

castor oil. A few applications cured it. Some years ago my cows had pox (that is, large mattery sores on their teats). I applied castor oil, with a little turpentine, before and after milking; it proved very efficacious. It is a complete cure for ringworm and warts on cattle in a very short time.

2 For lice on cattle I think there is nothing so effective as sulphur. Sprinkle some all along the back, rubbing it in the hair with the fingers, and put a little in their feed. About two tablespoonfuls once a week for two or three weeks. I have had no trouble to clear them off.

Ontario Co., Ont.

E. J. PROPHET.

GROWING SUGAR-BEETS.

WM. J. GIBSON, P. E. I.:—"Will you, through the *ADVOCATE*, let me know what fertilizer besides stable manure is best for the growing of sugar-beets; and if they are adapted for feeding pigs?"

[When sugar-beets are being grown for stock feeding the manure suitable for mangels answers equally well for beets. We notice that Mr. Zavitz, of the Guelph Experimental Station, advocates and applies 20 tons of well-rotted farmyard manure per acre to land for sugar-beets. When this can not be obtained and a fertilizer has to be bought, superphosphate—made largely from ground bones—is particularly suitable for beets or mangels. Salt, too, may be applied to the amount of 400 pounds per acre with good effect. Sugar-beets are particularly valuable for pig feeding.]

A BAD HABIT.

A. E., Pond Mills:—"I have a valuable dog that eats eggs. Will you please publish a few of the best remedies, in your next issue, to cure this bad habit?"

[This is quite a common habit, especially with pups, which, if allowed to become established, is almost impossible to cure. We have heard of the following being tried with success: To place a hot boiled egg in his mouth and close his jaws upon it till it breaks, and burns him well. To dose an egg with Cayenne pepper and allow him to eat it. To keep him tied up for a few months, until he forgets the habit. Should these fail, behead the dog.]

POULTRY.

Fresh Eggs and the Poultry Business.

SIR,—After reading Mr. John J. Lenton's article on the above subject in the *FARMER'S ADVOCATE*, April 15th, I feel I cannot let it pass without some comment. He says, "Farmers, just accept this little bit of advice: Instead of investing twenty-five dollars in another cow, invest in a brood of one hundred hens." And he goes on to suggest that a farmer should keep three or four hundred hens. Now, Mr. Lenton premises that the farmer knows nothing about the management of poultry, as he leaves the care of them to his wife; therefore, if he cannot manage the few he keeps, how is he going to make three or four hundred pay? and if he goes to work the way Mr. Lenton suggests, he certainly will not do so. In the first instance, fowls are in their prime for laying from 12 to 24 months old, not 30, as Mr. Lenton says. Then they must be kept under very different circumstances to what they are at present in Manitoba—not in stables with horses and cows, but have their own houses, which must be dry and well ventilated, and in the winter warm. As to fattening old birds of three years for market, I should be sorry to be the buyer of such a one. I am afraid if I had sent such birds to Leadenhall Market, when I was in the Old Country, I should not have got the price I did, viz., from four to six shillings each, wholesale price. My advice to farmers would be to keep two pens of pure-bred fowls: one for laying, either Minorcas or Leghorns; the other for table purposes, Plymouth Rock or Indian Game. Have seven or eight hens with one cock. Let their houses be on wheels so that they can be moved on to fresh ground every few days. Besides these two pens, about a dozen good cross-breds, without any cock with them. Let him first learn how to keep and care for these, to understand how to feed and house them, also what diseases they are liable to, how to prevent and how to cure. When he has mastered these details, then let him increase his stock by degrees, and by these means he will find poultry-keeping pays.

JOHN TUTTLE, Winnipeg.

Portable Coops for the Ontario Poultry Show.

In our report of the poultry show, held at Port Hope, Ont., in January last, the writer pointed out the great advantage that would accrue if suitable portable coops were provided for the permanent use of the Poultry Association, said coops to be the property of the Government. The new Provincial Act governing these organizations provides that grants will be forfeited if poultry shows are held two years successively in one place, or in any place within 40 miles of where the previous show was held. The subject of coops was brought before the attention of the Minister of Agriculture, and poultrymen will be pleased to know that the supplementary estimates contain a special appropriation of \$500 to the Ontario Poultry Association for the purchase of coops, which will greatly facilitate the holding of the show in the smaller towns, thus making it of more general benefit.



"GOLD ELSIE'S RIDE."

BY MRS. E. M. JONES.

AUTHOR OF "DAIRYING FOR PROFIT."

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PART III.

Of all the pies that ever were baked perhaps none got such care as Elsie's. And it *did* look nice, to be sure! In all the row there was none with the crust puffed up higher, not one of a more golden color, and *certainly* there was not one with so elaborately crimped a border.

The short afternoon slipped quickly by. Old Sally, up in her room, had dropped asleep, the kitchen was tidied and swept, the shining kettle sung on the stove, the old cat dozed on the snowy floor, and a little tea-table was set for two.

"Time they were home," said Henrietta, and catching up her hat and shawl, she ran down to the gate to see if they were coming. She had not been there many minutes when a neighboring farmer came driving by.

"Good evening, Mrs. Travers; watching for Elsie?"

"Yes, Mr. Stubbs, it's time they were getting home."

"Well," said the man, "I don't wonder you're anxious; it's kinder risky to have a child like that on so skittish a beast."

"Skittish!" cried Henrietta. "Why, the pony is perfectly gentle!"

"She wasn't ridin' no pony when I seed her," said the old farmer, "she was a-ridin' that black mare—black devil, I call her—that you got from Johnston. Sakes alive, Mrs. Travers, don't take on so!" he continued, as one agonized scream broke from the mother's lips; "keep easy, and I'll tell you all about it."

In a few hurried words, he then told her all he knew. Elsie and her father were coming home, when they met a party of gentlemen on horseback. They stopped to admire the black mare, and, in some way, a discussion arose about her jumping. A heated argument sprang up, and Travers said he would settle the matter at once, if they would all ride up to the corner field about a quarter of a mile back of his house. By this time quite a crowd had collected, Mr. Stubbs among them, and some heavy bets were laid against the mare, that she would not take the fence between the cornfield and the meadow beyond. Travers, of course, took them all up, and backed the mare with his usual pluck; and, as the event proved, not unwisely, for the beautiful creature took the leap again and again—straight, clean, and clear. Elated by success, Travers then declared that Elsie could ride her over another fence—much lower, indeed, but still a formidable leap for so young a child. She had, accordingly, been mounted on the mare, and bets were laid in wild excitement; but the older and cooler heads disapproved. Finding remonstrance and entreaty equally useless in Travers' excited mood, many of them left the place, and Mr. Stubbs was just debating whether he should call and tell Henrietta, when, as we have already seen, he met her at the gate.

It took but a few seconds to state the fact, and hardly had the words left the old man's lips, and before he could turn his slow farm-horse, Henrietta was gone, with swift flying feet, across the fields.

On, on, over fences and ditches; stumbling, bruised and panting—but with a strength lent by despair—she nearly reached the place at last. While still far off, she heard Travers' voice, loud and excited, ring out clear on the evening air.

"I told you she could do it!" he cried. "You'll all think twice before you dare me again, and lose your money! Try it again, Elsie," as the child, pulling with all her strength, reined in the mare. For a moment she hesitated to obey. Her little face was very white, and drops of perspiration damped her forehead, while the blue eyes looked longingly towards her own dear little pony, that a boy was holding, out in the road.

A few angry words from her father brought back her thoughts, and, true as steel, the brave little spirit responded to the call, and once more the child cantered the mare up to the starting point.

On, still on, flew the distracted mother. She cried aloud in her agony, but she was not near enough to be heard. The field where the crowd was standing was high ground, but on the side towards Henrietta it sloped steeply down, and a post-and-rail fence divided it from a stone-quarry.

Faint and exhausted, Henrietta reached this fence—she was still too distant to be heard, and no one saw her, for the fence Elsie was to take lay to the left, while Henrietta was to the right, of the crowd.

It was useless now to move, for already Elsie had given the mare her head, and, with a long, even stride, the beautiful creature swept away.

Hark! a shrill whistle, then a shout. Then, right in front of the mare, a white sheep jumped over the fence, followed by another and another, till a score of them were scampering about.

Alarmed and excited, the mare stopped suddenly, quivering and snorting. Only for a moment—then, wheeling about, the terrified animal dashed away with all her speed and strength.

Away, away—to the right, and down the slope—faster and faster flew the mare. Her broad breast was flecked with snow-white foam, her black flanks were stained and streaked with sweat, and now the rapid beat of her hoofs was heard as she dashed by the paralyzed mother and made straight for the fence below.

One look Henrietta caught of her darling's little white face—one look of the beautiful eyes, distended with terror—of the dear little hands, still trying to hold the reins—and then the mare shot past, with terrific speed, and rose at the fence. Rose far too soon, and struck it with her chest.

A crash of broken timber—a fearful fall, among the stones, below—and then an awful, death-like stillness.

First at the fatal spot was the mother—voiceless—tearless—beside her little one, at last.

Oh, pitiful sight! Oh, desolate mother! Oh, poor little crushed figure, bleeding and torn—never to ride again—never—never. Only the mother's hands pushed aside the dead horse, and lifted the little body from among the stones and dust. Only the mother's breast pillowed the little golden head, all stained with blood.

"She is not *quite* dead," softly said the good doctor, who had been hastily brought, while tears ran down his kind old face. "She is not *quite* dead, but she is dying very fast. If we could only get her home, without moving her much."

In less time than it takes to tell, strong, willing arms had lifted the mother and child, just as they were, and carried them carefully.

And so Gold Elsie came home—at last.

They quickly arranged a little bed beside the sitting-room fire—and, still silent and tearless, the poor mother did all there was to do.

With steady hands she unfastened the little necktie she had tied with such pride and care—and cut away the little habit they had made so merry over,—so torn and soiled now you could hardly tell what it was—the little buttons no longer bright, but covered with a dull, red stain; dusty, and ruined, and wet, but not more changed than the little form it had once adorned. Swiftly, and silently, Henrietta did all that the doctor asked, and once she passed quickly out through the kitchen. It looked oddly desolate and strange. The fire had burnt out, but there stood the table with the dainty little supper. And the little pie—Henrietta hurried away, for the sight of it nearly broke her heart.

All had been done now that could be done. Tenderly, gently, the old doctor had done his part; but pain had brought back the child's senses for a little while.

Slowly, the blue eyes opened and gazed with wonder at the tearful faces around her;—looking for something, till at last they rested on her mother's face, but with a weak, wavering look, as the frail life fluttered, and was nearly spent.

The brave mother smiled, and said, clearly and quietly, "My Elsie, my darling!"

Clear in one moment were the beautiful eyes—loving and sweet the smile that lit up the suffering face.

Vainly she tried to raise the little broken arm to put around her mother's neck. Henrietta leaned down close, close to her darling—one long-drawn sigh, from the little one, of deep content.

Once more the sound of the sweet little voice, though it was only a whisper, that reached but the mother's ear.

Only one whisper, "My dearie!" Then all was forever still.

THE SOCIAL CORNER.

Under this heading, communications relating to the home or any subject of interest will be published and questions answered.

MINNIE MAY.

"PRIDE."—Blackheads are caused by the pores of the skin being clogged with dust or foreign matter. Alcohol—ninety per cent—applied by means of a piece of chamois skin, will give tone to the skin and remove unsuspected dust and dirt, at the same time stimulating the small glands, and, by constant use, removing the blackheads. An occasional blackhead can be removed by pressing out, and then touching the spot with eau de cologne to close the pores.

M. M.

"I. M." To make your tissue-paper box choose a cardboard box, whatever size or shape you desire, measure entire length round and cut a strip of paper to correspond, allowing it a little deeper than the edges may be neatly turned inside and under the box. Double this piece of paper down the middle—lengthways—and stretch the *folded* edge that it may form a puffing when opened. Paste the edges of this lightly to the box, top and bottom. Fasten the cover to the box with tape or ribbon hinges and then cover with a piece of tissue cut an inch larger all round. To make the frill cut a piece of paper two and one-half inches wide and long enough to go round the box twice. Gather this in the middle and sew on the cover, making the edges of the frill even with the edges of the cover. Finish the box by lining it throughout with paper of a contrasting shade.

The hair-pin holder is in the shape of a candlestick. Cut a round of cardboard from a piece six inches square and cover smoothly with crape paper.