

MR. WILLIAM PARKINSON TALKS ON SOME FARMING TOPICS

The Cattle Boom and others—Growing Beans—Grain Growing and Shallow Cultivation

"The cattle market is down and will likely go lower," said Mr. William Parkinson of Mariposa on Saturday. "This cattle boom is the fourth or fifth that the Americans have made and run to a finish. Years ago they took hold of sheep-raising, then hogs, then dairying, and in the past few years cattle. They ran each of these industries to success and past it to failure more or less. There are so many people over there that they can boom any industry they take a notion to. In the past few years they came over here and bought all the stockers they could get. These cattle they could feed at small cost and hence they had been holding them till this year when they began heavy selling and broke the market. It is hard to tell what they will take up next. Our farmers are loaded with cattle that they are going to lose on. Some feeders bought last fall, when they had doubts about the market; but they had their silos full, and other fodder on hand, and had either to let it go to waste or buy stock in a doubtful market. They paid \$4.00 live weight, and can't get clear. Farming is the biggest lottery in the world. Look at beef \$6 to \$6.50 a year ago and \$4.00 to \$4.50 now."

Over in New York State they grow a lot of beans and used to make good money out of them. I tried it. I sowed 12 acres. On half of it I put a crinkly-shell bean, and on the rest the common white sort. They didn't do very well. It is quite a trouble to cultivate them. In the States they bring trainloads of young people from the cities to cultivate and pick beans and peas. I got all the boys I could. They were the greatest gang of help I ever had on the place. I let them rest every little while; one day it rained and they all went to the barn. They were about evenly divided between Oakwood and Little Britain, and they hadn't been in the barn long before they began to fight. That crop of beans just about paid expenses. Every farmer ought to have a little patch, but they are not a crop to depend on, for the price fluctuates more than that of any other grain.

No, I do not think we can go back to wheat-growing with profit if stock-raising fails. Suppose we get 25 bushels to the acre, and sell it at 65 cents a bushel; there is no money in it. The Northwest can beat us, for its costs too much to cultivate the land here. "Will the new system of shallow cultivation reduce the cost?" was asked.

"Oh, to some extent, but shallow cultivation is not what it seems. The land must have deep cultivation for as soon as the subsoil is not porous enough to let the water down, and the gases of the earth come up, you won't get much of a crop out of your surface cultivation. Scientists go to extremes. A few years ago we were told to go down two plow depths; we overdid that, and now it is all top work. A middle course is the right one. It may do to cultivate only the top for a year or two where the rotation of crops is coupled and not more than a five-year rotation, but for grain crops the subsoil must never be allowed to get solid. I believe in the clover gets, and think the rest of the soil from below, while the clover crop is on it, do as much good as the clover roots to which so much credit is given. Scientists can have all sorts of theories, but like the weather prophets, they all fail in a dry season."

SIGNS OF SPRING

It is a Season When Most People Feel Miserable, Easily Tired and Fagged Out

The spring season affects the health of almost everyone of course in different ways. With some it is a feeling of weariness after slight exertion; others are afflicted with pimples and skin eruptions. Fickle appetites, sallow cheeks and lack-lustre eyes are the other signs that the blood is clogged with impurities and must have assistance to regain its health-giving properties.

This is the season above all others when everyone—young and old—needs a tonic to brace them up, and the best tonic medical science has discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills tone the nerves and fill the veins with new, pure, rich, red blood. That's why they give you a healthy appetite and cure all blood and nerve diseases—anaemia, skin diseases, erysipelas, rheumatism, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart and a score of other troubles caused by bad blood and bad blood alone. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give you new blood, new life, new energy—you cannot do better than start taking them today. Mr. J. S. Poirier, M.P.P., Grand Anse, N.B., says: "Both my wife and daughter have been greatly benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My daughter was in very poor health, pale, thin and apparently bloodless, but through the use of the pills she has regained her health and is again able to enjoy life. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the best medicine when the blood is poor." Substitutes are sometimes offered, but they never cure. If you can't get the genuine pills from your dealer send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

WAS IN THE WANSTEAD WRECK AND IS ALIVE TO TELL THE STORY

Mr. J. A. Lamont, Recently in Town Tells His Experience in the Great Railway Smash

Last week Mr. J. A. Lamont, visited his sister, Mrs. Jas. Harvey, of town. Mr. Lamont recently left the hospital at London, where he was taken after the great railway collision at Wanstead two months ago. He was on the ill-fated flyer that carried its scores of passengers to swift and terrible disaster on the stormy January night.

Moreover, Mr. Lamont was the station agent at Kingscourt, a station not far from the scene of the wreck. This was one of the telegraph men the officials found that through some mistake the express and freight were likely to collide. But it was an empty room in which the instrument wildly, pleadingly, repeated its calls, that soon changed into the terrible two letters "wk" "wk" "wk" "wk" that flashed over the line and announced one of the worst railway tragedies in the history of Canada.

The station at Kingscourt, empty because, Agent Lamont's work for the day was his custom, the last train east up to the nearest station at which the flyer going west would stop, and then get on board it for his home in Wyoming. He had been whirled back past his own office at Kingscourt where, doubtless, while he was passing, the instrument at his accustomed desk, was calling, calling, eager to give out the message that would have averted the catastrophe to the train he was on. But it was not to be, and a few minutes later the crash of death came. Mr. Lamont tells of it thus:

"The day coach was crowded, and I was standing against the forward end of the coach, in the narrow passage there is in those coaches across the end of the car and down the side, flanking the smoking compartment. So I was facing west of that compartment. Dr. Harvey was standing with me. We were talking. The next thing I knew was that I was wedged into a dark place unable to move, and with the cold blowing in on me. I realized at once that there had been a wreck, and knew that we had met the freight, for I had heard the orders for me to meet it at Wanstead, before I left the office. I did not suppose we had quite reached Wanstead, and thought the freight had over-run that station and met us on the line. Instead of that we had struck it at the Wanstead siding.

I did not suffer much at first, nor do I think I felt any great fear. My head was between the top of a seat-back and the floor of the baggage car, which as you know drove right over the passenger coach above the seat-tops and cut many heads off. If the floor had been an inch lower or my head that much bigger, I should have been killed. At first I felt very little pain, but the blood was running down my face, and I knew I must be cut up some. Soon, however, the pain be-

gan. I suffered from the cold too; for it was a bitter night. A strong wind was blowing, and a heavy snowstorm was on. I always had been very susceptible to colds and I thought the exposure would settle me if I did ever get out. After I had been there a while, I heard someone breathing below me. I asked who it was, and Dr. Harvey, with whom I was talking when the crash came, answered. I told him who I was, and we talked some; but a weight was on him, and he breathed with difficulty—so much so, that as the wreck settled he was unable to talk at all.

We had been both driven for 35 feet ahead of the floor of the baggage car that cut through both ends of the smoker toward which we were facing when the accident happened. Dr. Harvey said he had been conscious through the whole affair; I was not because I was struck on the side of the head which was badly laid open. My left ear was holding by only a shred. My left hand was crushed, my left arm and shoulder badly jammed and my leg broken above the ankle, which was put out of joint. Of course the whole thing occurred in a twinkling for the train was running at probably 65 miles an hour—the top speed. Even though the thing was done so quickly, a passenger afterwards told me he saw the car floor coming like a flash of lightning, and ducked his head a little. That move saved his head from being sheared off as were lots of others, by the baggage car floor. As it was, he had his head badly lacerated.

Although Dr. Harvey said he thought he was not hurt, when we were talking in the wreck, he was actually so hurt that one leg is just getting rid of paralysis, and an arm is helpless yet. As we lay there our worst dread was of fire, which we heard for some time roaring in the wreck, and regretted that we had no means of ending our lives, before it reached us. But it was put out by the rescuers. Another sound that was gruesome enough was that of dripping blood that flowed from mutilated bodies in the wreck. I told them of Dr. Harvey and he was got out after some difficulty. The work of rescue was very slow, for such care had to be taken. There was always the danger of letting the wreck down on living people imprisoned in it. One fellow's arm was thrust out through the wreck and he could not get it back. His hand and arm froze stiff, but was saved at the hospital.

I cannot speak too highly of the London hospital. It is a fine building with 200 cots, and our attendance was everything that it could be. Only one wreck patient died. He was a Chicago man, who did well for three weeks, then took blood-poisoning. Mr. Lamont shows hardly any signs of the accident except a little lameness in the leg that was broken, and has not yet fully recovered. He expects to go back to work in a month or so. "I came out of the wreck" said he, "very well, but I would not take the whole Grand Trunk system and go through the same experience again."

RUTS

The walking sick, what a crowd of them there are: Persons who are thin and weak but not sick enough to go to bed. "Chronic cases" that's what the doctors call them, which in common English means—long sickness.

To stop the continued loss of flesh they need Scott's Emulsion. For the feeling of weakness they need Scott's Emulsion. It makes new flesh and gives new life to the weak system.

Scott's Emulsion gets thin and weak persons out of the rut. It makes new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and gives appetite for ordinary food.

Scott's Emulsion can be taken as long as sickness lasts and do good all the time.

There's new strength and flesh in every dose.



We will be glad to send you a few doses free. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario. 50c. and \$1; all druggists.

Wrote a "Bad Hand." During the war a paper from General Meigs passed through the hands of General Sherman and is today preserved with this indorsement upon it in General Sherman's well known hand: "I heartily concur in the recommendation of the quartermaster general, but I don't know what he says."

Generous. Father (visiting son at college)—Pretty good cigars you smoke, my boy. I can't afford cigars like these. Son—Fill your case, dad; all your cases!

He Has to Work Hard Too. Miss Sweetly—What's Mr. Hardup doing for a living now? George—Oh, anything that his rich wife tells him.

There Are Exceptions. "It is said that all persons' sons turn out to be worthless. Do you believe it?" "Oh, dear, no! Some persons have no sons, you know."

Welsh Grammar and Spelling. The following notice is inscribed above the door of a shop in a North Wales village: Coblar, daler in Bacco Shag and Pig Bacon, and Ginghamed Eggs laid every morning by me, and very good Paradise, in the summer gentlemen and Lady can have good Taa and Crumquets, and Strawberry with a scdm milk, because I can't get no cream. N. B. Shuse and Boots medned very well."

What More Could He Want? "What is your father's objection to me, Millie?" asked the young man. "He says you have no application, Gerald." "No application?" he echoed bitterly. "I wonder if he knows I've been coming to see you twice a week for nearly six years!"

There is no use in repining that life is short. It is not to be measured by the quantity of its years, but by the quality of its achievements.—Philadelphian

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, Etc. It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes: "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold." Price 25 Cents.

Smallpox was then epidemic, and as the news of the remedy became known thousands of applications were made for the specific, barrels of which were given away. Mother Gonzaga made and distributed as much as 80 gallons a day.

—Hon. E. J. Davis tannery at King, Ont., was destroyed by fire on Saturday night. Loss \$100,000; insurance \$60,000.

SHOULD COUNCILLORS BE PAID?

Two Good Newspapers Differ About that Question

Every little while somebody sets forth the opinion that town councillors should be paid for their services. It is a point worth considering. Our readers may remember that Rev. J. W. Macmillan, in one of his several excellent sermons on municipal matters here, referred to it, and said that honor and not money, should be the town legislator's reward. The subject has been under discussion by the Collingwood Bulletin and Orillia Packet.

The following from the latter shows that these two villages differ on the point. The Collingwood Bulletin advocates the payment of a salary to town councillors. The Packet believes that such an innovation would be a distinctly backward step, and would certainly result in the lowering of the standard of our municipal politics.

The pittance that the ratepayers would be willing to pay would not be any inducement to the successful business man. On the other hand it would render a seat on the council a plum for the ward politician, and in their scramble for office they would soon make it that the self-respecting citizen would not want to accept nomination. He would neither be willing to descend to the methods necessary to secure election, nor to serve with the class of men who would be attracted by the salary. The Bulletin says that no set of ratepayers should be expected to devote their time and energies to the public business simply for the honor of the positions which they hold. On the other hand, the Packet believes that the success of municipal situations and enterprises depends upon a recognition of the principle that every man owes a part of his time and energy to the public, and that the greater the ability and the more successful the business man the deeper the responsibility and the more imperative the duty. The inculcation of this doctrine will we are convinced ensure better management of municipal affairs than will the payment of a salary."

A CURE FOR SMALLPOX

Two Common Drugs Make a Remedy for the Disease

New York, Nov. 8.—"One grain sulphate of zinc, one grain of foxglove—sometimes called digitalis; mix with two table-spoonfuls of water; when thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a tea-spoonful every hour for twelve hours."

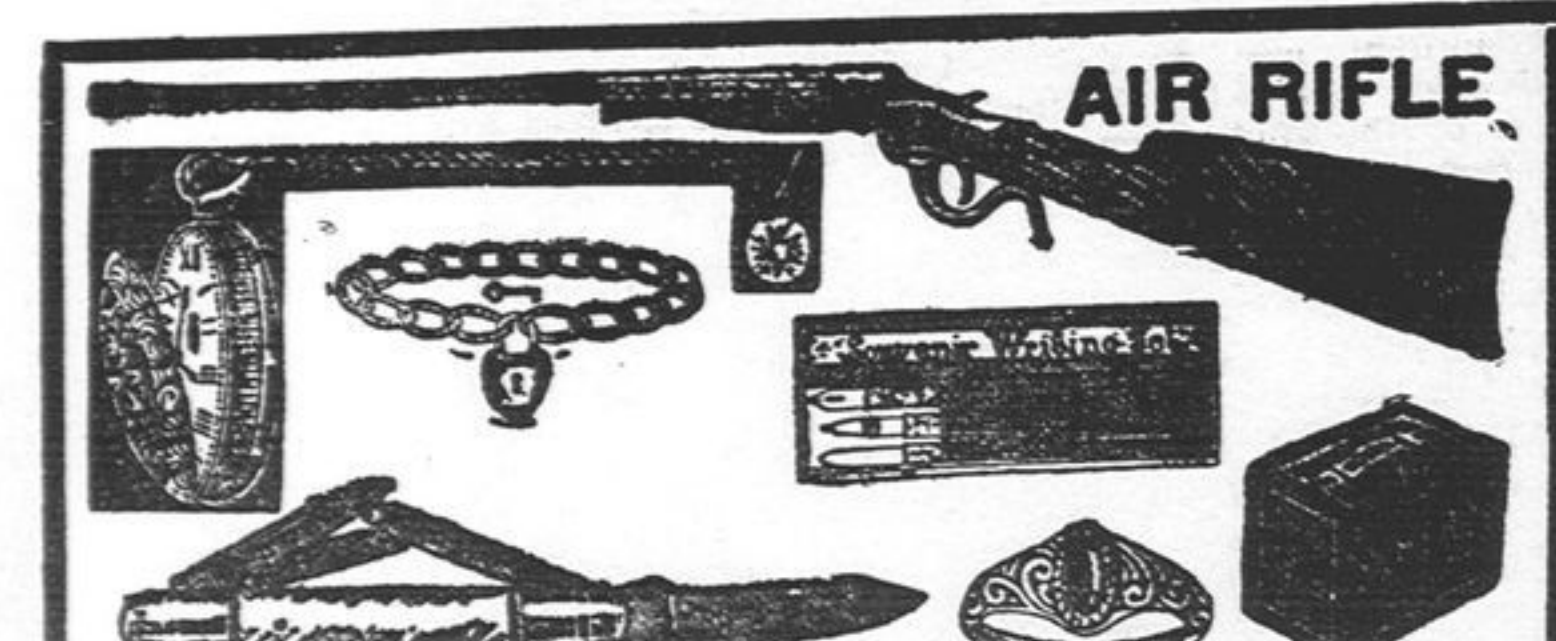
If the directions of this recipe are followed there will be no need of sore arms during a smallpox epidemic. So asserts Mother Mary Marie Joseph, a Sister of Charity, of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, in Philadelphia. Not only is the person who takes the mixture immune from smallpox, but it is even said to cure the disease in its most violent stages, and, indeed, to create immunity to all contagious diseases.

"This is a substitute for vaccination, and will also cure any contagious diseases," says Mother Mary Joseph. "We have 130 children in the asylum, and none of them have been vaccinated. Three or four times a year we give them this remedy, and we have never had a case of contagious sickness in the house. On Saturday we made over eight gallons and to-day none of it remains. Hundreds of people have called, to each of whom we gave a bottle of the remedy."

It was during the epidemic of 1871 in this city that the remedy was first introduced by Mother Gonzaga, who was then in charge of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum. It is said that she administered the remedy at that time with the most remarkable results. She disclaimed all credit for the discovery, as she had received the recipe from Father Kendrick, from a French physician, who had of Germantown. He obtained it discovered it during the prevalence of a smallpox epidemic in Paris. When the prescription came into the hands of Mother Gonzaga, she set to work to give the public the benefit of it.

Little's Pills cure Rheumatism and Headache in the only successful remedy. It is now used by the best physicians and is highly recommended in Europe and America. It is confidentially recommended to the afflicted. If you suffer from EPILEPSY, FITS, ST. VITUS' DANCE, or have children or relatives who do so, or know a sufferer, send for Little's Pills and try it. It will be sent by mail free of charge. Write to the proprietor, Little's Pills, 100 King Street West, Toronto.

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