

we must deal in due proportion with the breeding of stock, the improvement of our meadows, and the growing of grain.

M. Beaubien told you of a certain visit I paid him: a very pleasant excursion it was, very useful to me, and perhaps not entirely without utility to him. About this, M. Beaubien told you the truth, but not the whole truth (not on purpose did he keep anything back, I presume; besides, he had no interest in doing so). I will tell you at once what he forgot to tell you.

It was raining when I got to his house, and after a chat and a good dinner, we, in spite of the weather, started off to see the cowsheds, the field, and all around. At the barn, we saw some men cutting up Indian corn. Well! I must confess it, I never saw a dirtier mess in my life, and in spite of the rules of politeness, I could not conceal what I thought. The corn, one would have said, appeared to have been rolled in the mud, and the mud of that part of the country is as black as mud. Then the men twisted it about, cut it up, and sent it into the famous silo, where, it seemed to me, it must become a mass of rottenness. I was wrong, it seems, on that point, since they tell me that the sample of ensilaged exhibited here by M. Beaubien is one of the best, if not, the very best; I was wrong, then, and, if I admit it, it is not for the pleasure of proving the error of my opinion, but to show that no very great precautions are needed in making ensilage.

But another point on which I bothered my friend, is this: "How many arpents have you in corn?" said I. "Fourteen," replied he. And how many cows have you to winter on it?" "Seventeen" replied he. "Are you going to give them nothing but this ensilage, this rotten stuff?"—"No," he answered, "they will have maslin, hay, and bran." "There," said I, "now I see. If I remember, you stated in a lecture that with an arpent of silage seven cows could be wintered; now, you have fourteen arpents of silage for seventeen cows, and you are going to give them extra food." My friend did not know what to reply on the spur of the moment.

A short time after, I met my friend, and he began at once about the silo. "I was mistaken," said he, "the other day when I told you I had fourteen acres in corn; I measured the land, and I find I had only eight." I answered: "If you can winter seventeen cows on the corn of eight acres, it is better; I confess there is encouragement in it."

I see, by his lecture of this evening, that my friend has reduced his figures still lower, and that he calculates he can winter two and a half cows on an arpent of corn. Well! I think this is a success; but I believe better can be done in a favourable year, and M. Beaubien himself will find it so.

I am in favour of siloes, and I hope every farmer will give them a trial. A trial is easy to make, and for a trifling sum you may succeed in convincing yourself (the best form of conviction) of the advantages of the silo.

Another thing which has hardly been mentioned, up to the present, and which seems to me of much value, is green-meal, in summer. I have proved, at home, the advantage of having green-food for the stock, such as corn, lucerne, or clover, when the pastures fail in summer or otherwise. I think I have settled the point, that it is as, or even more important to have green-meal to give the stock at that season than later.

Again, to produce milk, it is not only necessary to feed the cows well, but it is also of some, or even of great importance to select them well.

Unfortunately, it was formerly, and is now in some degree, the practice of farmers to keep and rear a calf because it was a handsome one, without troubling themselves whether it came from a good milking dam, or from a pure-bred bull. It is of the greatest importance to select young ones which are the

offspring of good milch-cows, by a bull himself the progeny of a good milker.

It is by these means, united to those already mentioned, that we shall obtain the results we aim at, and contribute to the wealth of our country, and to the prosperity of each of its inhabitants.

I could speak much more at length on those agricultural questions, but I feel that I am trespassing on your patience, and am occupying the place of men who are able to afford you much more precious information than I can give you.

I thank you, then, for the attention you have given to my words, and I assure you that in the future, as in the past, I shall always take an interest in the success of your great and important association.

(From the French.)

TO ADOLPHE BRUNEAU ESQR., M. D., SOREL.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter, I beg to say that in the course of last summer I was at Sorel, and visited the hoed-crops of M. Séraphin Guévremont. I was surprised to see 18 acres of land, covered with swedes, mangels, carrots and potatoes in an unusual state of cleanness, and promising a great yield. From what I learnt from my friends in the neighbourhood, these crops are grown with ease and at, comparatively, slight expense by the Messrs. Guévremont, who learnt the method from Mr. Jenner Fust during his residence at Sorel. I am a market gardener by trade; I sell large quantities of vegetables at the St. Hyacinthe market, but in spite of my experience in these crops, I could not do better than does M. Guévremont at Sorel.

In 1888, I sowed $1\frac{1}{2}$ arpents in orange tankard mangels—as sweet as the sugar-beet, and contain more nitrogen—; I harvested 60 tons—34 tons to the arpent—. My son, 16 years of age, and an old man—66—hoed the piece in 3 days each; 6 days work of one. Up to date, I have kept my 22 pigs on them with hardly any other food.

At your request, I send you my opinion for what it is worth, and I hope it will be of use to you.

I have the honour to be
your obedient servant,

(From the French)

CHS. PÉLOQUIN.

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—As I am not used to public speaking, I beg your indulgence for the few facts I have to relate to you.

Before 1885, I had never grown any roots, unless you call potatoes by that name—I had grown a good many of them. Having seen, in 1884, on the Lincoln College farm, entire fields covered with superb crops of mangels, carrots, turnips and cabbages, which Mr. Jenner Fust was cultivating there, I made up my mind to imitate him, and to make an attempt to grow these crops, which previously I had imagined to be very difficult.

In 1885 I grew, in accordance with his instruction and under his immediate supervision, 2 arpents of swedes and carrots. I was so well satisfied with my crop that, year by year, I increased the quantity of land devoted to it, until this year I have 18 arpents in root-crop. I may say that, up to 1887, I was directed in my cultivation by Mr. Jenner Fust, who used to call me and my brother, his pupils. But this year, 1888, we have worked without any assistance, and have succeeded very well indeed.

My chief crop is swedes, for it is the best yielder on my sandy soil. Then come white-carrots and mangels, and then potatoes. I shall not speak of the cultivation of these different roots, since my friend Dr. Bruneau has explained to you all the operations in an exact, complete, and precise manner.