

and indeed this is also brought to our serious attention by the difficulty of getting pickers. Marlboro, Cuthbert or Shaffer's Colossal will yield good-sized berries, even this year, whilst Turner, Highland Hardy, Brandywine, etc., are worth picking in many cases. In favorable years the former can be picked for one cent per quart, while the latter require two cents to be paid. The same remark applies to strawberries, blackcaps, blackberries, etc. If it had not been for Indian pickers we would not have been able to gather the fruit even in this year of short crops. When we get a good year, the Grand River country will need to be depopulated of its nimble-fingered daughters of the forest. Those who have had Indian pickers are loud in their praise, giving them credit for carefulness, tidiness, and withal for quiet and orderly behaviour. They pick about as fast as white pickers. At such times as the present, growers long for some means of irrigating, and sigh for the cheap methods of Colorado and California, where in many places farmers can have all the water they wish once a week for the small sum of \$1 per acre per annum. But we have not the perennial springs from the snow-capped peaks to afford a constant supply, and it would require an enormous pond to properly irrigate even ten acres. I have poured a half barrel of water to a plum tree and it was not half sufficient to soak the ground; fifty gallons would be required to each tree for one soaking, or ten thousand gallons per acre.

I do not think irrigating can be made to pay here, where there is so much land, that with good care can be made to produce a full crop in the worst of years. The canning factories have become a great boon to fruit-growers. Enormous quantities of fruit, as well as tomatoes, sweet corn, peas, etc., are used by these factories. In fact, under existing circumstances, the Northwest as well as the large cities of the country are supplied from southern Ontario. This trade in canned goods has taken immense strides during the past few years. There are in Hamilton alone four large factories, none of them in operation ten years ago.

Between Dundas and Stoney Creek more land is occupied by tomatoes, corn, fruit, etc., than by grain or pasture, and each year additional acres are planted on almost every farm.

The prospect here at present is for good crops of fall fruit. We have the unusual occurrence of a splendid crop of peaches, adding to the general abundance. Had the growers retained their confidence in this fruit, and properly cared for their orchards, a much larger crop would have been the result, but successive failures chilled their hearts, and of late the orchards have gone to destruction fast, so that there are not enough of thrifty trees to furnish a crop like that of seven years ago, when the orchards were in their prime. The best orchards, being the youngest, are around Bartonville and Stoney Creek and in the Niagara district, whilst the once famous orchards of Grimsby look old and feeble. Dry springs are most favorable for the peach trees on the damp sand on which most of them are planted.

July 22d, 1887

MAKE your spare apples into cider; it will make first rate vinegar. Be careful to exclude all rotten fruit and leaves—in fact, every other foul thing. Cider for cooking or jellies should be made of choice fruit and perfectly clean. All cider should be put into perfectly clean barrels. A dirty barrel, even, unfits cider for vinegar.

In gathering grapes for market, be very careful to handle the bunches by the stem only. Pack with care and the fruit will open up bright and nice,

## The Home.

For the CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK AND FARM JOURNAL.

### Wild Flowers.

BY MRS. HANEY, AUSTORVILLE, ONT.

Lovely little flowers,  
Innocent and bright.  
Darling little flowers,  
Children of the light.

Looking far above you,  
With your quiet eyes,  
Coaxing golden sun-beams  
From the rosy skies.

Drinking up the dew-drops  
Silently and still;  
Smiling thro' the meadows,  
Dipping in the rill.

Scattered thro' the wild wood,  
Where the robin sings;  
Where the maple blushes,  
Where the ivy clings.

Peeping in the fountains  
Far away and lone;  
Jewelling the velvet  
Of the mossy stone.

God our Father sent you  
Smiling thro' the land,  
Fashioned by His fingers,  
Painted by His hand.

To proclaim His goodness,  
Since He cares for you,  
Darling little flowers,  
We may trust Him, too.

For the CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK AND FARM JOURNAL.

### Canada at the Colonial.

In a lunch room I asked the direction to Cheap-side, a name familiar to me as one of the busy centres of London, but I was told that they did not know. This information gave me my first idea of the size of the city I was a stranger in, and that, with the lengthening shadows and gaslight, warned me that it was time for a "green" Canadian to seek a resting-place; so, hailing a tiny carriage—the most comfortable imaginable—just large enough to hold one—I soon found myself very comfortably lodged in Williamson's Hotel, Bow Lane, Cheapside: not a fashionable hotel by any means, but a cosy, home-like place, where the guests were very nicely entertained at moderate charges—moderate for London, I mean. The waiters had attained to a very high degree of politeness indeed—I was thanked if I gave my order for anything, and thanked equally if I declined, which proceeding I quite admired, but didn't thoroughly understand until I prepared to leave. It was just five minutes' walk from St. Paul's the magnificent, and about the same time, for a fee of a penny or "tuppence" on the underground railway would bring the visitor to the Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Stephen's, and other places of absorbing interest. I went to the Tower on Saturday evening, and though open every day to the public for a small fee, the crowd was so great that policemen had to interfere. It was just like our cities when some very unusual event takes place. Of all the sights to be seen in the Tower of London, among which are the crown royal, jewels and plate, none interested me more than a coarse gray cloak, which looked as though a woman's hands had carded, spun and woven the wool, out of which it was made. It was the cloak which had enshrouded the immortal Wolfe when he died fighting for his country's glory on the Plains of Abraham. As it is for the Colonial we are bound, we cannot linger among the dead—nay, living—heroes of Westminster Abbey, nor sail down the Thames—we cannot pass

through the subway with the river rushing over us, nor carefully pick out steps through Billingsgate; we can, however, take time to walk past a door leading to the Parliamentary Halls of England, which we may not enter. That entrance is for the "exclusive use of peers, peers' elder sons and foreign ambassadors." No, we may not enter, neither may William Ewart Gladstone, the peerless politician, the grandest of old men, the statesman of his age. He is neither a peer nor the eldest son of a peer. And yet we boast of our nineteenth century enlightenment!

After hearing, seeing, and all but kneeling at Surgeon's feet, on Sabbath morning, and worshipping in grand old St. Paul's in the evening, deeply impressed with its wealth of architecture and sculpture, the roll and peal of whose organ I can yet hear, I slept soundly, and started bright and early on Monday morning for the Colonial. Through Cheapside, Ludgate, the Strand, Piccadilly, past Trafalgar Square and Charing Cross—the busiest corner in the universe, it seemed to me—up Regent street to South Kensington, and then "This way for the Colonial." I pay my shilling, the stiles are turned, I am in the Grand Hall. The first object of interest, to me at least, is a collec-

tion of large pictures, representing many of the colonial cities and towns, at different stages of their growth. The pictures are very instructive as showing the present size and importance of said cities and towns. With a passing glance at all save Canadian cities—for time is precious in London when every hour means money—I find Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Ottawa, London, Winnipeg and Victoria. I have crossed the Atlantic to learn that Montreal has 174,000 inhabitants, and that Toronto is a fine city with a population of 125,000. But how is this? Where is Hamilton—the city I was proud to say I had sailed from—the name which had been duly registered with mine in my journey up? There must be some mistake. I walk round the hall again—scan its walls up and down—there is nothing of Hamilton, "the ambitious city," on Burlington Bay—of Ontario cities second only to the "Queen" city of the west, in size and importance. I turn away disappointed, and a wicked little elfin whispers in my ear, "Hamilton—the unambitious city," but for the sake of my country I wouldn't repeat the words on the other side of the Atlantic.

Passing out of the hall I enter the Indian exhibit, varied beyond expression, gorgeous beyond description—no wonder "the wealth of the Indies" has become proverbial. New South Wales, Western Australia, Queensland, South Australia, Victoria, Fiji, and New Guinea vie with each other in the variety, display, and superiority of their respective exhibits. We step over to the Cape of Good Hope, West Africa and Natal, thence to Hong Kong, North Borneo, Straits Settlements, Islands of Africa, Cyprus, Malta, British Guinea, West Indies, and at last reach Canada. On the left of the door by which I entered was a representation of the ice palace in Montreal. At a window, above which was written "Johnstone's Fluid Beef as it is sold in Canada," two young women, dressed in tobogganing costume, dispense "Fluid Beef." The exhibition visitors were sweltering with the excessive heat, but the girls in felt-like clothing, tuques and all, still served steaming fluid beef. I overheard the following remark: "Just look at those Canadian girls—how strangely they dress out there, don't they?" I thought it absurd at first sight that Canada should be so misrepresented, and my impression was deepened by the remark. I don't believe either that they were genuine Canadian girls. I supposed them to be foreigners to Can-