

grown up. Industry is everywhere employed and rewarded, there is an air of business and thrift wherever you go. What has done all this? There are doubtless many causes combined, but there is one which has operated as an important factor in producing this result and that is the throwing open to the enterprise of the whole community the business of working the mines. It will ever be a source of consolation to me that I had some share in bringing about this result. Even Louisburg has been suddenly awakened by the snort of the iron horse, and the first commencement has been made of a trade which will assume immense proportions. This trade will give it a permanent prosperity. It will do more for it than all the sums that were expended on its forts and arsenals, by one of the greatest powers in Europe, when it was treated as the key of the St. Lawrence and North America.

On my way to Yarmouth I lost the opportunity of visiting one of the finest sections of the county of Kings, remarkable not only for its general crops, but also considered the best district for apples in the whole western valley. Mr. Howe, speaking of the charming drive to the westward on a spring day, said there was no other country where the traveller could pass under 100 miles of apple blossoms. But though beautiful to the sight, the trees were not valuable. The fruit was coarse and harsh, and fit only for making cider or feeding pigs. If good apples were required they had to be brought from the United States. By and bye some man, a little wiser than the neighbors, perceived the peculiar adaptation of this valley to the growth of any kind of apples, and began to experiment on budding and grafting with a view to introduce superior classes of fruit. The experiments were highly successful. Orchard after orchard was redeemed from degradation, and the trees furnished with fresh heads bearing crowns of golden fruit. Soon new orchards were planted with the best kind of trees. Societies were formed which diffused the taste for and love of orchard culture. Nova Scotia apples began to acquire a fame abroad, and before long it was found that there was no better apple in the world than was grown in our western counties. Such has been the growth of this business that steam vessels are now employed to carry the fruit abroad. A splendid wharf is that at Annapolis. On it is a warehouse to accommodate the trade. Also at the same place a brick building is now being erected of dimensions to contain 20,000 to 30,000 barrels of apples, and so built as to be quite frost-proof. The railway, the whole length of the valley, carries all the produce not required for domestic purposes to Annapolis, where, stored in safety and protected from frost, it can be shipped at any season. Old Annapolis has waked up after a sleep of over a century, and the whole of our western valley is feeling the effects of the new business; and yet nearly all this change is due to the happy thought of substituting a superior for an inferior class of fruit. But for this the orchards might still have groaned under their useless loads. The same care and the same cost would have been required, but without the same return. There would have been no wharf or apple warehouse at Annapolis. There would have been no frost-proof building to protect the tender crop, and no steamers to carry it away to a foreign market.

Now, you will ask, what has all this to do with us? I will tell you. I do not know whether your soil and climate would permit the successful growth of fruit; but whether fruit will grow or not, there are many things that will grow, and that could be grown with great success here. Take for instance cattle. You see them on every hill-side as you sail through your splendid lake. Every steamer which finds its way from one port to another is laden with them. You send great numbers of cattle to a market which ought to be exclusively yours. Newfoundland does not raise, and cannot raise, cattle. What she wants you can supply. But it may well be doubted whether the people of this Island can retain that trade or any trade in cattle long, unless the stock undergoes some considerable improvement. I have seen in your steamers cattle going to market, where the 3 year old were not larger than yearlings ought to be. A good short-horn Durham in a single year will weigh as much as the average of these three-year old. Up to that age ordinary cattle make no return, except their manure, which is dearly paid for by the care and labor required in attending to them. There is therefore a total waste of the fodder of two years out of three. Count the cost of this fodder which, without speaking of summer, cannot be less than four tons for the two winters for each animal. This will foot up a total so startling that one can only wonder at people continuing a business which causes so frightful a waste. This amount of money might just as well be thrown into the sea; and perhaps it is a proof that there is profit in other branches of farming, else people could not live at all while practising such gross extravagance.

The revolution in the character of stock is going on rapidly in Nova Scotia proper. The effect of improved breeding is everywhere perceptible. Thoroughbred Durhams, Ayrshires, Jerseys, and Devons are to be found in every part of it. Grade cattle, in which the blood of one or the other of these breeds is mingled are spread everywhere, and yet it is only a few years since the improvement began. At this moment may be seen in the little town of Yarmouth, which has never been considered as an agricultural county, more thoroughbred cattle than ten or fifteen years ago were to be found in the whole Province. The exhibits of butter there last week were most excellent. You will be amazed to learn that, in the opinion of a competent judge, the butter shown on that occasion was in the quality and variety of the exhibits equal to what he saw at a recent show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

Not many years ago an active and enterprising Nova Scotian established a business in a large town in the United States. After a while he found the climate too trying for him and moved to the country, where he set up a dairy farm, which he has since managed with extraordinary success. You may judge of the reputation which he has established for the produce of his farm when I tell you that his butter brings a dollar a pound in the market, and that he can find a market for all he can make. This gentleman sent to the Exhibition at Yarmouth some samples of this butter. It was certainly of excellent quality; but it would have required a very skilled expert to detect the difference between it and scores of samples of the article made in Yarmouth. I had the pleasure of

receiving a couple of small boxes from the same gentleman, which I opened at my own table at Truro, when it was surrounded by several gentlemen well qualified to form an opinion of it. They compared it with some samples of butter made from my own Jerseys, and I was proud to be assured that my butter did not suffer by comparison with so high a standard, but, even allowing for a little partiality, it is gratifying to know that we can come within a measurable distance of our distinguished countryman.

Now, as regards stock, it will be absolutely necessary for Cape Breton to adopt improvements. It cannot remain stationary while Nova Scotia proper is advancing. If we grow better stock, if our beef costs less than it costs you, we shall be able to supplant you in any market. We shall make a profit by the same transaction which will cause you a loss. If you spend three years in attaining the result which should be reached in one, if you waste in fodder over what is required to produce a given amount of beef, which if sold would be equal to the price of the animal when taken to market, it is clear you are carrying on an unprofitable trade. How can you compete with men who are making a profit on every occasion in which you are suffering a loss?

It is a very common thing to deride book-farming. If it is only book-farming, it is a legitimate subject of derision. But if a farmer uses his eyes, if he cultivates a habit of observation, if he treasures up the occurrences which take place in his neighborhood, this is all-important. And if he adds to what he has observed himself what others have observed before him, which he can only get from books, he is likely to have a more thorough knowledge of his business than if he depended altogether on what he has seen himself. A dwarf on a giant's shoulder can see further than the giant himself; and what can be learned from books is really gigantic in comparison with what any one man can find out by his own experience. Add to that what he sees for himself, and he will be a model farmer.

But besides observation and study of books, my experience leads me to believe that there is one element more than any other essential to the success of a farmer, and that is untiring industry. The man who is to make his living by farming in this country must be up early and late; he must have his eyes open; his barns, his fences, his agricultural implements, his manure heaps, his plants, his mowing and reaping, his housing and storing, all require watchful care and attention, and afford scope for constant employment. He should know that his gains depend on saving as much as on making. Little things is what create failure,—doors off the hinges, barns insufficiently covered, fences down, implements out of order when wanted, a visit to the carpenter or the blacksmith for repairs when it should be to the field to reap or mow, losing any opportunity for housing the crop, leaving the oats in the field till they are ripe, to mow them just before a storm, and to rake them after half the crop has melted on to the ground, leaving the roots in damp cellars or in cellars not protected from frost, these are the things which insure failure. We are sometimes told that a farmer has been unlucky. Any person may have a single stroke of ill-luck, perhaps a second, but depend upon it, continuous ill-luck is nothing else than continuous bad management. Be-