

corn GRASS.—A correspondent sends us the following dialogue, which took place in a corn-field just as stated, all but the names:

NEIGHBOR—Good morning, Mr. Plowwell—
CORN, I see. What has become of all the grass that was on this farm when you were here? While Slackwheel lived here he was more quack than anything else, I believe and it was called the most quackey farm in the district.

WELL—I smothered it.

NEIGHBOR—Smothered it—how?

WELL—I plowed it from eight to ten feet deep, then cultivated it with a two horse cultivator, and planted to corn. If corn is sown, your quack will disappear, and if corn is sown to make summer fallow on quackey land, plow but once. Quack grass, if turned the same season, will grow again, but if kept under the ground, it will die.—*Rural New Yorker*.

S. S. Blodgett, of Ogdensburgh, N. Y., writes to the *Dental Cosmos*, condemns the fine charcoal as a tooth powder. He asserts that it is as sharp as diamond dust, and wears off the enamel. He says:—"The tooth powder that should be used at all times, under all circumstances, is soap. Its alkaline properties serve to neutralize the acids contained in the fluids of the mouth, and its proper use corrects the breath and removes offensive matter more than any article I have ever seen."

Transactions.

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The settlers could now supply themselves with the necessaries of life from the mill store, and the roving and dissipated soldier was forgotten in the staid habits of the hard working farmer. Of a more adventurous turn of mind he would man a boat, and ascending it to Oswego, take a circuitous route up and by river, and betimes carrying his boat shoulder high for miles at a time, finally reached the green valley of Mohawk, dear to them still in memory, returning brought such articles to hand as they could get, and providing themselves with a house at Carlton Island they swiftly glided down the river. As yet there were no

A good old German, however, whose name we cannot recall, gratuitously spent his time in going from house to house eaching two weeks at a time in different neighborhoods, where the children were gathered and received such instruction

as the limited time afforded. Before the close of 1792 they had erected two churches, and thus a new era dawned upon the happy little colony of U. E. Loyalists.

[After sketching the laws, martial and civil, by which the district was governed in its early days, the report proceeds:]

INTERMEDIATE HISTORY.—From the year 1800 to the present time, the history of the County of Dundas is simply the history of Canada, and it is at least satisfactory to know that the progress and improvements of the County have kept pace with the prosperity of the Province as a whole.

The war of 1812 found its inhabitants as loyal as of yore, and at their country's call they donned their armor once more and marched against the invaders of their country. The Militia of Dundas were ever found in their right place when their service was required. A detachment of them were in the engagement of "Crysler's Farm." Another remained to protect the town and fort of Prescott when the regulars went in pursuit of the enemy—in 1837 they were again called out to quell the Rebellion, and six companies of the Dundas Militia under Col. Crysler, numbering 350 men, were present at the battle of the Wind Mill; these were enrolled and under duty for six months at this time. Since then the peace and prosperity of the County have been uninterrupted.

HINDRANCES TO AGRICULTURE.—The extensive operations in lumber consequent upon the clearing up of a new and well timbered country resulted in a state of matters very unfavorable for the progress of Agriculture. Having spent the winter in the woods the farmer had to spend the greater part of the summer in conveying his timber to Quebec. The farm was neglected, and as he could not raise even provisions enough for his own use, he was forced to apply to the storekeeper to furnish him, which he readily did at his own prices, taking the timber as security for payment. If at the end of the year the backwoodsman made ends meet, he had reason to be thankful. The majority however came out on the wrong side of the ledger, but the indulgent storekeeper was as accommodating as ever and was perfectly satisfied with a mortgage on the farm. In many cases the embarrassed farmer, still clinging to the hope of redeeming his farm, embarked with renewed energy in lumbermaking; this time it was