

**THE MONTH OF OPPORTUNITIES.**

Farmers! do you comprehend what a month of opportunities this now in hand and on the wane is? And do you who now read this, clearly conceive how often the whole month is allowed to steal away? Alas! too many take this time as a month of rest, amusement, and visiting. All the summer work has gathered and driven you hard. First comes seed season, with its urgent demands. Next, the weeds and crops were struggling for the mastery of the field, and your toiling pains has given the latter the victory. Then on the feet of this comes the hay season, and the harvest, with their other hard duties of securing and threshing, and until this month has arrived, you had not a moment to devote to leisure or respite. It is but to be expected that the body which was toiling under the boiling sun, should look for a little time of repose; and the blistered hands and fingers should be very stiff and require rest. But have you ever calculated how much a day or two visiting here, that picnic there, and a time allotted to other pleasures has cost you? We imagine you had pleasant times, seen and heard lots of things, but let us endeavor to show what this season of recreation has cost you.

To begin to enumerate that stubble field which was so cumbered with weeds of every sort, that the reaping machine often choked down in cutting the crop, ought to have been fallowed over in this idled away month; had it been done so, then all young weeds would have been destroyed, and the offsprings of the old ones had just time enough to have germed and been killed by the early frosts of the coming month, so that the coming year's crops will not be robbed and troubled with these nuisances. As it is, however, you will be rushing back to your fields in October after the weeds are matured, you will then turn it over, and what will be the result? The ground will have lost its life, and heat to sprout the seeds, and they will have to remain until the genial rays of the sun appears in a future spring, and then they will sprout up, get the start of your crop, keep it, and choke the crop down so mercilessly that it will not produce as much, by one fourth, as if it had been kept clean. This is one item of what a month's pleasure costs.

There are many other items that can be worded up. Often the whole corn crop is lost because you rely upon taking seed from the crib, instead of gathering it from the field in early September. Moreover, the stock of hay runs out and you have to purchase at \$8 per ton, when it could be put up at one fourth that sum, if you had only stayed at home in early September. Then again there's the fence you intended to repair, or a new one you contemplated building this

month; but then you put it off—the coming spring affords no opportunity for building it, and the result is, you lose half your crops by the encroachments of your stock. You proposed to cut up ten to fifteen acres of corn fodder but the frosts got at it before you did, and the result is that your horses suffer with the cold all winter, take a greater quantity of food, than if they were warmly sheltered, and then along in the early part of the coming year, die of lung fever. You purpose hunting up in this month, the colts and calves which have been out on the run all summer, but you don't, and when you go looking for them in October, you are unsuccessful; they have moved off elsewhere, hunting a place where the grass is not frost-bitten, or where corn fields are got into.

We could go on in this way for a column or two more, but we will give another specimen item. You seriously intended all summer long having your fall's work so well up and out of the way, so as to begin corn working at the earliest season, (and not be caught by the snows and cold, thermometers which you smartingly remember from last year;) but you don't. You do not get at it till at least a month after time, and you find the old adage that time, in the shape of winter, waits for no one. Before you are half through the snow has come, buried up all down ears, and made the air so bitterly cold, that your fingers are so numbed that you cannot do a half-day's work. You can do a considerable quantity in a day, it is true, in October, but then you are doing that which ought to have been done in September, and in November or December, you find you can not do half as much, and the ultimate result is, that your corn is gathered at a frightful cost, or else remains over until a coming spring, at an immense loss.

Remember we offer these few remarks, with the best of all intentions, not with a view of finding fault, nor with a view that farmers should not enjoy any repose or have any pastime, but that they should turn over our suggestions in their mind, and see if it would not be more profitable to choose some other month than September, to idle or visit away.

**QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.**

The Quebec Provincial Exhibition was held in Montreal, from the 15th to 19th instant. There is a general lack of information among the farmers of Ontario, as to the agricultural resources of Quebec, and in their minds compare it with some petty county fair. Never was there a greater mistake. In some respects, this exhibition excels our own. As we have just returned wearied with a journey of 200 miles, an extended account cannot be expected, especially in view of the fact, that the Provincial Exhibition of Ontario commences on the

22nd, at which we have made arrangements to be present. The Quebec Exhibition has progressed greatly during the last few years. Quite a change for the better is noticeable since we were present two years ago. The greatest improvement and attraction was in the stock department. The magnificent array of Durhams, Herefords, Suffolk, Cotswold sheep, and improved Berkshire Pigs, belonging to Mr. Cochrane, was an object of general commendation. He is a gentleman of extensive means, and has not been sparing of using them for the purpose of purchasing, and fitting his stock for exhibition. This great expenditure much astonished the farmers of Quebec. Real practical farmers as they are, they beheld with wonderment, stock that was rated at, to them, fabulous prices. They complained bitterly of being unable to secure prizes, but consoled themselves with the idea, that it was all owing to chop-feed, and oil cake. They contend that there is no use for such animals, or such condition, when not in calf or giving milk, nor for the purpose of being killed; and that it must be ruinous to any man who depends on farming, to get up such stock.

We understand something of these matters and accord Mr. Cochrane great credit for investing his money, or a portion at least, to secure the great end of improving our stock. He merits well of his country. His energy is conspicuous in comparison with the indifference of the majority of our capitalists on this important subject. They use the farmer as a door-mat at the temple of interest; or peradventure, in their generosity, will lend on mortgage, money at twelve per cent. thereby crushing the life out of the very class that raised them to opulence. Far better would it be, if more money was invested in demonstrating the true value of articles of everyday use. Stock is not alone of prime importance. Seeds, to be properly tested and placed at their true standard, requires both time and money. Then all honor to those who are willing to further this great work. Agricultural implements were well represented at this fair. The attendance was exceedingly large. Our attention was directed especially to the seed department. This showed evidences of almost studied neglect. It was meagre and unsatisfactory. The thought occurred to us as we stood looking at the miserable quality of the majority of the seed, which deserves most, the man who has experimented for years in developing a superior quality of potatoes, &c., or he who has perfected some machine. Let the published records of Agricultural Societies answer—contempt for the experimenter, a gold medal for the inventor. It resolves itself into this; the pick and shovel are of more value than the gold, in the minds of this class of wise men.

Prussian horses do not give such universal