

red for, say, two dollars; a man's wages during the month of April, and an extra hand now and then to keep the grass mown, instead of letting it run up to hay, as it does now: all might be done for about forty-five dollars. The square is really one of the prettiest in the province, and merits more care than it receives.

**Rotation of crops.**—I found, during my recent inspection of the district comprising the counties of De Rouville, Bagot, and Saint-Hyacinthe, that the general rotation of crops, among the better class of farmers, was pretty much the same, namely: Corn, with beans, and potatoes; grain; grass for four years, two years in meadow and two in pasture, followed by grain. A seven years course, in fact, and a very sensible one too. But what surprised me more than anything else was, that in the generality of cases, no root crops of any kind were grown. All along the line of the South-Eastern railway, from Sorel to Saint-Césaire, I only saw one piece of mangolds, no swedes, and no carrots! I know labour is high—one dollar twenty-five cents a day, with board, at Saint-Hugues!—but there are always girls and boys to be had cheap to single after the hoe. A man who understands "chopping out" can get over five acres of roots in a week, easily, and the horse-hoe can manage, with a quick-stopping man and horse, from four to five acres a day. The hand-hoeing does not all come on at once: first the mangolds, then the carrots, and then the swedes, succeeding each other in pleasant order, no great pressure of work hinders careful cleaning, and the succeeding crop of grain will amply repay all the hand-labour expended on the root-crop—judiciously expended, of course, I mean, for I see every day a vast outlay for labour on the root-crop with very small returns.

Carrots, though the best of all roots, are decidedly the most expensive to grow. My plan is to chop them out when very young with a  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inch hoe, and the women single the bunches. This season, my young pupil Séraphin Guèvremont by my advice sowed an ounce of swedes to the pound of carrots seed in order to mark the rows for the horse-hoe. The swedes came away rapidly, and looked so tempting, that they were left growing, and the crop is a curious mixture of carrots and swedes. I don't quite like it, but it will pay well, as on the 12th of this month of August the swedes will go to Montreal by boat, and the carrots will profit by their departure.

The effect of one week's neglect in the cultivation of roots may be seen to perfection on Senator Guèvremont's farm! Unfortunately a fire broke out in the farm-buildings, and the trouble and bother of putting up a barn to supply the place of the one destroyed, took up so much time, that the swedes and mangolds, which were waiting for their last horse-hoeing were obliged to be passed over, and the land will be very foul. Rather a bore for me, as I had taken great pains with the preparation of the land, and both the swedes and the mangolds were the finest in the neighbourhood.

**Early Barley.**—Four-rowed Barley was cut here on the 9th of July! The land was manured, ploughed and sown with turnips on the 15th. As the barley was sown on the 23rd April, this gives only 46 days from sowing to cutting. Pretty quick work! The sample is not first-rate of course, but fairish. Senator Guèvremont's two-rowed barley, sown April 27th, was out, dead ripe, August 3rd, and the Manitoba wheat, sown April 22nd, on the same day. The wheat, a little greenish of course. Both wheat and barley were put in deep, with the grubber, and bore the long drought without scalding.

**Superphosphate.**—At Liverpool, superphosphate containing 26% of soluble phosphate of lime is fetching \$9.30 per 2,000 lbs. Here, superphosphate of the same strength sells for \$26.00 per 2,000 lbs. Something like 180% dearer, and yet the apatite from which both are made is at our door here, and in the case of the English article has the cost of a long voyage to be added to its price. Well, I suppose it will all come right some day or other, but I am sure no one can afford to use the manure at the price quoted here.

**Ensilage.**—Though, as all my readers know, a great advocate for root-crops, I differ entirely from Professor Brown as to the value of ensilage. The consensus of opinion, both here and in England, is too unanimous to admit of a doubt as to its suitability as a winter food, for cattle at any rate. Now, though in England many landed proprietors amuse themselves by experimenting on all sorts of now-fangled dodges, in Scotland it is not so. If the Scotch farmer or landlord goes into any unusual course of farming, he does so because he believes it will prove remunerative; and as the number of silos built in Scotland last year is very great—great I mean, in proportion to the acreage—we may safely take it for granted that, if in a country where root-growing has attained its greatest perfection, ensilage is welcomed as a valuable addition to the winter provision, we should be very foolish, were we from laziness or prejudice, to neglect so great a boon.

Hence, in my recent *tournee d'inspection*—a full account of which will appear in the October and following numbers of the Journal—I was not surprised to find that most of the more advanced farmers were seriously interested in the question. Many silos are being built, notably two at Saint-Césaire, by the Hon. J. Chaffers and by M. Aries; four or five at Saint-Hyacinthe, by the College, under the direction of the energetic Messire Chartier, the *procureur* of that establishment, by M. Archambault, manager of the cheese-factory, and provincial inspector of factories, and by Messrs. Pélouquin and Casavant, Saint-Dominique; and two at Saint-Hugues by M. Timothé Brodeur. All these, I fancy, will be built of wood, lined with tarred paper, and more than one of them will contain more than a hundred tons of ensilage! M. Archambault's corn—the large Western sort—stood eleven feet high when I saw it on the 1st of August, and was very thick in the stem and full of growth. He reckons his crop at thirty tons an arpent, equal to thirty-five tons an acre, and in parts, I have no doubt about its coming up to that, but, say, he gets twenty-eight tons all over, that will give, as he has eight acres of it, 244 tons, which, cut however small, will fill up two decent silos.

**Fine oat crop.**—After all my travelling, I had to get home to see the best piece of oats in the country! Poor Sorel sand indeed! Last year, seventy bushels of oats to the acre, and this year I really can't say what there will be. The piece I refer to is on the Fosbrooke farm, now in the hands of Mr. Gylling. It has, to my certain knowledge, had no dung for eight years; when I first saw it, in 1884, it was in stubble, and had yielded  $7\frac{1}{2}$  bushels of oats to the acre the previous year: at least that was the average yield of the farm. I ploughed it, cross-ploughed it; Randal-disc-harrowed it, sowed it broadcast with eight pounds of rape-seed to the acre, and two hundred pounds of an inferior mixed manure, fed off the crop with lambs, eating a pint of oats and pease a head per day, and laid it up for the winter in good form. The sheep finished the rape on December 6th, and were ripe fat.

Last year, the piece was sown with onions on the 17th June, no manure, and of course too late to hope for a crop. The onions stood through the winter and were turned under