



Vol. I. No. 21.

Toronto, October 2nd, 1882.

\$1 per annum, in advance.

### RURAL NOTES.

D. D. HAY, Esq., M.P.P., of Listowel, has threshed 417 bushels of wheat from 11 acres of land. If that had been done in the "Great North-West," a blare of trumpets would be announcing it through all the newspapers of the Dominion.

The New York Tribune states that Mr. Ira C. Jenks, of Deansville, in an address at a meeting of the Central New York Farmers' Club, referred to the wheat-growing experience of "a Canada agriculturist, whose crop one year was 546 bushels from 10 acres of land." Bravo!

Along the southern slopes of Lake Minnetonka's banks, near Minneapolis, Minnesota, grape culture is being successfully pursued. Concord and Delawares are the leading varieties grown. This shows what can be done in peculiarly favourable spots pretty well north for vineyard husbandry.

DEBT is the worst hindrance to good farming in this country. It is very easy to run into debt, and buying on credit soon acquires the force of a habit. It is not so easy to form the opposite habit, but it can be done, and it is eminently wise to do it. Live within your means. Lay by something, if it be ever so little. Don't run into debt.

The Globe is of opinion that, owing to the serious damage done by storms to the crops of Ontario, and the abnormally large yield of wheat throughout the world, the profits of farming in this Province will be 25 to 30 per cent. less than might have been counted on three months ago. There will, however, be a rising wave of prosperity everywhere, that will not fail to benefit, among others, the farmers of Canada.

While the honey yield has been generally a measure one the present year, some localities have produced well. We recently inspected the apiary of Mr. James Heddon, Dowagiac, Michigan. It consisted last spring of about 200 hives. He has repressed swarming as much as possible, yet has increased to nearly 300 stocks. His honey crop will be about 10,000 pounds of comb honey, and about 5,000 pounds of extracted; no mean showing for the profits of bee-keeping.

The American Cultivator truly says that above all things else it is necessary that there be a general understanding that large crops are always proportionately more profitable than small crops; that within certain limits a given amount of products can be grown more cheaply on five acres than on ten. When this fact is properly appreciated, the popular craze to secure more land will be abated, and better culture of fewer acres will

take the place of the present system of half tillage over large areas.

An advocate of the absurd notion that wheat will sometimes turn to chess, misquotes the Scriptures to support his theory, in a recent issue of the Canadian Farmer. He says: "If we sow wheat we shall reap wheat—or some other grain—so says the good Book, and I have found it so." The good Book makes no such statement, as any candid reader of 1 Cor. xv. 36-38—the passage adverted to—will at once perceive on a careful perusal of the place. In fact, it contradicts the idea of wheat turning to chess, by declaring that God "giveth to every seed its own body."

It is the belief of the Rural Home that when a farmer summers over a crop he loses not only the interest on the value of the crop, but also a large percentage in waste. A straw stack is no exception to this rule, and its waste of valuable properties is much greater than the wastage of grain that is housed. Sometimes foul weeds are introduced into a crop by foreign seeds, and in that case it may be good policy to sell the straw stack immediately to the paper mills, as one farmer in the vicinity of Avon, N.Y., has done. In that case, the value of the straw may be invested in commercial fertilizers or stable manure.

The incidents connected with our annual shows, details of exhibits, and prize-lists, belong fairly to the sphere of the newspaper. A journal such as the RURAL CANADIAN finds its chief line of usefulness in helping to make the exhibitions what they are. It is for the newspaper, as such, to chronicle the results. The best style of farming is what secures the prize-taking products, whenever there is competent judgment. To raise the style of farming, and thus elevate the standard of excellence, is our task, and a right noble one it is. Its reward is to be found in the evidences of agricultural, horticultural, and industrial progress furnished by the exhibitions of each recurring year.

THURLOW BROWN said: "I once killed birds in my wantonness—God forgive me—merely to test my skill with the rifle. But I received a bitter lesson. While once passing through the woods I carelessly fired at a bird, caring only to discharge my gun, so as to make my next fire sure. I wounded a bird which sat upon the fence. I felt guilt-stricken at once, and tried to catch it. Failing in that, I thought it would be humanity to shoot it. Before I could load my rifle it fluttered across the field, where I followed it, and found the panting sufferer at its nest, and the blood dripping upon its young! My cruelty flashed upon me in all its nakedness, and I cringed under my reflections like a guilty butcher as I was."

This is the way a sound-headed Virginia farmer got rid of sheep-eating dogs, after having had twenty or more killed and worried, as reported by a contemporary. He piled the twenty sheep's carcasses in a heap, built a close rail fence about them, and smiled a quiet smile. The fence was made so as to form a sort of a half covering over the mutton, in shape like an Esquimaux hut, with a hole at the top, so that, while any kind of a dog could run on the outside and jump in, no possible dog could ever jump out. The next morning the granger strolled out to the trap with a shot gun and killed the suspected cur. But he let the trap remain, and repeated his strolls until he had shot forty-six dogs, and our contemporary adds, there is not now a bark to be heard in all the town.

The great Sullivant farm of 40,000 acres, in Illinois, has been found too unwieldy to be profitable, and has been cut down to 20,000, the other half having been resolved into small farms of from 100 to 300 acres in extent. We heard it freely stated, during our late tour in the North-West, that the Dalrymple and other great bonanza farms were not paying concerns. Indeed, it was currently reported that Dalrymple was on the verge of bankruptcy. It will be a good thing for the world if it should prove that centralization and monopoly are inconsistent with profitable farming. How much better that 100 farmers and their families should carve out independent and comfortable homes, than that one lord of the soil should be monarch of all he surveys on an area of 10,000 acres.

This is how the Fargo Argus of September 3rd announces the ingathering of the year's crops:—"Hark! All over the glorious Dakota-land resound the glad anthems of 'Harvest Home.' The reapers have done their joyous work. The golden sheaves have fallen thick over valley and plain. The pyramidal shocks stand like long rows of wigwams all over the fields. The wondrous soil has done its duty nobly. The crop is as bounteous, the harvest as magnificent, as ever feasted the eye, gladdened the heart, and filled the pocket of sun-browned husbandman since the Almighty Father of all good first set in motion the everlasting march of seedtime and harvest, and flung out the many-tinted bow upon the high arches of heaven, as the banner of the season's steady tread. Dakota will need a whole month of thanksgiving-days to do justice to her overflowing cup of blessing. Let the church bells chime their sonorous hosannas. Let the grand organs peal forth their thunderous pæans of grateful homage. Let every Dakotan heart and tongue give thanks to Him 'from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.'"