

churn and vat, bent as to her back; worn, wan and weary in her face; her voice laboured, her words slow to come, and her attention hard to fix. The daughters, whose happy chance it has been to have escaped the never ending mental worry and bodily exertion of the farm-house, are upright in form, lively and intelligent in conversation, their time has been much at their own disposal, so their manners are pleasant and their minds well informed; they have a considerable knowledge of the occurrences which are taking place in the great world around them; they play croquet, and even lawn-tennis, and the keys of the piano (1) are as familiar to their, almost invariably, pretty fingers, as the keys of the dairy and of the cheese-room were to the thin, worn hands of their over-wrought mothers. Poetry apart, it could not have been a pleasant life, that of the mothers. The country, God bless it, is next to heaven; but look at the faces and figures of the women of fifty and upwards, and in them, you will read the sad history of a hard, uninteresting, almost sordid life. Do I exaggerate? I appeal to any medical man living in the Townships.

Well, this over-work is no longer necessary. The cows are milked, the cans driven to the factory, the whey brought back, the calves and pigs fed, and there an end—except receiving the money.—No woman's work at all in the business, barring, perhaps, washing the cans and pails (2).

So much for the labour-saving side of the question. I now proceed to show that factories, from their very constitution, should yield a more excellent product than can be expected from the ordinary dairy, and that the cost of the one is, or at least ought to be, less than the cost of the other.

The dairy woman, whether maid or mistress, has, as a rule, more than one occupation: meals to prepare, chickens to feed; clothes to wash and keep in repair. *Nomen illis legio.* Her attention is often taken away; her presence is wanted elsewhere; a visitor calls: *Figaro quâ, Figaro là*. Sometimes, maternal cares interfere with her business for weeks; at others, a desire for relaxation tempts her away from home; in all such cases, it is clear the quality of the product of the dairy must suffer, even if the quantity is not diminished. The manager of a factory, on the other hand, has one sole duty to look after; his work is perfect routine, and unless he is a lazy *vaurien*, he will allow no temptation to seduce him from his one post; he has no business cares, for his office is simply to make good cheese, and to receive his salary, and as long as there is a *pressi copu lactis* of good quality, his patrons have no right to worry him with complaints. It would be very remarkable if, with the undivided attention of an expert entirely devoted to the production of one article, that article were not immeasurably superior to one of the same sort brought out under all the difficulties mentioned above. And that, as a rule, it is better, may be seen in any newspaper report of the markets, where factory cheese and creamery butter are invariably quoted at the highest price.

Look, again, at the economy involved in the one manager treating the milk of, say, 500 cows! At 20 cows per farm (a large estimate), it would require 25 dairy women to convert it into marketable stuff. How many farms are furnished with an ice-house? Shall we say one in ten? And yet we know milk cannot be properly treated in summer without means of adjusting its temperature. The regular system on which factories are conducted, too, must make every one

(1) I have heard Beethoven's and Rossini's music as well played in an ordinary farm-house, at Compton, as ever I did in a London drawing-room. I do not mean to say that such talent is common, but it exists in more than one instance.

(2) And on the new plan, now starting at St Devis (en-bas) the milk will be carried to the factory and the cans brought back free of all trouble and expense to the farmer.

connected with them handier at his work, and the butter and cheese more regularly of the same texture and flavour. We see no longer, except, alas, in some of our still dormant districts, the cards and the loom at work in the farm house; the mill and the cloth factory have long ago taken that species of toil out of private hands; and, I ask, is not the yarn better spun and the web better and more economically woven, than when the manufacture was carried on by the hands of our farmers' families? And so it will be in the future, when the factory system has gained the entire confidence of our agricultural population. Many a blessing will rise to the lips of the once "overscathed housewives," when, freed from the carking cares, and the weary, ever-returning labours of their earlier days, the equal, nay augmented, profits of their herds flow, almost unsolicited, into their purses, on those far-sighted men, who in spite of opposition, jealousy, and obstruction, persisted in their self-imposed task; and, almost unaided, secured for their countrywomen an easy, simple means of converting into a rich treasure the once poor and nearly wasted produce of its pastures.

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit,
Ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsam
Ludere, quæ vellem, calamo (piano?) permisit agresti.

ARTHUR R JENNER FUST.

Tobacco Growing under the present laws.— Its preparation for sale, &c.

Tobacco cultivation is at present engaging the attention of farmers, more particularly in this Province (Quebec), and judging from the immense quantities now consumed, there seems to be a good market for all that is produced; notwithstanding this industry is yet in its infancy.

The production of this luxury is one, if not the most profitable, of any industry that our farmers are engaged in; and its rapidly increasing demand will add considerably to their welfare.

The law, as it at present stands, has been framed solely with a view of benefiting our farmers; and so long as it remains it what it is, must be recognised as the greatest blessing to them.

Hitherto, under the old laws, tobacco cultivation, although carried on to a certain extent, has been regarded as illegitimate, those engaged in the growing and sale of it being in constant danger of having their entire stock seized by the Government officers, on its being offered for sale: the purchaser likewise ran the same risk and the business was a constant source of trouble to all concerned in it; the whole being brought about by an excessive tax of 20 cts. per pound on cut, and 10 cts. on twist and roll tobacco.

The writer knows of several farmers losing their entire load, oftentimes consisting of 300 to 500 pounds; their horse and vehicle, as well, being declared contraband.

Now the face of all this has changed: the farmer may, upon payment (by stamps) of the small duty of four cents per pound, come to market and offer his products with equal safety as he would a load of butter.

At the same time being a legitimate business, Canadian tobacco commands a better price than formerly, and a ready sale.

Over production of tobacco should be guarded against as much as possible, as it must tend to reduce both quality and price; and growers should have but one object in view—the production of as good an article as soil and proper care will permit.

A great quantity, as now seen exposed for sale, is green, raw and uncured, and resembles cabbage leaves more than anything else. Care should be taken to properly cure and