

nople. You are farther south than the American city of Boston, and actually in the same latitude as northern California. When you realize this fact, you will no longer be surprised to hear of the Essex farmer growing tobacco, which you think of as a product of hot countries, not to speak of other crops which cannot be grown in England.

Let us take an excursion into the country, through one of the best parts of this region. We start from Windsor, a city looking over the river which brings the waters of Lake Huron down into Lake Erie

**An
Excursion
to the
South.**

and forms the international frontier,—the American city of Detroit standing right opposite. Before we get out of the city, on the electric railway, we meet a car coming in from the south, loaded with peaches, tomatoes and melons. Once in the open country, we bowl along at high speed through a nearly flat land, some of it looking

as if it was waiting to be taken in hand by a scientific agriculturist, but much of it evidently in the hands of skilled and enterprising men already. One house may be extremely plain, and even unpainted, its outer planks bleached whitey-grey by the sun; another may be an ambitious structure of red brick, with ornamental gables, and a bow window thrown out at one end; but some of the little cottages look at least as comfortable as their big neighbours,—

**Scenes
by the
Way.**

the cushioned seats on shady verandahs and the children playing on the steps giving a pleasant glimpse of family life. An unkempt and weedy field, next to a neglected old orchard, is succeeded by a stretch of tall and handsome maize, just ripe, and a reaped wheatfield with a steam threshing machine hard at work in the middle.

It is a very handy and amusing little line, this we are travelling by,—a sort of cross between a railway and a tramway. The cars run at a high speed, considering that the rails are laid for a long distance on the public road; and the 36 miles from Windsor to Leamington are covered in an hour and three-quarters. There are regular stopping-places where the cars will pick you up; and, in case the driver may fail to see you, this procedure is to be adopted:—"Passengers desiring to board the cars after dark at way-stops are requested to strike a match when the train is at least 1,000 feet distant."

Presently we pull up at the village of Essex, where the same contrasts are noticeable,—some of the houses standing in beautiful flower gardens, with trim lawns coming right down to the clean cement sidewalk of the street; others untidy and generally showing signs of little taste or care.

Leaving the village behind, and pressing on to the south-west, we catch our first sight of a tobacco field, the leaves a lovely green. But "general farming" is still the rule. Cattle are grazing in the pastures; sheep are dozing in the shady corner of a field; black pigs and white pigs and bronze pigs keep them company; a bunch of horses, turned out to grass, complacently watch our horseless vehicle pass. A dozen bee-hives stand in a little apple orchard; a tall silo, like a round tower, stands beside the big barn of a dairy farmer; looking in at the open door of another barn, we see the building full of tobacco hanging from wires to dry and looking like yellow charcoal leather.

As we pass through the village of Kingsville, we notice a truck laden with jars for "canning" fruit; native tobacco in a shop window, labelled "Big plugs for little money,—5 cents, 10 cents, 15 cents"; gardens bright with hydrangeas, and bordered with fir hedges; hammocks swinging in shady verandahs. Beyond this village, much of the tobacco in the fields, if not already cut, is