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The Provincial Exhibition.—We call special attention to the advertisement we publish elsewhere respecting the Provincial Exhibition, to be held in Montreal from the 14th to the 24th of September next. Great efforts are being made to make this Exhibition as complete as any held in Canada so far. We hope that every one of our readers may do his best to cooperate to its success, both by exhibiting what he can, and by attending the fair with as many members of his family and friends, as he can.

All entries of stock, agricultural implements and dairy products must be made on or before the 4th of September. In manufactures, Fine Arts and Ladies work, entries must be in by the 28th of this month.

We notice with pleasure that an improvement is promised on previous exhibitions. Although all stock is admitted free, yet stabling, stalls, pens, &c. must be secured at the time of making the entries, and at the following rates: for each horse stall \$1; cattle stalls, each 50 cts.; sheep and pig pens, 25 cts. per head; poultry 25 cents per head.

Exhibitors will thereby be sure to command the best of stock accommodation, for the whole exhibition, and the public need not be sorely tried by the sight of innumerable empty stalls and pens.

Auction sales.—We call special attention to two auction sales of thorough bred stock to take place very soon and advertised in our last page. Farmers, breeders, and all desirous of obtaining first-class stock, should make it a point to be represented at these sales. The first will be held at Compton P. Q. on the 26th of the present month, on the excellently managed farm of John L. Gibb, member of the Council of Agriculture. The second, will take place at the *Ontario Experimental Farm at Guelph O.*, on the 10th of September next.

Agriculture in the Eastern Townships.

The most striking improvements have taken place in this division of our Province, since I saw it last. The whole style of farming seems to have undergone a transformation. Horses have taken the place of the loitering bullocks, and the rapidity of motion of the former has communicated itself to their drivers. And so with everything else; the use of improved implements, the amelioration of horned stock, the attempt, almost universal, to introduce a regular course of cropping, are evident throughout. I was enchanted, though surprised, to find that there was only one opinion as to the usefulness of the *Journal of Agriculture*. Where I dreaded to meet with sneers I met with hearty commendations, and I am happy to say that I have been promised the assistance in the future of several of the most successful agriculturists of the Province.

On the 28th of June I visited the farm of Mr. J. Browning, Longueuil, and a very pleasant day I spent with the proprietor, whose hospitality I have every reason to remember. Mr. Browning holds firmly to the notion that no farmer can possibly be thoroughly successful unless he keeps a perfectly accurate account, not only of his receipts and expenditure, but also of the work done, the manure spent, and the produce yielded, on each field. This notion I found, by inspection, he carries completely out; and the same with the dairy, poultry, and other parts of his business; so that it is visible, at even a cursory glance, what pays, and what does not pay. The cows are made up of Ayrshires and Jerseys; a good lot for dairy purposes they looked, and in splendid

condition. I was particularly struck with a two year old heifer of Mr. Stephens' blood, St. Lambert. Very different indeed from what I recollect years ago was she; certainly one third larger and heavier, but with all the points of Colonel le Couteur's old milking favourites fully developed. To accommodate these a thoroughbred Shorthorn bull is kept, and the cross, judging from what I saw of the young stock, is a very promising one. The bull at present in service is from Judge Dunkin, of Knowlton, whose herd is well known to all breeders in the province. He (the bull I mean) is a remarkably fine animal, with extraordinary loin, and a good rugged skin and hair, reminding me very much of the Duchesses, and an almost unfailing sign of a good constitution. (He partakes of the *Sweetmeat* and *Barrington* blood, and is the best animal of the later strain I ever saw.)

There must have been something peculiar in the spring of 1879. The seeds of that year failed here, as well as on many of the best cultivated farms I visited. A serious business, indeed, for it throws the whole course into confusion. I believe the season was dry, and probably the seed *chipped*, and was cut off in its infancy by the drought. I think, as a rule, we sow our seeds a little too shallow; they, like our grain, would benefit by a slight additional covering by the chain-harrow, or some similar implement, before rolling.

The hay crop was heavy, approaching two tons to the acre in most parts; oats good, but this is emphatically a hay farm, and Mr. Browning has the good sense to see it, and treats it accordingly. Three acres of Lucerne were looking well, though hardly as clean as could be wished. The land appeared dampish, which would hinder the durability of the stand, but the day was more than damp, and the dampness of the land may have been in my imagination, for the whole farm appears to be well drained.

The root crop, principally mangolds and sugar-beets, was looking well, but the soil was too lavishly sown and the thinning out seemed to be rather an arduous task in consequence.

As may well be conceived, Mr. Browning keeps nothing for show, the whole conduct of the farm is practical to a degree. Every thing is in its place, no tools or implements lying about, the barns, stables &c., all handy and convenient; consequently, the labour bill does not run away with the profits of the land, but is kept within due bounds. Now the principal improvements are finished an easier and more profitable task lies before the owner; at all events, seeing that it is only three years since he bought the estate, no one can doubt that genuine, honest work, guided by a sound head, has been brought to bear upon the land to bring it into the state of cultivation in which I found it.

On June 30th, after a pleasant journey on the *Vermont Central*, I arrived at Granby, and, after a short stay to inspect the principal beauties of the village, started for Abbotsford, in a buggy drawn by, perhaps, the worst horse,