

in the upland depression of the basin of the Speed, and some distance from the traffic of the Waterloo road, in its quiet retirement. The wooded heights of Puslinch from beyond the Speed watch its seclusion with unflinching constancy. Its shape is, in the main, triangular and its surface very level, save where the gravel ridge lies upon its bosom, as shown in the diagram.

On this ridge are all the buildings of the farm, which gives them a site of pleasant dryness all the seasons round. Some lordly elms guard its approach from the Guelphward side, and a massive iron gate, with strong approaches on either side of masonry, with a glimpse of the shaded avenue within, begot within a lover of the beautiful in nature an uncontrollable desire to enter.

The definition of a straight line is "that which lies evenly between its extreme points," or "the shortest distance between two extreme points." Fidelity to this definition guides most persons in constructing an approach to their farm dwellings. Not so Mr. Sorby. The way is gracefully curved like the meanderings of a river, the drooping limbs of the bordering shades, with uncommon friendliness, swaying welcome to the visitor. It seems a pity that in life so many make lines so straight of the journey. Like a bullet from a rifle they rush toward the end. How much better to diverge a little and make the journey *plaisanter*, though it take a little longer. This avenue diverges as you approach the chaste stone dwelling, one branch leading past its front and another past its rear, meeting again at the barns. The enclosure widens in front of the dwelling, and the grounds rise somewhat, and then form a broad table-land covered with the glories of the forest and the garden, both indigenous and exotic. All the zones have been drawn from in filling up this wilderness of beauties, and yet it is not a wilderness, for in its every part it is tended with the most scrupulous care. The cactus of the tropics and the mosses of the northland grow side by side in harmony, and the shrubs of other continents dwell in agreement with those of our own. Our native evergreen trees are intermingled with nut bearing and other varieties. Our forests and fields have been ransacked to lend variety to the scene, and the flora of other climes has furnished many a contingent. The powerful Austrian pine is the companion of the oak, and the cowslip and the lily of the valley are communists with the grasses. Most luxuriant portulacae blossom beneath the cut-leaved weeping birch, and the borders of *mignonette* encircle lilies of spotless purity with foxgloves of richer bloom. Here some rare little plant lifts its tiny head beside the root of some tree, creepers climb the limbs of others, a rockery, itself a wonder in its variety, and a hundred things unnamed add to the charm of this quiet Canadian homestead. Although there is so much of elaboration, there is no confusion or crowding in the arrangement that is jarring to the taste.

But what has all this to do with successful farming? Ask of the 10,000 of our youths, the noblest and the best, that are driven away annually from the farm because of the unattractiveness of their homes.

The dwelling is of chastely polished stone 40 x 40—two stories in height above the basement, kitchen and cellar, the rear being on a side hill. It is not only arranged with an eye to comfort and convenience, but the same taste that adorned the surroundings lends a charm to all that is within. The out-buildings are better shown in the plan than they could be by any written description.

We need only add that the basement stable for horses with its cyclopean walls we consider one of the best in Canada. The stalls are so large and so much provision has been made for ventilation, that we do not fear any evil result from dampness. The completeness of the provision that has been made for carrying on every detail of the work is simply wonderful, but whether in some instances at a greater expense than was absolutely necessary, is an undetermined question in the minds of your judges. We do not mean expense on the execution, for a very large part of the work is done by two sons on the farm, but expense in the design.

The stock of the farm, 244 acres in all, of which 225 are cleared, is 1 driving horse, 10 brood mares, and 15 colts and unbroken horses, 1 yoke working oxen, 3 milch cows and a few swine and fowls, and the labor employed is two men the year round, and an additional man and boy in summer. These horses are mostly imported Clydes; by these (the brood mares) most of the work is done on the farm. It is

the aim of the sons to make the Woodlands a breeding home of the Clydes. They have certainly made a magnificent selection on which to build, and so far have been very successful in saving their foals in this year of great mortality in the country generally with this class of stock.

The grains grown correspond to the requirements of a horse-breeding farm, having an eye at the same time to the nature of the soil, which is between a clay and sandy loam, on a gravelly and sandy sub-soil, which does not require under-draining. The obstacles in the way of cultivation have all been removed. The crop this year is:—oats, 48 acres; pasture, 20 acres; hay and clover, 46 acres; permanent pasture, 8 acres; $\frac{1}{2}$ acre mangolds; $2\frac{1}{2}$ carrots, and 3 turnips. The average product for the last ten years is:—fall wheat, 25 bushels per acre; spring wheat, 20 bushels; peas, 20 bushels; oats, 60 bushels; turnips, 900 bushels; mangolds, 800 bushels; carrots, 700 bushels; and hay, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons. An extraordinary cut was taken off a field $17\frac{1}{2}$ acres several years ago—90 tons—and sold for \$20 per ton. This is certainly good farming, as we deem the soil not over fertile naturally. The crops were looking very well and were kept very clean.

Rotation.—Sod broken every second or third year, except with the permanent pastures; peas are sown (though this will be modified now), followed by oats or wheat, on the soil deeply turned up and seed on this. The fields for roots alternate, which is also the cleaning crop, going over the whole farm with this alternation; the manure is applied on roots put in the open drill, which is then closed.

The hay is fed to the horses uncut; the oats crushed. The young horses get all they will eat up clean—say $\frac{1}{4}$ gal. of bran, and 1 gal. oats; brood mares, $\frac{1}{2}$ gal. of bran to 1 gal. oats. After foaling, for a few days, they get warm bran mashes, when, after a time, their feed is increased to nearly a peck of oats. The stallions get about $1\frac{1}{2}$ gals. oats, and a little bran. In the winter they all get a moderate amount of roots, mostly carrots.

The whole farm is very well fenced, mostly board and cedar post, and the forest is in good shape, the garden and orchard sufficient, and the water supply ample, the windmill rendering a very useful service, and the machinery is more than ordinarily complete, the engine doing all the grinding, chopping and threshing, etc.

The farm scored well in almost every particular, but, as the horse-breeding venture was a new one and had not time yet to show results, we did not feel justified in giving it a place with farms, where these results, the great end of all farming, have been demonstrated during successive years.

Yet we cannot leave the Woodlands without paying a tribute to the industry that has been shown and the good taste manifested in making it the beautiful spot which it is. Within the last two decades this charming rural home has grown out of the soils of Puslinch. Indeed, within that time it could never have become what it is, had there not been the most perfect *onesty* of aim in those who occupy it, to render it attractive, and in every sense worthy of the name of home, so far as it lay in their power.

THE FARM OF MR. DAVID SMELLIE.

On the morning of Monday, June 28th, while the sun was waking up the sturdy farmers of Wellington, we left Mosborough, caught the G. T. R. at Guelph, and sped along through the stiffer clay of Peel, where the "mournful" yellow of the mustard was dwelling in discordant harmony with the thistle, at once the blessing and the curse of Canada, and both were making common cause against the thirsting grain.

The programme for the day was three farms—Mr. Smellie's, Mr. Wm. Rennie's and Mr. Simpson Rennie's, lying in as many different townships; so, in company with the secretary, Mr. Wade, we left the metropolitan city at 9 a. m. by way of Yonge street, with all its historic associations, passing the beautiful place of unbroken sleep on the right, then unimproved lots of the speculator, fertile fields, fattening at the expense of those remote from the city and down into the historic valley of the Don, where rebels fell or martyrs died, according to the lens through which you view them and their deeds, in the stirring times of 1837. Ten miles of a drive through a country which responds liberally to the labors of the husbandman brought Thornhill, in the valley where the Vaughan road diverges to the left. One hour more and we reached the farm of Mr. Smellie, Concord P. O.,

comprising 200 acres in lot 8, 2d concession Vaughan. This farm is two fields wide and $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, extending from one concession road to the other, and having a private road the entire length from front to rear. The 24 acres of Lu-h are on one corner in the rear.

The buildings of this farm, very attractive in the distance, do not lose their charm on a nearer inspection. They are situated a suitable distance from the west front of the farm, which is lined with beautiful soft maples, as is also the way to the homestead, which crosses a clean cut channel of a living stream, winding its way in a pretty course of its own with smooth grassy banks across the farm. Directly in front of the approach to the steading stands a large attractive-looking barn with horse and cow stable included, which is approached only after we crossed the best lawn on which we ever trod in a farmer's yard. This barn is 85 x 60 feet, but is without basement. To the right, in a square by itself, is another barn 60 x 45 feet, with sheep pen in connection 36 x 18 feet, with hay loft. Two sheds extend from each end of the large barn to the south, 18 x 60 feet each, and across the south front 12 x 120 feet, forming a square and providing shelter for cattle while in the yard, and a driving shed and pig-pen are attached. The dwelling-house of red brick is very suitable and attractive, the main part being 46 x 32 feet, and the kitchen and scullery 32 x 22 feet, with a wood shed and wash-room 30 x 50 feet, connected by an arched way, and smoke-house, 12 x 48 feet. The grounds around all the buildings were beautifully kept, everything about them evincing taste of a high order, and an unceasing vigilance in keeping them attractive. There are two gardens—one vegetable to the left front of the main barn and creditably kept, and the other containing fruits and vegetables to the north of the dwelling-house. Southward is the orchard, an acre, and surrounded with board fence and hedge of evergreens, strong, vigorous and beautiful. Indeed the evergreen hedges about the buildings are so pretty, that they would furnish handsome models to those looking in the direction of similar adornments.

The soil of this farm is a strong clay loam, and a good deal has been done upon it by way of under-draining. The obstacles to cultivation are well removed. The fences mostly stake and rider are fairly good, and on the whole the farm shows good care, but the cultivation was not so perfect as that of some farmers, as a sprinkling of thistles showed itself occasionally in the grain and grass fields.

The system of cultivation is mixed farming, giving considerable attention to the dairy aspect of it; hence Mr. Smellie has a good lot of dairy cows on the farm, and his aim in food production is to provide what these and a good sized flock of sheep require. In winter the excellent practice is adopted of feeding a large lot of cattle, from 15 to 20 head, and for feeding cows, etc., a large lot of potatoes is purchased when they can be got reasonably in autumn.

The rotation practised by Mr. Smellie is much the same as that of some of the farms already given, with the difference that the hay fields are not always broken up so soon, as in the case of some others, and a much larger proportionate amount is kept in hay. There is a yearly summer fallow, and the manure goes largely upon that. Farm implements were up to the standard, and the water for the buildings was obtained from wells.

The crops on this farm, though very good, were not equal to those of some of the others. The averages for the last three years are, fall wheat, 35 bushels; spring wheat, 25 bushels; barley, 35 bushels, and oats, 50 bushels. This fact, in connection with its being free from thistles, the absence of basement protection for stock, and a few other items, left it out in the race.

But we cannot leave our sketch of it without paying a high tribute to the exquisite taste manifested by the owner in the unparalleled neatness of the grounds around the buildings, the whole being accomplished with so moderate an outlay as to encourage imitation on the part of other farmers. The principal cost would be the leveling of the grounds, the drawing of some gravel, the sowing of lawn grasses, and the planting and nurturing of a few trees. This is a very different matter from the elaborate adorning of a steading by the construction of costly fences, and large outlay in other directions, which bring in but little return—the very cheapest adornment on any farm, and we may add the most effective, is the practice of neatness in every thing that is done. This beautifies every