

will bear out the value attached to it by the chemist's analysis, whereas, as it is usually seen, the ordinary farmer is quite right in esteeming timothy the more valuable food.

A fidgety hay-season, this. Weather catchy and uncomfortable. To-day, a most copious dew, and, at 8.30 a. m., a shower. However, I can't grumble, as I am at my last acre, and all I have carried is as green as grass. My neighbour, M. Vallée tells me, as I am writing, that, in the Sorel market, clover is unsaleable! Surely, this must soon be altered. Unfortunately, I shall have no clover to cut for two years, so I can't hope to show, practically, the true system of making it; but I will try to make a small quantity of lucerne into hay next year: it, the lucerne, seems a good plant, and as the oats soon with it are nearly ripe, it will have a good chance to profit after their severance. I am doubtful as to the take of the sainfoin.

Shorthorns can't be made to yield a large quantity of milk, can't they? If the Herd book is any evidence, I think the idea is a mistaken one. Mr Willis's, of Bedale, shorthorn cow Eleanor produced thus.

	lbs.	oz
1851, at 3 years old, from 1 week's cream.....	10	0
1854, at 7 years old, from a week's cream.....	21	4
1857, at 9 years old, 1st week after calving.....	24	0
1857, at 9 years old, 2nd week after calving ...	24	8

See Herd-book of shorthorn cattle, vol. X, p. 345.

Old birds are not &c.: rain all round to-day (July 29th), and telegram says: Variable winds, fine, very warm weather! Tho hay shall remain in cock for all that, as the tobacco is absolutely so wet that I can't get a pipe of it to smoke.

Newton's Sower.—This implement put in the rape very badly. Besides sowing much more seed than the indicator showed, it dropped most of it in the middle and hardly any at the sides. Nevertheless, the rape looks well, and, now, 21 days after sowing, hides the ground completely.

If Mr Ville is right in saying that it is necessary that, to be profitable to the manufacturer, beetroot should yield in the laboratory at least 12 0/10 of sugar, for under this amount little more than 4 0/10 can be extracted on a large scale, and at that rate there is no profit, it is not wonderful that our sugar factories are shut up, in spite of the enormous protective duty, 55 0/10 I believe, on foreign sugar.

A good deal of talk lately about the peasant-farming of France; but the fact still remains that the average yield of France in wheat is 14½ bushels to the acre, the yield of England 29 bushels.

I have received daily telegrams from the Meteorological Service of the Dominion of Canada, hoping by pasting them, with a translation into French, on my gate-post to be of service to my neighbours. I regret to say that the warnings have been of no service, as they have invariably failed to predict a change of weather. In one remarkable instance, Sunday, July 20th was to be fine and clear: it rained all day. In fact, my favourite weather-sign, the dryness or moistness of the tobacco I smoke, viz. the "Myrtle Navy" (this is not a puff), has been worth all the prophecies of the Meteorological Service put together. I cut my tobacco myself, and if it sticks to the cutting machine, rain is sure to follow in 12 hours. The only mistake I have made this season was in trusting to the telegram in preference to the tobacco. On Wednesday, July 22nd, the prediction was "fine weather;" the tobacco was damp; I attributed that to a heavy fog; but at 1.15 p. m. it began to rain, and continued to do so all the afternoon and evening! And to-day, I have just received my despatch: "Moderate winds; generally fair, warm weather;" whereas, my tobacco is as wet as muck, and the rain is on

the point of coming down! (And it did come down, too, only at Berthier and not at Sorel, thank goodness).

Mr Leclerc, of the Council of Agriculture, was kind enough to give me two packets of tobacco seed, of which one was Havana and the other Canadian. Strange to say they have both prematurely run up to seed at once.

Mowing machine.—The mower I am using was furnished by the Messrs. Beauchemin, of Sorel, and does its work not well, but perfectly. It goes by the name of "The Young Warrior," and one or two recent improvements have added much to the accuracy of its performance. Both those starlings, they are at the oats again; that is all one gains by being in advance of one's neighbours—the oats are the only grain nearly ripe, and in consequence, the birds are collected in flocks round the field, with the same brazen-faced audacity displayed by those winged creatures which devoured the first crop of poor Robinson Crusoe. And the worst of it is, that they don't care two pence about the gun nor does the sight of their slaughtered fellows deter them in the least from pursuing their nefarious work). There is, attached to the cutter-frame of the mower, an elastic spring, which prevents the hay when falling from clogging the small wheel; not being much versed in the technical terms used by mechanics, I can't describe it better, but it certainly saves many a stoppage.

The horse-rake, from the same firm, is as good as can be, in fact, both mowers and rakes seem to have reached perfection.

Pease.—For table use, I have sown three sorts of pease. Bliss's *American Wonder* was the first fit to eat, and, though the produce is but small the quality is all that can be desired. Sown on the 26th April, the crop was gathered on the 26th June. Maclean's "Advancer," sown the same day as the A. W. was not fit till 9 days later. But my great pea is the new "Carter's Stratagem!" I sowed a peck (at a fearful price, I regret to say) on the 29th May, and to-day, July 30th, they are ready for market—such pods! (I'll go and measure them), four and a half inches in length, and containing from eight to ten large peas each! Height, only from 15 to 24 inches. If I can save the seed, I expect to have enough to sow an acre next year; and an acre of such pease ought to pay well.

I have just received a visit from M. Peloquin, of St. Hyacinthe. Starting with a capital of \$300, he has succeeded in establishing a market garden of ten acres in the neighbourhood of that town, where previously none existed, all the vegetables, except a few produced by the farmers, having been imported from Montreal. Mr Peloquin tells me he has 30,000 cabbages and 9,000 plants of celery, all doing well. A large allowance, I should say for so small a town, in which, too, the use of vegetables as a daily food can hardly yet obtain. It is extraordinary, how long a time it takes to induce the general run of French-Canadians to believe in the absolute necessity of eating mixed food—pease and potatoes, with a few onions and garlic, seem to be the only vegetables they consume.

Mr Peloquin and I had a long chat. Generally, we agreed on the principles to be acted on in agricultural matters, but in one thing we differed: he advocated the use of recent manure for cabbages; I, remarking on the dangerous importation of weed-seeds necessarily incurred thereby, held with well-rotted manure for all crops, adding, that whereas on his heavy land green manure would improve the texture of the soil, on my sandy loam it would make it lighter still. I think I had the best of the argument. Just fancy, when the "wild timothy" grows with such luxuriance and produces such an immense quantity of seed, putting unrotted dung on garden-land.