

to unusual things in this part of the world.

Opposite Baie St. Paul lies the Isle aux Coudres, the scene of numerous illicit latter-day trading operations. It was here that Capt. Bouchard, chief of St. Lawrence smugglers, who has become quite a legendary personage, had his headquarters.

The run from Baie St. Paul to Murray Bay is a delightful one of three hours' duration through air, water, and scenery that beggars description. The rough indented shores take the form of a succession of broken ridges and spruce-covered mountain tops, such as we remarked on the run to St. Paul's Bay, with here and there a perpendicular promontory jutting out to turn our vessel out of her straight course. The atmosphere seems heavily charged with oxygen, with the breath of the sea, and the forest's perfume. The slanting rays of sunlight (for it is getting late in the afternoon) are reflected in wriggling gleams and golden shimmers upon the blue St. Lawrence, and the porpoises sun themselves before your eyes as the vessel glides along.

Between St. Paul's Bay and Murray Bay our party was entertained by a jolly little Frenchman from Quebec, whose fund of anecdotes and reminiscences seemed as gigantic and inexhaustible as the elements that surrounded us. He chatted to us most charmingly about his early exploits in bear hunting, the adventurous descent of the rapids of the Saguenay, which he made when a boy with his elder brother in a birch-bark canoe, his snow-shoe journeys, and the points of interest about his native city. And all the time he talked there was not a breath of egotism about him, nor a suggestion of self-importance. While he discoursed upon the scenery and the historical events connected with it to our coterie which clustered about him on the forward promenade, the view appeared to grow more beautiful momentarily—the mountains assumed glorious moods we had not noticed before—the clouds and vapors formed quaint pictures which we previously lacked the power to discern—and the little bays took on lovely aspects hitherto undiscoverable to our prosaic eyes.

But all the poetry was dispelled a few moments later by the vulgarisms of some coarse-grained Yankee, who wanted to know what the cost of building material was in this district—whether much money could be made in "Ketchin' Snt. Larrance seals"—and regarding the porpoises, "wether their hides wuz weth moer 'an ther oil?"

There is something deliciously luxurious about the soft, silvery pronunciation of an educated Frenchman when he speaks to you in English—something intensely beautiful and harmonic. I never dreamed that the Anglo-Saxon language contained such scope for melody; nor had I thought it capable of such a pretty construction until I heard this little man converse.

To sit and listen to his charming table-talk at dinner, sparkling with the iridescence of freshly uncorked champagne—to hear the most vivid description of landscape embellished with brilliant similes—or to perceive his numerous little shafts of wit and side-thought, like so many dainty relishes and bon-bons—was to feast the intelligence with an eloquence one

rarely meets with in Ontario. We Anglo-Saxon Canadians, speaking our own language, felt like pigmy Lilliputians beside this master of English. Of all the members of our cosmopolitan gathering, the French Canadians were in greatest demand.

About ten miles from Murray Bay we came upon what looked to be, in the distance, migratory shoals of chalk with intermittent fountains playing interruptedly among them. There were numerous guesses between us as to what this could be. Our correspondent, who had read the guide books profusely, and was considered an authority in literature of that kind, and who prided himself that he knew more about the subject than the rest of us, said he thought it was a hot spring, but the idea of finding a hot spring in the lower St. Lawrence where the water is as cold as ice at all seasons of the year seemed too preposterous to us, and in the light of after events, our misgivings seemed well founded, for the hot spring turned out to be a school of timid porpoises disporting themselves near the beach by spurting water which they sent up into the air for a considerable distance but who fled precipitately at the approach of our steamer. Thereafter we called our correspondent "Geyser."

But now our boat draws near land again and an immense line of vehicles can be seen on a distant wharf; the hawsers are made ready and the gangways cleared mid a long, deep blast from the whistle. There is much shouting and some confusion, and then our boat with a slight concussion draws up alongside the end of a lengthy dock, and we find ourselves moored at Murray Bay.

Murray Bay with its fashionable hotels and its simple *habitant* cottages, with its aristocratic air 'mid democratic surroundings, with its English speaking visitors and its host of French inhabitants. Murray Bay, the rendezvous of wealth and the home of penury; it is a most heterogeneous place. Up the uneven road one sees the affluent American visitor riding contentedly in an antiquated vehicle he would not look upon when at home. On the flimsy wharf may be seen the daughter of opulence from English Canada fishing, under the superintendence of the son of French Canadian indigence; while through a vista of flat-bottomed fishing smacks with patched yellow sails, we catch a glimpse of the snowy wings of a racing yacht as she lays over in the breeze showing her keel to windward. There are a thousand discordant things about Murray Bay which often approach to the incongruous. The old wharf was literally freighted with decrepit calèches. There must have been eighty of them strung out in line down the long dock, each waiting for its load of pretty girls and their portly papas.

Turning the high promontory that juts out in the river and separates the village from its landing place, we had a view of the bay itself with its line of cottages fringing the water's edge and nestling at the foot of green slopes running up behind, and then we pointed for Riviere du Loup on the opposite shore. What a mighty body of water the St. Lawrence at this point is. Stretched away as far as the eye can see it looks like the blue Atlantic. Twenty miles broad at this spot; to all appearances, it might be Lake Ontario.

At Riviere du Loup our party divided, our correspondent disembarking in quest of "material" and our chaperon accompanying him, while our artist whose time was more limited proceeded direct to Tadoussac and then up the Saguenay. A further description of their joint labors will be furnished the readers of this magazine in our next issue.

Farming in Argentina..

THE Argentine has now become an important wheat producing country, for which it has many advantages. The very large, fertile tracts of prairie land—the pampas—lie adjacent to rivers navigable for ocean steamers. The farmers are thus enabled to ship their produce to Europe at a far less cost than we can. The wheat is not so good a quality as the Manitoba hard, but the difference in the cost makes it a formidable competitor. The competition will not be so keenly felt now that our farmers are paying more attention to the beef, wool and dairy industries. It is an healthy sign that each year sees so great an increase in the production of beef, hides, wool, and dairy produce in our country—meaning, as it does, the export of our farm products in a concentrated form.

The following extract from the *Winnipeg Commercial* will doubtless be of interest to our readers:—

MANITOBANS will be interested in learning something about farming in the great agricultural country of Argentina, South America. At a meeting of the British Royal Commission on Agriculture recently, D. J. Brett, a ranch-owner in the province of Santa Fe, Argentine Republic, was examined. He stated that he had been in Argentina 35 years. Wheat growing in the Republic was for the most part in the hands of Italian colonists, though Swiss and French immigrants were also engaged in this industry. The women worked on the land. The soil was easily worked, and no manuring was necessary. Laborers were very little employed in the wheat growing districts, except for a few weeks during harvest. Occasional laborers went out from Italy to Argentina for the harvest and returned home when the work was over. Their wages were about \$2.50 a day. Machinery and implements were generally obtained on a year's credit from storekeepers, and paid for in a certain percentage of the crop to be produced. The older colonists who owned the land worked were not in debt. As regarded the cost of production, the Italian colonist could grow wheat to be sold on his farm at a price equivalent, at the present rate of exchange, to 11s per quarter, (8 bushels), and he would gain more by doing this than as a wage-earner in the Republic. Twenty shillings a quarter in London would encourage the extension of wheat growing in the Republic under present conditions. Many wheat growers had recently devoted more attention to the cultivation of alfalfa. As an instance of the value of alfalfa he stated that ordinary wheat land in the Republic could be bought for 15s per acre, whereas the same land when laid down to lucern would at the end of a single year be of the value of £7 per acre. Attention was now being directed to the possibility of developing a large export trade in cattle and sheep to the United Kingdom. One great advantage possessed by the Argentine breeder was the fact that his stock never required housing or feeding. The sheep were to a large extent crossed with Lincolns, and there were also a large number of merino. A steer three years old could be raised in Argentina and sold on the farm with profit to the breeder at a price equivalent to £3 in gold. He was of the opinion that at the present time a beast of the weight of 720 pounds could be landed in this country and disposed of without loss at a price of about £13 or £14, but this would leave an extremely small margin for profit. As a matter of fact Argentine cattle were not yet of so good a quality as American beasts. They hoped in future to send animals to Great Britain which would fetch a price approaching that at which the cattle of the United States were sold in London—viz. £18. He considered Argentine sheep as fine as could be produced in any country. Their dead weight was from 60 to 65 pounds. The present freight on live stock from the Republic was about £5 10s. on cattle and 12s. on sheep.