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The Dignity of a Calling is Its Utility.

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## A Trip Abroad.



One who had long cherished a desire to take an ocean voyage the opportunity of visiting England under comparatively favorable circumstances was not to be passed by without due consideration. Accordingly after weighing the inconveniences of being cooped up as a live stock attendant against the advantages which were likely to come from such a voyage, it was decided to undertake the adventure. Having sought out a congenial companion we set off, goad in hand, upon the outside of a flat roofed cattle car bound for Toronto. Arriving there early in the morning we lost no time in procuring breakfast, after which we proceeded to look about us until our train would be ready to start on our journey to Montreal.

The hot, dusty day was drawing to a close as a heavily laden "cattle train" started upon its downward trip. The air was so cool and the country so pleasant to the eye that we climbed to the very highest part of the "caboose," in order that we might be able to command a better view. A delightfully refreshing breeze had sprung up from the east, and as we sped along we began to thoroughly enjoy our ride. Thus we rode for hours; past fields of waving grain, over vast swamps, and through portions of country hilly and rocky in the extreme, and totally useless for tillage. We thought, that if this was "Eastern Ontario" happy were we that our lot had been cast in the more fertile West. The brakeman assured us, however, that this was hardly a fair sample, and that it was much better nearer the lake. Finding that the night air was becoming decidedly cool, we forsook our elevated position for one more comfortable below. After satisfying the inner man by a visit to our lunch pails, we concluded to follow the example of our fellow travellers and soon were in the coils of Morpheus. We were not to be left undisturbed, however, for with the periodical change of "caboozes" came the occasional look at the animals in our charge.

When morning dawned the country had a more fertile look, though still much behind that of the West. The farms, however, betokened careful attention, and it seemed that the natural disadvantages had stimulated the owners to greater exertion in order to compete successfully with their brothers in the Western part of the Province. One remarkable difference between this part and the West was the almost entire absence of "bank" barns. The farmers seem not to have risen to that state of civilization, for surely there is no lack of material, especially stones. The period of vegetation also is considerably later, there being quite a noticeable difference in the ripening of the grain.

As we neared Montreal the methods of farming became more and

more primitive. Here and there could be seen the small white house of the French habitant, while in the fields could be seen men and women piling hay upon rather ancient looking carts. The hay was put in small stacks here and there through the field, I suppose following the practice still common in Ireland of stacking it first and then restacking it to larger ones before the winter sets in. On coming to the suburbs of the city the railway took a curve northward around the mountain, so that from our elevated position on the top of the car, we obtained a delightful view of that massive, verdure crowned prominence. At our feet on our left, and also on the right between us and the mountain, were situated many pretty flower and vegetable gardens. In fact gardening seems to be the sole occupation of these suburban inhabitants.

Arriving at the stock yards in Hochelaga we reported at the Live Stock Office and engaged to cross the Atlantic. Late in the afternoon we were called upon to help "run" the cattle on board, after which we procured supper and provided our-elves with a stock of provisions to be used as a supplementary adjunct to our ocean fare. On examining our vessel we found her to be a freight steamer of rather small tonnage, and not very heavily laden. She was booked for Newcastle-on-Tyne, and we looked forward to seeing some magnificent and picturesque sights among the ice-bergs and along the shores of Scotland.

It was late on Saturday night when at last the hammering and shouting having ceased we prepared for rest. The air being insufferably close and hot we decided to vacate our berths and take our rest among the fragrant hay. At four o'clock the following morning our good ship weighed anchor and soon we were steaming down the placid water of the River St. Lawrence.

Sunday was not entirely a day of rest, as there was a great deal of necessary labor to be performed. Many of the cattle had to be retied and re-arranged, and then there was the feeding and watering to be attended to. The water which was carried as ballast was pumped twice a day into large barrels and then taken thence in pails to the troughs. Although the water was fresh much care had to be exercised as to the quantity each animal received. The food too was sparingly used at first. In fact for the first two or three days there was nothing fed but hay. Later on, however, a little "chop" and bran were added to the ration.

As we passed by the rock-bound coast of cold Newfoundland and icy Labrador, the temperature became considerably colder, but the brilliancy of the shooting Aurora and the flashing phosphorescence made us loath to leave the deck. One morning we awoke with a distinct recollection of winter and found that during the night we had run into a field of floating ice. On all sides could be seen masses of