

it when it is wetted. In such sections, at certain seasons of the year, there is no help for it. In periods of wet, the roads will be bad. But in how many instances are they allowed to remain so through the culpable indifference of those whose farms they fringe.

The manner of working them is, in very many instances, simply outrageous. The conditions on which the possession of good clay roads is based, so far as they can be termed good, are very simple. Enough turnpiking to take away the water, with watercourses properly constructed and kept open, and the free use of the road-leveller, as often as the road becomes uneven, is all that is required in summer, and the brisk use of the shovel in drifted parts in winter. Work other than in the directions indicated is a damage to the road.

The turnpiking should, if possible, be done at one time, sufficient to last a number of years, and then no more earth put upon it save the filling of puddles that be scooped out in depressions where the water has gathered, as when clay is put upon a road it will not get firm the same season, but will cut into provoking ruts after every heavy rainfall, whereas if no fresh earth is put upon the highway it will usually remain firm. Nor do we favor throwing up clay roads high in the centre, which seems to expose them too much to the action of the frosts, which renders them more liable to cut into ruts.

Sometimes large unbroken stones are thrown into damp places. If the object of the individuals thus engaged is to try the patience of the saint most sorely and to provoke awful profanity in those so inclined, it must be conceded that their success is most perfect. One would suppose that persons adopting this method had taken lessons from the private owners of stone roads on which toll is collected. We bear with the pioneer builders of the old corduroy; nay, we revere them. Every log which bumps the passer-by is a reminder of the hard necessity of those early days, while every jolt from one of those field stones is a reminder of some satanic influence.

When clay roads are turnpiked the labor of keeping them in a good state, in summer time, is reduced to a minimum. When the frost is going out in spring they should be gone over with the leveller, or as it is more commonly termed now, road scraper. The clods are in a friable state and will moulder before the leveller so as to fill every rut and crevice. This work will not require more than a day of a team and a man or even of a boy for 1½ miles of road. After every heavy rain, when sufficiently dried, they should get a round or two of the leveller. This will require only the period after the farmer's supper-time, 5 p. m., until sundown. An occasional drive over the roads of the same implement will keep them in the most proper condition—as smooth and as firm as the wharves of the cities.

How foreign to our description is the method usually adopted in working clay roads. Men and teams and boys and dogs and waggons, accumulate at a given point, as Mr. T. C. Patteson's foreman has amusingly expressed it, to enjoy their "annual holiday." Some irregular lines are drawn along the sides with the plough. We suppose it is the practice of *curse* ploughing. Heaps of earth and clods are dumped here and there over the road, reminding one of a succession of ant-hills of huge dimensions, which are to be levelled by the conveyances of travellers. Then there are alternations of rest beneath some leafy shade, where the men spin yarns and the boys play with the dogs. The repose which follows reminds one of the picture of the "Slave's Dream," substituting the shovel for the sickle. There they lie, stone dead with laziness, the unlifted shovel in the

hand. When the mound-builders have done, the road is fairly impassable for the remainder of that year. If it were made an invariable rule to level perfectly every scraper of earth dumped on the road, and to break every clod, we could bear with that incessant piling up of earth, but until this is done, by-laws are required in many sections to prevent the appointment of overseers.

In winter it is of the utmost importance to have good roads, and to have them open. The erection of wire fences are doing much toward keeping them open. Yet there will always be places where they will drift and where it is the bounden duty of the farmers of the neighborhood to keep them open, a duty they owe to their fellow-men. We care not what the statute-book may say, the duty we refer to is written on the statute-book of the great charter that regulates human duty. One might suppose, in trying to get through some sections, that the farmers were hibernating for the winter, their shovels slumbering with them.

Shame on the unpatriotism that does not impel farmers to keep the roads in a good state opposite their own farms. Some sections of Canada cannot have perfect roads owing to the nature of things, but in the older sections they may usually be fairly good. The public spirit of a community, even of a nation, may be fairly gauged by the condition of the highways, and certainly the facilities for marketing depend mainly upon these. We have seen clay roads in June so shockingly disfigured with unlevelled footmarks that a serpent in crossing them would need to stretch up its head like the boas of the jungle, to make a survey as to the best track.

The dis-ornamentation of our highways is a national reproach. One man wants some sods, and finding a smooth place along the highway, he removes an area of the green, leaving a good bed to form a nice thistle plot. Another trims his orchard and throws the brush into the cutting of the road. A third has surplus stones in his field and he dumps them into the roadside; and a fourth plants beautiful maples and other shades and mulches them with broken crockery.

It may be that we have been looking at but one side of the question. In many parts of Canada there are good roads, and nicely kept, in no way disfigured with unsightly objects being heaped upon their sides, but why are they not thus kept by all? Let every man take a pride in keeping the road neat along his own property and the thing is done.

Legislation on the road question is not far away. The anomaly of toll roads must be near its last. The system of working the roads, by turning them into a succession of ant-hills will not long be tolerated by a progressive civilization. And the echoes of the clamour for legislation are coming nearer and waxing louder, yet it is well to remember that legislatures usually move only as they are moved by that mighty lever, the people.

Tribute to the Ontario Agricultural College.

One of the graduates of this institution (an Englishman) in writing to us not long since, used the following language:

"I feel that I owe to Canada a debt, for the college has altered the aspect of my life, given me an ambition that I would not exchange for anything, an insight into the higher hope and the nobler aim of agriculture. It has taken hold of the wandering indecisions of my youth and directed them into the wider streams of the ocean of agricultural science. Oh, I do wish the farmers of this country would realize their present state as compared with what it might, could, and

should be; they would exert themselves to employ the levers of influence which are theirs."

The writer adds—

"I hope to go home in October, and shall endeavor whenever I am able to remove the erroneous and false impressions which I know are not merely current, but largely prevalent in the old land, and if not being one of her sons, I have taken anything from Ontario and the college, I trust I may some day be able to pay her all."

"To Be or Not to Be!" To Act or Not to Act.

BY C. H. F. MAJOR.

"Weary toiler in the field,
Stop, for thy tread is o'er a nation's life;
Time's richest ruins lie beneath thy feet.
Does not within thee lie the power of strife,
Within thy frame the pulse of victory beat?"

Farmers of Canada, have you ever put it thoughtfully to yourselves what position you occupy in society, and in what manner you bear the heavy responsibilities resting upon you? If not, do so and be still. Witness the great agricultural platform—the highest and noblest in the land—silent and unoccupied, with those who should be shaping their country's future hesitating on the steps, while from every other platform are rung out the bold utterances of men who can live while they breathe, and make their influences felt while time is yet their own. I ask you now to ponder upon a few things which are intimately connected with your own weal and welfare and with the prosperity of our great Dominion.

Canada an agricultural country: her population essentially agricultural; her agricultural resources unbounded—and upon the development of these depend her future greatness and prosperity—yet sees her national life moulded by men of the black coat profession, her higher classes composed of anybody but sons of the soil, and the gems which mark the growth of wealth and intelligence; institutions which are the pride of any class but the farmers. Can you, honest farmers, stand among the town and city gentry, without feeling out of place, and in a social element which pretends to a greater degree of intelligence and refinement than yours. These have made their "pile" out of some one or other of the many marketable commodities of the world. Mr. Frills & Ribbons and Mr. Sugar & Tea are gents now—you are only a country clodhopper. Yet the nation is annually fed by you, in great part warmed and clothed by you, for from the Queen upon her throne to the lame beggar on his crutch, they all depend for each day's bread upon the fruit of the farmer's toil.

"Don't go into farming; there is little money in it." "Going to be a farmer? why half the farms in the country are mortgaged!" "Oh, you farmer, you!" is a common city-born expression for indicating unskillfulness. Such the opinions men have of agriculture and her sons. Now why? Because the farmers have been asleep so long, and are but slowly, oh, so slowly, waking up to a sense of the greatness of their profession, and to a knowledge of their rights and powers.

FARMERS DO NOT OCCUPY THEIR FIGHTFUL PLACE.

Farmers of Canada, pause; pause in your hurried, drudging manual, but indolent intellectual career. How long shall men of every other profession and trade outstrip you in the race for wealth and fame? How long will you feed and support towns and cities, and the higher institutions of national life, and yet be spurned, scorned, looked down upon by those whose intelligence and dexterity allow them to weave from your hard toilings the filaments and fibres of their lives? How long will you continue to raise healthy