

If the silo, then, is thus valued in the new farms, far away, on the borders of the virgin forests, where the tough stumps with their long roots, and the *second-growth*, hinder cultivation, what may we not expect from it in the settlements, where corn can be cultivated, not with the hoe, but with all the care insured by the use of modern implements. This was the reflection I made to myself, as I was drawing towards the end of my colonisation road.

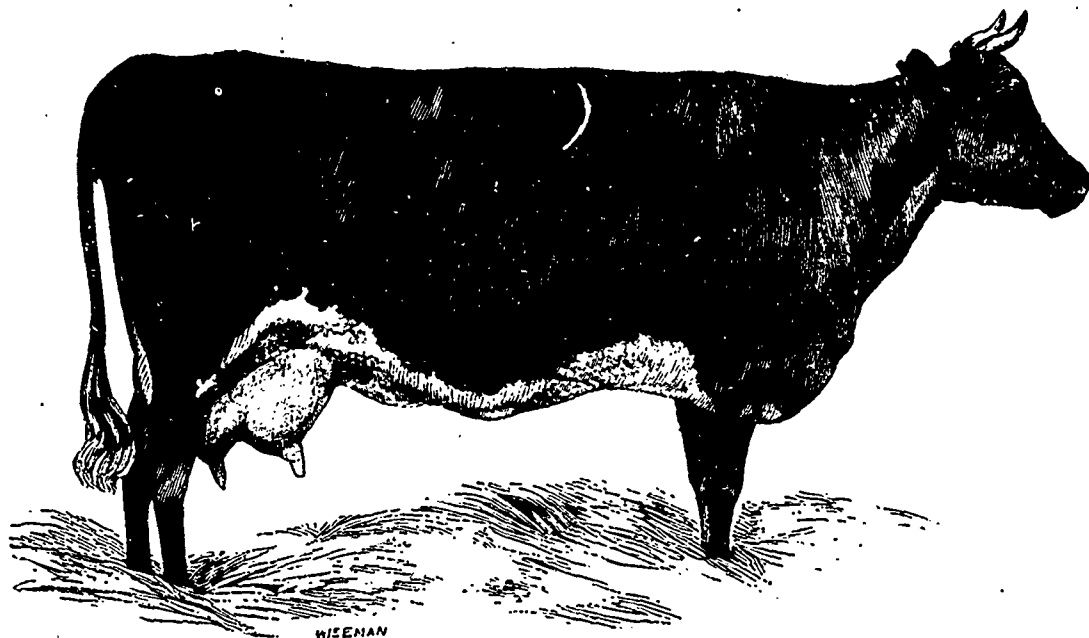
While I am in the country of the colonist, I may tell you that the silo is of immense assistance to him.

When, at the formidable St. Louis, (1) the buckwheat is caught by the frost, the farmer crams it into the silo, and in winter, the cattle will eat it all, grain and straw together; in any other case, the whole crop would be lost. If the pancakes are wanting, there will be plenty of milk.

In the fall, the tops of the turnips sown on the burnt-over land (*le noir*) will be added to the contents of the silo. The

not rich. If, when he arrives on his lot, he brings with him naught but his axe and his two arms, be they as strong as may be, the silo becomes his savings-bank, and at a very trifling cost. One man digs out his silo in the red sand of the hill-side; another, builds his, on the surface, of logs squared on three sides and stuffed in the interstices with moss; the whole covered with rough boards or with *auges* (1) *forestiers*. The fodder-corn is laid herein, at full length, by hand; a chaff-cutter is beyond their means at present.

Like our own silo, M. Lalonde's is placed in his spacious barn, which, by the bye, was not at all a spacious barn last season. "The silo," said he, "has enabled me to increase my stock, and I shall be obliged to extend my barn to lodge all the animals I can now feed." The mixens, too, are growing bigger, and his crops, as well, in proportion to the dung made. Thus, all things are uniting, as in a chain, to insure his prosperity.



SHORTHORN DAIRY COW MOLLY. (1st prize in her class.)

colonist is greatly assisted by all this in the first hard years of his sojourn on the borders of the forest, especially if he be

that happens pretty frequently among our people, and consoles them in their troubles. He felt able to set up one or two of his children in business, but what to do with the rest? To avoid creating jealousy among those whom he loved equally in his happy home, he determined to give them all the same heritage, earned out of the lands of the crown. Selling his property and realising his assets in the old village, he bid adieu to his friends, bought a large property on the banks of the great and beautiful *Nominingue*, where his comfortable house, built on an eminence, commands a view over that immense sheet of water. There, under the eye of their parents, all the children, one after the other, will become happy and prosperous land owners, and, still, each will remain the neighbour of the other. There would have only been a pittance for each of them, and they must have separated, had the family remained at St. Jérôme. Brotherly union, happiness, abundance, will be their lot on these new farms. How many other fathers of families could do the same, who, now, seeing their increasing families, are looking at the future with a doubtful eye. If what I am saying at the moment may have the effect of extricating only one from his embarrassment, and at the same time assist our devoted colonisers, I should think myself fortunate in having made this digression, in which you have heard the history of the numerous, happy, courageous family of M. Lalonde.

(1) *Fête St. Louis*? Trans.

By means of the silo, the father of the family, already in years, has established on the land, bought of the Crown-lands agent, his son and his young family, giving them all at once the comfort of the home, and milk for the children from the first start. Here, in a few words, is the history of this settlement:

After choosing a fine spot in a hard-wood bush, the father, with his son and his cousin, all go there in the fall to clear up (*effedocher*). After wintering in the village, they return to the bush in March and begin to *chop*. The snow gone, they pile the logs. The burning over, the best piece of land is chosen to be sown with corn and turnips. The remainder of the *desert* is, as usual, sown with buckwheat and oats. Then, the house is built, the stable and the oven, by degrees, and the beds for both great and small, for the men will soon go back to the village to bring home the beloved daughter-in-law, whose absence has caused them to feel not a little dull.

Behold the people leaving the land of Egypt! The grandfather, grandmother, the children and the grandchildren, are off to the promised land, taking with them all their little pro-

(1) These are, I am told, rough, overlapping slabs. A. R. J. F.