

"The Farmer's Advocate" for over twenty years, and like it very much. As soon as it comes, I look for the Children's Corner. I live on a farm of 67 acres. We have eight cows, five calves, four horses, twenty pigs and thirteen little pigs, and some poultry. There are five in our family—my father, two sisters and a brother. My brother's name is Bert, and my sisters' names are Mabel and Nellie. For pets, we have two dogs, two cats, three kittens. We call our dogs Collie and Haunch. Collie is the oldest; he is thirteen. I hope my small letter will escape the waste-basket. Would someone kindly correspond with me, please? Wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" much success.

MYRTLE GRAY (age 13).
Oxford Centre, Ont.

"Half an Apple."

One cold winter morning about thirty years ago, a number of girls and boys sat talking by a stove in the school-room, and they did not seem to notice a new scholar, who stood away from them, and she was very lonesome, as she had never been to school before. Then the door opened, and a bright-eyed pretty little girl came in. She walked up to the stove and said good-morning to everybody. Then her eyes fell upon the new scholar.

"Good-morning," she said sweetly, across the stove.

The little girl brightened up and answered, shyly, "Cold, isn't it?" The newcomer put her hand in her pocket and pulled out a red apple, and with her strong fingers split it in two, and handed half of it to the new scholar, saying, "Do you like apples?"

The little girl did like apples very much, and thought she had never tasted any apple half so nice.

The newcomer said, "My name is Libby. What is yours?"

She answered, "Hetty."

They chatted till nine o'clock, and when the teacher saw Libby, she smiled and said the stranger was in good hands.

(Sent by) MARY CLARKE.
Ballyduff.

A Post-card Collector.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have never written to you before. I like to read the Children's Corner. I have a pet dog; his name is Sharp. I am in the Senior Second Class. I like going to school. We have six horses; we call them Doll, Dick, Dot, Pat, Mike, and Lady is

the little driver. We keep cows, pigs, horses and hens. I have four sisters and two brothers. I have a mile to walk to school. I will finish with a few riddles:

1. When was beef the highest? Ans.—

2. What goes up the road and down the road, but yet it never stops. Ans.—

3. Why is a colt like an egg? Ans.—

4. What two animals follow us everywhere? Ans.—Two calves.

5. As I went through the garden I picked up Dick Red-cap, with a stone in his throat and a stick in his hand. Ans.—

6. If you were away up ten feet in the air, how would you get down? Ans.—

7. Why have you got to go to school? Ans.—Because the school won't come and teach you.

Will someone please send me a picture post card?

LUCE LAURETTA GIBSON (age 10).
Nelson, Ont.

A P.-C. Collector.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is the first time I have written to "The Farmer's Advocate." I am in the Third Book, and go to school every day. I get the mail on my way home from school, and I always watch for "The Farmer's Advocate." We live on a farm, twenty miles east of Toronto, on the Kingston Road. I wrote on examination for the Senior Third class, and was lucky enough to succeed. I will close with a few riddles:

1. Why is a kiss over a telephone like a straw hat?

2. What time is it when the clock strikes thirteen?

3. What makes a spotty dog spotty?

4. A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose, a hundred eyes and never a nose?

Answers:

1. 'Cause it isn't felt.

2. Time it was fixed.

3. Spots.

4. Cinder sifter.

I am a post-card collector.

ALLAN BATH (age 11).
Dunbarton, Ont.

King Edward's Birthday.

King Edward does not make much fuss about his birthday; he has been kind enough to let us go on keeping Queen Victoria's birthday in the merry month of

May. But we don't forget to wish him many happy returns when the 9th of November comes round. There was great excitement all over the British Empire 65 years ago, when the Queen's first little boy was born. There was even some quarrelling amongst some officers and mayors, who thought they ought to be promoted in honor of the occasion. But

Little Albert Edward Witten (that was his private name) did not bother about anything outside his comfortable nursery, until he was a week old, when they wrapped him up in blue velvet and ermine and took him down to be shown to his relations, and to Her Majesty's Court. Not many weeks after he was christened in a font all made of pure gold. His Christening Cake was Eight feet across, but never a bit was there for the poor little prince. After the christening was over, he was taken back to his nursery, and well brought up by his mother and his father, Prince Consort. He did not go to school, but was well taught, first by a governess, and then by a tutor. I have no doubt he had a good deal of fun with all his brothers and sisters, and sometimes they even went to the circus. Prince Edward was fond of getting into dangerous places, like some other boys, and one day he fell off the top of a five-barred gate, and pretty nearly damaged his nose forever. The Queen was a very strict mother. She used to whip them all soundly, and send them to bed, if they broke the nursery rules, and they had only a few toys, though you might think princes and princesses would have everything they wanted. However, they were all very fond of their mother and father, who knew that spoil children will never grow up either happy or good. The royal children were taught to work with their hands as well as their heads. The girls had a little Swiss cottage, where they cooked and scoured and washed; and the boys had each a little garden, and worked under a gardener, who, every week, gave their father an account of what they had done, and he paid them regular wages. Perhaps that is why the King is such a good farmer now. If you were in England, you might sometimes see him judging the cattle at a fall fair, for he is a great stock-raiser, and knows all about the best breeds. He is very particular that the tenants on his

land should have as good lodgings for their cattle as they have for themselves.

When the young Prince of Wales was seven, his father took him deer-stalking in Scotland, which shows that he was a manly little fellow. He must have had plenty of courage, for when he went to college, his master in chemistry used to take him into different manufactories to show him all sorts of experiments, and one day, when they were passing a caldron of boiling lead, he asked the Prince to plunge his hand into it. In went the hand at once, and came out unhurt. A boy who would do that must have been both brave and obedient, besides knowing more about chemistry than most boys do.

You see, the King does not live at all like a prince in a fairy tale. Although he has so many grand suits of clothes that it keeps two men busy all the time brushing and folding them, he generally wears an ordinary suit of clothes, and instead of his crown, a soft felt hat, which soon wears out from being lifted so often. Though he once slept in a solid silver bed when he was staying in Egypt, at home he uses more ordinary furniture. And although he has hundreds of servants, he works very hard almost all the time, going from one place to another, making speeches, and shaking hands with people. Every year he takes a holiday, and goes off to enjoy his favorite sport of shooting, and sometimes he makes a little trip to some other country. He has an easier time when people don't know who he is. Once when he was a young man, he and the Princess called themselves "Mr. and Mrs. Williams," and went shopping in Cairo like ordinary people, and, no doubt, took a great deal of amusement out of it.

Those of you who are old enough to be learning English history know how many had kings there have been—kings who hated their wives and fought with their children, who robbed their subjects or taught them all kinds of wickedness. It is a good thing for us that we do not live in such bad times, and that we have a King who fears God, and is not ashamed to do what is right. Everybody knows how kind he is to the poor and the sick, and we know that he is really a gentleman because he treats his poor subjects as politely as the rich. We are proud of him, and we really mean what we say when we sing "God save our gracious King!" C. D.

Picture Post-card Collector.

James Landsborough, Shelbourne, Ont.

With the Flowers.

Dahlias and Roses.

Could you kindly inform me what month is best to take up Dahlia roots, and how best to take care of them through the winter? What kind of soil is best for Dahlias?

When is the best time to get new slips of rose bushes, in the spring or autumn? Is it better to get roots or slips? How is the best way to protect them through the winter? A LOVER OF FLOWERS.
Norfolk Co., Ont.

Leave your Dahlias in the ground until

the tops have been frozen, then dig up, keeping the tubers together, and cut off the tops, leaving about a foot of stem. Place in a warm, airy place, or in the sun when the days are bright and warm, until thoroughly dry, then store in a cool, frostproof cellar, preferably on shelves. Dahlias will do well in any good, rich garden loam. Only very well-rotted manure should be used for enriching, and even this is the better of being put on the preceding fall.

In regard to your roses, I shall give you the words of two authorities on plant culture. Mrs. Ida Bennett says: "Rose cuttings are so easily and so quickly rooted in the sand-box that it seems a waste of time to try any other way. In cutting roses for bouquets during summer, one should be generous with

stems, cutting down to a robust leaf-bud in the axil of a leaf. After the roses have faded, the stems may be used for cuttings, dividing them into as many lengths as the buds allow, leaving two or three buds to a cutting. By this method one may have a large number of young rose plants with little trouble and no expense." The sand-box, by the way, is simply a shallow box of pure sand, which has been well washed to rid it of impurities. The sand should be kept constantly damp while the slips are rooting.

Professor Bailey speaks in regard to roses as follows: "In the open-air cuttings of ripened wood can be planted in spring in V-shaped trenches, in carefully-prepared and well-manured ground. They make strong plants in autumn. Wood of

the season's growth may be gathered before severe frost, cut into 6-inch lengths, and stored through the winter by burying in sand. When planted, only one eye should appear above ground."

Very hardy roses need but little protection in winter, a foot of strawy manure placed over the beds late in the fall (in November) and raked off in spring before growth begins being sufficient. For more tender varieties, put on six inches of manure, then a foot of leaves, and, last of all, a covering of cedar branches. This must be removed just as soon as the frost is out of the ground, or the roses will smother.

We should advise you to get roots rather than slips, which, in the hands of amateurs, are not always to be relied upon.

about 25 cents, and can be procured at the drug store, in the tightly-closed room over night, thus destroying the disease germs. If you have had diphtheria or some other contagious disease in the house, and the attending physician overlooks this matter, call his attention to it or do it yourself, for the protection of the rest of your family and friends who may occupy the rooms in the future.

Recipes.

Wheat Griddle Cakes.—One quart sour milk, 2 even teaspoons soda, 1 even teaspoon salt, enough "Five Roses" flour to make a batter. Fry in pancakes.

Lemon Flapjacks.—One pint milk, 4 eggs, juice of 1 lemon, a pinch of soda, and enough "Five Roses" flour to make a light batter. Fry in hot fat. Serve with sugar and nutmeg.

Health in the Home

Disinfecting Rooms.

The disinfection of rooms after cases of contagious disease have occurred in the home, is a very important matter which now receives more attention than in former times.

Dr. A. G. Young, Secretary of the State Board of Health, of Maine, having noticed that, by mixing potassium permanganate and formalin, formaldehyde gas was liberated, requested Dr. H. D. Evans, the chemist of the Board, to ascertain if that chemical reaction could be turned to practical account for disinfection purposes.

After a long series of experiments, Dr. Evans has suggested the following method, which is very simple: It consists in placing finely-powdered permanganate in a large earthen jar or basin and then in pouring formalin over it, the operator escaping from the room as quickly as he can. Six and a half ounces of permanganate of potash are to be used for every pint of formalin employed. A violent reaction immediately follows the pouring of the formalin, and formaldehyde gas is liberated in great quantities. After five minutes over 81 per cent. of the gas is liberated and spread all over the room with great force. This first reaction having taken place, sufficient gas is liberated during the following hours to compensate the leakage from the

rooms. After three hours, the microbicidal action of this disinfectant is as much done as after sixteen hours. The advantages of this method are obvious. As the author says: "The chemical reaction furnishes all the heat necessary to vaporize the formalin, doing away with all need of fire. The ordinary house can furnish all material necessary for a generator, while the reagents can be cheaply purchased at any drug store. The method of operation is so simple that any one can attend to it who can tell the difference between a solid and a liquid, requiring only the pouring of the measured amount of formalin upon the corresponding quantity of permanganate. Absolutely no care is required after mixing the reagents, the reaction setting and dying off of itself."

The more common plan is to burn a formaldehyde candle, which costs