

seeds of epidemic fevers—sow them ignorantly, and then weep over the destruction that ensues, and call it God's doing! When the Prince of Wales lay at the point of death, a few months ago, it was ascertained that his disease was contracted from sleeping in an elegant apartment, poisoned with mephitic air issuing from a disused drain. His youth and the good nursing he received, joined to the prayers of his family and the nation, saved his life; his valet, however, lost his, and Lord Chesterfield was also a victim to the disease. In high and low places, mephitic gases spread diseases, and the flesh shrinks and withers under their fierce, baneful fires.

Make whitewash with one peck of unslacked lime and boiling water enough to tan it; add to it four pounds of copperas and three pints of flour starch; make it thin enough to spread well, and yellow with the copperas. Wash every rafter, stone and crack or crevice at the sides or overhead, and see how sweet the place will become, and what a scampering of rats and mice will follow. Throw bits of copperas in the corners, lay them on the shelves, and purify every part of the cellar with this cheap disinfectant, which is also disagreeable to the rodentia.

Don't hesitate to do this, because your own health and the health of your wife and children depend upon it. A family living over a foul cellar is more liable to be afflicted with illness than a city family living in a tenement building. With plenty of pure air, water, and exercise, farmers ought to keep the evil imp, disease, from their midst; but foul cellars, iron stoves, small sleeping rooms, are fast making country villages as unhealthy as the crowded city. Diphtheria has been more fatal in the country than in the city. I know of one family where it carried to the grave five members in less than four weeks, and in another family, four died in three weeks. The attending physician traced the disease to foul drains, but the parents scoffed at the idea, and bitterly bewailed the severe stroke received from the Divine hand. Ignorance of sanitary laws fills our graveyards, and this summer death will be a successful reaper if farmers forget that perfect cleanliness in their cellars and barns is essential to the lives of their families.

Veterinary.

TO REMOVE A CALLUS.

A correspondent asks:—"What will remove a callus of long standing from a horse which was caused from interfering?" We have just received from T. L. the following:—"To remove a lump or callus, swelling, etc., apply a time or two, butter of antimony, followed immediately by sulphuric acid, having first greased the outside of the lump to prevent the application from extending the sore it makes. A neighbor had frequently used it to remove bunions, tumors, etc., with entire success. I applied it last summer to a lump of a year and a half standing, on a horse's nose, and it soon broke and passed away."

POLL EVIL.

I send you my cure. As soon as your horse's head is found to be stationary, and you are satisfied that the cause is poll evil, wash two or three times a day with arnica, until relieved. Do not postpone until the sore is opened. I cured a valuable work horse with the above medicine, and worked him every day.

Entomology.

THE COLORADO POTATO BEETLE.—The hope that this destructive "bug" would not reappear this season, is now gone. The importance of prompt efforts to destroy them cannot well be too strongly stated. It certainly will be easier and cheaper to destroy one now than hundreds two or three months hence.

THE CHINCH BUGS.—We regret to hear reports of the appearance of Chinch bugs in many places in Wisconsin. It is as yet too early to tell what amount of damage may be done, but it is certainly to be hoped that the anticipations of danger may not be realized.

Youths' Department.

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

DEAR UNCLE TOM.—It is the first time that I have tried to make up a puzzle, so, if there is anything wrong about my anagrams, you will please excuse me.

ANAGRAM I.

Rahk, arkh, teh gdos od rabk,
Eth nitkres eshy eemo ot thow,
Osme no angs, nad oem ni args,
Dau noe ni a veetly gnw.

ANAGRAM II.

Reeth wsa a lod oordt fo Bleril,
Eh segv lah shi tiapnets a lpil;
Touldw reue me' eh siad,
Ko lees lkli' en dead.

Stih onwerd ul otord fo Bselil.

T. C. SOMERVILLE.

Chatham, June 1st, 1872.

ANAGRAM.

The farmer's life is the life for me,
I love it dearly;
And every morn'g, full of glee,
I take its labors cheerily.
To plow, to sow, to reap or mow,
Or in the barn to thresh, sir,
Al' some to me, I plainly see
Twi' bring me h'alth and cash, sir.

POETICAL ANAGRAM.

Hanbeet a reasping lowly,
Yb het wot sapficie dise,
Sa I thawc eth gloriu sibwol
Dan eth tasf ringced ite l.
Eht vinegen uns si kinsgin
Raf hehind het soneac moafs,
Hilwe no sayd oneg yb im kingnht,
Dan ym etwes danacina moine.

[Answer next month.]

ENIGMA.

My whole is composed of eighteen letters.
My 7, 14, 17, 2, 18, 9, is what every human
being but two has had (A. am) (Eve).
My 6, 11, 1, is an animal.
My 15, 5, 1, is its greatest enemy.
My 12, 16, 13, 3, is a boy's nickname.
My 10, 5, 4, 8, is the name of a large money
box; and
My whole is what every farmer should have.

[Answer next month.] W. D. FLORY.

ACROSTIC.

June, with its pleasant days, has pass'd away,
Until at last we see the full-grown hay;
Let none be idle with scythe, fork and rake;
You know, "while the sun shines hay we
must make."

Battersea, June 6th, 1872. J. LAWSON.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

ACROSTIC.—June.

ENIGMA.—"Persevere and Succeed."

CONCEALED FRUITS.

1. Currant.—2. Pumpkin.—3. Tomato.—4. Plum.—5. Pear.—6. Fig.
Correct answers by T. C. Somerville, W. T. Flory, and O. H. Gardiner.

A DRAWING-ROOM GAME.

Perhaps the best drawing-room game of all is that called Words, an invention not only entertaining in itself, but exceedingly useful to all young people (and, between ourselves, to a good many grown-up folks) as a "Royal Road Spelling." It is played in this way:—Each person, as in the game of Historical Pictures, is provided with a pencil and sheet of paper, and a word of moderate length (but with as many vowels as possible) is publicly fixed upon, and written down upon it. The object is to break the word thus given into as many words as possible, using only the same letters; and he who makes most words out of it—unhought of by the rest of the company—wins the game. Any word may be fixed upon for this experiment, but the words to be derived from it may not be names of places, nor perfect tenses, nor participles of verbs, nor plural; and they must consist of no less than four letters. Thus, suppose Cambridge be the word selected, would it be imagined that comparatively short words break up into sixty-one others? Bridge, image, ream, ride, badge, crane, bride, acre, admire, game, dear, brig, crib, care, braid, rule, ear, cream, dame, mare, girl, raid, bard, beam, abide, bare, gar, mare, grab, amber, beer, bear, bird, grab, grace, gear, dare, rice, race, mead, crab, trace, beard, crane, grade, read, brim, cigar, dire, drain, call, rage, grim, cider, maid, cream, badge, crane, cage, drag, mirage. There may be many others; but a novice who attempts this game may be very clever if he hits upon half of these within the time allowed

for their discovery, which is five minutes. Nothing but practice can make perfect at this amusement, and a child who is acquainted with it can run off fifty words, while a highly intellectual adult is painfully setting down his ten. But it is not the number of words, it must be remembered, that gains the victory, but their comparative rarity, since all those that appear on duplicate lists are cancelled, and do for nothing. When the clock on the mantle-piece announces that the five minutes are over, everybody is bound to stop, and then each declares how many words he has evolved out of the original. He who has made most (whom we call A), reads them out from his own list aloud, and B, C, D, &c., cry out, "Ah, I've got that!" whenever the word appears in their list also, and it is struck out accordingly. It is like the show of hands at an election. It may be flattering to A's vanity to have got the most words, but he may not be chosen candidate for all that.

KEEP THE GATE SHUT.

An English farmer was one day at work in his field, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had a field that he was specially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses. He despatched one of his boys to the field, telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bidden; but was scarcely at his post before the huntsmen came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered alike in vain; one after another came forward as spokesmen, but all with the same result—the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After awhile, one of noble presence advanced, and said, in commanding tones:—"My boy, you do not know me. I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through." The boy lifted his cap, and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered firmly:—"I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer any one to pass but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat and said:—"I honor the man or boy who can be so firm and not be frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French, but the world." And handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old Duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice:—"Hurrah, hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

Every boy is a gate keeper, and his Master's command is, "Be thou faithful unto death." Are you tempted to drink, to smoke, or chew tobacco? Keep the gate of your mouth fast closed, and allow no evil company to enter. When evil companions would counsel you to break the Sabbath, to lie, to deal falsely, to disobey your parents, keep the gate of your ears fast shut against such enticements; and when the bold blasphemer would instil doubts of the great truths of revelation, then keep the door of your heart locked and barred against his infamous suggestions, remembering that it is only the fool who "hath said in his heart, there is no God."—*Ex.*

In a storm at sea, the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. "O yes," replied the sailor; "if it blows as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock at night." The chaplain, terrified at the expression, cried out, "The Lord forbid."

A farmer gathers what he sows, whilst a seamstress sews what she gathers.

Only a Baby.

TO A LITTLE ONE JUST A WEEK OLD.

Only a baby,
Thout any hair,
'Cept just a little
Fuz here and there.
Only a baby,
Name you have none—
Barfooted and dimpled,
Sweet little one.
Only a baby,
Teeth none at all,
What are you good for,
Only to squall?
Only a baby,
Just a week old—
What are you here for,
You little scold?

The City of London Horticultural Society intend holding a summer show in the Horticultural Hall, Exhibition Grounds, on 31st July next.

HOW TO KILL QUACK GRASS.

Quack grass is one of the worst pests that a farmer has to contend with, I think, but where a farm is kept for grazing purposes, it is not to be dreaded as it is where it is used more particularly for raising grain. I have contended with a great many noxious plants, and consider quack grass worse than all others, Canada thistles not excepted. Some writers say that deep tillage will eradicate it; but as I have tried it, I can say from experience that it will not do it. A great amount of it can be destroyed by cultivating hoed crops, such as corn, potatoes and beans; but where it is as thick as it is in many places, it is very expensive and fatiguing to the farmer.

The way the most of the Western New York farmers manage to kill quack grass is as follows, viz.:—As soon as corn planting is over, plow the field that you wish to rid of the pest, about four or five inches deep, and then harrow the ground thoroughly three or four times over; after which rake the field with a steel wiretooth horse rake, and you will be surprised when you collect the roots that have been pulled out by the harrow and rake. Where a field has been long seeded down, and there is any quack grass in it, it will be found matted only about four or five inches below the surface; this is why I do not advocate plowing any deeper the first time. When the roots are dry, gather them together, and burn them and plow the field again, going through the same operation as at first, but one or two inches deeper every plowing, and my word for it quack grass will not be as abundant as before.

MEASUREMENT OF HAY.—The *Plowman* says:—"On a small scaffold, 700 cubic feet make a ton; for cover, allow a quarter more. At the bottom of a large bay 400 feet make a ton; near the middle, 500. As a general rule, a cube of eight feet in a mow will weigh a ton. This rule is given as one the editor has followed safely in estimating weight. Multiply the length, breadth, and height together, either in feet or yards. If the latter, multiply the length in yards, and divide the product by fifteen, and the quotient will be the number of tons in the mow, if it is well stowed."

"Feed no straw that is rusty to your animals," says an exchange. It is held that rust on straw is very dangerous blood poison; it induces distemper, vitiates the blood, reduces the condition of the animal, takes away the appetite; and opens the door for colic, skin diseases, swellings, and fevers. It is fit only for litter.

J. Adams, managing director of the East Wisconsin cheese factory, has sold a quantity of cheese at 12 cents per pound, which, so far as we are aware, is the highest price paid this season. 1½ tons are made daily at this factory.

London Markets—June 24.

GRAIN.

White Fall Wheat, per bush.	\$1 25 to 1 30
Red Winter Wheat.....	1 20 to 1 25
Spring Wheat.....	1 32 to 1 37
Barley.....	0 40 to 0 48
Peas.....	0 55 to 0 58
Oats.....	0 30 to 0 32
Corn.....	0 55 to 0 58

Burlington.

Leaving the East and arriving at Chicago or Indianapolis, how shall we reach the west? The best line is acknowledged the C., B. & Q., joined together with the B. & M. Railroad by the Iron Bridge at Burlington, and called the Burlington Route.

The main line of the Route running to Omaha, connects with the great Pacific road, and forms to-day the leading route to California. The middle branch, entering Nebraska at Plattsmouth, passes through Lincoln, the state Capital, and will this year be finished to Fort Kearney, forming the shortest route across the Continent by over 100 miles.

Another branch of the B. M. diverging at Red Oak falls into a line running down the Missouri through St. Joe and Kansas City, and all Kansas. Passages by this route to Kansas see Illinois, Southern Iowa, and Missouri, and by a slight divergence, can see Nebraska also.

Lovers of fine views should remember the Burlington Route, for its towns "high gleaming from afar"—its tree-fringed streams—its rough bluffs and quarries its tree-fringed oceans stretching over the prairies further than eye can reach.

Land-buyers will be sure to remember it, for they have friends among the two thousand who have already bought farms, from Geo. S. Harris, the Land Commissioner of the B. & M. R. R. at Burlington, Iowa, or among the four thousand home-steaders and pre-emptors who last year filed claims in the Lincoln land office, where "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."

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