

that county could find no terms sufficiently strong to express his dislike for Percheron horses. They will survive it.

Furrow-marker.—A useful tool for drawing out drills whose dung is not used; as, for instance, in planting corn, beans, &c.

Georgeville, P. Q., 6th March 1888.

ARTHUR R. JENNER FUST, Esq.,

Box 109, Laohine, P. Q.

DEAR Sir,—I paid a visit some days ago to a farmer, Mr. Harrison House, who lives about 8 miles from here. He is the only person in this neighbourhood, I think, who has tried the silo system. Unfortunately Mr. House himself was away from home, but I saw Mrs. House who told me Mr. House and his brother had used a silo for two years and were fully convinced that it would pay any farmer better to raise root crops than to feed ensilage. Mr. House was well satisfied that his cattle were thriving far better with turnips than they did with ensilage. He had been to considerable expense to build a silo and had paid fifty dollars for a machine to cut corn up but after a fair trial threw it aside, so there must be a decided advantage in roots as he raises turnips to-day and has nothing good to say for the silo. The expense of cutting up the corn and packing it seems to be a heavy item. However, opinions on the silo system are very conflicting. I enclose two clippings from last week's "New York Witness" which speak for both sides of the subject.

I should be glad to have your opinion as to which system of creamery has the most advantages, the "Separator" or the "Cream Gathering" process with the Cooley cans.

At Stanstead there is a creamery in operation, the patrons I believe hiring the Cooley cans from the proprietor of the factory who sends men round every day to gather the cream. The cans are gauged and the patrons get each a check for the number of pounds of cream taken. The milk of course is left in the best condition for the calves and swine. At the end of each month the patrons present their checks and get a settlement. The cartage of the cream is a much less expensive matter than that of the whole milk as in the Laval Separator system. Yet this latter must have some decided advantages as it seems to be much more widely adopted. People in this locality are talking of starting a creamery: which do you recommend?

I want to give some land I am breaking up for oats a moderate dressing of fertilizer—would 50 pounds per acre of sulphate of ammonia mixed with 4 or 5 bushels of ashes give good results, or would it be better to add 100 pounds per acre of bone meal. Would you kindly answer this question about fertilizer for oats on the enclosed card as I am anxious to make arrangements for getting the sulphate, &c., as soon as possible.

Yours respectfully,
BICKFORD WEST.

ENSILAGE.

The enthusiasm regarding this food product has very much abated from what it was a few years since; the fact is, a more conservative view is now taken of the matter, and even its best advocates are less extravagant in the claims that they make for it. As a means of securing under all the varying conditions of weather, there is no question regarding its convenience, but that it possesses any greater feeding value than the same in the dry state is now hardly claimed. It is also very reasonable to suppose that some portions of the food that would be hard and woody in texture, if cured by drying, would, when placed in the silo with all the natural juices retained in the liquid state, be continued soft and so eaten more

readily, but it ought not to be supposed that fodder that would not be eaten of its poor quality, would be likely to be much more palatable from being converted into ensilage. Major Alvord, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, in speaking of ensilage, alluded to the convenience of the silo for storing coarse fodder, such as marsh hay, and even mentioned the saving of ragweed. In this we can hardly agree with this eminent authority, and we hardly think many farmers would consider it advisable to erect silos for the storing of coarse grasses and weeds to be fed to all kinds of animals and even milch cows, for if a good flavored article of butter is desired, good sweet feed is fully as essential as cleanliness in the operations attending its manufacture. Old coarse hay that cattle will not readily eat serves a good purpose as bedding, in which shape it is worth as much as for feeding.—*New-York Witness.*

RURAL RUIN AND DECAY.

To the Editor of *The Watchman*,

SIR,—A question of vital interest, not only to Laohute and our neighbouring townships, but to the country generally, rudely intrudes itself upon our attention. How are our country people to make a living, when the land is denuded of its timber? One not unlikely solution, if we do not mend our methods, is, there will be no rural population left. As it is, nearly half of the young men of the County of Argenteuil have gone to the United States. There is scarcely a family in the township of Grenville but has its representatives in Alpona, Marinette, or Chipewa Falls. In some instances, all the grown up children, boys and girls, have left, and little wonder, for the dull and mis-directed drudgery of the farm is admirably fitted to drive them from their homes. Not unfrequently, rough and worn out farms are entirely abandoned, where the government are conceding lots for firewood purposes, every stick worth cutting will shortly be removed, and the owners will then allow them to be sold for taxes and thus get rid of further responsibility.

Let any one take a ride through the farming lands of Wentworth, Chatham, and Grenville, old settled townships, and in the majority of instances, he will find only the aged, infirm or very young, at home. The land in these cases only half tilled, the fences broken down, the buildings dilapidated and the stock neglected. If it happens to be the winter season, he will often come upon some startled woman, trying to chop a little green firewood, which her husband has drawn home prior to leaving with his team for the shanty. The wind whistles and the snow twirls around her, for ignorant vandalism has not left a tree for shade or shelter. Bad grows to worse, under the changeless law that degeneration can only accomplish degeneration.

I am free to confess that I love the country rather than the town. The country was intended for a paradise, but our ignorance often turns it into a black wilderness. The first man in his innocence was placed in a garden; the first murderer went forth to build a city. These babels of civilization, necessary centres of art and commerce, drain the country of its best blood and brain. Thither wind the workers and there rise the smoky factories, because there the employer can obtain the cheapest labour. There too, many a bright country boy, the hope of a loving mother, learns to swear, and drink, and gamble, till he goes down into the gutter of crime and guilt. There too, many a fair country girl is found exhanging the health and freedom of her native hills, for the semi-slavery, the stifling air, and still more deadly moral leprosy of the city factory. If any one doubts about the factory let him read the recent remarks of Judge Armstrong.

Can nothing be done to stay the desolation that is slowly