

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

**Draining.**

Sir,—As I perceive by your paper, you are endeavoring to turn the minds of your readers to the advantages of draining, and nothing can tend to the increasing of our crops more than a thorough drainage.—You are also speaking highly of Carter's Ditching Machine. I am aware the great drawback to the majority of farmers is the lack of some cheap and efficient substitute for drain tiles,—as but very few drain tile machines are yet in use in the country, and the carriage of tiles, either by rail or team is expensive, and very few have the advantage of procuring them near where they wish to drain. For the benefit of your readers I will give you my plan. Seventeen years ago I wished to lay a drain. Not being able to procure drain tiles I got some pine boards cut—some four inches and some five inches wide. I nailed them together in the form of a common eave trough. I dug my ditch 2½ feet deep, and laid this in the ditch, with the back up, (in this form, A) letting the two edges rest on the clay. This drain is still running as well as when first laid.—I think any kind of boards would answer, and last at this depth in the ground—that is in clay soil. If in sandy soil perhaps it might be necessary to put down a third or bottom board. I consider this mode of draining superior in some respects to the use of drain tiles, because, if a drain tile has any lime in it, it may not be noticed, and as soon as it slacks it may stop a drain—or if an imperfect tile crumbles down, the whole labor may be lost. My recommendation is to drain cheaply and economically. Yours respectfully,

ROTHWELL GARNETT.

Aug. 18th, 1870.

Mr. Garnett has our thanks for his highly useful and valuable information. Our government are continually granting patents for things that are not one-hundredth part as valuable to the country as this little common sense plan. I doubt if all the patents granted this year will, unitedly, be of as much value to the farmers, or of as much value to the country, as this easy, simple, and cheap mode of draining. We that adopt it may rightly call it "Garnett's plan." Go ahead boys, and Garnett your lands, and we will be bound you will garner more wheat per acre than you have done this year.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

**Autumn and its Lessons.**

We greet each season on its advent as a welcome guest, and give it as hearty a farewell. Each brings its joys, its sorrows, its glories, its beauties. Now we bid farewell to summer; we have feasted our eyes upon its glories, have garnered the treasures it brought, and, like a panorama unfolding its views, we await with eager expectancy the coming of other scenes.

Autumn is here; summer grown old, wielding his sceptre with less power, anxious to abdicate in favor of its mature successor—autumn: season of change.—Autumn, that decks the forest with most glorious vestments, ere it is resigned to the cold, death-like embrace of winter. Autumn, carnival season of the year, when all of Nature wears a different guise, vying with each other in change, color, beauty and glory. Autumn, the picture painted by spring and summer, with deeper tints, faded colors, lustre of varnish gone, but none the less beautiful. Everywhere are traces of its coming. The leaves are

"Changing, fading, falling, flying

From the home that gave them birth."

They resign the tennancy of the bough at the bidding of their harsh landlord—the wind. There is impatience and restlessness

among the tenants of the woods; their notes have a saddened silence; no nest-building; no anticipations of fledged broods to call forth all that is good in bird nature. These are gone, and soon will the winds be the sole minstrels of the forest and the flowers. The beautiful, many glories, woven into a garland to adorn summer's brow—the crown of the crowning season of the year—they, too, are fading. They were as children in the procession of the season, hoisting their standard, ringing their bells, displaying their rich regalia—adding to the glorious pageant. Some are still lingering, but their enemies: frost and age, will soon wrest their colors from them. Some, too, are never shorn of their beauty, and immortels, and flowers of affection, are spared, to be known as memorials of affection upon the bier, and into the grave of the autumn dead. Let us thank God for sparing these tributes—bedewed by our tears, significant of Faith, Hope, Charity, Immortality!

The fields bear evidence of the husbandman's thrift and industry—the wealth of the field is nearly gained. The seed, sown in tears is, perchance, reaped with joy.

Patches of rich, golden maize, with wealth of stalk, tassel and ear, stand in ranks, like armies, exulting in their strength and vigor; but soon a change will come o'er these, and the evening "frost" despoil them of their treasures. A few of the later-maturing crops remain, bringing up the rear, as it were, and casting their offerings last at autumn's feet. The sun sheds a mellowed radiance o'er the scene. Skilful artist that he is; his last touches make the picture glorious as it is.

We have pointed out some of the most striking features of this season. Every day brings its changes; other hints are given: some withdrawn. The most treasured offerings are autumn's to the cornucopia of the year—rich fruits, rich colors, glory, beauty—all blended, making one harmonious whole. Autumn has been compared by one to

"A happy mother with her fair-faced girls,  
In whose sweet Spring again her youth she sees;  
With shout, and dance, and laugh, and bound,  
and song,  
Stripping an Autumn orchard's laden trees.

Is not autumn a teacher? Is there not—may there not—be an autumn of the soul, and live when the spiritual work of youth and early manhood is done, and rich fruits are the result? And is there not, alas, an autumn of barrenness—no harvest but the fruits of sin to gather? But—cheering thought—as the husbandman may sow in autumn, so may we; but more adversity is often experienced before the result is attained: perhaps a cold winter of evil influence and stormy habits to be overcome; sometimes it is too late to sow; earth is held in the embrace of frost: hardened and sealed. Let us learn to sow while genial influences abound in our own hearts, ere hardness, unbelief and death prove victorious, and reject the seeds then sown. Autumn teaches us, too, how fading human glory—the tramp of armed men—is heard in a distant land, and stirring music animates the hearts of the soldiers. Flags are flying, thousands of voices cheer them on to the defence of a loved country. How grand, glorious and gay all seems; but soon is that song, that music, changed; lamentations, shrieks and groans rend the air; the shattered remnant returns—colors gone, defeat, death, have been the result. Different from this is the waning glory of the year: there is hope in the one, despair and death in the other.

"Soon, the genial Spring returning,  
Will the sylvan pomp renew."

"Oh! autumn, farewell; but not, we hope, forever. Well has thy mission been performed. Glorious herald, announcing the approach of winter. Painter and artist, thy pictures have gladdened our eyes, feasted our imaginations, and increased our love for the beautiful. Go on thy mission; we could not detain thee. Gladden other

hearts; crown the glories of other seasons. Thou hast given us full measure, and we thank thee.

JOHN S. BOUTILLIER.

Sidney, Co. Hastings, Aug., 1870.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

**The Summers Come and Go.**

BY W. H. GANE, INGERSOLL.

Slowly, yet surely, the years roll on  
With steady, unceasing motion;  
We're almost insensibly borne on the nave  
Of Time's tempestuous ocean.  
Transient is this frail life,  
All is fading below;  
We can think of life the same as we think  
How the summers come and go.

The beautiful flowers that deck the mead  
Soon fade, and vanish, and die;  
The ruthless scythe of the mower will lay  
Them prone to wither and dry.

Gone! the bright and the beautiful—  
'Tis sad, but it must be so;  
We can think of them the same as we think  
How the summers come and go.

But silvery hairs are scattered and mixed  
With those of dark, raven hue;  
They seem to say to one and all  
Quickly do what you have to do,  
For soon old age comes on,  
And before we hardly know.  
We can think of ourselves the same as we think  
How the summers come and go.

By-and-by the parting will come,  
And we'll leave this checkered scene,  
And journey alone to that far-off land  
That no mortal eye hath seen.  
In a few more years at best,  
We must leave these scenes below;  
Then they'll think of us the same as they think  
How the summers come and go.

June 30th, 1870.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

**Hay Forks.**

SIR,—Having used four kinds of hay forks, I prefer Grant's hay fork to any. It will take a good load of even fine hay; it is light and strong, and easily handled.—The Fork, combined with the Hay Car I purchased from you, make the most complete arrangement for unloading hay and grain that I have ever seen. I am highly satisfied with both.

W. WARNER, Lot 20, Con. 5.

London, Aug. 11, 1870.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

**"Unnecessary Complaints."**

Mr. Editor,—Having noticed an article in the July number of the ADVOCATE headed "Unnecessary Complaints," I beg leave, for the sake of truth and fair play, as well as in my own defence, to say a few words on the subject. In reply to Mr. A. D. Clement's letter to the P.O. Inspector, I have simply to state that the papers in question have been called for again and again, as can be proved beyond doubt by different parties.

Mr. Clement says he has made "inquiries and found out who the party was, and sent his papers to him." In the first place I would ask what need of making inquiries so long as the papers were called for; and in the second place the sending consisted in one of my relations receiving three or four of them at once, some time in June, about two months after having subscribed for the paper.

Not having received the July number until yesterday, I have had no opportunity of writing sooner. The August No. I received about two weeks ago.

Hoping you will give the above insertion,

I remain, yours respectfully,

GRAHAM CARLYLE.

Brantford, Aug. 17.

We insert the above to clear the skirts of one of our subscribers, and again have

to say that there has been and still is a duty often omitted by postmasters in little places in neglecting to deliver papers or even return them, and such postmasters as willfully or negligently refuse or omit to deliver or return papers should be displaced, as there are other persons quite as competent and honorable who can fill the offices. There are postmasters in Canada who are mere tools to party politics, and will oppose anything, as far as their power lies, to keep down any paper except those that are of their particular creed. Such should be at once and with a clean sweep discharged, and the post office power should be unbiased by any political motive whatever.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

**Cattle Pests.**

SIR,—Have any of your numerous readers corresponded with you on the evils resulting to stock from the excessive attacks made on them by the fly this year? I know cases where the animals have died from the effects, the fever excited thereby having in a good many cases proved fatal. The fly attacks chiefly the legs of the animal, breaking the skin, after which the maggots from their eggs soon make their appearance, causing great uneasiness, and as I have stated, in some cases death. I have used smartweed, adding some salt, and making a strong solution of the same, and have had considerable benefit therefrom in relieving the fever, and stopping the attacks. I would hope that some of your correspondents may give some information on the subject.

JAMES NUGENT.

Belmont, August, 1870.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

**Seed Wheat.**

CHESS—A CLINCHER.

Mr. Weld,—You have requested your subscribers to write something that would be instructive and useful. Now, Sir, there has been a great deal said and written about wheat turning to chess, and now I will give you my experience in the case. The harvest of 1834 or 1835 was very wet, so much so that there was scarcely any wheat but what was sprouted, and there was a neighbor said to me that he would as soon sow that sprouted wheat as good, sound wheat. I told him I did not believe in that doctrine, but I said I would test the case. I picked out twenty pickets of wheat which had sprouted, and I built a little log house, on the south end of which I banked up about three feet high and three feet wide with fine rich earth. I then made a trinket and dropped in my twenty grains of wheat, and covered it up. Every grain grew, and it never got a north blast or wind upon it, and became so luxuriant that it had about fifty stems from each picket which was sown; and there was a fine old gentleman—old Mr. Eccles, sen.—often came over to look at my chess, as he called it, for he and I had had several arguments on the subject. He would not believe that wheat would turn to chess, but when June came and it headed out, there was not one wheat-head, but a magnificent crop of chess.

Now, Mr. Editor, I saw in your March No. of 1869 an article on wheat and chess, and your correspondent went so far as to say we might as well say that oak would turn to pine, or pine to poplar. Now, Sir, I have sown wheat, and reaped chess from the same, and if that is not a proof, I ask what is proof? It was new land, and the first crop of wheat, I suppose, that ever grew on the same land.

Now, Mr. Editor, it will soon be time to begin to sow wheat, and I believe that if we do not sow good, sound wheat, we will reap chess. My plan is to make a strong pickle, which will bear up a new-laid egg, and then put the wheat into the pickle and stir it up, and all that comes to the top skim off, and keep stirring as long as any wheat swims, as all the good wheat will sink. In fact, any having a flaw or fault will come to the top, and must be skimmed off, and I believe th