

we strongly recommend inexperienced purchasers not only not to rely on their own judgment, but in their purchases from regular dealers to procure, if they can, a week's trial of horses for their own work, with a stipulation to pay a certain sum for the trial in case of their not being found suitable. In the event, however, of the warranty being required of the seller, it may be well to let it embrace as many points as may be called in question afterwards, as, *free from vice, sound, &c., &c.*

There does not appear to be any general rule on the subject regarding the *length* of time a warranty should extend; but "no length of time elapsed after the sale will alter the nature of a contract originally false"; but, if a person should keep an article which has been warranted sound for any length of time after, discovering that it was defective, and when he returned it, it was in a worse state than it would have been if returned immediately after such discovery, I think the party can have no defence to an action for the price of the article on the ground of non-compliance, with the warranty. A difficulty often arises in returning unsound horses, but an offer of the horse, as not answering to the warranty, should always be made, because on that being made the purchaser will have a claim for the expenses of his keep as well as for the value given for him. Verbal warranties are not to be depended upon by reason of their being liable to misinterpretation.

We will now proceed to the most important part of this subject, and state what constitutes a sound and what an unsound horse. At first view it seems easy enough to define a sound horse; but, upon farther consideration, that is if we use the word "Sound" only when every part of the horse is in perfect health, it would appear that such is not the case; for scarcely a five year old in the country could be found free from blemish. The most trifling wart or splint, no matter how small or where placed, is a deviation from health, and would make a horse unfit to be warranted. The reader may imagine how difficult it is to distinguish soundness from unsoundness and, under such circumstances, we consider a middle course the most advisable, and though there must be some outstanding points, yet they are so seldom met with that they may be left to the decision of the lawyer or veterinary surgeon according to circumstances. It is evident, however, that natural defects in the conformation, action, or temper of the animal must not be considered as unsoundness. To introduce this, that a natural defect is an unsoundness, would only increase the difference of opinion and strife which is already too common in horse dealing. I think the following definition, if accepted, would prove most generally useful: "a horse is sound when there is no disease about any part of him that renders, or is likely to render in future, him less useful than he would be without it, and, of course, a horse must be unsound when he has any disease about him that renders or is likely in future to render, him less useful than he would be without it."

#### DE OMNIBUS REBUS.

LINCOLN COLLEGE, SOBEL

August, 1884.

I wish the Laurentian Hills were obliterated from the face of the earth! They draw all the rain clouds off, and leave our poor sandy soil as dry as a cinder. I am tired of hearing that "we had a fine rain at Three-Rivers yesterday;" or, "what a deal of good the storm did at Berthier on Monday;" when we wretched *Sorelois* had none of the cloud-dropped fatness.

August, up to the 30th, was, *quo ad nos*, rainless. The rape on the College farm which was knee high on the 8th

made no progress during the rest of the month, but rather the reverse. To-day, after Friday night's rain, it looks a little fresher; but there is a nasty blue tinge over it, particularly on the lighter soil, which indicates a total suspension of growth on the heavier land, it is still green, and a fair amount of moisture would make it a full crop. I wish I had a few acres of really heavy land, to show what rape when sown in congenial soil would do.

I was surprised to see one of my neighbours going into the bush to cut *withes* with which to tie his wheat-sheaves! I showed him how to make bands of the wheat itself—as I thought, a universal practice—it was quite unknown to him, and his remark was, that the sheaves would be too small. A queer fault, as the smaller the sheaf the quicker it would dry after rain. In the weeping climate of England our great trouble with the men used to be to get them to tie the sheaves small enough, and in the real wheat lands, where the straw was  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, the band (or *bond*, as it was called) was a single length of straw. I can't show the way of making the band without an engraving, but the idea is something like this: take six or seven straws in each hand, cross them three inches below the ears, and give them a twist, so that when laid on the ground the ears of both sets may be in a straight line; lay the bundle of wheat on the ears of the band, tighten the band, kneel on the bundle with one knee, and twisting the ends of the band tightly, insert them under the band. A poor description, I fear, of a very easy process, but I think a few trials would make any one who took pains master of the work.

I cut my early oats on the 16th August; a poor crop, as only half a seeding was planted to allow the lucerne and sainfoin a chance. There seems to be a fair show of both these plants, but the long drought has not been favourable to their development. Not having a reaper, I cut the oats with the mower, and three men with rakes cleared the path of the horses as fast as they travelled. Clumsy work, of course, but better than the scythe after all. I do not tie my oats, but when ready to carry rake them together and put them up in small cocks—they are turned in the swathe when necessary, and the best implement for the purpose is a stiffish rod six or seven feet long. There is no fear of oats shedding if cut, as they should be, when greenish.

The later oats, sown 3rd June, are just ready to mow. The "White Tartars," strange to say, are at least a week behind the "Black Tartars," and 9 or 10 inches shorter in the straw. The former are of this year's importation; the latter have been grown for some years in Canada, and this may be the cause of the difference.

The land on which the Tartar oats are growing was ploughed last autumn, and ploughed after an evil fashion. The *crumb-furrows* were not *picked up*, and, consequently, there is a space 18 inches wide between the ridges where the oats are only a foot high and almost bare of grain. Had the land been dry enough earlier in the season, I should have passed the cultivator between the ridges and pulled down some mould from the crowns; but as the horses could not set foot on the land till the 27th May, I was obliged to get the sowing done as I could. However, there is not such a bad crop after all, but the eye of the careful farmer is sorely wounded by the defect, and the sad thought comes over him: How many acres are there in the province treated in this way, and, in consequence, how very far short the general yield must fall of what it ought to be.

The frost of the 27th August destroyed all the buckwheat in this district. Well, I should not have had much of a crop, so that moan is soon made, but I am sorry for my neighbours, who depend greatly upon it. It is too risky for me, and, except for ploughing in green, I shall never grow it again.