

A correspondent of the *Small Fruit Recorder* gives the result of an experiment which he made with liquid manure for strawberries. He says that he procured a half-hogshead, filled it with rain water, and put into it one quarter pound of ammonia, and one quarter pound of common nitre. When the strawberry plants were blossoming he gave them a sprinkling of the solution at evening, twice a week, until the fruit was nearly full size. The result was nearly double the amount of fruit on those to which the liquid was applied, than was obtained from plants alongside, to which none of the liquid was given.

WATER CRESS.—This is such a delicious and wholesome salad that we are surprised that it is not more grown. A correspondent of the "*Country Gentleman*" says:—"It is eaten exactly in the same way as other salads, and in London tons of it are retailed daily; it is taken out by girls chiefly, who cry it through the streets in a musical kind of way. As it requires no cultivation, and will grow in any small stream of water running through meadows or elsewhere, without any attention, it is wonderful that it is not more generally disseminated. A few miles out of London I have seen acres of it growing in water backed up and spread out over low grounds for the purpose, and one piece was rented to a party of men at £14 per acre per annum.

FRENCH METHOD OF RAISING TOMATOES.—As soon as a cluster of flowers are visible, the stem is topped down to the cluster, so that the flowers terminate the stem. The effect is that the sap is immediately impelled into the two buds next below the cluster, which soon push strongly and produce another cluster of flowers each. When these are visible, the branch to which they belong to is also topped down to their level, and this is done successively. By this means the plants become stout dwarf bushes, not above eighteen inches high. In order to prevent their falling over, sticks or strings are stretched horizontally along the rows, so as to keep the plants erect. In addition to this, all the laterals that have no flowers, and after the fifth topping, all laterals, whatsoever, are nipped off. In this way the ripe sap is directed into the fruit, which acquires a beauty, size, and excellence unattained by other means.

Our Country.

ORNITHOLOGICAL NOTES FOR OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER.

For the ONTARIO FARMER.

There are few sounds of bird-life at this season of the year, which excite more pleasurable feeling, not unmingled with melancholy, than the little short snatches of song, which may occasionally be heard during a pleasant October morning, uttered by birds which have been altogether silent for many weeks, and now seem

as if they wished to bid us a last farewell, before winging their way to milder climates.

The Song Sparrow and the Bay-Winged Bunting are among the number of those who thus treat us to a few brief parting notes, and mingled with them is also sometimes heard the plaintive voice of the Meadow Lark.

During the fine weather, which generally marks some part of the month of October, many of the smaller birds more especially, seem to hold a sort of carnival, before their migratory flight commences. Their summer cares are all over—their young birds are strong and active upon the wing, and old and young all seem to have nothing to do but to enjoy the glorious sunshine and balmy autumn air. Wherever you go in the country, along the skirts of the wood, through the fields, or by the roadsides, you are sure to see little flocks of Song Sparrows, Snow Birds, Chaffinches, Goldfinches, Tree Sparrows, and Bay-Winged Buntings, all fraternizing amicably together, and flitting hither and thither with rapid eager movements. The trees, too, are full of Blue Birds, Golden Wings, and Robins. The latter are more especially restless and noisy; wheeling about in large flocks, they swoop down upon some mountain ash tree or sumach, uttering their shrill piping notes, and as soon as they have stripped the trees of their berries, are off again in search of fresh food elsewhere.

As the month advances, or the weather becomes less genial, our summer friends gradually disappear, and other birds, which have been scarcely noticed since the early spring, now begin to make themselves seen and heard.

On some cold blustering morning, the merry "*Chick a dee-dee-dee*" of the Black-Cap Titmouse (*Parus atricapillus*) is sure to be heard, as it swings itself head down from a pendant branch of tree or shrub, in search of seeds or insects. The more stormy and disagreeable the weather, the merrier the little fellow seems to be! Hardy, active, and restless, with a warm covering of light and downy feathers, it is well able to set cold and frost at defiance. This Titmouse, although extending its summer migrations far north, breeds with us also. They begin to lay about the end of April, and generally make use of some deserted Woodpecker's hole or other cavity,