

drop the plow and take to the office? When the old Roman nation wanted a leader for an emergency, a deputation of senators was sent to look for Cincinnatus. The grand old Roman was found laboring in the field, dressed in his tunic, with hands soiled by honest labor. He repaired immediately to his house, donned his toga, placed himself at the head of the army, approached the enemy, won a great victory, and immediately retired again to his simple pastoral life. In these more enlightened days when there is a vacancy in the legislature, the legal fraternity of Halifax is called upon to fill all openings. Let a young man, Mr. Chairman, even aspire to the presidency of this Association, will he not, judging from the past, deem it prudent to become a Rev. or acquire a medical diploma rather than look forward to the chair from the ranks of the farmers?

Is there no remedy for this state of affairs? Is the term "only a farmer" always to be applied to us? By no means my friends. Let us progress; get the hayseed out of our hair; be in the van in every good word and work; lay aside the barn yard and its accompaniments with our overalls and long boots; qualify ourselves for positions of trust and emolument; read not only in the line of our professions, but on general subjects. Lay aside our petty jealousies, be wise as serpents and harmless as doves; combine to help one another, and in this a farming country literally occupy the land. Let us not be too confident. It is worse than folly to sail under false colors, and strive to make the young believe this is an El Dorado. We have a beautiful country, there are others just as beautiful. From some reports one might think this were a veritable Garden of Eden, a place where flowers and fruit grew spontaneously. But there are other fruit growing countries. There are valleys in Massachusetts fully equal to this for fruit growing. In October, 1888, I spent a few days in the town of Littleton, Mass., and I am convinced there were more apples in a radius of five miles from the town hall than grew that year in Nova Scotia. I saw an evaporator there employing thirty hands running day and night, with a pile of apples in the yard estimated at ten thousand barrels, with half a dozen smaller establishments in the vicinity. It was apples, apples, everywhere. A number of orchards in that township turned out five thousand barrels each, all Baldwins, big, rosy, free from black spots, better Baldwins than we can grow in N. S. But in our own favorites we are beyond competition, with the Gravenstein, the King, the Ribston, and the

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