

comfort, and I would especially advise every body, whose pleasure it may be to visit the last mentioned place, to instal themselves in M. Perreault's most comfortable house. The rooms are airy, clean, and comfortable, and the *cuisine* of a very superior class. I can't say much for the beer, though!

The first link of my journey was from Sorel to Abbotsford. Till I came to Saint-Hugues, I saw nothing to speak of in the way of farming. The soil is of an inferior quality—a great proportion of it light sand—and, except the buckwheat, nothing to strike one as out of the common. No roots; small patches of wheat; a little maize in the neighbourhood of the farm-buildings; the hay a thin crop, and as for the pastures, well, the less said about them the better. I really do not know what the unhappy cows are expected to do during the month of August on these bare *pacages*. They evidently get nothing but what they can pick up—weeds and grass roots—and for a good reason: there is nothing else to give them. I saw several herds, numbering from ten to fourteen cows apiece, and could not help wishing that the proprietors of the same could see the cattle of Senator Guévremont here, rejoicing, as they do, in a rich feast, twice a day, of oats, maize, tares, pease, and rape, all sown together, and standing so thickly that the scythe can only just manage to cut through the crop. Don't the cows fight to see which shall get hold of the rape first!

At Saint-David, I was told, the wheat was terribly mangled by the wireworm. Many of the fields were almost devoured by this pest, the only parts on which a sufficient plant was left being the headlands and a small space at the end of the ridges. Now herein lies the whole secret of the cause of these ravages. Why were these spots unmolested? The reason is clear: the horses in the ploughs and the harrows turn on these spots; they tramp down the land firmly, and, in consequence the little mischievous beast cannot travel. And it is for this cause that so much use is made in Britain of Crosskill's old crusher, and Cambridge's wheel-roller. By the bye, I see Miss Ormerod, the entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society of England, says that rape-cake is not a poison to the wireworm. Perhaps this lady tried it in powder: that is no use: it must be in pieces as big as a hazel-nut. The wireworm will gorge itself with the cake and soon die of repletion; at any rate, it will not work the young roots of the wheat any more. The original promulgator of this remedy—to whom I offer my kindest remembrances—Mr. John Charnock, of Lennoxville, is still alive and active, though in his eighty fifth year. How little did I think when I read his words on the subject, some forty years ago, that I should ever have the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

However, as rape-cake is not likely to be met with here, I recommend every farmer the moment he sees any signs of his young grain-crops turning yellow, to roll the piece immediately with the heaviest roller he can get. It will very probably arrest the traffic of the wireworm, and will certainly do nothing but good to the crop. Though during my tour I saw many good heavy rollers in the farmers' sheds, I was surprised and distressed to see, by the lumpy state of the meadows, how very little use was made of them. I should as soon think of leaving my grain unharrowed as unrolled. I am happy to say that here in the neighbourhood of Sorel, an unrolled piece of grain is the exception, not the rule. I have done that much good, at all events, as, when I came to live here, two years ago last April, the roller, even where there was one, seldom left the shed from one year's end to another.

As the train neared Saint-Hugues, a great change in the appearance of the crops was visible. Every one has heard of the quality of the land in that parish. A rich heavy clay, full of natural fertility, capable of producing heavy crops of

wheat, oats, and hay. Not pleasant land to farm; except where, on the slopes of the Yamaska river, the clay is tempered by the sand into an easily cultivated sandy loam, fit for roots, pease, and barley, though rather too light for wheat. As the train was delayed at Saint-Hugues for some little time, I availed myself of the opportunity of making a cursory inspection of M. Timothé Brodeur's farm, which lies on each side of the station. The crops were most flourishing as regards the grain, but a piece of mangels—the first I had seen since starting from Sorel—was full of grass, and looked as if it wanted draining. Some four or five acres of maize looked full of growth, but, not to say too promising, as the greater part of it was shortish for the season and none too thick. I was in such a hurry, to avoid missing the train, that I do not like to speak positively, but I fancy some of the maize was of small *canadien* kind. Now during the whole of my investigation I met with but one response to my question: Which kind of maize do you sow for fodder? *The large Western maize, of course.* I saw the two kinds tried side by side, with exactly the same treatment as regards cultivation and manure: the Western corn was eleven feet high; the Canadian six feet; and the bulky growth of leaves and stem of the former, would exceed the puny growth of the latter in the ratio of at least two and a half to one. Nobody denies for a moment that, where ripened grain is the desideratum, the Canadian corn is to be preferred, but where a vast quantity of green-fodder is demanded, give me the Western. Now M. Brodeur is building a silo to contain about one hundred tons of ensilage, and he, like all the most intelligent men I met on my route, will, for the future, act wisely in striving after the most luxuriant crop for that purpose. I make my compliments to M. Brodeur, whom I was not fortunate enough to see, and, beg to congratulate him on being one of the first of his countrymen to embark on this new voyage. From what I heard everywhere I went, I am sure that a great number of silos will be built during the ensuing year, and, thus, the energetic example set by such men as M. Brodeur, M. Arohambault of Saint-Hyacinthe, and the Revd. the *procureur* of the College of Saint-Hyacinthe, will have had their legitimate effect on the slower minds of their neighbours, and the gratitude of the beneficiaries will follow them for many a day.

Passing through the parish of Saint-Simon, I observed many good pieces of grain, especially several of Tartarian oats, whether black or white I cannot say, as they were too far off to discriminate the colour of the grain, though the habit of growth—all the grains on one side of the *rabis*—indicated the species clearly enough. It is strange, too, to see how very much the bearded wheats have gone out of fashion. After the experience of last year, when the bearded wheat was laid as flat as a pancake, while the Manitoba wheat by the side of it, with exactly the same treatment, was bolt upright, I am glad to see the alteration. The beards can't help retaining the drops of dew or rain, and being surcharged with moisture, must, in a rainy season like 1885, necessarily go down, if there is any thing like a heavy crop. Still no roots, and, which surprised me more, hardly any tobacco! I should have thought Saint-Hugues and Saint-Simon would have produced large yields of the "noxious weed." Noxious, indeed! I like the impertinence of some of the scribblers in the papers!

By the bye, as a very old smoker, I would advise my younger friends not to smoke just before meals. It must, to a certain extent, take away the appetite, and, to that extent, be injurious to health. I think every farmer might, with advantage, grow an acre of tobacco. It is just like hop-growing, no one should go into it rashly or on too large a scale. The more irons we have in the fire, in a general way, the better the farm will pay us. An acre should, if properly cul-