

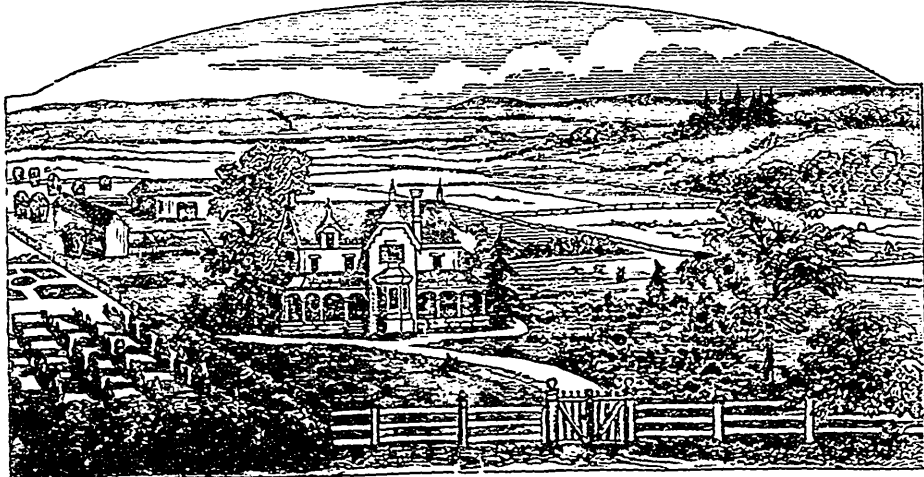
PUTTING IN THE FIRST CROP.

This is a very simple operation. Ploughing is at once impracticable and unnecessary. The land is light and rich. All it needs is a little scratching on the surface to cover the seed. This is done with a drag or harrow, which may either be a very rough primitive implement,—a natural crotch with a few teeth in it—or it may be carefully-made and well-finished.

THE FARM IN GOOD ORDER.

Gradually but surely the work of improving a new farm goes forward, until it is astonishing what a change is brought about in a few short years. The wilderness is transformed into a

fruitful field. One by one the stumps have rotted out, and given the plough free scope to work. Inequalities in the surface of the land have become smoothed down, and almost the only evidence that the country is new, is furnished by the rail fences. The log-buildings have given place to structures of frame or stone. A garden has been laid out and stocked. The small fruits and fresh vegetables plentifully supply the family table. An orchard has been planted, and brought into bearing. Apples, pears, plums, cherries, and, in some parts of the country, peaches are grown abundantly. Nowhere does the apple,—king of fruits,—attain greater perfection of shape, colouring, and flavour, than in Canada. Many of our farmers are somewhat remiss in the matter of orchard planting, but it



has been demonstrated that this is a fine fruit country, and even the grape ripens well in the open air. Other improvements have been made on the farm which we are supposing to have reached a state of completeness. The front fences have ceased to be of rails. A neat, ornamental paling or hedge, skirts the public road, and a tasteful bit of shrubbery environs the house and out-buildings. Altogether there is an air of beauty and attractiveness about the scene, but recently so wild. The above illustration, will give some idea of the appearance presented by a well-laid-out, and neatly-kept Canadian farm.

ORNITHOLOGICAL NOTES FOR APRIL.

For the ONTARIO FARMER.

Although the month of April in our northern climate is frequently characterized by cold winds, all grey skies, and hard frosts, yet as the month advances, sunshiny days and warm showers are intermingled with the less genial weather, and help us to look forward with hope

and pleasant expectation to the advent of spring. Of all the symptoms of the progress of the season, none come upon us more rapidly than the arrival of first one and then another of the feathered denizens of the fields and woods. Already the lively piping of the Robin, and the sweet call of the Blue-bird, have been heard in our orchards and shrubberies.

If the weather be mild, and the season propitious, they arrive sometimes as early as the middle of March, and the Song Sparrow, too, seldom fails to put in an appearance before the last days of March are over, and with its short but sweet song from many a bush and shrub in our gardens and grounds, seems to proclaim that "the winter is past, and the time of the singing of birds is come."

And now, with the first warm April weather, comes an old friend, familiar to most of us from boyhood—the Pee-wee Fly-catcher (*Muscicapa Fusca*). Although it has but the one plaintive