

POULTRY.

Lice Powder and Disinfectant.

Many are the poultry houses which are infected with lice, and many are the broody hens which carry large numbers of these pests to young chicks, the lice stunting growth in the young stock or killing it outright. The agricultural experiment station of the University of California, in a bulletin on hatching and rearing chicks, gives two formulae, one a lice powder, the other a cresol disinfectant. They are worth passing on.

Lice powder: 1½ pints gasoline; ½ pint commercial cresol; 4 quarts plaster of Paris.

First, mix the gasoline and cresol together and then slowly stir in the plaster of Paris until all the liquid is taken up. Use enough of the plaster of Paris to absorb the liquid and no more. Spread the resulting brownish powder on sheets of paper to dry, and then store away in covered cans. To use, take a large baking powder can, punch the cover full of holes with a six-penny nail, and fill the can with the powder. This makes a good sifter to thoroughly sift the powder into the feathers around the vent and under the wings, while an assistant is holding the hen up by the shanks. Work the powder into the feathers with the fingers. This is one of the best powders. It is also one of the cheapest.

Cresol disinfectant: 3½ quarts raw linseed oil; 1 lb. 6 ozs. commercial lye or Babbitt's potash; ½ pint water; 8½ quarts commercial cresol.

Take a clean, five-gallon stone crock and pour into it three and one-half quarts of raw linseed oil. Then dissolve the commercial lye in just enough water to thoroughly dissolve it—one-half pint is usually sufficient. Allow the lye solution to stand a few hours until cold. Then pour it very slowly, constantly stirring, into the crock of linseed oil. Take four or five minutes in adding the lye solution to the linseed oil. Continue stirring for 20 to 30 minutes until a smooth thick soft soap is formed. Then stir in the commercial cresol, which will dilute and blend with the soap to form a clear, red brown liquid.

A 3 per cent mixture of the above stock solution is strong enough for all ordinary disinfection, as cresol is extremely powerful in its action. When diluted in this way a thin milky liquid results, which can be applied with brush or spray pump. The latter is best, because with it the disinfectant can be forced into every crack and crevice, thus insuring a perfect job.

FARM BULLETIN.

Up Early.

By Peter McArthur.

In the course of human events it became necessary for me to be up at dawn. This is not mentioned in a boastful spirit, or for the purpose of scattering abroad the impression that I am one of these abnormal early risers. It simply so happened that some work had to be finished before nine o'clock on Monday morning—not farm work—and the only way to get it done was to get up with the hens. I did even better than that. I got up with the lame duck—the one that survived the annual slaughter, because she had been hurt and was lean. She is the earliest bird on the farm. While the roosters are still on their perches and crowing to tell the sun it is time to get up, the lame duck gives a hungry squawk and starts for the pasture field to hunt for chilled and sleepy insects. She was giving her first squawk when I was getting out of bed. When I got out and around, the first thing that struck me was the unfamiliarity of everything I saw. I suppose I could count on the fingers of one hand the number of times I have been up before sunrise in midsummer. Because of this everything looked strange. For the first time I realized that morning twilight is entirely different from evening twilight. Because you enter it from the darkness you see things in a much fainter light. In the evening you enter the twilight from the glare of day, and the impression is not nearly so ghostly. And then the morning twilight was so still that I felt as lonely as if I were in a wilderness. Nothing human was stirring anywhere. In the evening it is different. Everybody is rushing to get the last chores done, the children are playing and shouting, and the twilight hour is full of life. For a change the morning hour seemed the more alluring of the two.

In the early light the grass was silvery grey with dew, and there was mist in all the hollows. Once or twice in the past, when up at this hour, I have heard the birds in their early morning concert, but on this particular morning only one lone song sparrow was singing. There was much cheeping and twittering in the trees, but neither

the robin nor the brown thrasher favored me with morning volentaries. As the sun began to peep over the distant trees, the first human sound was heard. A man, somewhere in the silent distance, was driving a night-feeding pig out of his garden, or out of some other place where it should not have been. As soon as the first rays struck the mist to the east they made a glowing path towards the sun, just as you often see when it is shining across water. Then the mist all became rosy red, and the dew drops on the grass began to flash with light. As I looked I recalled the picture that Milton borrowed from Homer to describe morning in the garden of Eden.

"Now morn, her rosy steps in the Eastern clime Advancing, sowed the earth with Orient pearl."

In a few minutes the play of colors disappeared, and another hot summer day had begun. Human sounds began to come from every direction, and the lonely spell of the morning was broken.

The coolness of the morning hours as compared with the blaze of mid-day reminded me of the fact that there were some wise men among the pioneers. I remember at least two prosperous families whose older members made it a practice to be up before the sun every morning. They would work until about ten o'clock, then they would have dinner and sleep or rest until about four in the afternoon. After the heat of the day was over they would have another long session of work, and in that way they accomplished as much or more than those who "bore the burden and the heat of the day." In many of the warmer countries it is still the custom to have a noon-day sleep or siesta, but the idea does not seem to have taken hold in Canada, though we have many days that are too hot for any human being to work in the open sun. I suppose the idea of a noon-day sleep would seem insufferably lazy to many of our most industrious citizens, but from five to ten in the morning and from three to eight in the afternoon would give a legal day's work in the best working hours of the day. There may be some people who work from dawn till dark, but the vast majority sleep through a couple of hours of light in the morning, and then sit up for a couple of hours by lamplight every night—a foolish practice which has enabled Rockefeller to make his fortune by selling coal oil.

Even the few apples we have this year are developing in an entirely different way from the ones we had last year. Although the trees were loaded last spring hardly an apple fell off, and they had to be thinned during the summer. This season although none of the trees are heavily loaded, a large percentage of the little apples have shrivelled and fallen. I wonder if the cultivation has anything to do with that? Last year the orchard was thoroughly worked and fertilized, but this year, although it has been fertilized, it has been allowed to go to grass. Another thing I have noticed with some disquiet is that in spite of three thorough sprayings many of the apples are already showing signs of scab. Indeed, a visiting expert told me that the scab is unusually developed for this time of year. As a rule it is retarded by a cold spring, but already the apples affected are strongly marked, and, in some cases, misshapen. The puffed leaves that I mentioned some weeks ago are now shrivelled and will probably fall off. Some specimens that were sent to Guelph brought the report that the trouble was probably due to the frost. This explanation was not given as final and I am inclined to doubt it, for all the other leaves that were affected by frost shrivelled and died at once.

We had a few minutes of futile excitement this morning when it was discovered that the bees were swarming. We have only one hive, the sole survivor of winter before last. Last season it was so weak that it did not give off a swarm, and barely managed to pull through. This spring it was good and strong, and preparations were made to get at least one swarm. When I went out to look at them the air was full of bees, and they had begun to cluster on a branch of a spruce tree about ten feet from the parent hive. As quickly as possible I fixed a veil on a hat, put on an overcoat and gloves and got ready to live the swarm in the most approved scientific manner, but I was doomed to disappointment. When I went out to the tree the bees had evidently changed their minds, and were all trooping back into the old hive. That was several hours ago, and apparently the new swarm has gone back to work in the old hive. This is a phase of bee-keeping that is beyond me, and to-night I shall have to consult with a beekeeper to find out what is the cause of the trouble. Although they began to swarm in the usual way, they did not stay out of the hive for more than ten or fifteen minutes.

The Spring Grove-Springhurst Shorthorn Sale.

As announced through these columns, the dispersion sale of the entire Spring Grove herd of Shorthorn cattle, the property of T. E. and H. C. Robson, Ilderton, with a selection of four from the Springhurst herd of Harry Smith, Hay, Ont., took place at Spring Grove Farm, Ilderton, June 25th. Twenty-seven head were disposed of at the very good average of about \$170 each, some of the good things not selling quite as high as their quality warranted, while others made very good prices indeed. About two hundred lovers of the breed were present, most of them from Ontario points, with a few from the States. All the cattle, with the exception of one cow, were knocked down to Ontario buyers, many remaining in the district round about Ilderton. The highest price of the sale, \$470, was paid by Ed. de Gex, Kerrwood, Ont., for the smooth, deep, thick-fleshed, red Cruickshank Butterfly cow, Lady Butterfly, with a roan bull calf at foot. F. C. Willmott and Sons, Milton, Ont., got Mayflower Gift (imp.) for \$310, the second highest price of the offering. The stock bull Victorian fell to the bid of Geo. Andrews, Elimville, Ont., at \$250. Jos. White, St. Marys, got a bargain in the yearling heifer, Miss Mayflower, one of the choicest things of the entire offering, and bought at \$185.

The following is a list of cattle, buyers, and prices:—Females—

Robina 3rd (imp.)—Leslie Christie, Ancaster,	\$145
Primrose 2nd (imp.)—Thos. Henderson,	
Glencoe	150
Rosemary 124th—Jas. Tancock, London	180
Rose of Strathleven—F. C. Willmott and Sons, Milton	160
Mayflower Gift (imp.)—F. C. Willmott and Sons, Milton	310
Miss Mayflower—Jos. White, St. Marys	185
Belmar Miss Ramsden 4th—Jno. Ferguson, Mapleton	190
Belle of the Morning—Jos. White	200
Vanity 19th—R. and A. Morrell, Belton	95
Lady Butterfly—Ed. de Gex, Kerrwood	470
Princess Butterfly—Ed. de Gex	175
Butterfly Girl—R. and A. Morrell	185
Butterfly's Queen—W. A. Dryden, Brooklyn	190
Butterfly's Queen 3rd—Robt. Miller, Stouffville	105
Athelstane Rosewood 3rd—H. C. Rosenberger, Tiffin, Ohio	125
Erina—A. Burchill, Newbury	185
Orange Blossom 6th—E. Robson, Ilderton	200
Clipper of the Manor 7th—W. Hall, Ilderton	155
Merry Duchess—W. Hall	105
Lady Monarch—Herbert Weeks, Glencoe	125
Buchan Fancy 24th—John Miller, junr., Ashburn	95
Fireno—J. A. Mallough, Dungannon	165
May Apple—Martin Hay, Ilderton	165
Athelstane Rosalind—Jos. Ardiel, Salmonville	110
Barrington Lady 9th—Wm. Shipley, Denfold	80
Bulls:	
Victorian—Geo. Andrews, Elimville	250
Victor Rosewood—Hugh Thompson, St. Marys	160
Twenty-seven head brought \$4,550, or an average of \$168.51 each.	

A Prelude to the International Horse Show.

On June 13th and 14th, at Richmond, Surrey, England, the local horse show was held, fascinating 30,000 spectators, including one King and four Queens, and could honestly be said to have acted as a prelude to the International Horse Show at Olympia, London. Judge W. H. Moore and A. G. Vanderbilt each took a fleet of horses to Richmond and got well among the prize money.

The strife between these exhibitors and the Britishers is keenness itself, and although the visitors did well in the coaching events, we, of this side, more than held our own in the single harness classes as the details below will prove:—

The open classes for single harness horses, over 14 hands and not exceeding 15 hands, had an entry of seventeen. Philip Smith's Queen of Ayr, at the top of her form, took first prize; Dr. Judson's Sensation was second. He is a four-year-old, and shows plenty of promise, and his action is good, but he was a trifle lucky to be so high up in this company. Judge Moore's Whitewall Ariel, a well-known Yorkshire-bred one, was third, and another Yorkshire-bred mare was reserve in Philip Smith's Melbourne Princess.

The class for novice harness horses, 15 hands and over, had a large entry of twenty-three. Judge Moore won with Vida Fayre, a very stylish mare, with fine action. Second went to W. A. Barron's Cadogan Flash, a chestnut.

The class for single harness horses, over 15