

bushels of peas and one of oats per acre, and well covered. The drill puts them in best. The united crop should produce from forty to sixty bushels of grain to the acre. Now the grain is only a part of the crop. The succulent pea vine is admirable food for pigs, and they should be turned in when the pea is just passing out of the milk, they will then devour the whole plant, and it contains as much nutriment as when fully ripe. The succulent stalk contains from forty to fifty per cent. as much nutriment as the grain.

COLOUR FOR FENCES.

Says the *Country Gentleman*: Colour the fence the same shade as the dwelling, or light brown or fawn colour. The dark maroon trimmings have a somewhat tawdry appearance, and we would prefer them of the same colour as the house, or but slightly darker. We would not make the front yard into a sort of pen, with a picket fence around it, but if a fence is necessary, would extend the yard on at least three sides of the house, or much better, on the four sides; otherwise its ornamental appearance is one-sided.

BENEFIT OF TILE DRAINAGE.

On May 26th we had the heaviest rain of the season. It was so wet before that the ground was hardly fit to work. There are acres and acres that cannot be ploughed this week even if the weather is favourable. Those of us that have our ground tiled can see the benefit of it now. Our tile-makers are having a rich harvest this spring. Corn not all planted yet, and I doubt if some will get through this season. Wheat is up; is of the yellow variety; it is bilious. Rye and oats are looking well. But very little wheat here.—*Cor. Farmer's Review.*

TO PROTECT FARM TOOLS.

An excellent preparation for the preservation of the iron work of farm implements may be made by the slow melting together of six or eight parts of lard to one of resin, stirring till cool. This remains semi-fluid, always ready for use, the resin preventing rancidity and supplying an air-tight film. Rubbed on a bright surface ever so thinly, it protects and preserves the polish effectually.

SECRETARY W. I. CHAMBERLAIN, of the Ohio Board, says he has seen land improved by drainage to such an extent that the first subsequent crop was so much greater than the average that the surplus more than paid the whole cost of tile and putting it down.

A MEMBER of the West Michigan Farmers' Club recently gave his experience with a sandy piece of soil, at the top of quite a hill, that during the summer drouth would dry up so as to kill all vegetation. He tiled it, putting in three-inch tile every four rods. The next year his seeding caught well, and he has averaged 1½ tons of fine hay per acre ever since.

The substitution of cord for wire in grain binding by machine has been regarded as a good thing for the western farmer, creating a new demand for an easily raised fibrous product of the soil, to the advantage of his pocket-book. But Mr. F. M. Webster reports to the *American Naturalist* that the cord bands are cut in the field by crickets, and instead of compact sheaves the farmer finds only a loose mass when preparing to draw in his stacks. There is no mention of the kind of cord so cut; doubtless tarred hemp twine would be left intact.

From correspondence of the *Connecticut Farmer* we take the following about scattering cattle droppings in pasture, which is made out to be a matter of more consequence than some persons would suppose:—"Having occasion to watch some fires in the spring on the edge of a pasture, I took a hoe and scattered the droppings on about an acre. In another part of the lot was a piece of land of about the same character. On this the heaps were not knocked. As these plots were favourite feeding places, the droppings were abundant. On the first plot no lawn mower could have left an even sward than the cattle did; while on the second plot around each heap was a growth of rank, dark green grass, which went to seed while the intervening spaces were eaten as well as upon the first plot. The snuff of a cow will analyze a tuft of grass with greater celerity and accuracy than the Experiment Station may ever hope to reach. Condemnation quickly follows the discovery of disproportionate ingredients. Will not an animal discover this over-rank herbage in hay as soon as in grass? We often wonder why cattle will not eat a forkful of bright-looking hay. Is not the animal able to scent more of its previous history than we are?"

WILSON FLAGG, the author of a number of charming essays on nature, published under the title of "Halcyon Days" (Estes & Lauriat, Boston), makes a strong appeal for wayside shrubbery. Of the farmers who think that nature should be made subservient to labour, and labour to capital, he writes: "If you stroll along by the estates of these industrious vandals, you will be struck with the baldness and nakedness of the borders of their fields. Not a shrub nor a vine can with impunity lift its head above the ground on either side of their fences, and a squirrel that would venture near them would be hunted like an adder. We may distinguish the possessors of these model farms by observing as we pass by their singular blankness, such as you observe in the face of an overfed idiot." He treats lightly the excuse that wild shrubbery harbours vermin, and he reminds the farmers that this same shrubbery protects the birds which feed on insects. Mr. Flagg appreciates the beauty of a well-tilled farm, but he asks: "Is it nothing to us that the singing birds should find a bushy knoll to nestle in, or a leafy perch to rest upon when they sing to the passing traveller? Is it nothing to us that we may gather a few violets under a hazel bush for the child we lead by the hand? Is it nothing to the young maiden that she can loiter by the roadside in quest of wild flowers, instead of roaming in distant fields, where she does not venture unprotected?" As some insects multiply with increased tillage, it is prudent to encourage the growth of birds, which act as a check upon the insects. We have no sympathy with slovenly farming, but we confess to a love of the nature which greets the eye in the shape of trees and shrubbery.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

"Two or three years ago," says the Portage la Prairie correspondent of the *Manitoba Free Press*, "when land grabbers and speculators were gobbling up the school lands in this vicinity, John Armstrong took up a section also, and held peaceable possession of the same until recently, when a man named Haggard came along and laid claim to the property, and commenced improving it. Armstrong, thinking that he would be done out of his spec., commenced ploughing also, and both parties are now hard at work ploughing in opposite directions across each other's work, and neither has power to turn the other off, as the land does not belong to them. The neighbours are watching with interest the time when the two sharks will meet in the middle of the field, when it is expected there will be some fun."

CREAM.

"Don't you believe in a future life, in which we shall renew the ties that bind us together here?" "I do," said the henpecked husband, sadly, "but I don't want to."

"Let's illustrate compensation," hiccoughed a political orator. "It's beautiful. You see, an old farmer comes to town loaded with new wheat, and he goes home loaded with old rye."

An American girl in Columbus has married a Chinaman for love, and while she swings in a hammock and reads novels, he does the washing and cooking and keeps the fly traps up to business.

"Your meal is ready, sir," said the waiter to Hayseed, just from the rural districts. "Meal!" exclaimed Hayseed, contemptuously; "do yer think I'm a loss? Get me some corned beef and cabbage, young man."

Cook: "Madame, may I ask you for my testimonials?" Mistress: "What do you expect me to write, you worthless creature? Surely, you cannot expect me to say that I am satisfied with you?" Cook: "Isn't necessary. Only write that I remained with you three months. That will be my best recommendation."

SEE the man coming down the street. What has he got in his hand? It is a white fish. What is that on his shoulder? It is a fish pole. Where has he been all day? In the beer saloon around the corner. What will he do when he gets home? He will tell his wife that he has been out to the lake fishing, and caught the fish after a terrific struggle. Will his wife believe him? No, darlings, she will not, for she knows white fish are never caught on a hook, and besides she will smell his breath. What will she do? She will knock him down with the fish and go after her ma.

SYDNEY SMITH wielded the logic of wit with singular power. Curt, smart, and unanswerable fell his blows. Thus, on the wants of Ireland, "What," says he, "is the object of all good government? The object of all good government is roast mutton, potatoes, a stout constable, an honest justice, a clean highway, a free chapel. What trash to be bawling in the streets about the Green Isle, and the Isle of the Ocean, and the bold anthem of 'Erin go-Bragh!' A better anthem would be Erin-go-bread-and-cheese! Erin-go-cabins-that-keep-out-the-rain! Erin-go-breeches-without-holes-in-them!" This, to be sure, does not settle the Irish question, but the logic of wit is usually the logic of common sense too.

A FASHIONABLE young lady visited a cooking school the other afternoon, where her attention was equally divided between a new dress worn by an acquaintance and the directions for making a cake. Upon returning home she undertook to write down the recipe for making the cake for her mother, and the old lady was paralyzed when she read:—"Take two pounds of flour, three rows of plaiting down the front, the whites of two eggs out bias, a pint of milk ruffled around the neck, half-pound currants with seven yards of bead trimming, grated lemon peel with Spanish lace fichu; stir well and add a semi-fitting paletot with visite sleeves, butter the pan with Brazilian topaz necklace, and garnish with icing and jotted passementerie. Bake in a moderately hot oven until the overakirt is tucked from the waist down on either side, and finish with large satin bows." Her mother said she wouldn't eat such a cake, and she thought these new fangled ideas in cooking ought to be frowned down.