

A New Contagious Disease of Horses.

The following is a copy of the new order issued by the Board of Agriculture of England:

(1) There has recently been introduced into Great Britain a contagious disease affecting horses, known as epizootic lymphangitis. It has for many years existed in Italy, and in several other countries in Europe; it is also prevalent in India, and in some parts of South Africa.

(2) The characteristic symptom of the disease consists of a swollen condition of the lymphatics of the skin on the inside of the hind legs, but the same condition may also be present on the side of the neck, or on the body. In most cases small nodules, varying in size from a pea to a hazelnut, will be found, which eventually burst and discharge a small quantity of purulent material, containing an organism—the cryptococcus—which is the cause of the disease.

(3) The cryptococcus, when microscopically examined, presents itself as an ovoid body, with a distinct double-contoured envelope and highly refractile contents. Owing to its considerable size, and its characteristic form, it is readily detected under a magnification of 400, and to this end it is not necessary to use any stain. The organism is easily transferred from the wound of a diseased horse to a wound on another horse not affected with this disease, and the most common means of such transfer is no doubt by the agency of sponges, rubbers, brushes, or other stable utensils which have been used about diseased horses, or possibly by the hands of the attendant.

(4) From the clinical symptoms, epizootic lymphangitis may easily be mistaken for the farcy form of glanders; it can, however, be differentiated from that disease by a microscopical examination of some of the discharge from one of the ulcers, when the cryptococcus which is the cause of the disease will be found; or by an application of the mallein test, to which epizootic lymphangitis does not respond.

(6) As the germs of the disease have been known to linger about a stable for a very considerable period, the owner should afford every facility for carrying out a rigid system of cleansing and disinfection in respect of the whole of the stable or other place in which an affected horse has been kept.

Wallaceburg Sugar-beet Prospect.

The Wallaceburg Sugar Company, up to date, have about 4,800 acres under contract to grow beets, which will be cultivated by 1,186 growers. The condition of the soil this spring is most excellent, and seeding is being carried on in a most satisfactory manner, so that the prospects for the crop this year are much better than at any time since the Company began the growing of sugar beets in Canada. Mr. D. A. Gordon, the manager, states: "We are pleased to report that not only the farmers, but consumers generally, are beginning to recognize the fact that beet and cane sugar are identical. Sugar sales are excellent, and the only cause for regret that we have, is that we have not a much larger quantity to offer."

Ontario Agricultural College Staff.

The Hon. John Dryden, Ontario Minister of Agriculture, has approved of a rearrangement of the O. A. C. staff. Hereafter there will be a professor of field husbandry and a professor of animal husbandry. Mr. G. E. Day, who is now the professor of agriculture and farm superintendent, will be relieved of the latter portion of his responsibilities, and will be placed in charge of the department of animal husbandry. Mr. C. A. Zavitz, now director of field experiments, will be promoted to the position of professor of field husbandry.

Guelph, Ont., Forestry Plantation.

It is expected by 1906 that some 200,000 forest trees will be ready for distribution to Ontario farmers from the Agricultural College at Guelph. During the past fortnight there have been transplanted about 50,000 two-year-old evergreens—pine, Norway spruce, larch, etc.—and there is sown enough seed to grow 30,000 more. Enough acorns were gathered for at least 100,000 red and white oak trees, a variety of commercial timber which cannot be very well transplanted, but which grows somewhat rapidly from seed. Besides these there are several other varieties, such as maple, beech, birch and ash.

Canadian Papers in Britain.

Mr. O. B. Fysh, of Moose Jaw, who was commissioned by the Canadian Government to go to England to secure information regarding immigration to Canada, believes that in 1904 more immigrants will come from England than in any previous year. He advocates the placing of good Canadian papers in all the libraries of England, as the best means of advertising the country. He had found that every Englishman was ready to listen to facts about Canada when they were given officially. On several occasions, circulars had mislead intending immigrants. In the ship in which Mr. Fysh sailed back to Canada there were about 1,700 immigrants, most of them English, and many of them prosperous farmers with money.

South Perth.

The seedtime here has been dry; the rapid growth which followed the long winter was thus soon checked, and prospects for awhile seemed rather backward; but copious rains have again revived the face of nature, giving a good start for both grain and grass seeds. Stock appear to have been turned out in a fairly thrifty condition for such a long, hard winter. Some are making the mistake of turning them on the grass too early, which very effectually checks its growth and impoverishes the animals at a time later on when they have lost all taste for hay or other cured fodder. This is a serious mistake with those who are seeding down heavily and going into the grazing business, as many are now evidently doing, since the scarcity of labor, which prohibits the cultivation of large areas of land. Hitherto we have thought it unwise to report as to the wintering of bees, as it is the experience of leading apiarists that backward weather in spring is almost as trying as the winter itself, and it is not till settled warm weather that the owner can safely count his losses; and with most of them this year we fear they have been heavy. From all we can learn we think that a conservative estimate would put the loss at from one-quarter to one-third.

The factory season opened promptly at the first of the month, but the supply of milk was meagre, owing, we presume, to the late spring, and partly to the low price of cheese and poor prospects for the future. The St. Mary's Creamery Company have decided to go back to the cream-gathering system, as it was found impossible to stem the tide in favor of hand separators; consequently, some of the separator stations were closed, and the patrons persuaded en masse to purchase the hand machine, which, unless they tire turning it, will probably remain in favor, as the fresh skimmed milk is supposed to be much better for the calves, and the owner knows what amount of cream he is selling when he skims it himself.

J. H. B.

The King's Plate Race.

The race for the King's Plate, the oldest and most classical race in America, was won on Saturday last by Mr. N. Dymont, of Barrie, with the three-year-old Sapper, who covered the mile and a quarter in 2.12, beating the former record of 2.13. Every year since 1860 the race for our Sovereign's fifty guineas, with an added purse, has been run under the auspices of the Ontario Jockey Club. The event has now become a fixture for the first Saturday before Empire day, on the Woodbine track, Toronto. This year there were fourteen horses to start, representing eight stables. Only Province-bred horses, three years old and upwards, that have never won a race, that have never left Canada, and have never been out of the Province for a month or more, are eligible to compete in this classic event. The second horse this year was Nimble Dick, owned by Mr. Wm. Hendrie, of Hamilton, and third was the public favorite, War Whoop, entered by Macenzie Bros., the family of railway fame. The value of the race is the fifty guineas, with \$1,300, for first; \$450 for second, and \$250 for third. The length of the course is a mile and a quarter.

A Child's Heart.

A curious-looking old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with painful effort, sat down on a curbstone to rest. A group of three little ones, the oldest about nine, stopped in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. She smiled. Suddenly the smile faded, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the oldest child asked:

"Are you sorry because you have not got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead," whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I am sorry," said the little girl, as her chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers, but I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever," sobbed the old woman, and for a minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy."

Pedestrians who saw three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children.—Pansy.

To clean suede gloves, place them on the hands, then rub thoroughly with fine oatmeal, renewing the meal several times. Finally brush the meal from the gloves with a soft brush.

The Preacher at the Pump.

Many years ago a certain minister was going on Sunday morning to his Sunday School. He walked through a number of streets, and, as he turned a corner, he saw, assembled round a pump, a party of little boys playing marbles. On seeing him approach they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow did not see him so soon as the rest, and before he could succeed in gathering up his marbles, the minister had come to him and placed his hand upon his shoulder. They were face to face, the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? That is what I want you to notice.

He might have said to him, "What are you doing there? You are breaking the Sabbath. Don't you deserve to be punished?"

But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, "Have you found all your marbles?"

"No," said the boy, "I haven't."

"Then," said the minister, "I'll help you." Whereupon he stooped down, and began to look for the marbles; and as he did so he remarked, "I liked to play marbles when I was a little boy, and I think I can beat you, but," he added, "I never played marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was now arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. The minister said:

"I am going to a place where I think you would like to be; will you come with me?"

Said the boy, "Where do you live?"

"In such a place," was the answer.

"Why, that's the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and a minister of the Gospel could be the same person.

"Yes," said the man, "I am the minister myself, and if you'll come with me I think I can do you some good."

Said the boy, "My hands are dirty; I can't go."

"But," said the minister, "here's a pump; why not wash them?"

Said the boy, "I'm so little I can't wash and pump at the same time."

"Well," said the minister, "if you'll wash, I'll pump."

He at once set to work, and pumped and pumped, and the boy washed his hands and face until they were quite clean.

Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry 'em."

The minister pulled out a clean handkerchief, and offered it to the boy.

Said the boy, "But it is clean."

"Yes," was the reply, "but it was made to be dirtied."

The boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday School.

Twenty years after, the minister was walking in a street of a large city, when a tall man tapped him on the shoulder, and, looking into his face, said, "You don't remember me?"

"No," said the minister, "I don't."

"Do you remember, twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles near a pump? Do you remember that boy's hands being too dirty to go to school, and pumping for him, and speaking kindly to him, and taking him to school?"

"Oh!" said the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business and became a leading man. I have attained a position in society, and on seeing you to-day in the street I felt bound to come to you, and say that it is to your kindness and wisdom and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me persuasively—that I owe, under God, all that I have attained and what I am at the present day."

What Boys Should Know.

A philosopher has said that true education of boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

1. To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man would better not know how to read, and be true and genuine in action, rather than be learned in all the sciences and in all languages and be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, power or possessions.

2. To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and body.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest possible age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things, when he has made these ideas part of him, however poor or however rich, he has learned the most important things he ought to know.