

thrive much faster in the field than in the pasture. Sheep should never feed their pasture so close, but that a horse or colt would find plenty to eat with them; but cows should never be allowed to go in the sheep pasture. To tell whether a sheep has a heavy fleece, put your hand into the wool, and if you can easily shut it the sheep has a small fleece; if you get your hand full it is a heavy fleece. Rams with no horns are most desirable, if other qualities are the same, as they are not so apt to injure the ewes.—*Ed. Scribner in Boston Cultivator.*

TOM THUMB COWS.

(DWARF COWS OF BRITANNY).—The little Bretagne cows pleased me exceedingly. Standing only about three feet high on their legs—the most fashionable height—mostly black and white; now and then, but rarely, a red and white; they are as docile as kittens, and look pretty enough to become the kitchen pet of the hard pressed mountain or hill side farmer, with the pastures too short for a grosser animal. Ten pounds of hay will suffice for their limited wants for twenty-four hours, and they would evidently fill a seven quart pail as quick and long as any other cow. Those pretty cows will often hold out in milk, so the herdsman said, from fifteen to eighteen months after calving, and often begin with the first calf with six or seven quarts a day. The horn is fine, not unlike the Jerseys, but smaller and tapering off gradually, and the escutcheon or milk marks of Guenon generally very good. Good cows are held from 60 to 70 dollars a head, a fancy price of course, but I am not sure that they would not pay six per cent. on the investment as well as fancy stocks.—*Mr Flint's Report.*

HOW TO MAKE THE FARM COMFORTABLE.

Don't be afraid to spend a few leisure moments in making things look comfortable and neat about the farm. Slipshod or slovenly management makes the boys hate farming and everything connected with it. I can assure you it will pay to make the premises look as attractive as your time and means will permit. You will enjoy it far more yourself if it is well stocked with well selected and thrifty fruit trees. Strive to have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place. I know some farmers may call it puttering work; yes, I should think it was, but it is paying work too. You hate to putter, but you like ease and comfort as well as any one. Puttering is nothing else than taking care of the small items which go to make up the big whole. Puttering, why, sir, it is the very thing that has done more to enrich the farmer than any single thing which can be enumerated. But, says the thrifty farmer, I don't

putter all the time, you must remember. Sometimes there are leisure hours and wet days, when a man can do nothing else. At this time of the year I make hooks, catches or wooden buttons, for barn or stable doors; put or repair hinges on my stable windows; baton the sides of my out-buildings; put knobs on the cows' horns to prevent them from hurting the young stock; turn over manure; gather the guano from the chicken-house, put it in barrels to keep until spring; when mixed with other ingredients it forms an excellent manure for the garden—pick over and repack the apples in the cellar—saw and pile up wood enough to last until next puttering day comes—clean out the pig-pens and put in fresh straw—look over and sort the lumber pile up in the store-room so as to know just where to find what I may want in an emergency, and if the women want anything done about the house I cheerfully do it, and do not call it lost time nor grumble because it is puttering work, either.—*N. T. C. in the Cultivator.*

DEEP DRAINING.

The farmers in Upper Canada and in some parts of the Western States may go on very well without much draining; but in Nova Scotia it is otherwise; with our more humid atmosphere, draining is a necessity. Let us request the attention of our readers to the following, from the *Gardeners' Chronicle*:—

"My companion was as determined an opponent to deep draining as any Essex man, and it was evident to me that his object in walking over the work in progress was rather to justify his prejudices than to acquire information from what he saw. The frost was not out of the ground, though the men had recommenced digging, and the surface was extremely wet from the thaw, being upheld by the frozen soil beneath;—no very good condition of things to make a convert of a disbeliever. As the clay was turned out of the trenches by the diggers, my companion exclaimed from time to time, "Do you think water can pass through clay like that? You may talk as long as you please about gravitation and water being 800 times heavier than air, and of steam cultivation destroying the symmetry of the Essex 'corduroys,' but you can't make me believe that water can pass through clay like that."

While we were thus talking we had moved to that part of the field which had been drained before the frost set in, and my friend in his eagerness to "cap" his declarations by a triumphant illustration turned to a test-hole midway between the finished drains, and pointed to the ice in the hole, which was level with the surface of the ground, as a conclusive indication of the little effect the drains had had in reducing the water which had stood level with the surface before the drains were dug. Lucky incident! I asked my friend to approach close to the frozen hole, and I broke the ice. It fell to the bottom. The water had vanished to within a few

inches of the bottom of the hole (which was 4 feet deep). No conjuror's trick was more astounding to my friend. "Come to the very edge," I exclaimed, "and tell me what has become of the water." It was my turn now, and I could not refrain from repeating "Who or what has stolen the water? You have just declared that the 4 feet drains could have no effect upon a clay like this, and as this hole stood full of water before the drains were dug and the frost covered it with ice so as to prevent evaporation—what, I again repeat, has become of the water?" My companion stared and cried, "Ah! but—ah! but—" He got no further, and I left him to reflect on this simple and conclusive answer to the question he had raised.

Communications.

DURHAM BULL CALF.—Dr. C. C. Hamilton, M. P. P., has kindly furnished us with the following particulars of a bull calf owned by Mr. William Harris of Canning:—The calf weighs 750 lbs., and is now eleven months old; his girth is 5 foot 1 inch; sired by the Durham bull in Canada, the grandmother was sired by a bull imported from England. Any person wishing to purchase can have him for \$60.

GRASS SEEDS.—Can any one inform me where I can procure the different kinds of grass seeds? I have tried most of the seed shops in Halifax and find only Timothy and Red Top. I wanted to get Tall Oat Grass, Orchard Grass, and some others, but unless some correspondent will kindly inform me where they are to be obtained in the Province, I fear I shall have to send all the way to London and get a parcel from Peter Lawson & Son. Would it not be well for the Board of Agriculture to open a regular Store where orders could be left for implements, seeds, &c., wanted by farmers. AGROSTIS.

PRODUCE AGENCY.—In all large towns in England and elsewhere there are establishments to which a farmer can send his produce such as poultry, butter, eggs, cheese, &c., and the persons keeping such establishment undertake to get the best market price for such produce, and, having deducted a small percentage for their trouble, hand over the amount realized without delay. This saves the farmer much trouble and time. Ought not Halifax to possess an establishment of the kind? AGROSTIS.

ENQUIRIES RESPECTING THE DISTLEX BREED OF SHEEP.—I wish to make enquiry through the columns of the *Agricultural Journal*, whether any of the