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OFFICIAL PART.

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The Fruit-growers Meeting will be held at Quebec on the 1st and 2nd of February next.

Box 109, Upper Lachine—December 1st, 1887.

Lachine Farms.—I do not imagine that Lachine is windier than any other lake-side place, but it has never been my fortune to live in any situation where the S. W. wind is more persistent. To an English ear, that sounds like a pleasant, zephyr-like breeze, not to be complained of, but, on the contrary luxuriated in. Here, however, it comes sweeping up from the funnel-shaped end of Lake St. Louis, and gaining strength from the impetus behind it, penetrates every nook and cranny of the houses. My habitation is of good sound brick, well built, and with tightly fitting doors and windows; so, I cannot grumble. But some of my neighbours are passing the winter in cottages built solely for summer visitors, and I

do not like to think of their sufferings. If the farmers of the district do not cut their grain pretty green, I fancy they may spare themselves the trouble of threshing it.

The Messrs. Dawes, of the Lachine Brewery—and mighty nice tippie they make there, *I am told*, for, alas, my guide, philosopher, and friend, Dr. Johnstone, of Sorel, has strictly forbidden me to drink beer, which is rather a bore, after 60 years habitual use of it!—the Brothers Dawes, I say, are the principal farmers of the parish. They occupy about 300 acres of land, some of it, chiefly in pasture, lying on the north side of the Grand Trunk railway, but the greater part is situated between that line and the St. Lawrence. The exposure is about S. W., with a gentle slope down to the flat lands by the riverside, with a splendid sugar-bush crowning the table-land on the north, and a station—which, by the by, was burnt to the ground yesterday—within 200 yards of the main farm-buildings. Unfortunately, the farms I am speaking of do not lie together; a nuisance for Mr. Tuck, the very energetic foreman, who has, I imagine, about as arduous a task to perform as any man in the province.

Three breeds of horned stock are kept: Herefords, Jerseys, and Polled-Angus; Berkshire pigs, the herd of which has long been noted as prize-winners at the Montreal exhibitions; thoroughbred horses and Clydesdales, but, I am sorry to say, not one sheep. One pair of the dray-horses is remarkable for power and quick-stepping action.

Four or five acres of hops and a good lot of barley are grown for the use of the brewery. The hops seem to be a mixed lot; they may have run out during the number of years they have been in cultivation here, or, perhaps, plants for filling up may have been brought from other places. At all events, I could not tell what sorts they were, and, as is always the case with a mixture, they ripened very unevenly. The