

How to use Soot.

That soot is of great value when judiciously applied to plants, and it is also a powerful antidote against the ravages of reptile and insect life, there cannot be the slightest doubt, and yet we sometimes see this valuable fertilizing and purifying agent treated as though it were poisonous (which it verily is, owing to its burnt properties, in the hands of those unacquainted with its proper application) to vegetable life, and hence its consignment to some out-of-the-way place. Thinking, therefore, few remarks upon its use *apropos* just now, the time of seed-sowing, these notes are penned in the hope that they may be of some little use to a few of those of your readers who are uninformed in the use of soot. In all establishments soot may be had more or less abundantly, and in large places the supply is considerable, and should always find its way to a dry corner in one of the garden sheds, for if left exposed to inclement weather it loses its virtue. When getting in our onions, we used several barrows of soot in this way. When the ground has been trodden or rolled and raked level, the soot, which in the meantime has been passed through a quarter or half-inch sieve, is spread broadcast in sufficient quantity to cover the ground lightly, when the drills are drawn a foot apart and the seed sown in the usual way, and thus the crop is ensured against the ravages of worms. The same applies in the same way to turnips, parsnips, carrots, and all crops liable to the attacks of worms. I have used it for the above crops for several years with satisfactory results. Again, soot comes into use in a double capacity when used in a liquid state, as it drives worms out of the balls of plants growing in tubs or pots, and at the same time acts as a fertilizing agent to the plants. For this purpose we tip up three or four pounds of soot in a piece of coarse cloth, which we dip and squeeze in the water-tub until the water has become thoroughly discolored; smaller quantities can be used for smaller vessels. Then, again, soot can be used with good effect on the peach and nectarine, and other walls, mixed with lime-wash—say eight or nine handfuls of soot and one handful of sulphur to an ordinary-sized four gallon galvanized bucket of lime-wash, and applied with a whitewash brush, and dabbed well into all the crevices of the wall to the detriment of all insect life. A dusting of dry soot immediately over the drainage of pots which are to be plunged in beds of fermenting material will for some time prevent the ingress of worms. In like manner if soot and lime in proportion be dusted over young crops just coming up from the Brassica tribe when damp, they will be saved from the ravages of birds and flies and slugs. Soot will also do good service if a solution of it, and lime in proportion, be applied with the garden-engine to old apple trees infested with lichen. We use it in our orchard, as above described, every year with good effect; trees that were heavily coated with moss six or seven years ago are now comparatively clean. Soot can also be applied with an equal quantity of light mould as a top-dressing to an impoverished lawn with beneficial results. A corner of the lawn loft undressed will be the best proof, if any is required, of its fertilizing properties, at least such is the opinion, founded upon practical experience and satisfactory results of H. W. Ward, in *Gardener's Chronicle*.

Lady-like Manners.

It is not necessary to affect an intimacy with the inhabitants of "gilded saloons," or a confident understanding with "Dear Duchesses," to see that the footing on which men and women stand to one another is not what it should be, and what it once was in a latter consulsiphip than that of Plancus. In dress, in behaviour, conversation—we were very nearly writing, in morals—women seem to take a pleasure imitating all that is least worthy of imitation in the opposite sex. The conventional "young man" of the present day is probably a less agreeable and useful member of society than he has ever been at any period in the history of his sex; his vulgar eccentricities of dress, his free-and-easy manners, his rapid talk, all tend to give him a marked and unequivocal distinction among his peers of all former generations. And this is he whom young women, and women who ought to know better, agree to flatter with the sincerest of all flattery. If they rightly exercised one of the proudest of their many privileges, and not the least of their many duties, such a being could not exist, or would not, at least, be permitted to present so aggressive a cynosure to the neighbouring eyes. "As the husband is the wife is," sang Alfred Tennyson, and we may say in phrasemaking, as the woman is the man is. Before the charm of a pure and good and beautiful woman no hateful or unlovely thing can endure for a day; her humanizing influence can do still what it did for the lost who for Iphigenia's sweet sake—

His brutal manners from his breast exiled, His meekness from his heart.

There are Cymons enough in all con-

science for the Iphigenias of the day, to practice on, but the breed seems to find favour nowadays. "I would not have him other than he is," says Iphigenia, in her round felt hat, tall shirt collar, and under coat, and makes the sweet confession very likely between the whiffs of a cigarette.

If women cease to respect themselves,

what wonder if they then follow their ex-

amples? When wives and mothers of name

and fortune take their lovers from the rank

and file of the theatre; and when they enter

the lists of beauty with half-naked

actresses and fashionable prostitutes, a

jury ever to every grinning booby who

has a smiling to pay for the blessed privi-

lege of fondly fancying it is him the

lovely Mrs. Dash is leering out of a snow-

storm, or wrinkling over a muff; when they

take a delight in setting at defiance

all courtesy and decorum; in making a

mockery of all temperance, soberness,

and chastity; in shocking and disgusting

the good and true of either sex; in covering

themselves with filth and shame and sheer

husbands with contempt; when all

this, and even more there are women who

will do, as we honestly believe, out of an

evil heart, but for the gratification of an idle vanity, the gain of a little cheap

popularity, what wonder if there are men

who will speak ill of them, and think ill of

them, will put the worst construction on all

they do and say, and will avail themselves

to the utmost of every opportunity the poor silly fool permit to their disparagement or their shame? The best cure for vanity is ridicule, and if these poor vain women could only be brought to know the ridiculous I gat in which they appear to all sensible people they might be induced to all

sorts of H. W. Ward, in *Gardener's Chronicle*.

DEPTH TO WHICH ROOTS PENETRATE.—

Mr. Foote, in Massachusetts, has traced the tap root of a common red clover plant downward to the perpendicular depth of nearly 5 feet. The Hon. J. Stanton Gould followed out the roots of India corn to the depth of 7 feet, and states that onions sometimes extend their roots downward to the depth of 3 feet; Turners, 15 feet. Hon. George Geddes sent to the Museum of the New York State a clover plant that had a root 4 feet 2 inches in length. Louis Wallhoff traced the roots of a beet plant downward 4 feet, where they entered a drain pipe. Professor Schubert found the roots of rye, beans, and garden peas to extend about 4 feet downward; of winter wheat, 7 feet in a light subsoil, and 47 days after planting.—*Scientific American*.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INVENTION.—The latest scientific story is told thus: "The Saturday Review" once declared that the greatest benefactor of the human race would be he who could enable men to drink an unlimited quantity of wine without getting drunk. Such a man has been found. Dr. Bell invented the telephone, but its wonders pale before the telegraph. This is an electrical machine by which the palate can be tickled and pleased by any flavour, and for any length of time, without fear of indigestion or inebriety. By putting soup, or fish, or wine into a receptacle connected with a powerful battery, the taste of the daintiest viands can be conveyed to an unlimited number of *bons-vivants*. They have only to put the wine in their mouths and they seem to be eating and drinking. They may get drunk or overfed; but the moment the contact is broken the evil effects pass, and nothing remains but a "delightful exhilaration." The inventor, however, keeps the *modus operandi* a perfect secret, and wishes to perfect his discovery before he discloses it to the world.

An amusing instance is related of a popular preacher of London drawing from the source of other peoples knowledge. A grave old gentleman once sat up in a front pew of the church, and after the speaker had uttered a few sentences and in a tone loud enough to be heard by those sitting near him, "That's Shortcock." The preacher looked displeased, but went on. After speaking a few more sentences the old man said, "That's Tillotson." The doctor hit his lip but proceeded, when the sensible critic called out after a few more passages had been uttered, "That's Blair." The clergyman could no longer stand the interruption. Leaning from the pulpit he told the old gentleman to hold his tongue or he would be put out. Without moving a muscle the grave old gentleman raised his head and remarked "That's his own."

—George Ellington, in *Christian Union*.

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