

is different from what it had been represented to me to be, and it is not without some cause that this motion has been made by my hon. friend from Burlington. I went to the North-West, where I now live, in the spring of 1883, and I found on the way there, and all through the prairies, there were large ponds of water in every low place. Any man in that country who had a dry section boasted of it. The paths wound about ponds and sloughs of water. You could not get a straight road on account of them. Certainly there was no scarcity of water in that country in 1883. Hay was abundant, the pastures were luxuriant and the cattle did remarkably well everywhere. I also discovered that in the spring we had heavy frosts. The first morning in June, when I got up, I found the water frozen in the wash dish at the door. It made me timid, and I thought that what the man had said about the country was only too true. However, I watched carefully. I got up night after night, between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning, to see if there were any frosts, and I discovered that these spring frosts did not hurt the grain. I never saw anything grow like the crops did. We grow the largest and best potatoes I have ever seen in any country, and I was a farmer for several years in New Brunswick, besides having been raised on a farm before starting farming for myself. With regard to the prairie grass, I may say also that I discovered from the start that it was the best grass I had ever seen for fattening animals. I used to live in the garden of New Brunswick, and I never saw grass that cattle would thrive and fatten on, or grass on which cattle would give so much milk, as our own prairie grass. It astonished me beyond measure, and I enquired the cause of it, because the grass itself is poor looking trash. To see it growing you would not put much value on it, or think of comparing it with our English grass in eastern Canada. The slough grass is just such hay as I used to throw out in the barn-yard for bedding. That grass can be cut anywhere, even in water knee-deep, and it is better hay than the best English hay I have cut on my farm in New Brunswick. It will make more beef; it will keep horses in finer condition, and will feed animals better than any hay I have ever seen. I know that from my own personal experience. I have discovered

the reason why this prairie grass is so nutritious in the spring, and in fact all the year round. It cures all the year round. That is the grass that grows on the arable land, which cures before the frost of September comes. It is then much better than ordinary hay, because it has a green pith at the bottom of it. To illustrate the quality of this grass, I may mention that I have three horses that have been living out all through the winter, though the snow is 2 or 3 feet deep on the plains. These horses worked hard until the 26th October, when I turned out two of them. After they had been out a fortnight I took one of them in and put out the other, and then after a fortnight I turned out the three of them, and they have not had either hay or grain this winter, yet they are as fat as seals. That I know of my own personal knowledge, because before I left home I went to see the horses and found them in good condition, and my son writes me that they are still thriving. Moreover, my neighbors keep their horses in the same way—they feed on the grass. It grows like hay, with this advantage, as I have said before, that there is a green pith to it that is sappy and nutritious. Until the snow comes in December, or whenever it falls, the cattle live on that dry grass better than they could on hay. My cows, that we milked all summer, and some of which I took from Ontario this spring, that were eight days on the road and got very poor, have fattened up and have done first rate. The moment the snow begins to disappear in the spring—and that was what drew my attention to it first in 1883—it is difficult to get the cattle home at night. The moment a knoll the size of this chamber became bare the cattle went to it for feed. The grass preserves its nutritious qualities through the winter, and the moment the cattle can get to it in the spring they feed on it. I will now speak about the frosts. In the summer of 1883 the frost came the night of the 7th September, and did the damage. In 1884 the frost came on the night of the 6th September. I was keeping a diary in those years, and watched these matters carefully, because I was deeply interested in the subject. In 1885 the frost came on the night of the 22nd August, yet we had two bushels of wheat that year for the one we had the two preceding years, notwith-