

be stopped too soon, were this done, and that is a thing I cannot bear to contemplate. But when the plants have got so forward that this implement can no longer work without doing more harm than good, then the headlands should be split and gathered, and if you like to sow buckwheat or white mustard, to be afterwards turned in, I see no objection to the plan.

Wash for flies.—Where, as often happens in wooded districts, the flies annoy cattle or horses, a very good preventive against their constant worryings will be found in a mixture of:

Carbolic acid.....	1/2 pint.
Kerosene.....	1/2 pint.
Water.....	3 gallons.

The animals should be sponged over with this solution every morning, and not a fly will light on them. It is a little trouble, of course, but cows suffer incredibly from the attacks of the little pests. I observed the Guernsey bull, Rufus, (v. Journal for June, 1886) in torment this summer, walking backwards and forwards under an acacia tree, in the vain hope that the leaves and twigs, which just reached his back, would brush off the troublesome beasts.

Colorado beetle.—This creature has been very active all the season. He got hatched pretty early, the potato-haulm was not strong, and he, consequently, soon became master of it; in fact, by the first week in August, there was hardly a leaf to be seen on the haulm. A late *couvée* of the wretches I found, on the 15th of August, which despairing of finding their natural food, the leaf, were busily engaged in devouring every potato-tuber that had grown out of ground. Later on, they wandered about, eating up the *aubergines* (egg-plants) in my garden, the tomatoes (fruit), and even feeding on the turnip tops. The fact is, the farmers stopped the Paris-green treatment too soon this year: the hay-crop was earlier than usual, and the potatoes were neglected in consequence.

Seed per acre.—Looking over some old books the other day, I met with a statement by the well known Arthur Young, of the quantity of seed sown per acre in or about the year 1770:

	Bushels.
Oats.....	2 1/2 to 7
Barley.....	2 to 5
Wheat.....	3 to 5

In those days, wheat was only sown on the heavy clays, and with the then imperfect implements it was a difficult if not an impossible task to get a good seed-bed. Hence the enormous seeding in use.

By a comparison of the numerous returns furnished to Arthur Young from all parts of the country, I found that, as might be expected, the medium quantities of seed produced the largest crops; the ranks standing thus:

	Bushels.
Oats.....	5
Barley.....	4 1/2
Wheat.....	3 1/2

Rather curious were some of the practices quoted in the book I speak of. Cabbages grown on drills 27 apart, with the dung in the drills, just as we do now, and fancy it is something new! Land prepared for roots in the autumn, and, on

heavy land, the dung to be ploughed in, and the roots to be sown without spring-ploughing, just what I recommended last September, never supposing that the practice had existed in England for nearly one hundred years. But, then, Arthur Young was an extraordinary man, altogether, and his *Letters*, are well worth reading for the sake of the pure English style in which they are written: almost equal to that of the other farmer of later date, William Cobbett.

Washing butter.—I forget who it is that says, "it is the unexpected that always happens." Well, when I took up a trashy novel (I believe I read more *trash* in the course of the year than most men, and I do it because I can't get anything else to read) at Sherbrooke the other evening, I little expected to fall upon the following paragraph:

"The churn was flying round at the rate of fifty turns a minute, and she was listening carefully all the time to the sound it made. The butter was beginning to come; the butter-milk had to be let off every few minutes now; it was always passed carefully through a hair-sieve, and the crumbs of butter returned to the churn."

Crumbs or grains are pretty nearly the same thing, so we have the satisfaction of knowing that in the wildest part of the West Riding of Yorkshire, where the scene is laid, this supposed modern fashion was practised forty years ago!

By the bye, my excellent friend Dr. Bruneau, who is indefatigable in his researches after the best method of making butter, tells me that he has some trouble in draining off the butter-milk. I think I made the plan clear to him at our last meeting, but I shall know more about his success, or want of success, next week.

Prices in England.—Come, there is a rift at last in the dark cloud that has so long overshadowed the prospects of the British farmer. Wool has gone up just sixty per cent. in price, and cheese forty per cent. And the marvellous rise has all come about since last April, in which month, Down teg wool—that is the first fleeces—was selling for ten pence halfpenny a pound, the lowest price known for years, and the best Gloucester cheese for thirty-four shillings per 112 lbs. Teg-wool is now worth seventeen pence and the best Gloucester cheese fifty-six shillings. Grain of all sorts keeps low, but the general harvest was much better than the reports made it out to be, and the rise in the price of wool is of immense importance to all the English and to many of the Scotch farmers. Ireland, too, is blessed with a fair yield, which may make up in some degree for the low price of grain, and the rise in cheese must react on the butter and pork markets, on which almost every Irish farmer depends for the profits of the year.

Potatoes.—The crop of this year is the worst I ever saw. Mr. Lunan, who farms, in very good style, about 130 acres on the West-bank of the Richelieu, is the only man I know who has anything to boast of. As yet, there are no signs of rotting potatoes on the Sorel sand, and though the crop is very poor, the quality is good and the price decidedly satisfactory; fair samples from the field fetching forty cents a bushel; i. e. fifteen cents more than last year. In the spring I fancy they will bring sixty cents.

Sheep.—My friend Mr. William Hale, of Sherbrooke, tells me that since his taking to the farm of his lamented father, the Hon. W. Hale, he has wonderfully improved the state of sheep formerly kept thereon; and this, chiefly, by selection. Some seven or eight years ago, the average weight of un-