

FARM AND DAIRY.

This column is devoted to agricultural subjects, and the editors will be grateful to farmers if they will use it for the intelligent discussion of matters pertaining to their important calling.

How to Apply Manure.

There was a time when it was regarded as settled that the losses from manure were through the air—that is, that the escape of ammonia was the great thing to be guarded against, and indeed under the then prevailing custom of allowing manures to heat—either in piles in the yard or in the large heaps that have been drawn from the barn to the field to be stored unprotected until the season for planting—this was true. Here are the most favorable conditions possible for fermentation and the attendant formation of ammonia compounds for the liquid part of the manure to be found, and here it is that the manure is really wasted in the air, but aside from this inexcusable method the management of manure can hardly be planned so that the loss will be through the air, but rather will it result from the downward passage of soil waters. The drainage water from our fields carries fertility away—not rapidly, it is true, but appreciably. With this view of the case we should so place our farmyard manure that it shall have just as much soil as possible to filter through. Rain falling on a field whether the field is level or considerably sloping, tends first of all to enter the soil just as water falling on a sponge is absorbed, and the filtering away of this water causes it to flow along through the soil, not over its surface. There are exceptions. A field may be so steep that a heavy rainfall will rush down its surface and mechanically carry away soil and manure, or the land may be so full of water that rainwater does not freely filter through it, but even then the surface water is bound to crowd out that already in the soil, so that the exceptions, while existing, are not to be considered as of more importance than the general run of cases. Surface manuring is the logical result of a study of facts relating to fertilizing in general. But by surface fertilizing Director Witcher does not mean, as he takes care to explain in the New York Tribune, that the manure should be allowed to remain on the very top of the soil, but rather that it should be mixed with two or three inches of the soil, and the more intimately it is mixed the better. And right here is where fall surface manuring derives its chief advantage. He says: I have repeatedly seen as high as 40 loads of coarse, green manure spread on the surface of an acre of land in the fall. To have harrowed this quantity in so that little or no manure should have been left in sight would have been an impossibility with any form of harrow that we now have, and yet after the fall rains, the winter snows and frosts, the spring rains had worked on that manure, an ordinary harrow would completely incorporate it into the soil. In fact, the elements had themselves mixed the plant food with soil, and the manure had become pulverized and as fine as compost, and with none or very little of the loss that results from rotting or composting as ordinarily practiced.

Canadian Cattle.

The Dundee, Scotland, Courier is one of the staunchest advocates of the free entry of Canadian cattle to the Mother Country. It is not satisfied with the verdict of M. Gardner's experts, any more than Canada is, and declares pointedly: "No trace of such a disease can be got in Canada, and during all the years in which the traffic in cattle between Great Britain and Canada was conducted it was never even hinted that pleuro-pneumonia had been introduced by a Canadian animal which are allowed free entrance into Great Britain. Against the results of actual experience, Mr. Gardner merely places the inference of certain lawyers and veterinary surgeons whose conclusions are disputed by other experts and surgeons equally qualified to speak with authority. The vagueness of the Board of Agriculture's conclusions is sufficient in itself to illustrate the folly of the course that has been adopted."

A Study in Headlines.

The New York Daily Extry, Just to make a midday spread, At noon comes out with this great line: THE VIGILANT'S AHEAD. And, long about, say, one o'clock, Its profits to enhance, It makes a little change, and says, THE YANKEE HAS A CHANCE. And later, when the business man Toward home betakes his way, An item in one corner says, 'Twas the BRITANNIA'S DAY. —Harper's Bazar.

The new canal on the Canadian side of the Sault Ste. Marie will be open for traffic in a few weeks. The canal is 18,100 feet long; depth of water on the mitsills, 20 feet 3 inches at low water. The prism of the canal is 152 feet broad at the water line and 145 feet at the bottom. Its cost has been about \$3,000,000.

Gold production of the United States is estimated by the Director of the Mint this calendar year at \$42,500,000, or \$6,500,000 more than last year, one-half of which must be credited to Colorado. Gold production of the world this year is estimated at \$170,000,000, an increase over last year of \$15,000,000.

What Science Must Account for.

A writer in the last Sunday edition of the Boston Herald writes as follows of the unhappiness in life caused by "too much science."

Science is at the bottom of all our troubles. If it hadn't been for science we might have worried along under the principle that a man, who doesn't know he is hurt, isn't hurt.

Here were these terrible forest fires in the Northwest, and hundreds of innocent people burned alive and thousands financially ruined. Science and human progress are directly responsible. Civilization deprives us of our immense forests by encouraging building and manufacturing all sorts of things, mostly luxuries, and the absence of timber land deprives us of the necessary rainfall, which brings drought, famine, fire, misery and death. Most of this timber has been removed for agricultural purposes, to raise corn to make whiskey and fatten hogs, and Cincinnati and Chicago people, and the land today isn't worth what the standing timber would have been worth. These same Northwestern people often have grain to burn, while the manufacturers have money to burn.

It is true, some scientists say, that the want of rain is due to the general employment of electricity in every-day life, and they want the dynamos stopped everywhere until it rains. They say that it is this creation of artificial electricity that springs general humidity and general debility and drought on us. This is tough, if so. It must be so, because I saw it in the papers. I don't exactly know what artificial electricity is or how this force in nature can be either created or destroyed, but they say so.

It has been demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt, by the scientists, that every mother's son of us is drinking and eating and breathing the germs of disease every hour of the day and night. It wouldn't be so awfully bad to know this if they hadn't taken the trouble to furnish diagrams of the bacilli. But science is the abrupt antithesis of the frontiersman's notification of death—"The coyotes has et you' son's head off"—for it goes into particulars with exasperating particularity. It might not—I say might not—set me wholly against the use of Croton water as a beverage, because I am told there are all sorts of living, crawling, creeping and wriggling things in it, long known under the comprehensive caption of animalcule, but I don't care to be furnished with diagrams of the creatures, accurate statistics of the number of legs, character of their bodies, how many revolutions they make per minute, and how many of them occupy a cubic inch.

We all know—and I for one wish we didn't—that cheese is a state of decomposition in which the minute particles are a solid mass of living moving animal life, but do you suppose I'm going to give up cheese on that account? Still, we'd be that much happier if we didn't know so much, and no doubt would live just as long. There is no record that the water of the Nile had to be boiled before being used internally. Moses never required the children of Israel to boil their water before drinking it. Nobody seems to have bothered with bacteria and bacilli and disease germs in those days.

From these horrible discoveries in the water we drink the scientists plunged us into the details of still more horrible finds in milk. They showed that we were feeding our innocents on the germs of tuberculosis and using pleuro-pneumonia in our coffee. Nobody was safe except the man who got chalk and water in his milk can instead of the pure juice of the cow. Even the milk that might be otherwise good is liable to contain disease and death from the nearest pump or spring patronized by the milkman. It is an even chance, we are told, whether you are getting tuberculosis or typhus fever.

The writer tried beer when he found water was unhealthy, and he was told that was dangerous. He continues: So I tried coffee. In a short time the doctor told my nervous system would go all to pieces if I didn't drop coffee. I asked him how about tea, but he said tea was worse as a steady thing. It would coat my insides so I wouldn't know them, destroying the digestive facilities. Meantime you can bet I was getting thirsty. He suggested mineral water—not manufactured mineral water, spiked with sulphuric acid and marble dust by science, but the genuine mineral water from the earth. I must get it at the fountain head, where science couldn't get hold of it first; so I went to Saratoga. I went to drinking all sorts of water there, until a man told me I'd kill myself in a month if I kept on. He said I must drink it scientifically, under the direction of a doctor. He told me lots of people were being killed there every year by drinking the wrong waters. When I informed him that I wasn't sick he said I'd be sick, and had better consult a doctor anyhow. That was what scared me away from mineral water. If I was fated to die of drink, it could at least be of some beverage more agreeable to the palate and bowels than mineral water. Now I just blundered along in the most unscientific manner, drinking anything else that comes my way, reckless of consequences, as anybody may easily demonstrate. If science is solid on her facts, and there

is no reason to doubt that she is, our internal arrangements are gradually undergoing important changes also. The medical scientists have discovered that apparently useless but dangerous contraction which they have called the vermiform appendix. As we have the best authority for the belief that nothing was originally created in vain, it must be presumed that this thing was once more useful than a mere sac in which to catch grape seeds and scare people nearly to death, until they are cut out. Some scientists aver that the vermiform appendix was once a part of the necessary machinery of the lower bowels, but owing to our long changed habits of life and the character of food we ate it became unnecessary, something like the tail on a pollywog that has set up in business as a frog, only we have been unable thus far to shed it with equal facility.

We are all getting more or less deaf from artificial noises of great cities, and those who are not growing deaf are gradually sacrificing their nervous systems. Elevated railroads, street cars, the whistles of steamboats and the rattle of milk waggons and carriages are producing general paralysis of the inner ear. Every third man you meet is partially deaf, while every fifth man is wholly deaf in one ear and can't hear out of the other unless he is directly under a passing train or at work in a boiler factory.

Eyesight is being ruined by print, and half the men and women you meet can't see anything near them without glasses, and the other half can't see anything across the street without them. Only men and women who can't read have sound eyes. The rest will soon all wear spectacles.

But these things don't annoy me, for I know the sharps have their little way. The end will not be in my day, and it can take care of itself. What I do feel in my bones is these insidious microbes that are in the bannisters, eating up the car straps, holding communion under the finger nails, crawling around on your dinner plate, playing on the diaphragm of your telephone, flying around in the air you breathe and laying for a chance to get to work on some weak spot in your system to "down" you. I am wholly reasonable, and am perfectly willing that science should have its way concerning the section of the goal to which the race is tending, but I want it to leave me to wander on in my own sweet, ignorant way, living as my grandfather and great-grandfather lived, eating what they ate and drinking what they drank, and letting the future take care of itself. I feel that I must either do this or take to the woods, strip off civilization and go back to the state of the primal man, or as near as I can get to it, as a state promising more happiness to the human race than is accorded us by modern scientific thought and theory.

Progress.

We cannot approach the end of a century and look forward on the strange name of the year 1900 without asking ourselves: "What is the drift of the new life which the world is entering?" We speak of the sixteenth century as the century of discovery; of the eighteenth century as that of analysis; of our own nineteenth century as the century of investigation. What is the drift or current of life into which all this marvellous invention is to bring us? In the important matter of physical life—of food and raiment and fuel—we know that one man makes today as much cotton cloth as three men made in 1860. One man today in Dakota makes in a day as much wheat as 365 men can eat. To carry that wheat to market requires the work of only one man for one day. To make it into bread and sell it would make the work of one man for one more day. The average work of one man for three days will give now all the bread a man needs for a year. After he has earned his daily bread the average man has 362 days to spare every year. The old authors speak of a large laboring class, by which they mean those men and women who bring mere brute force to handling dead matter. The nineteenth century has charge of all that. In our country the proportion of brute human labor is not ten per cent. of the working force. More than ninety per cent. are workmen who differ from "laborers" because they bring intelligence to bear in the handling of matter.

It is the business of the twentieth century to bring nation with nation into that simple intercourse that each shall "have the best," as one fine American proverb puts it. It must relieve crowded regions and must fill up deserts. It must make country life attractive and life in the cities healthy and pure. Food will be cheap, and the next generation will be too close to God to permit any hundred thousand of his children to stay anywhere where there are sick and hungry if there wait ready for them some fertile and healthy land only eager to succor and feed them all. And this means that the twentieth century applies the word of the "Prince of Peace" to international life. No war nor battle sound was heard when he was born. The wisdom of statesmen will devise the solution which soldiers and people will accept with thankfulness. The beginning will not be made at the end of the war, but in time of peace. The suggestion will probably come from the United States, which, in the

most friendly way, will propose to the other great powers to name each one jurist of world-wide fame, who, with the other five, shall form a permanent tribunal of the highest dignity. Gradually the habit will be formed of consulting this tribunal upon international questions, and more and more will men of honor and command see that an appointment to serve on it is the highest human dignity. The old fable of the impotency of man, of his total depravity, is now virtually abandoned. In the whole range of sects, from the Pope on his throne to the silent Quaker in his meeting, men now know that man is a child of God, of divine nature and not born of dust. Faith, Hope and Love—that is the whole of Christianity of the twentieth century.—Ex.

Japan's Victory.

SHANGHAI, Sept. 22.—Field Marshal Count Yamagata, commanding the forces in Corea, is marching with 45,000 Japanese troops on Moukden from the south-east. The Chinese troops that were landed at the mouth of the Yalu river before the recent sea fight have been captured. The treasure captured at Ping Yang amounted to \$3,000,000. Moukden, upon which the victorious Japanese troops are now marching is the capital of Liao Tung, one of the three provinces into which Manchuria is divided. Its population numbers 200,000. The main city wall is about six miles in circumference and is strengthened with towers and bastions. It is thirty-five or forty feet high and fifteen feet wide on the top and built entirely of brick. Almost half a mile distant is another wall made of mud, which is some ten miles around.

The Daily News, in an article on the naval battle off the mouth of the Yalu river, says: "We withhold our estimate of the consequences of the battle owing to the fact that accounts of the fighting are still too meagre to enable us to determine the result. It is our opinion, however, that if Gen. Yamagata captures Corea he will lose it again, unless the Japanese fleet gains command of the Sea. The war remains primarily a naval one." The Post says the boast of Count Fto, prime minister of Japan, that the Japanese was the next strongest fleet to that of China in the Northern Pacific and far more serviceable has been amply justified; but there is no reason to suppose that China will not wipe out the Yalu disaster in subsequent engagements.

The Standard speaks in high praise of the tactics of the Japanese admiral in securing a position of rare advantage and expresses the opinion that it is exceedingly unlikely that China will recover her position in Corea for a long time to come, if ever. Japan's arrangement of the campaign, the Standard says, "contrasts strikingly with the utter want of definite and decided preparation on the part of China. There is something almost childish in the latter's conduct." The article concludes by urging that the moment is propitious for the powers to intervene in spite of the failure of previous efforts to prevent an outbreak.

The Times publishes this morning a despatch from Shanghai saying the captain of the Chinese turret ship Tsi Yuen, which withdrew from the engagement and witnessed the fight from a distance, reports he saw four Japanese vessels sunk.

Commenting on the Eastern war, the Times says: The admiral of the Chinese fleet, by the entire absence of activity, has handed over Corea to Japan and occasioned the loss of the only trained force at Li Hung Chang's disposal.

GUNS REPAIRED. POST OFFICE KEYS A SPECIALTY. BICYCLES REPAIRED.

Tim Fields,

At Dibblee's Silver Plating Shop, near Queen Street Station.

FRUIT. FRUIT.

Arriving at our salesroom each week:

- Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Pineapples, Dates, Figs, Canned Goods, Onions, Nuts of all kinds, Confectionery, Cigars. (Low prices to the trade.)

Order trade a Specialty.

Remember the place, just below the WILBUR HOUSE,

MAIN STREET, WOODSTOCK, N.B.

U. R. HANSON.

Auctioneer, Commission Agent.

Job Printing

OF ALL KINDS

Neatly & Promptly Executed at The Dispatch Office.

C. A. McKEEN.

Taylor's Cordial Syrup

For Diarrhoea and Dysentery.

Taylor's Wine of Rennett.

Taylor's Carminitive Mixture,

or, the Infant's Preservation.

FEWER BROS., PLUMBERS,

Steam, Gas and Water Fitters.

Orders Promptly and Carefully Filled. Prices moderate. Work warranted.

EMERALD ST., OPP. WILBUR HOUSE, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

The Churches.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SERVICES.—Rev. Canon Neales, Rector.

Christ Church (Parish Church).—Service at 3 p. m. on first, fourth and fifth Sunday and at 11 a. m. on the second and third Sundays in the month. The Holy Communion on second Sunday. Litany every alternate Wednesday 7.30 p. m.

St. Luke's.—Service every Sunday 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. The Holy Communion at 11 a. m. every first Sunday, and at 8 a. m. every third and fifth Sunday in the month, and on Holy Days at 10 a. m. Friday service 7.30 p. m. Sunday School 2.30 p. m.

St. Peter's (Jacksonville).—Service at 11 a. m. on first, fourth and fifth Sundays, and at 3 p. m. on the second and third Sundays in each month. The Holy Communion at 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday in each month.

Service at Upper Woodstock every first and third Thursday at 7.30, at Northampton every fourth Thursday.

St. GERTRUDE'S (R. C.) CHURCH.—Rev. Fr. Chapman, pastor.—Masses on Sunday at 9 and 11 a. m. On Holy Days at 8 and 10 a. m. Sunday School 2.15 and Vespers 7.00 p. m.; Week-days Mass, 7.30 a. m.

St. PAUL'S PRESBYTERIAN.—Sunday Services.—Preaching 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School and Pastor's Bible Class 2.30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock.

ADVENTIST, MAPLE ST.—Elder J. Denton, pastor. Sunday services: Prayer meeting at 10.00 a. m.; Sunday School, at 11 a. m.; Preaching, at 3 and 7 p. m.; prayer meetings on Wednesday and Friday evenings at 7.30 o'clock. All seats are free; strangers welcome.

BAPTIST, ALBERT ST.—Rev. A. F. Baker, pastor. Sabbath services: prayer meeting, 10.30 and preaching at 11 a. m.; Sabbath school and pastor's Bible class at 2.30 and preaching at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday, 8 p. m. Monthly conference on Friday preceding first Sabbath of each month. Seats free, strangers made welcome. Young Peoples Union Association meets every Monday evening.

REFORMED BAPTIST, MAIN ST.—Rev. A. H. Trafton, pastor. Services as follows: Prayer meeting every Sabbath at 10 a. m.; Sabbath school 2.30 p. m. Preaching every Sabbath at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday and Friday evenings of each week.

METHODIST.—Rev. Dr. Chapman, pastor.—Sabbath services: preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school 2.30 p. m.; class meeting immediately after Sunday morning service; class meeting for ladies Wednesday evening at 7.15, and Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock; prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 8; Seats free.

F. C. BAPTIST.—Rev. C. T. Phillips, pastor.—Sabbath service: prayer meeting at 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; conference meeting last Wednesday evening in every month; communion, first Sabbath in every month; Sabbath school 3 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30 p. m.; Bible readings Friday evening; missionary meeting first Wednesday in every month. Seats free.

Fraternities.

F. & A. M., Woodstock Lodge, No. 11.—Regular meetings held in Masonic Hall the first Thursday in each month. Visiting brethren are made welcome.

A. O. H., Woodstock Division, No. 1.—Meets in their rooms in McDonough's Brick Block, on the first and third Wednesdays in each month, commencing at 8 o'clock p. m.

Black Knights of Ireland, King Precinctory.—Meets in the L. O. L., No. 38, Hall on the first and third Friday evenings of each month.

Woodstock Hose Company, No. 1.—Meets first Monday of each month at 7.30 p. m.

Wellington Hose Company, No. 2.—Meets the 2nd Monday in each month.

Regular weekly meeting of the W. C. T. U., on Tuesday at 3 o'clock, p. m., in their hall. First Tuesday of every month being the Union Prayer Meeting. All women cordially invited to attend.

Regular meeting of the "Y" in W. C. T. U. Hall every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

The Band of Hope meets in W. C. T. U. Hall every Thursday at 4 p. m.

B. of L. E., Missing Link Division, 341.—Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in K. of P. Hall, King Street.

Royal Arch Masons.—Woodstock Chapter G. R. of N. B.—Regular convocations held in Masonic Hall, the third Thursday in each month at 8 o'clock, p. m. Visiting companions always welcome.

Uniform Rank, K. of P.—Meets in the K. of P. Hall, first and third Tuesdays in each month.

K. of P., Ivanhoe Lodge, No. 7.—Meets in Castle Hall, King Street, every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

I. O. F., Court Regina, No. 652.—Meets at K. of P. Hall, King Street.

I. O. G. T., Woodstock Lodge, No. 131.—Meets every Monday evening at 7.30 o'clock, in the W. C. T. U. Hall.

S. of T., Campbell Division, No. 299.—Meets in W. C. T. U. Hall every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Emerald Council, No. 64, R. T. of T.—Meets every Thursday evening in the R. T. of T. Hall.

I. O. O. F., Carleton Lodge, No. 41.—Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, in Odd Fellows Hall, Main Street.

I. O. O. F., Meductic Encampment, No. 8.—Meets on second Monday of every month at 8 p. m. in Odd Fellows Hall.

L. O. A., Woodstock Lodge, No. 38.—Meets first Tuesday of each month at 8 p. m.