

place. It can't be done." Both he and Mr. Chaffers seemed to think that the only plan was, for each county, or municipality, to appoint a paid inspector, whose duty should be to keep constantly on the look out all the season for infractions of the law in these respects, and to prosecute the offenders as in that case provided. Well, this, I should think, might easily be done, and at no great expense either; but it would take a considerable time to educate the people into a notion of the necessity of such a step, and, in the mean time, the evil is a growing one.

Clover-hay.—On Mr. Chaffers' farm, I saw a really splendid mow of clover-hay. It had been cut a fortnight or so too late (July 5th), but in spite of that it was the best I have seen for many a day. There had been no shaking about, and, in consequence, the leaves were all there, closely adhering to the stem; and as it had been carried rather green, it was tightly packed together. Though absolutely free from mildew, there was a *gumminess* perceptible on handling it, and I fancy Mr. Chaffers felt rather proud of my evident satisfaction. One ton of such hay I consider to be well worth a ton and a quarter of any timothy hay ever brought to market. The second crop was well forward, and would probably be fit to mow about the 25th of August. The soaking rains of the last week of July and the first week of August, must have benefited the second growth enormously; and I do not doubt but that the two cuts would exceed four tons to the acre.

On all his clover, next year, I hope Mr. Chaffers will apply a hundred or two hundred of plaster. I can understand that, where pease are apt to grow too long in the straw, it is hazardous to use it for that crop; but nobody yet ever had too bulky a crop of clover. Only, of course, if a very heavy crop is allowed to stand too long, as is, from greediness or sloth, too often the case, the clover will get "kneed down," and the lower part of the stems become worthless. Clover cut at the proper time and made into hay by judicious turning and cocking, will, as Mr. Barnard observed in the Oct. number of the French Journal, "increase immensely the general yield of the farm, with a very slight expenditure over the ordinary cost of cultivation, and without inflicting the slightest injury on the soil."

Tuesday, July 27th was an atrocious day. Hot, muggy, rain all day up to 3 p. m., and I could do nothing except chatter with the farmers in the immediate neighbourhood of the village. In the evening, after going over Mr. Chaffers' fine farms, a sudden out-burst of one of the finest examples of the Aurora Borealis, at 8 30, gave me hopes of a change of weather, which hopes were not disappointed, as the 28th, though still hot, close, and terribly relaxing—just the weather I abominate—was sufficiently fine to encourage me to proceed to Rougemont by the South Eastern railroad.

I was received at Rougemont, with great hospitality, by M. Martel, the winner of the *second prize* for the best cultivated farms in the county of Rouville. It was here that Mr. Barnard, M. Chapais and I spent a very pleasant day, some four years ago, when we visited the Whitfield stock-farm in the days of its glory; and M. Martel's obliging disposition has not deteriorated, for he was good enough to devote a whole day to showing me everything worth seeing in the district.

After passing along the road under the hill, where, by the bye, we saw a remarkably nice lot of half-bred Shorthorn calves belonging to my old friends the Standishes, whose butter is still, as I remember it was twenty eight years ago, the best in the country, we came to the farm of M. Paquette, winner of the *third prize* in the county, consisting of 105 arpents, 25 of which lie separately about a mile from the farmhouse.

The home-farm is situated on the lower side of the road

from Saint-Césaire, where the change of soil from sand to sandy loam begins. The lower part gets heavier and heavier as one goes on, and the lowest is a blackish alluvium, bearing good timothy hay, but more productive of straw than of grain. Stones and bowlders in abundance on the upper parts, but what with buildings and walls, M. Paquette has got rid of most of them. In the vicinity of the house, was a newly planted orchard, which promised well for the future. All this land at the foot of the hill has been long celebrated for prolific fruit trees. No finer *fameuse* apples can be found even on the Island of Montreal; but, unfortunately, the older trees are dying out, and if young plantations are not immediately made to succeed them, there will be a gap in the production, and this will be a serious loss to the farmers. It is not every locality that will bear first class fruit, and those who possess the fitting soil should be very chary of allowing it to become naked.

M. Paquette has apparently begun to interest himself in the cultivation of the vine; and he will doubtless succeed, as the exposure and the soil of his farm are all that can be desired for that plant. I hope, however, that he will not carry it too far, as I have no faith in grape-culture, in this part of the province, on a large scale. Every farmer should, if his land is suitable, grow a dozen or two of vines, but looking at the partial failure of the grape to ripen during the last two seasons, the idea of growing them for a market- or a wine-making-crop, seems to me too speculative to be worth trusting to. I have not heard that the Renauds, the Fergussons, the de Beaujets, have succeeded in making their fortunes yet; though M. Renaud, of Longueuil, did tell me, in 1881, that, with his fourteen acres of Italian vines, he meant to establish a *cabaret* at the vineyard, and sell wine at five cents "le demi-ard."

As at least one-third of the cheese-factories in the neighbourhood were closed this season, M. Paquette converted the produce of his cows into butter, and to that end, he arranged a capital dairy in the cellar below his house. Roomy and cool, with means of shutting out the noon-day sun, and admitting fresh breezes no matter from what quarter they may come, this dairy seems well adapted to its purpose. There was no smell of any sort, but the agreeable odour of fresh butter and milk, for as the cream is here churned three times a week at least, or rather seven times a fortnight, the smell of the ripening cream was fortunately absent. A thermometer (!!!) in the cellar-dairy, when I was there, indicated 16° below the exterior heat.

The price at which M. Paquette was selling his butter was seventeen cents 2 pound. At this season, the best creamery was only fetching nineteen to twenty cents, so he may feel satisfied with his sales. Earlier in the season, the skim-milk is divided among the pigs and the calves, but in August, all the calves were weaned, and the pigs, of whom there were about twenty, got it all.

Last autumn, owing to the expected closing of the factories, strippers were selling at from \$8 to \$12 a head; and this spring, newly calved cows of the ordinary, *omnium gatherum* breed, could be bought for from \$25 to \$30. I dare say, from what I heard, that the same foolish plan of giving away sheep was practised when wool last fell in price, and now what would not farmers give to get into sheep-stock again?

ARTHUR R. JENNER FUST.

(To be continued.)

THE POULTRY-YARD.

THE BIRMINGHAM POULTRY SHOW.

The thirty-seventh Birmingham Show, so far as the poultry and pigeon sections were concerned, has been a decided ad-