

## *In Pastures Green*

number of smooth-talking agents went through the country taking orders for hedge fences at what seemed most reasonable terms. The finished hedge was to cost, say, one dollar a rod. It would attain its growth in three years, and the hedge-builders were to attend to it each year until it was completed. If the farmer agreed to buy fifty rods of hedge he was to pay for it in three instalments. On the first year he was to prepare the ground for the seedlings and pay \$20. A second payment of \$10 was to be made on the second year when the hedge-makers returned to replant any spots that had been missed. On the third year the hedge was to be trimmed, splashed, and completed and the farmer was to pay \$20. It looked like a reasonable arrangement, and many farmers signed contracts for the new hedge. In the spring of the first year the hedge-makers appeared with waggonloads of seedlings, which they dropped in a furrow made by the farmer, who then covered them with another furrow. The job was just about as hard as planting a row of potatoes. The schemers then collected the first instalment. Next year they were prompt in calling for the second instalment and making the trifling additions to the planting that were required. The kind of thorn they had planted grew like Canada thistles, and the prospects of a good hedge looked promising. But on the third year the little joker in the scheme was discovered. Trimming, splashing, and completing the hedge meant work, and the hedge-makers never came back. They had already received two liberal payments for practically no work, and they took no interest in the last payment that would have to be more than earned. Because of this raid on the unsuspecting farmers, one sees occasional hedges that are forty feet high and still growing. Hedges will, doubtless, be used in the country as it grows older, but the man who undertakes to promote the industry will have to hit on a new scheme before he can make it popular.

A drive through the country at night is one of the dreariest experiences imaginable. Every house appears to be deserted.