

The Farm.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

As for the *weather* that has visited us since our last issue, it has been most depressing to the mind of any one who, whether actively occupied in the labours of the fields, or merely an onlooker, takes an interest in the well-being of the agricultural population. Our journal, or for fear of an *équivoque* we had better say our diary, which we have kept regularly for thirty-eight years, we are almost afraid to look at the entries in it for the last six weeks. In July, rain fell, more or less, usually more, on sixteen days out of the thirty-one, and since August began up to the day on which we are writing, the 19th, rainy weather has occurred on twelve days. The saddest of all things is to relate that the better the farming the worse the crops; for, whereas the late-sown grain on land in poor condition is standing up bravely, the heavy early sown oats and pease (*goudriole*, not *gaudriole*, please, Mr. Compositor) are all in a terrible state; no machine could cut them, and the *progrès* that has been made with the harvest has been done by "chopping out" the crop with scythes, with short blades, a job that, with the present scarcity of labour, has been slow, inefficient, and expensive. The hay-crop is, most of it, washed out as to quality and dark as to colour; of clover, as we mentioned in our last number, there was next to none, and, consequently, all hay must be costly.

Besides the damage done to the hay-crop by the wet after it was cut, it must not be forgotten that the mere fact of the threatening weather of the first half of July rendered it necessary to postpone mowing till pretty nearly all the first growth of the grass was dry and brown; that which was really made into hay was the latter growth of bottom-grass, very much inferior for all purposes to the rich growth of the early summer. Even we ourselves, strenuous advocates that we are for early mowing, could not blame the farmer for putting off his *hoyse* until there was something of some kind or other to carry to the barn.

Our old friend, M. LeMoyné, Principal of the Model-Farm at Compton, in the Eastern-Townships, writes us word, August 11th, that all his hay was in safe, but that more than half the hay of the neighbourhood was still out. Compton farms are extensive, most of them are largely in meadow,

and although the men are good enough farmers, they rarely begin to mow early enough, so that by the time the mower reaches its fiftieth or sixtieth acre, the hay is made before being cut down, and a very little rain on hay in that state takes most of the good that originally was in it out of it, and utterly ruins the colour.

Mr. Andres, our Poultry-editor, says, in a note of August 17th, that, at Cap à l'Aigle, where he is passing the summer, "we are having beautiful weather, cool, but fine and bright; haying is going on nicely; the crop is a light one, rather short, but is being well saved; so far, pease are looking well, and so are the other grains." Alas! he adds: "The poultry product is the worst in years."

Poor as the oat-straw is, in this district of Montreal at all events, a great deal *must* be consumed by the cattle the coming winter. Now we recommend all who are obliged to feed thus to use the following simple plan of making that, which in its present state must be highly disagreeable to all animals, sufficiently palatable if not highly nutritious: 1. Cut the straw into very short lengths with the chaff-cutter; throw over it a quantity of boiling water, in which has been dissolved half a pound of the commonest kind of molasses for every head of horned stock, turn the heap over once or twice and leave it to soak up the soup for six or eight hours before giving it to your herd. Or, 2, use the same quantity of crushed flax-seed per head, if linseed is at a reasonable price this fall, in the same way as we have directed for molasses. For ourselves, we must confess we prefer the flaxseed, but it may be difficult to get it crushed, and uncrushed three-fourths of it would be wasted, as it would pass through the animal's undigested. Linseed cannot be ground alone in the mill-stones as it would clog them and the expensive oil would be wasted; but mixed—and well mixed—with, say, three of oats to one of linseed, it might do. Wonderful what a difference in the appearance of the skin of stock even half a pound of linseed a day to each head will make in a week or two.

Hampshire-downs.—The portraits of the specimens of Mr. Cochrane's fresh importations of Hampshire-downs will strike many sheep-breeders as being the representations of animals that, to say the least, must be sheep showing indisputable signs of early maturity, and with reason, for the