nourishment or of the aniwhich all pracs understand, the animal or hysical decay, k of parasites. calf is never exposed by he abundant with the fungi corn is weakly, planting time. le dying when season, which g to with the take into con-

ng in our wheat

rn and mucked

d absorb the

ior and exter-

as trichinæ.

nore apt to be he seed is sown g wheat, when and the seed and if checked le embyro life, eveloping smut the ground. e know the efground is in a a remedy in l ashes—we all alies with seed v let us examine cientific concluuicklime. ashes, fungi growth in als have fungi connected with

ce. in examining wheat, we find two lobes which r, growing from or velvet fuzz, is hich has charged r in the thresh-when dry often the smut spores, the seed when ground favorable e pretty sure to cause. Wheat he ground before t, or frost, gives nature, and also hance of being by a process of ates the whole e hog. of the scourge ?mer that we get nd colts; feed the give it a dry bed

ave little trouble

stunt our young

plowed in the spring, and sowed with oats, and upon the stubble of this crop all the manure of the barnyard is put; then plowed again and sowed with wheat. This delicate plant is thus subjected to the rawness and grossness of barn-yard food, with all its germs of flies, worms, lice and bugs-seemingly a sufficient cause of the unsuccessful growth of a grain so pure and delicate as wheat. Corn is the hog of plants, and will devour food of any quality and thrive upon it. Here, then, upon the sod, to be plowed for corn, is the place for barnyard manure. Bury it deep, and when the corn is cut off, break the stubble even with the ground during the winter. In the spring harrow the ground well, sow your oats upon it,

wheat, corn, or oats, either by over cropping

THE APPLICATION OF MANURE FOR WHEAT.

By F. Watte.

and planted with corn. The ground is again

The experience of many years has led me

Iowa Homestead.

by deep plowing and thorough tiliage. The barn-yard manure having thus received proper preparation, is a fit food for the wheat point. Experience has taught me this lesson. On my farm in Pennsylvania I never fail to raise a satisfactory crop of wheat, and I have known no such thing as midge, Hessian fly, or army

and roll it. You will thus keep your manure

where you put it, and not subject the oat crop to being thrown down by it. When this crop

is removed, bring your manure to the surface

BARLEY MEAL

SIR.—It is a singular fact, not easily ex plained, that barrey meal is an article not found in the markets of a country which produces that gram in abundance and of fine quality. We have the meal produced from wheat, oats, rye, corn, and buck wheat, and these are everywhere used for bread or food of some kind, while barley meal, so commonly used in Scotland and many parts of England, cannot be had anywere in the Province.—Scottish song has honored the "Bannocks of Barley Meal" as a common and wholesome food in the Fatherland, and the meal is also as common there for porridge as oatmeal, and is equally recommended and wholesome. How, therefore, can its absence from all our markets be accounted for? Are we reaping so much benefit from breweries and distilleries that we overlook the profit to be derived from the same grain thus wasted, if turned into cheap, wholesome food?

A flour dealer, in Toronto, wanted to get a quantity of barrey meal to sell to his custom ers, but could not obtain it; and so anxious was he to be sup hed, that he offered the proprietor of an oatm al mill to put up all the requisite machin-ry in his mill to produce both pearl barley and barley meal, if he would consent to it on tair terms.

In the south and west of England, I am told, bariey flour is extensively used for loaf bread, and its sweetness and lightness lead many to prefer it to the fine wheaten loaf .-How much would the suffering poor also be benefitted by the cheap bread which could thus be supplied.

I have no doubt that were our cat-meal millers to connect with their establishments the manufacture of barley meal, they would find it a lucrative branch of their business. A FRIEND OF CHEAP BREAD.

WHO IS OLD?

A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move or breathe he will be doing for himself, for his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life, Washington was at work. So were Franklin and Young, was at work. So were Frankin and Young, and Howard and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy, not the last labour in science art or benevolence: but day laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away and the springs of life to become mitionless; on whose ha ds the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. Is he old? should not be put; but is he active?—can he breathe freely and move with agility? There are scores of gray-headed men we should prefer, in any important enterprise to those young men who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at a lion in their path, at a harsh word or a frewn.

Don't Think to Please All.

or bad farming, all the fungi parasites in tha great natural struggle for life will try to ab-Don't think, as you pass on the journey of life, That you'll always be clear of the "waters of strife," sorb the juices of the plants they prey upon .-

That fortune will always befriend you; Don't fondly imagine you'll never receive A stab in the dark or a thorn in your sleeve, That friendship will always defend you.

Don't think you shall always get praise from your to the conclusion that the deterioration of the neighbors, Don't think to please all with your well-meanwheat crop is mainly attributable to the improper and untimely use of barn-yard manure. In our practice, the clover sod is turned down

ing labors, But guard against inward vexation; Don't think disappointment will never rebuff you, That envy, or hatred, or pride will ne'er cuff

That blessed will e'er be your vocation. If you should but a little conspicuous stand,

Ill will and i l nature place out the hand To bother, annoy and distress you; Great holes will be picked in your decentish coat,
And slander will send the false rumors affeat,

If fortune should slightly caress you. The world is composed of a termagant crew, The knowing ones many, the ignorant few,

All biting and spiting each other; They are scorning and flouting, lampooning and louting, Distorting, detracting, and sulking, and pout-

And raising a dust and a bother. There are some who are always inimical, cynical, Satirical, comical, mimical, finical,

Who set themselves up as your judges; There are some hypercritical, some hyperboli-Some hypothetical—hypochondriacal Hypocrites, owing you grudges. There are always some acting as factious eb

jectors, Conceited advisers and stupid directors, All telling you what you should do; There are ignorant complainers, all snarling and squalling, With ready fault-finders, all pulling and haul-

Knowing all things far better than you. Don't think to please all, for that rule isn't

pr.ctical, But don't think to wander through life misanthropical, But rather forgive and forget;

A fig for man's judgment—that mind may be sounder Which is always excited and ready to flounder

In the beg of a stew or a fret. Don't think to please all, but then never turn crusty,
And se fish, and snappish, and nasty, and musty,

Don't shut yourself up in your shell; If you can't please your neighbor, why please your own conscience,
The world's fine opinions are clamor and non-

Never fear if you always do well.

SUNDRY LETTERS.

I am writing to you from the exact latitude of Philadelphia, and just one mile from the Pacific coast, at the head of navigation on the Sacramento River. Our year has but two seasons - Wet and Dry. The season closes May 1st, or thereabouts; the dry season lasts from May till Decemb r-all this time without either rain or dew, the sun shining every day from the cloudless heavens, and heat ranging from 65° to 110° in the shade. The earth baked like a brick, and all the luxuri int annual vegetation dried like hay, while the trees and a few hardy perennial plants alone remain green. During this time herds of cattle—tine, sleek fellows feed and fatten on the nutritious seeds of the dry herbage of the p ains, loll beneath the shade of our oaks "on a thousand hills," or strol along our bright, clear creeks that everywhere cross the plains, running from the snow-capped mountains on either side of the valley to the river. And the farmer sits on his mower, reaper or header and cuts his fields of hay or grain, leaving it loose in the field - no bad weather here to be gather d up at any time within the next five months. And then such day's work as we do! No moisture in our straw or grain; a machine that can thresh 400 bushels per day in the Messissippi Vailey can easily thresh 2,000 here in the same time! And then such grain, too! plump, bright, large, clean. Well, cobody ever saw so much of good grain who has not been in California.

Grain is raised here with one fourth the labor that it is on the Mississippi or its tributaries; and it costs absolutely nothing to raise stock. I can see hundreds of head from the window by which I am writing that have never been touched, or cared for, except to mark or brand them. We never feed stock other than work animals or milch cows. We have no snow here, and no cold weather, save a few fr sty

vegetables, and but little fruit, without irrigat.

ing, and not one-thousandth part of our aralle land is so situated as to be easily irrigated from the mountain streams, which cross the valley. But wh re we can irrigate, everything can be raised in the greatest perfection; - the common fruits of our northern homes and the most delicate of the tropics may be seen growing side by

Everything that anybody would ever think of weighing sells here by the hundred pounds. Land is worth from \$5 to \$50 per acre, with some Government open to settlers, which can be bought at \$2.50 per acre, Government having raised the land in this Valley to that price. In conclusion, I would say that I have price. In conclusion, I would say that I have no land to sell or ny kind of an axe to grind. I am engaged in raising hogs. I have hundreds that have never been fed anything. They will fatten in the fall on the abundance of accrus, are ki led, "baconed;" and sold to John China man for twenty cents per pound, without ever having cost anybody a cent .- M. L. H.

Bouths' Department.

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

DEAR UNCLE TOM, -- What a jolly old uncle you must be! I wish I could see you, for I know you are just one of those kind of fellows that always have lots of candy in their pockets. And now I want to puzzle you. I saw this in a paper the other day:
A C 80 C O A R 80.

Can you make that out? I puzzled all the boys in the school with it, but the master said I had better be puzzling over my sums. Oh, what a bother sum are! I like geography what a bother sum are! I like geography bes, because that is where you find out about the animals, and the trees, and the people all over the world. I had a grand joke on Bill Simmons. Bilis head of the class in arithmetic, and he says there's nothing shows smartness so much as arithmetic. I said: "Look at that heat terring up the peasure; he may not be peasured. that hog tearing up the pasture; he may not alwas be posted in arithmetic, but when you come to square root, he is there, the hog is."
Oh, how the boys did laugh. But I guess I have written enough, so good bye for this time. BOB JOHNSON.

DEAR UNCLE TOM,—I like you because mamma says she thinks you must be a real nice old man. I wish you would write some nice little rhymes for us. There's Willie, and Baby, and Julia (that's me), and we know mother gives Julia (that's me), and we know mother gives songs that are real spiendid, and we want some more. Willie is four years old. The other day mamma gave Baby a piece of cake but when she went out of the room Willie took the cake from Baby and eat it. I said: "O. Willie, you could not to take your little sister's cake." you ought not to take your little sister's cake. He said: 'didn't ma tell me I was always to He said: "didn't may sent the I was always to take her part?" I want to tell you about an examination at school. One of the visitors asked: "What is the chief use of bread?" Willie shouted out: "To put butt r and melasses on, of course!" I will write to you arms some other time. I am your loving again some other time. I am your loving Julia Mosgrovs.

UNCLE TOM'S REMARKS.

Bob need not feel so tremendously smart over his puzzle, for I have found it out arrown, however, let all the rest of you find the answer too. But Bob, you ought to be fond of your arithmetic just as well as of the geography, because without arithmetic you will have a hard of the geography. time to get along in the world. I like you, Julia; you are an unselfish gel I am sure, and you are very fond of your father and mother, and brother and sister, but you must no encourage Willie's sharpness, as he is evidently a little selfish. Next month you shall have some of the rhymes you ask for. The asswer to the charade last month is

Well, youngsters, how do you feel this Well, youngsters, how do you feel this month? I have not heard from as many of you as I should have liked, but by-and-bye, when we are better acquainted we'll have a good time of it. I have received several letter from the old folks, telling about my nephews and pieces. One affectionate manner and sizes. and nieces. One affectionate mamma says:—
"I believe I've got the tenderest-!.earted boys in the world; I can't tell one of them to fetch a pail of water, but he'll burst out a-crying ."
I can only say that if I was near them they'd
be t nder somewh re else besides in the heart. I like boys and girls who do all they can to help I like boys and girls who do all they can to help their parents. Not, however, as one boy, I know did, His mother having made a bottle of nice preserves, labelled them: "Put up by Mrs. D." Freddy having discovered them soon eat up the contents, and wrote on the b-t-tom of the label: "Put down by Freddy D." This may have been a good joke for Freddy, but it was hard on the preserves.

Dus may have been a good loke for Freddy, but it was hard on the preserves.

One farmer tells me about a neighbor's son, who, hearing some one speak of the number of engagements an old soldier had been in, said:— "On, that's nothing, my sister M ry's be n engaged eleven tims." If this youngster would on write an account of the engagements, do doubt they would be interesting, but ments, do doubt they would be interesting, but here is one drawback: We can raise no he need not mention to his sister that he is going to do so.

I have received a very interesting composi tion from another nephew. Here it is: "The Throa.—A throat is convenient to have, cspecially to roosters and ministers—the former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches ith his'n, and ties it up.—Johnny H." But he has forgotten that the threat is of especial convenience to him for swallowing candy. You see what a smart lot of nephews and nieces I nave, but smartness is not always appreciated. One of them after no icing for some time the One of them after no felling for some, that the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed: "Aunt Emma, I wish I had copper tood teeth like yours!" But I think I have said enough for this time. Study out the puzzles and send me the answers. UNCLE TOM.

AUNT KATE'S HOUSE-KEEPING.

Well, you know, I ain't been married very long, and keepin' house is kind of new to me, so I tries most everything as comes along to see if it be good, and I makes many and many a blunder. I says to myself, says I: "wouldn't it be grand if somebody who had made all these blunders afore should have said so somewhere, and then they'd been a warnin' till us." So wen Benkem home (Ben's my husband, he is), "Ben," says I; "well, Kate," says he; "Ben," says I; "well, Kate," says he; "Ben," says I, "I'm going to write for the FARMERS' ADVOCATE, and tell my experience there, and that'll be a saving to many a farmer and his wife." "But," says Ben, "they all gets their almanaxs and receipt books as teaches how to cook, and so on." "Yes, but," says I, "its jut like the writings of them scientific farmers, there's good in them no doubt, but their blunders afore should have said so somewhere, mers, there's good in them no doubt, but their ideas want to be experimented on first, and

ideas want to be experimented on first, and then if they turn out well, why, all right."

That's just what I mean to do; if any one says that such and su h is go d, I'll try it, and f it is good, I'll say so in the ADVOCATE, and, if not, why maybe I'll say that too. So Ben he greed, and that s why I write.

The learning days are it is a superior of the same in the

The lengthening days remi d us that warm weather is at hand. Every bright morning all the rooms should be well aired. Don't be afraid to let the sun come into your houses. About this time spring cleaning ought to be commenced; don't neglect that, for who can be comfortable in a house that is dull and dingy from the smoke of the winter fires. When from the smoke of the winter fires. summer comes let it find us bright and clean, ready for it.
I tried a washing fluid the other day, and as

I tried a washing find the where day, and a tworks well. I give it: 2 lbs. sal soda. 14 lbs. quicklime; dissolve the lime as for white-wash. Put the soda into five quarts of rain-water, and then put together and boil half an hour in an iron pat. Then add five quarts of beiling water and put away to settle. Put the clothes to and put away to settle. Put the cloth soak in clear, warmish water, ever night, the morning soap them and put them to boil in water to which the fluid has been added, in the proportion of one pint of fluid to five pailsful

I want to tell you about an ichool. One of the visitors is the chief use of bread?" I will write to you retime. I am your loving Julia Mosorova.

TOM'S REMARKS.

TOM'S REMARKS.

Tom's Remarks.

Tom's reference of the visitors of water.

Tom's reference of bread?" I've got a capital fruit pudding which Ben is awful fond of:—One cup of molasses, half a cup of molasses, half a cup of butter, one half teaspconful each of cinnaman, allsuice, and cloves, half a cup of chopped raisins or currants, a large cupful of chopped raisins or currants, a large cupful of chopped apples or teaspoonful of soda stirred in the molasses. Boil two hours in a floured cloth or tin pail. There, now, I guess that'll do for this time.

HIDDEN ANIMALS. 1. Phonography enables me to live. AMASA pesters me terribly.

Have you heard of the wild Catawba grape? See that enormous elephant! The pine cone yields an excellent salve. 5. The pine cone yields an excellent said.
6. Can ghosts enter common keyholes? Can ghosts enter common agency.
 An Arab bitterly implering alms.
 He can be a very good scholar.

9. I am a rebel.
10. I have not determined yet. Answer next month.

ACROSTIC.

As soon as melts the ice and snow, Prepare the plow, and spade, and hoe; Repair your fences; make them good; Improve your time; no farmer should Lose in the spring a single day.

Much will depend upon the way
A farmer spends the month of May.
Yeomen! don't trifle it away.
J. LAWSON.

Battersea, April 4, 1872.

TELL THE TRUTH. Boy, at all times tell the truth; Let no lie defile thy youth. If thou'rt wrong, be thine the shame: Speak the truth and bear the blame.

Truth is honest, truth is sure; Truth is strong and must endure; Fal-chood lasts a single day, Then it vanishes away.

Boy, at all times tell the truth; Let no lie defile thy youth. Truth is steadfast, sure and fast, Certain to prevail at last.