

Experimental Farm for the Maritime Provinces.

The most easterly of the series of experimental farms established by the Dominion Government is that for the Maritime Provinces, situated at Nappan, Nova Scotia, near the dividing line between that Province and New Brunswick. A very faithful picture of the superintendent's residence and the farm buildings is given in our pages. The selection of the farm was evidently not especially fortunate, the soil being naturally poorer than the average of the district, and its form inconvenient for the measurement of fields, being cut up by the high-road and the railway, making fields irregular in shape. The farm comprises 310 acres, and is devoted mainly to dairying and the growing of roots and fodder crops. Useful experiments have been conducted in underdraining both upland and marsh lands, and the result has shown a marked improvement in crops. Experiments are also being conducted in the feeding of cattle for the production of milk and beef, and in the fattening of swine. Orchards have been established and plantations made of ornamental trees and shrubs; the fruits under test now numbering nearly 300 varieties, and the ornamental trees and shrubs include about 280 varieties. The station is now under the efficient superintendence of Mr. R. Robertson, formerly a successful farmer and breeder of Ayrshire cattle at

and typical Guernsey and Ayrshire bulls are having a good influence in the improvement of the herd; and amongst the best of the Guernsey cows is Cora Hayes, portrayed in the accompanying engraving; a cow of great constitution and capacity, and of good dairy form, her udder being large and well formed, and her teats well set. The milk is taken to the creamery, where the cream is separated, and the skim milk returned for calves and hogs, of the latter of which a limited number are kept, of Berkshires, Tamworths and crosses; in the feeding of which interesting experiments are being conducted, with a view of determining the cost of producing pork and the relative difference in cost of production in the case of pigs of different breeds. Mr. Robertson also purposes conducting experiments this winter in feeding steers of different breeds and grades, as well as a few scrubs, the experiments to be dual in nature, testing comparative gain in weight and cost of production, and also to determine comparative profit of feeding beef cattle as compared with dairy cows, the report of which will be looked for with interest.

Ramshackle Farmin'.

[From "The Girl at Cobhurst," by Frank Stockton.]
"Kerridge or no kerridge," said Mike, the cross-bred colored-Irish hired man, "the're good 'nough quality for me, and I reckon I know what quality is."

himself as a farm manager, and on this point his feelings were very sensitive. As was usual with him when he lost his temper, he got up without a word and went out.

"Bedad," said Molly, looking round her, "I wouldn't have said that to him if I'd seed there wasn't no kindlin' sphilit."

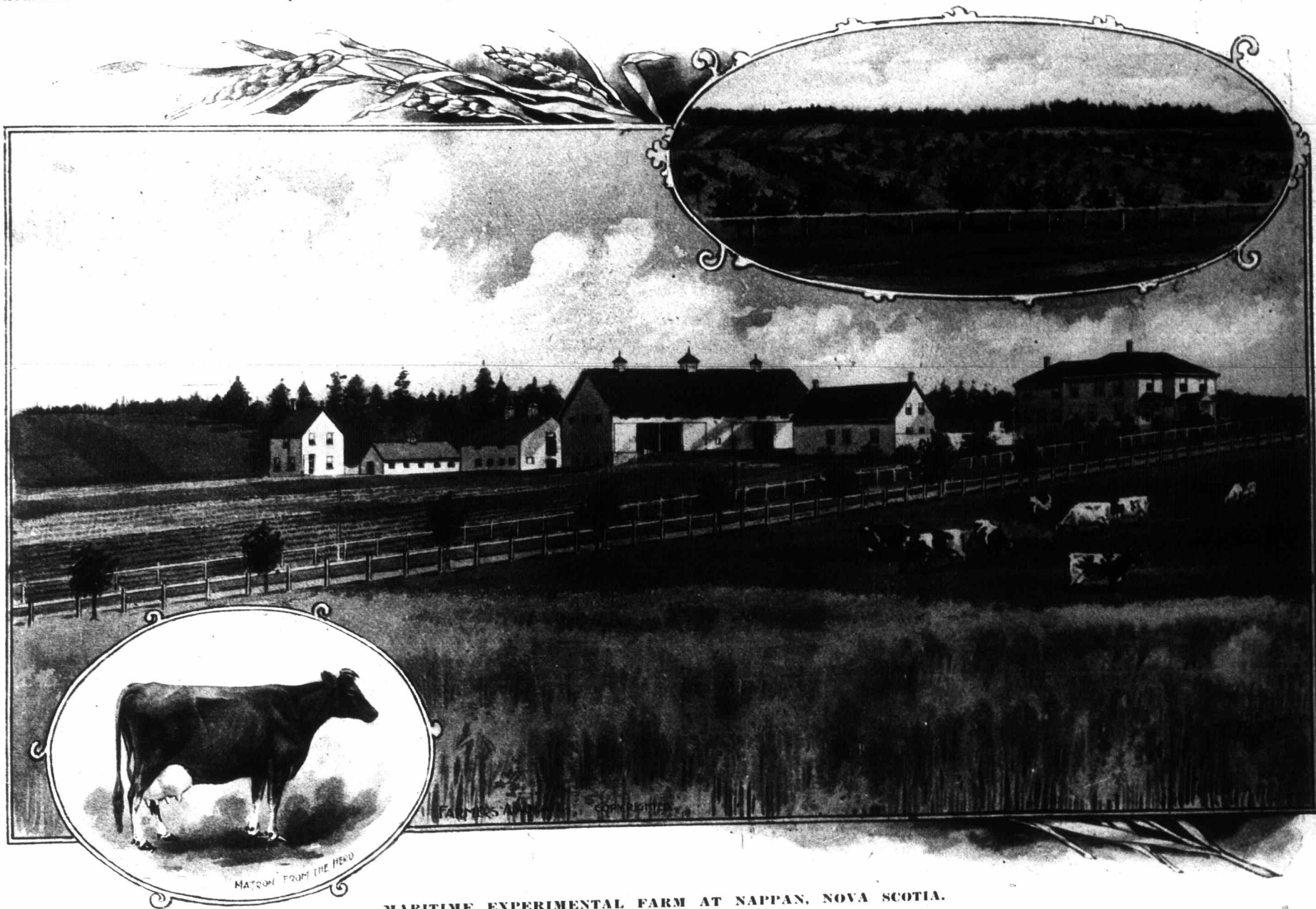
"Are you lookin' for any of the folks?"

"Oh—no, no," said La Fleur (the diplomatic French cook from Dr. Tolbridge's, who came to visit them). "I am just walking about to see a little of this beautiful place. You don't mind that, do you, Michael? You keep everything in such nice order. I haven't seen your garden, but I know it is a fine one because I saw some of the vegetables that came out of it."

Mike grinned. "I reckon it ain't the same kind of a garden that you've been used to, mum. I've heard that you cooked for Queen Victoria."

"Oh—no, no," said La Fleur, dropping her head on one side so that her smile made a slight angle with the horizon. "I never cooked for the Queen, no indeed; but I have lived with high families—lords, ladies, and ambassadors—and I don't remember that any of them had better potatoes than I saw to-day. Is this a large farm, Michael?"

"It's considerable over a hundred acres, though I don't know 'xactly how much. Not what you'd call big and not what you'd call little."



MARITIME EXPERIMENTAL FARM AT NAPPAN, NOVA SCOTIA.

Compton, Quebec, who is doing good work in the handling of both stock and crops; and the horticultural department is under the care of Mr. W. S. Blair. By the liberal application of manure and the plowing in of clover a considerable portion of the farm has been brought into very productive condition, and yields excellent crops of roots and ensilage corn, some of the trial plots of the latter yielding at the rate of 20 tons per acre, and the field crop being estimated at 15 tons per acre. A field of clover the past season yielded 3½ tons per acre the first cutting, and a second crop, equal to one ton per acre, was plowed down as a fertilizer. Some of the trial plots of potatoes the past season yielded at the rate of from 300 to 420 bushels per acre, and the crops of mangels and turnips were fully up to the standard of first-class.

The dairy herd composed of pure-bred registered Guernseys, Ayrshires, and Holsteins, and selected grade cows of good dairy type, are doing good work, as shown by the published statement of the record of 26 cows for the six months, November 28th, 1897, to May 28th, 1898, a number of them having made, according to the Babcock test, equal to 200 to 272 pounds butter in that time, which, at the price received for the output of the creamery where the milk was tested, gave these cows a credit of \$45 to \$65, and a profit of from \$10 to \$17 each over cost of feed consumed. Excellent

They ain't got much money, that's sure; but there's lots of quality that ain't got money, and he's got sense and that's better than money. When he first come here, I jes goes to him, and ses I, 'How's you going to run this farm, sir—ramshackle or regular?' He looked at me kinder bothered, and then I 'splained. 'Well,' said he, 'reg'lar will cost more money than I've got, and I guess we'll have to run it 'ramshackle.' That's what we did, and we're gittin' along fust-rate. He works and I works, and what we ain't got no time to do we let stan' jes' thar till we git time to 'tend to it. That's ramshackle. We don't spend no time on fancy fixin's, and not much money on nothin'."

"That's jes' what I've been thinkin' meself," said Molly Tooney, the new hired girl. "I don't see no signs of money being spint on this place nathur for one thing or anuthur."

"You don't always have to spend money, to get craps," said Mike. "Look at our corn and pertaters. They is fust-rate, and when we sends our craps to market there won't be so much to take for 'spenses out of what we git."

"Craps!" said Molly with a sneer. "If you hauls your weeds to market it'll take more wagons than you can hire in this country, and thim's the only craps my oi has lit on yit."

This made Mike angry. He was in general a good-natured man, but he had a high opinion of

"But 'you grow beautiful crops on it, I don't doubt," remarked La Fleur.

"Can't say about that," said Mike, shaking his head a little. "I 'spects we'll git good 'nough craps for what we do for 'em. This ain't the kind of farm your lords and ladies has got. It's ramshackle, you know."

"Ramshackle?" repeated La Fleur. "Is that a sort of sheep farm?"

Mike grinned. "Law, no; we ain't got no sheep, and I'm glad of it. Ramshackle farmin' means takin' things as you find 'em an' makin' 'em do, an' what you git you've got; but with 'tother kind of farmin' most time what you git you have to pay out, and then you ain't got nuthin'."

This was more than La Fleur could comprehend, but she inferred in a general way that Mr. Haverley's farm was a profitable one, but she was not certain.

It was a case of assault by a husband on a wife, and the solicitor for the complainant said to her, "And now, Mrs. Sullivan, will you be kind enough to tell the court whether your husband was in the habit of striking you with impunity?" "With what, sor?" "With impunity!" "Faix, he was, sir, now and then," said the witness, "but he struck me oftener wid his fist."