

The Yankee in Quebec.

Whether by long custom, or some other reason, the farmers plow their fields in little "lands," not over a rod wide, leaving a dead furrow between. One seldom sees a field of wheat, and corn never, at any rate not in this Province. There may be a system of farming here, but it will never be adopted by our people. I have seen in a five acre field, oats, barley, rye, timothy and potatoes, all growing side by side. Yet for all this seeming lack of system I am told that the "habitant" (French farmer) is often a man of means, and seldom poor. He may make but little, yet he always lays by a part of that little. We sell our hay by the ton, here it is gathered into bundles of fifteen pounds, bound with a "hay twist," and sold, so much per hundred bundles. So expert is the hay maker that he can guess, within a few ounces at furthest, of the requisite fifteen pounds. The farm waggon is usually a two-wheeled cart drawn by one horse. This "cart" is farm wagon, road wagon and buggy all in one. The *maisons* (houses) of the habitant are all after one pattern, mostly one story. The roofs are seldom straight, the rafters are cut with a "dish" so that a line drawn from the cone to the eaves would not touch the roof at any part, and within three feet of the eaves, it might be eight inches from the shingles or the "thatch."