

he said, "personally I should prefer going without any; but still, if people have a taste for dried sponges dipped in a little vinegar and water, why I should be the last one not to allow them to have them." This was not a compliment to the Ben Davis as an eating apple, but, as the gentleman said, a few barrels of them were always a great financial success. Then there were other apples with very different reputations and also very different flavours. There were a moderate number of thriving specimens of that king of all apples, the Gravenstein, which probably a little care would succeed in raising as satisfactorily in New Brunswick as anywhere else, despite some assertions to the contrary.

From here we drove on and took a road that would ultimately lead us back to Sussex; and now comes a change of scene. From the right side of the road, stretches a field of perhaps twenty acres, from which the hay has been cut, and on which a good after-feed has been developed. Here thirty or forty cattle are eating; some lying under the big elm trees or complacently switching their tails and chewing their cuds; others are moving around to find the spots where the grass is the tenderest, and still others are standing knee-deep in a brook that flows through the field, and beneath the cool shade of some willow, are switching away the flies. The majority of them are Ayrshires, and fine looking cattle they are, with here and there a number of Holsteins and an occasional Jersey.

Probably nowhere in the world can more ideal conditions for successfully raising cattle be found than this very section that we are now studying. One of the best illustrations of this can be seen in, for instance, the quantity of maize that can be readily raised in New Brunswick.

I stopped one day near Sussex and took a picture of what I considered a typical row of fodder corn. The variety was Pierce Prolific, and the average yield, according to the proprietor of the farm, was fifteen tons per acre. This, of course makes an excellent element in first-class ensilage.

Several men, whose farms I visited, had herds of from thirty to forty milch cows, from which they would take in