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RURAL NOTES.

THE "whole art of riding" is embodied in the following lines, which are credited to *John Bull* :

"Your head and your heart keep up,
Your hands and your heels keep down,
Your legs keep close to your horse's sides,
And your elbows close to your own."

SINCE Parisians learned the merits of horse flesh as an article of food during the siege, hippogamy has made steady progress in the French capital. In 1875 the butchers disposed of 7,000 horses, in 1880 of 9,000, and in 1881 of 9,800. Last year the supply of meat was further increased by the carcasses of 400 asses and mules.

An exchange gives this programme of work for spare moments and rainy days:—"Clean, polish, and oil tools; repair any broken tools; clean and oil harness; shell corn; put all tools neatly in place; sweep floors of barns and outhouses; grind hoes and spades; sprout and assort potatoes; keep cellars sweet and clean." It would be a good idea to "write it large," and post it up in some conspicuous place.

MR. G. W. WHITE, of Eltingville, N. Y., says he "can show as good ensilage as there is in the country, and as poor stock." This, however, proves nothing, except that ensilage alone is not a sufficient diet. The same might be said of turnips, or indeed, of almost any other single article of cattle food except grass. Even meal alone, however rich, would not keep stock in a healthy, thriving condition. Some things are good in a mix that are not worth much alone.

PROFESSOR ARNOLD has been giving his opinion concerning the relative value of barley and corn for production of butter, cheese, and milk. In brief it is, that corn is far preferable to barley when the object is to produce the most and the best butter, but for obtaining milk for cheese, or for selling milk by measure, barley is more profitable. There is often wanted a way to dispose of barley that is too much off colour to bring a good price in the market, and here it is.

In 1880, two French army officers were commissioned by their Government to visit Canada and the United States, to investigate and report on the qualities possessed by the horses of the American continent, with a view to their suitability for military purposes. Their report has been recently published, and that part of it which relates to Canadian horses is so complimentary to our breeders, that we shall try to make room for it in the next issue of the *RURAL CANADIAN*.

THE *Breeder's Gazette* says:—"Mr. James I. Davidson, the well-known importer and breeder

of Shorthorns, of Balsam, Ont., Can., recently sold five imported and three home-bred females and the bull Baron Victor to Mr. J. H. Kissinger, of Kissinger Station, Mo. This, we believe, makes thirty head selected within a short period by Mr. Kissinger from this well-known Cruikshank herd. Four head were also sold to L. Palmer, Sturgeon, Mo., at the same time. Mr. P. also has quite a number of animals of Mr. Davidson's stock.

THE *Canadian Farmer and Grange Record* has been collecting reports of the crop prospects throughout Ontario. "A conjunct" view of them leads to the opinion that winter wheat is not in more than average condition. The frosty nights and bright warm days of April have damaged it considerably. A drouthy spring is also unfavourable. Still, a warm rain, when it comes, will doubtless work a great change for the better. Farmers generally "prepare for the worst" by evil prophecies. It would be well if they would also hope for the best.

Lippincott's Magazine for May contains the following exquisite little rural poem, which is credited to "Howard Glyndon":—

A VIOLET IN THE GRASS.

Only a violet in the grass,
Upon the border of the field;
And yet I stoop, and would not pass
For all my bounteous acres yield.

I bless the kindly plough that left
This little silent friend to me,
Of all its sister flowers bereft,
Like one cut off from sympathy.

Where yonder dark-brown belt of trees
Breaks on the far blue mountain-line,
What throngs of violets on the breeze
Give out a fragrance rare and fine!

But this one, trembling here alone,
Dropped like a tender thought from God,
Needs none to make its message known
Before I pluck it from the sod,

And hide it on the hard-tryed heart,
Too tired by far for aught of glee,
That yet goes singing soft apart,
" 'Twas meant for me! 'twas meant for me! "

FARMERS! look out for swindlers. Put your names to no documents which you do not fully understand. Trust no stranger on a verbal agreement. Have everything in black and white without possibility of imposition. Here is a new trick which has been tried successfully in the Unadilla Valley, New York: An agent comes along, asks permission to set up a mill on the premises of the victim for exhibition, and promises that if three mills are sold the owner of the exhibition ground will receive one. The agent then asks the signature to a contract to this effect. A few days later four feed mills at \$60 each are consigned to the signer of the contract, and a note bearing the name of the victim for \$240 is presented for pay-

ment. A number have been swindled in this manner.

AMONG other items of information sought by the *Canadian Farmer and Grange Record*, bees and how they wintered were comprised. Where kept, the report is that they have wintered well, and come out strong this spring. But it is noticeable, that many informants write, "No bees in this township." "No bees kept." This implies waste of honied sweetness that, if gathered, would add largely to individual and national wealth. Every farm should have, at least, a few stands of bees. But, in this country especially, it requires knowledge and skill to manage bees, and for want of these, many who have essayed to keep them have given it up. The man who does not believe in book-farming had better never touch bees, for they must be handled by the book, or they will assuredly fail.

THE *Brockville Recorder* says:—"Just at present the question seriously agitating the mind of the farmer in this portion of Ontario is how and where he is going to obtain the necessary amount of labour to harvest his crops. In many districts whole farms have been left tenantless by the insane expectation of the occupiers to suddenly become rich in Manitoba, while in nearly all localities the floating population—that is, those who depend upon the well-to-do farmers for employment—have left body and breeches. In conversation last week with an old farmer of this township, he informed us that his four sons had joined the army of emigrants, and he was now left with a farm of 160 acres on his hands, which was practically valueless, as he was unable to work it himself, and not a single labouring man could be hired in the neighbourhood.

HEAR both sides, and then judge. A Philadelphia dairyman says, in a letter to a friend, which appears in the last issue of the *Country Gentleman*:—"Two of my dairymen have fed ensilage to their herds the past winter. The results have been so thoroughly satisfactory both to them and to myself that I wish to ask thy thoughtful attention to the subject, with a hope that thou wilt continue to grow the fodder, construct a silo, and be provided with a supply of ensilage next winter. These dairymen have pronounced ensilage an economical and desirable food, and I pronounce ensilage-fed milk the best and most desirable winter milk I have seen. Our experience the past winter has been that we could not without difficulty change our customers from ensilage-fed milk to the milk of cows fed with the ordinary winter feed. They have rebelled at once. The most striking feature is the grass-like appearance of the milk, but I believe the quality also is improved by the feeding of ensilage."