

**Hay and Haying.**

Accurate calculations made now may save a great deal of expense and trouble during the remaining months of the year. Nothing pays better than abundance of help in the hay field, especially in unpropitious seasons. There are always stock on the farm which require delicate bites of hay at some period during the winter or early spring months, and the early cut, well-cured hay should be set aside for them. It is better to err in cutting the bulk of the hay too early than too late. The early cut is more nutritious and digestible than the late cut, and therefore makes a daintier bite, as well as being a more profitable food for most purposes. When grain or other foods are scarce, stock will thrive on a minimum supply of concentrated foods, when early cut hay forms the bulky portion of the ration; and when grain is plentiful, large quantities of straw can profitably be fed with hay of this quality.

It is a weak argument to contend that a greater bulk of hay is obtained by late cutting. What is really wanted is the maximum weight of digestible nutriment, which bulk has little to do with. A large percentage of the food in late cut hay is in the form of indigestible woody fibre, which has little value either as food or manure. The stock's time should be more profitably employed than to allow them to waste their energies with such indigestible material.

The proper curing of the hay is of about as much importance as the early cutting; for if hay is allowed to wash, it loses nutriment, especially if this washing takes place when the crop is nearly dry. If on the other hand, the hay, particularly clover, is exposed to the burning sun without being turned or cocked, the leaves will become brittle before the stems are dry enough to be preserved. When such hay is handled the leaves break off and are left on the fields, and with them the most nutritive portion of the plant. The aim in curing hay should be to dry it as evenly as possible, and to preserve it from the washing of rain. In the preservation of clover, it is necessary to gather it into heaps after the leaves have become dry, but before they are brittle; by doing this the dry leaves and outside of the stems will draw out the moisture from the inside and the whole will then have an even percentage of moisture. This is especially necessary for clovers, yet grasses will also be greatly benefited by such treatment. Do not cut too large a piece at once, that is to say, so large that it cannot be properly attended to. If the crop is heavy, it is beneficial to turn it several times to aid evenness of drying.

Another advantage in early cutting relates to the aftermath. If the hayfield is to be plowed, the second growth, particularly if the soil is deficient in vegetable matter, will be of immense advantage as green manuring; and even as food, it will make up for the lesser bulk of the first crop.

Our system of farming must undergo rapid changes in the near future; so be prepared to get out of the old ruts.

**Corny on the Agricultural Situation.**

DEAR ADVOCATE—I regret that my last letter to you, which I wrote confidentially and as a great secret, must have got abroad somehow. At any rate, I have received circulars from doctors or quacks from all over—in fact, from “Dan to Beersheba,” and from “Greenland’s icy mountain to India’s coral strand,” so to speak, as it were; also private letters giving remedies for my Susie. Some of my humane correspondents offered to send prescriptions without money and without price, guaranteed to cure, without fail; they were devoting their precious lives to the cause of Christianity and humanity, and would do nothing so sordid as to charge farmers, or other poor people, for saving the life of a fellow being. But when I got the prescriptions, one of the drugs mentioned in it could not be got in Canada, so I had to send all the way to California for it, and it cost me just \$125.

Now, MR. ADVOCATE, I don’t want you to put me to any more expense just now by telling what the matter is with my Susie; I can’t afford it at present, but I want to tell you again, privately and confidentially, as before, how she is getting along with the dreaming business. It struck me at first that the free drugs which I expected to receive from those Christian gentlemen would only be worth their cost, so I felt somewhat relieved when I found I had to pay \$125, for I con-

“A very, very funny thing with a man in it, and a dial on the top, the finger pointing to “foul odors.” A stout gentleman stood in the rear, and both men were looking at the dial indications. They were dressed like workmen, for I was told that they were working in the farmers’ interests. They held their noses with their fingers, for I saw clouds of bad odors issuing from cisterns a little way off. Occasionally I saw some men running over the cisterns and attempting to nail down the lids, but they would immediately burst open again, and I saw you, Corny dear, at a distance shouting to the men telling them that they could never get the lids down that way—that they should go down into the cisterns and clean them out, and then the lids would drop of their own accord; but the men never heeded your shouting.

“Did the man in the instrument look like a dude?” inquired I.

“Yes.”

“O, that is the Honorable the Commissioner of Agriculture, whom we appoint to look after our agricultural interests, and he is supported by his lawyer chief whom we elect to look after him. Had the stout gentleman a red nose, and did he look like a fat stock show?”

“He grasped his nose so tight that I could not see its color, but he looked like a fat stock show.”

“O, that is the Honorable the Minister of Agriculture, whom our Federal Government sent

as a Royal Commissioner to take a pattern of the instrument which you saw in the hands of the little fellow. You saw the instrument tested in your dream; and, Oh, how lucky that it worked so well, else you would have had cause for alarm. Yours confidentially,  
CORNIE SPARKINS,  
Racktax Farm.  
Boodleworth, Ont., }  
May 24, 1887. }

**Weeds.**

When we consider the productiveness of some weeds, the vitality of their seeds, the many ways in which they are conveyed from place to place, the negligence of the authorities to enforce the laws bearing on noxious weeds, and the indifference of a large number of farmers, it is no wonder that the weeds are making rapid progress.

One of the most important points to guard against in the successful battling against weeds is to prevent the introduction of new seeds into the soil. To avoid this, care should be taken to sow only seeds that are perfectly clean. A sample of all seeds sown should be carefully examined on a piece of paper, where all impurities may be easily detected. Care should also be taken not to allow weed seeds to come on the farm by threshing machines, bought manures, etc. But above all, weeds should be prevented from going to seed, either in the fields, fence-corners, roadsides, or any other place where they may chance to grow. This is necessary, as well for the destruction of the plant itself as it is for preventing fresh seeds to be formed. If, however, it should chance that weeds mature their seeds, care should be taken, first, not to bury these seeds deeply, as would be the case if they were plowed under, and secondly, to prevent them from entering the manure pile. In the first case, when buried deeply, they would remain there ready to germinate whenever, by subse-



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cluded that the nostrums would then surely stop Susie’s dreaming, and I assure you that I felt a great relief on going to bed the evening which Susie took her first dose. The consciousness that I would enjoy one night’s rest caused me to fall fast asleep as soon as, if not sooner than, I closed my eyelids. Midnight came—

“Oh! Oh!!! OH!!! O-O-O-OH!!!!—Corny!!! C-O-R-N-Y!!!!—A dream!!! A dr-e-a-m!!!!

Such imploring language falling upon my ears in the depth of the night, like a thunder racket, naturally woke me up, as usual; but I quaked worse than ever, because the exclamations were louder than on any previous occasion, and because I had made up my mind to get a night’s rest for once. After the shock had completely oozed out of my nervous system, and when Susie got able to contain herself, she mustered sufficient courage to relate her dream, and I was prepared for anything of the most sensational character, not knowing what breed of dreams drugs and nostrums might generate.

In a low and quivering voice, Susie related her dream as follows: “I saw a stout little man with a funny-looking instrument in his hand—”

“Did he wear spectacles and a big, stiff upper lip,” interrupted I.

“Yes.”

“O, that is the Honorable Attorney-General Mowat,” said I. “What sort of an instrument had he in his hand?”