SOME COMMON POULTRY MEDICINES

About Which Every Poultryman Should Know.

BY EDWARD A. WILLIAMS.

The following kinds of drugs and remedies will often be found useful in poultry plants where sick birds of considerable value are treated, or in any plant for the treatment of a flock. They should be kept in a small cupboard, where they are available at all times.

Calomel is a very useful alterative medicine for fowls of all ages. One-grain pills are usually used. One-fourth grain is a good laxative. It has a very good effect upon the liver. It should be followed in two hours by a dose of castor oil.

Cayenne is an excellent liver stimulant when given in not too large quantities. In case of colds it is very useful, and is often used as one of the ingredients in stimulants so often fed to stimulate or increase winter egg production.

Catechu is often used to treat severe cases of diarrhoea. The average dose of catechu is from two to five grains, and of the tincture from two to five drops.

Castor oil is one of the best and most common remedies for diarrhoea. This affliction is often caused by some sour or fetid mass in the intestine; a dose of castor oil will often remove this, and thus allay the diarrhoea. It is also a valuable factor to aid in the reducing of an impact crop. A teaspoonful of castor oil poured down the throat, and then the crop manipulated until the softened mass is caused to move on freely and properly.

Epsom salts is one of the cheapest and most useful of all drugs. It is especially useful in liver trouble and diarrhoea. Half a teaspoonful for a grown fowl is a standard dose. It can be fed by mixing in soft feed; but a much more effective plan is to allow the bird to go without feed for a few hours and then dissolve the salts in warm water and pour down the bird's throat.

Cottonseed oil and olive oil are useful when hens are egg-bound, for diarrhoea, and for external and internal use in dressing torn flesh and bound-up crop.

Bichloride of mercury, a one to one thousand bichloride solution, is a germicide and disinfectant for external use, cleansing and preventing infection. It is highly poisonous, and to prevent it being mistaken for water, it is well to color it with laundry blue for identification.

Medicines in tablet form are desirable, because they are much more convenient and easily administered, when in a compact form. They are administered very easily by holding the bird's mouth open with one hand, and with the other thrusting the tablet far back into the bird's mouth so it will be swallowed. The following four drugs in this form are useful:

Salicylic acid, two and one-half grains, for use in cases of rheumatism.

Aconite root, one-tenth grain, for use in fevers.

Bismuth subnitrate, one grain, for intestinal irritation.

Iron, quinine and strychnine tablets, for use as a tonic. Dose, three per day.

The following ointment may be made by the poultryman, and will always be found useful in treating cuts and wounds of all kinds:

Oil of origanum, one ounce; crestol, three-fourths ounce; pine tar, one ounce; resin, one ounce; clean axle grease (or vaseline), eight ounces.

The axle grease should be melted and the other ingredients mixed into the melted mass. Pour into a tin or mould, and allow to cool.

THE GATES OF THOUGHT

The other day a friend heard a lecture during which a thought was expressed that gave him a new line of thinking. Thus it is that little seeds of thought from others often lodge in our minds—there frequently to sprout and grow thriftily. Ofttimes these seeds of thought have been broadcast, but they seemingly fell on barren soil until, for some reason or other, perhaps the manner of presentation, suddenly other seeds of the same thoughts take root and begin to grow.

One of the great enjoyments, and benefits as well, of meeting other people, is the coming into contact with such thoughts. Reading also has this attribute. These thoughts, often from unexpected sources, frequently open new lines of thinking. We enjoy enlarging upon them in our own minds, and they often bring broader and better concepts of life to us.

The person who deprives himself of meeting other people singly or in conference, or who deprives himself of gaining thoughts through the printed word, is shutting himself from the finest and richest things of life. These contacts with thought cost little, but add rich assets to life which none can steal, but we alone can dissipate.

After all, life is but living, and living can be rich or poor, as we open or shut our minds to the great fund of infinite thought available to us. Each is the gatekeeper of his own mind.

New Plants Registered by the Canadian Horticultural Council.

At a recent meeting of the Plant Registration Bureau of the Canadian Horticultural Council with headquarters at Ottawa, a number of new varieties of horticultural plants were passed for recording. Among these were a new geranium named "Crerar," which was originated at the Central Experimental Farm; a garden rhubarb of excellent quality named "MacDonald," a strawberry called "Vanguard" of special earliness; "Viking" a new raspberry, and "Logarne" a thornless loganberry. Besides these there are a new primula, a dogwood, an apple and two peach trees, a new dahlia, and several other flowers. All these newly originated plants will now be subjected to thorough tests in the trial gardens established by the Council. The Horticultural Council maintains these trial gardens at the different Experimental Farms and Agricultural Colleges, and plants sent by their originators to the Council are tested in the gardens with a view to registration, if satisfactory. By this means a rapid improvement is being brought about in the quality and varieties of flowers and other horticultural plants grown in Canada.

A Big Farm Problem.

When, way back near the beginning of things, the Creator made farming the first business, He gave as its setting a foundation that is altogether different from that of other businesses. This foundation is soil—a medium filled with life as wonderful as is the uncomprehensible magnitude of heaven.

And, being complex and mystifying, it is not easy to know how best to handle soil, that satisfactory results may be had from it. Here most failures in farming occur. The elements in, and the conditions of, the soil that make plants grow, are too often not carefully looked after; and in a short period crops become lighter and lighter, until profits are impossible.

By adapting a proper system of rotation, by supplementing the manure output of the farm with lime and fertilizer as needed, by regularly plowing down green crops—by doing all these things persistently, one can keep the soil of his fields fit for producing profitable crops.

But all this requires a long-term plan. To be a good farmer one must look well into the future. Farming is no hand-to-mouth job—it requires vision. Good farmers are being rewarded now for practices started five or ten years ago.

While soil may respond to a "shot in the arm," the most satisfactory results come from the right kind of treatment continued over a period of years. If no definite soil program has been worked out, this is the season of the year to give the matter hard study. Proper handling of the soil is a farm problem of the first magnitude.

Apples Affected by the Type of Soil on Which They Are Grown.

The type of soil on which apples are grown has a material effect on the keeping quality of apples according to a new bulletin on the cultivation of the apple in Canada issued by the Dept. of Agriculture at Ottawa. Fruit grown on the lighter soils, it is claimed by Mr. M. B. Davis, the author, does not keep so well as that grown on heavier soils. However, too heavy clays which tend to bake should be avoided. A sand, although not as desirable as a good friable loam, is superior to a heavy, stiff clay. Apples generally are adaptable to a wide range of soils but some varieties are quite exacting in this respect. The Northern Spy does best on a moderately heavy soil with a heavy sub-soil. Baldwins and Kings develop best on lighter soils, the color of both of these varieties being greatly impaired on heavy lands. The McIntosh is adaptable to a wide range of soils, growing well at Ottawa on light sand and in other parts of Ontario on heavy clays.

How I Swat Chicken Lice.

Last spring I noticed that our hens were unusually lousy and the henhouse was infested with mites. I mixed equal parts of crude oil and kerosene and thoroughly applied it to the interior of the henhouse, worked it into all the cracks and crevices, spread it over the ceiling, the floor, the roosts and the nest boxes with a bucket spray pump. I followed up in about ten days with a similar spraying. The kerosene penetrated the lumber and the crude oil formed a coating over the surface, making it impossible for mites to live there.

While on the roosts and about the building the hens came in contact with the crude oil and kerosene mixture. This rid them of lice and saved me the work of handling each hen separately. Mrs. B. A. N.

Two Cistern Ideas.

Run the overflow pipe in farm cistern to within two inches of bottom and the rains will keep the cistern clean. Make a slot or low spot in cistern bottom for the necessary cleaning it must have. I didn't do these things and so have more work to do. —E. R.

AWARDED MEDAL BY RADIO

For the first time in the history of the world, the award of a medal for life-saving was made over the radio when, on the night of February 17th, Sir Henry Thornton, President of the Canadian National Railways, speaking from CNRO, Ottawa, presented the medal of the Royal Humane Society to Mrs. K. G. Polyblank, wife of a civil engineer in the service of the Company. Mrs. Polyblank was in her home at O'Brien in the northern part of Quebec Province and as Sir Henry Thornton, in Ottawa, reached the appropriate moment in his address, the medal was handed to Mrs. Polyblank who, with a number of friends, listened to the address through a receiving set installed in her home.

The deed for which the award was made took place at Long Lac, Ontario, in the summer of 1925, Mrs. Polyblank plunging overboard from a motor boat to save the young child of a friend who had slipped over the side. Mrs. Polyblank swam to the child, maintaining it afloat, divested herself of clinging clothing, and calmly awaited the arrival of rescuers, being practically exhausted when reached.

The photograph shows Mrs. Polyblank, in her home just after she had been presented with the medal.

MOTHER FLIGHTY AND DICKY DUCK

Mrs. Flighty was a plump brown Mother Hen. She lived with her seven yellow downy chicks in a cunning little house whose pointed roof's sloping sides reached clear to the ground. And across the whole front ran four slats of wood.

It was through these slats that Mrs. Flighty peeped now and again one beautiful morning. She was cleaning off her side walls and the voices of her happy little brood came in through the open windows.

Suddenly she laid down her dust mop and listened. A hoarse voice mingled with the peals of laughter of her own children, and peeping out she spied a queer little stranger. Her bill was broad and flat and when he walked he waddled from side to side, not at all as Mrs. Flighty had taught her children to walk. They picked their way along daintily and when they spoke their voices were sweet and gentle.

"Flipper," called Mrs. Flighty, who seemed to get very flustered when she saw the stranger, "come here at once."

"Who is that strange child?" she whispered leaning down toward him and keeping one eye on the stranger.

"Why, Mother, that's Dicky Duck, and he has come to stay," answered Flipper.

"Come to stay!" exclaimed Mrs. Flighty. "Tut, tut, tut, tut-tut, and who invited him? Did you, Flipper Flighty?"

"No, but he has come to stay. He says so," said Flipper, "and he's the most fun."

"Shoo, shoo!" cried Mrs. Flighty, and shook her skirts as Dicky Duck, who ran behind the little house and peeked out at Mrs. Flighty from around the corner.

"I've heard of hens having to bring up duck children," she murmured to herself, "but I have too large a family of my own to take care of any stranger. Besides, I do not care for him."

That day Mrs. Flighty served lunch early, and directly after started out for a walk, her family tripping along daintily behind her, and among them waddled the unwelcome Dicky Duck.

When they reached the pond, Mrs. Flighty, who wore a distressed frown on her face, grew quite cheerful.

The ducks were all in swimming blissfully, and when Dicky Duck saw then he sidled down to the water and swam out to them.

"Oh," sighed Mrs. Flighty in a relieved voice, "Dicky Duck has gone back to his family!" And she called to her family to hurry, hurry." And hurry they did, though they disliked leaving their new playmate.

When they were almost home, Mrs. Flighty glanced behind her and was dismayed to see Dicky Duck cheerfully lifting his little wings to help him over the little hummocks of grass as he hurried along to join the Flighty family.

"This is almost more than I can stand," said the Mother Hen impatiently. "If he only had a sweet voice and walked more sedately I could stand it. He is a nuisance!"

That night when all seven of the downy chicks were snuggled up under their mother's wing, Dicky Duck stood wistfully by until Mrs. Flighty said in a sympathetic voice, "Come, you poor lonesome child. Come under my wing," and Dicky Duck looked so grateful that Mrs. Flighty smiled to herself.

The next morning the sky was dark and gloomy. The rain came down in huge drops and formed little puddles all over the barnyard.

"Oh, dear, dear! No food in the house and the ground so wet and not one of us with a pair of rubbers. I'll never be able to do my marketing!" And Mrs. Flighty gazed anxiously out of the window.

"Oh, let me do your shopping! See, I have my rubbers and slicker," said Dicky Duck, as he took the basket and list and waddled away.

"Now, after all, I think we shall be happy to have Dicky Duck stay with us. He is so willing to help," said Mrs. Flighty. And by the time she had wiped up some puddles of water that had leaked in, Dicky Duck came waddling back. Taking off his rubbers and shaking off his slicker he hung them both in the corner to dry.

"Here are your groceries, Mrs. Flighty," he said.

"Call me Mother Flighty," said the Mother Hen, smiling tenderly at him.

So Dicky Duck lived happily with Mrs. Flighty, and when it rained he always did the marketing while the chicks and their mother kept dry and warm in the little house with the pointed roof and sides that reached clear to the ground.

An Ad Brought Me $100.

I learned it pays to advertise when I placed a small ad in our home town daily last fall, hoping to dispose of several bushels of potatoes and white onions. I told the prospective customers that they might drive by in the afternoon or evening and get them fresh from the garden.

To my surprise nearly every customer wanted either some fresh tomatoes, cucumbers, eggs, corn, green beans (Gee, but how I sold the green beans!), butter and chickens. I could have easily sold ten times what I did if I had of had it. I sold over a hundred dollars' worth as it was, and I learned some things I didn't know. —Mrs. M. A. B.

A Henhouse Whitewash.

The most practical time to fight flock diseases is before they develop. This whitewash, which is also a strong disinfectant, has been a help to me in keeping my flock of 3,000 hens up and coming:

Slack one and one-half pecks of rock lime in four gallons of water and add two pounds of salt. Let the mixture stand several hours, stirring it now and then until a smooth cream of lime is formed. When ready to spray, mix in four gallons of lime-sulphur solution and fill up the barrel with water. Apply with a spray pump.

Line baking dish with mashed potatoes. Put canned meat into this, dot with butter, sprinkle with flour, dash of pepper and salt. Cover with rich biscuit dough, and bake.

THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY

BY MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL.

After every one has kissed the blarney stone, you could have a game to test the result. Arrange the girls' chairs in one row, the men's facing them. Partners are those sitting opposite each other. Pass paper and pencils. Each player is required to write a compliment to his or her partner. At the end of five minutes the "blarney" is read aloud and the player whose production shows the happiest results gets a small Irish flag as prize.

PIG'S EYE.

For the "Pig's Eye" game the girls are sent into one room. A sheet with a very tiny hole in it is held at the doorway. Each girl in turn shows an eye at this hole and the boys write down their guess as to who the owner of the eye is. Nothing should show but the eye itself so it will look small like a real pig's eye. It will be amusing to discover that we may not know what sort of eyes our dearest friends have. The boy who gets the smallest number of correct could be given a pair of old spectacles. If you care to you could reverse the game and let the girls test their power of discernment.

FAMOUS GUESTS.

If you want to try your hand at burlesqueing you might let several of your friends in to the secret beforehand and ask them to help. First you need some one to play the songs. You could announce to the guests that several famous Irish people had come to the party. When the music is playing "The Minstrel Boy" comes in. He has a proud, defiant air and a huge paper sword, but when he sees he is about to be captured, with a grand, majestic gesture, he breaks the sword into pieces.

Then there's "The Wearing o' the Green." A very excited person could rush in and tell in pantomime about the hanging. "The Irish Wash Woman," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," "Mother Machree," "Kathleen Aroon," and others that you can think of might be acted out.

CONUNDRUMS.

Conundrums with a basis of Irish geographical names can also be made very amusing. Such riddles as those given below will form an entertaining series:

What city of Ireland floats? Cork.

What part of Ireland is lowest, cosmographically? Down.

What part of Ireland is celebrated for its cats? Kilkenny.

What part is it that no one of the name of Dare may visit? Kildare.

At what point is the weather always good? Cape Clear.

What town should be a favorite with milliners? Trim.

What county is a female connection of the town just named? Antrim (Aunt Trim).

What Irish bay is a good one for detectives? Clew.

What town is like a pretty woman caught in a bog? Belfast (Belle fast).

What Irish mountains lament the dead? Mourne.

Give little clay pipes tied with green ribbons for the two cleverest sets of answers.

IRISH STEW.

There is enough movement and scrambling in this game to break up any lingering suggestion of formality. The players should be arranged in a circle. They must then be numbered off by counting 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4, and etc., around the circle. The leader then explains all the ones are potatoes, the twos cabbages, the threes corned beef, and the fours onions.

The one who begins the game stands in the circle and calls out, "Potatoes and Cabbages" whereupon the potatoes and cabbages must quickly change seats. In the scramble the one in the centre tries to get a seat. If he succeeds the player left without a seat then calls out a different combination. Any combination may be called and if the player in the centre should call out "Irish Stew"—then every one must exchange seats. The company may be counted off in fives or sixes and other vegetables added to the stew.

SARDINES.

This game can be played best in an old fashioned house that has plenty of nooks, closets and unexpected corners. One member of the party is chosen and given time to hide. Then all the rest go in search. The players should separate as much as possible and should not hunt in groups. If a player finds the person hiding he must take his place with the hidden one as quickly as possible and must try to avoid betraying the hiding place to the other players. If a players discovers the hiding place and does not wish to disclose it to another player near him, he can go away for a few minutes and then return when no one is looking.

Each player then crowds in to the hiding place and as the games go on the players become packed in like "sardines." The difficulty of keeping quiet under such circumstances can be imagined.

MENU.

This is that mysterious sounding menu that was to be served cafeteria style. The Blarney sandwiches are made of brown bread baked in round tins, with a filling of tongue chopped with olives.

Sod sandwiches are rolled sandwiches made of white bread spread with shredded lettuce and oil dressing. They may be tied with green ribbon even though they may not then seem quite so much like rolls of sod waiting to be placed on a new lawn.

Shillalahs may be either cheese straws or candied orange peel.

Irish Greens are squares of green gelatine in which are moulded canned pears and white grapes. On the top of each square is a liberal mould of whipped cream tinted green with vegetable or mint coloring.

If you'd rather have a sitting down supper you could have small cut-out pigs for place cards and use a Shamrock—real or made of green crepe paper or evergreen woods-fern for the centrepiece. Penny clay pipes filled with small candies might be used as favors.

Nothing could be more appropriate than potato salad and served in a nest of lettuce. Deviled eggs or cold boiled tongue might be served with bread and butter sandwiches or in place of the tongue and eggs, sandwiches of lettuce, minced ham and pickles or cheese and nuts could be served.

MEN'S AND YOUTHS' OVERALLS.

For work around the garage, or general wear these overalls will give excellent protection. Also motorists will find them a useful garment to carry in the car for emergencies. Made in apron style, they have a large bib, and suspenders attached to the back which button onto the bib. There are two deep, roomy, set-in front pockets, and two large patch hip pockets, with handy rule pocket on right leg. Striped denim or heavy khaki are the most suitable materials for making these overalls. No. 1297 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches breast. Size 38 breast requires 3¾ yards 27-inch, or 3⅜ yards 32-inch material. Price 20 cents.

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Has Handy Scading Bench.

I have made a folding bench which makes hog scalding easier. This bench is six feet long, three feet wide, twenty-six inches high, and is made similar to a folding cot.

I used three-by-four hardwood for the sills and legs. Legs are held in place with one half-inch bolt through each leg, six inches from end of sill. Two of the legs are inside of sills, and two are outside, which makes it possible to fold them back. The legs are thirty inches long, with a cross-piece four inches from the top to hold legs from spreading. The top of bench is made of two-inch elm, with one end cut out rounding, in which barrel fits.

The real convenience of this bench is found in handling heavy hogs. The two legs can be folded back and the hog pulled up on the bench to the other end, when we raise the lower end and pull the legs forward. This makes it easy to get the hog in place to scald.

When not in use it can be folded, and takes up little room.—A. A.

A Winter Salad.

An appetizing salad, especially, suited for luncheon or supper, is made as follows: Mix together cold boiled rice and half the quantity of cooked green peas (canned peas may be used). Moisten thoroughly with any good boiled salad dressing, to which a sprinkling of granulated sugar is added. Heap the mixture over lettuce leaves if lettuce is at hand, or else garnish with pimento olives cut in halves.