

No animal fits in so well with the cow as the hog, for no animal is so well adapted to utilize the by-products of the dairy. Where selling milk is the only object of the dairyman, there is no need to keep anything except cows, but where making butter is the aim, there is more or less skim milk and buttermilk which must be utilized some way.

The farmers of the whole country are awake to the fact that there is profit in the production of poultry and eggs. The full-blooded fowl is taking the place of the inbred mongrel, and there is no stock on the farm that can give greater satisfaction or quicker returns. Every farmer should build a good hen house, and no more allow his hens to roam at large than his horses and cows. They will respond as quickly to warmth and feed. Never allow anything to frighten them. Their house being their home they will go to it, and you can always control them. Have a yard. Hens will lay just as well when yarded, provided they have proper feed, grit, etc., and you do not lose the eggs or need to feel uncertain as to their quality.



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 Trent Valley Lodge No. 71. Meet in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block on the first and third Mondays in each month.
 J. J. NEVISON, N. G.
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O. L. No. 996. MEET IN THE ORANGE L. hall on Francis St. West on the second Tuesday in every month.
 LEWIS DEYMAN, W. M.
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 Court Phoenix No. 182. Meet on the last Monday of each month, in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block.
 T. AUSTIN, Chief Ranger.
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CANADIAN HOME CIRCLES. FENELON Falls Circle No. 127, meets in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block the first Wednesday in every month.
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BAPTIST CHURCH—QUEEN-ST.—REV. James Fraser, Pastor. Service every Sunday morning at 10.30. Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30. p. m.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—FRANCIS Street West—Rev. M. McKinnon, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m. Christian Endeavor meeting every Tuesday at 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

SALVATION ARMY—BARRACKS ON Bond St. West—Capt. and Mrs. Wynn. Service every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, and on Sundays at 7 a. m., 10 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m.

ST. ALOYSIUS R. C. CHURCH—LOUISA Street—Rev. Father Nolan, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2 p. m.

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH—BOND STREET East—Rev. Wm. Farncomb, Pastor. Service every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 11.30 a. m. Bible class every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Seats free in all churches. Everybody invited to attend. Strangers cordially welcomed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE—P. KELLY, Librarian. Open daily, Sunday excepted, from 10 o'clock a. m. till 10 p. m. Books exchanged on Tuesdays and Saturdays from 12 a. m. till 3 p. m. and in the evening from 7 to 9. Reading room in connection.

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"Well, Then I'm Yours!"

They stood in the moonlight, under a large, spreading elm. The elm stood near a corner, and its broad branches completely hid the window of a second-story room in the corner house. The weather was exceedingly warm, and the windows were all open. The moon was up, and it was a beautiful, balmy, hundred-and-ten-in-the-shade sort of an evening. They came along on the sidewalk and stopped under the large elm tree. It was very late, and the porches in the neighborhood were all deserted. They stood under the elm tree and leaned up against the fence. They were talking very earnestly. The youth was speaking of the way that the whole world would be a blank to him without her beside him, and how glorious would be everything if she would only consent to become his wife.

"George," said she tenderly, "George, will you allers love me in this way? Won't you ever git sick of me and go to lovin' somebody else?"

"No, Mary, I won't never love nobody else but you."

"Well, then I'm yours," she exclaimed, and there was a noise of a five-cent-cracker, as they fell into each other's arms. Pretty soon she straightened up and stood a few feet away from him, eyeing him intently. Then she said: "George, are you sure you'll allers love me?"

George protested that he always would.

"Well, then I'm yours!" said the maiden, and there was another embrace. After a moment she backed away and said, "George, there's lots purtier'n I be, and don't you think that some day you'll love somebody else mor'n' you do me?"

George protested vehemently that he never would.

"Well, then I'm yours!" she said, emphatically, and there was another tableau. Pretty soon she stepped back and said, "George, I don't s'pose I'll allers be as purty as I be now. When I get old there'll be wrinkles on my forehead, George, and maybe I'll look real ugly. Do you s'pose that you'll love me then just the same, George?"

His solemn protestations were renewed.

"Well, then I'm yours!" said the maiden. Then followed another explosion, followed by a grizzly bear embrace. In a moment she was struck with another thought. Her soul was harassed with another doubt. "George," said she, "when I get old, I s'pect I'll look awful. There'll be wrinkles on my forehead and maybe I won't have no hair, an' I'll have ter wear store hair, George, an' switches. Do you think you will love me then, George?"

George answered that he would.

"Well, then I'm yours!" she said with determination, and there was another very loud osculation and a tableau with blue lights. In a moment she said: "George, I—I don't know, but maybe when I get old I may lose my teeth. And I think I'll be very horrid, George. Just only think. There will be wrinkles on my forehead, and I won't have no hair, and won't have no teeth, and I'll have ter wear store hair and false teeth, and—and—"

"What's the matter with a glass eye and wooden leg?" observed a bad wicked reporter, sitting at an upper window, by way of assisting the fair damsel.

Then there was a tableau: A stifled scream, some profanity in a bass voice, and two persons moving down the street in a way that would have bankrupted a camel race.

Two Versions of a Vision.

A young farmer who had great conceit, little discretion and scarcely any education, presented himself at a Presbyterian conference and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher.

"I ain't had any learnin'," he said frankly, "but I reckon I'm called to preach. I've had a vision three nights rannin'; that's why I'm here."

"What was your vision?" inquired one of the elders.

"Well," said the young man, "I dreamt I see a big, round ring in the sky, and in the middle of it was two great letters—P. O. I knew that meant Presbyterian Conference, and so here I am."

There was an uncomfortable pause, which was broken by an elder who knew the young man, and was well acquainted with the poverty of his family and the neglected condition of the farm in which his father had taken such commendable pride.

"I haven't a gift at reading visions," said the old man gravely, as he rose from his seat, "but I'd like to put it to my young friend whether he doesn't think those two letters may have stood for 'Plant Corn?'"

Fortunately this version was accepted by the applicant.

The chap with a push is out at dawn,
 Along about half-past four;
 And there, on the dew-bespangled lawn,
 He pushes that blamed lawn mower.