

not made \$1 a day, there are laborers who earn more than that. We must, it is true, as much as possible draw from the land all that is required by the family and the farm-stock; that is the great secret.

The chief thing to know to-day is how to feed our cows, so that they shall give plenty of milk, and that milk of rich quality. My opinion is, that the system of ensilage lauded so highly by M. Beaubien, is the gift of Heaven to Canada. We, who used to feed our cows on straw alone, are going to give them wine through the medium of the silo. For silage, gentlemen, is like the juice of the grape, which, after fermentation, becomes wine, which is preserved in bottles for an indefinite period, and is drunk with so much pleasure. In silage, in consequence of the fermentation that takes place, it is as if maize became wine, because the sugar found in the maize is converted into alcohol, just as is the case with the sugar of the grape. Silage, is almost as valuable as the best pasture-grass. I feel that it is a present made to us by Heaven out of consideration for the length of our winters. In France, I observed that the climate was not so propitious for making good silage as ours is; the first experiments made there were not successful.

But, here, a silo is a matter of no consequence, as far as labour goes; we have only to tramp down the maize, even without chaffing it, though it is better to chaff it; we have as much as we care to make use of all the winter, as soon as we have tramped it and prevented the air from getting into it. It is easy enough. I made a silo at home for an example to my people. I do not keep many cattle, but it is all the same, said I to myself, I must set the example. But one thing I had to contend with—the rats. I fancy I shall have to make a brick floor to my silo, for the rats poke themselves in everywhere. (Laughter.) I have been advised to fill up the bottom with broken glass: if this does not answer, I shall put in a brick floor.

We have now, then, siloes, and I hope they will multiply quickly all over the province; even if I have the trouble to advise the government to give those who build them a small bonus, to reward them for being sharper than their neighbours. (Laughter.)

Now, let us talk about butter and cheese. We have markets that are already open to us, and markets that are going to be opened. One great point is: to make good butter. And I wish that all the members of the Dairymen's Association, my dear friends, would look to it that their butter be always No. 1, and their cheese, too, No. 1; even if they have to combine together to sell their butter and cheese, so that no bad tubs could creep in, here and there, throwing discredit on the butter of intelligent people, who make and sell nothing but good butter.

We must learn how to pack our butter; and I think we shall at last have a system so perfect, that our butter will reach England as fresh and as finely flavoured as it was when it left Canada. As to cheese, that is easy enough, it has a thick rind that protects it during the voyage. But the butter is not so easily guarded.

I remarked, in Europe, that butter was sent to the West Indies and Brazil in small tin boxes: in those places butter is very dear. We must study this way of packing and try to enter into commercial intercourse with the West Indies and Brazil, taking care to preserve the butter fresh, i. e., to keep it from all contact with the air. Closed in boxes, as above, it will have retained all its freshness and flavour when it reaches those regions.

You see all that can be got from your cows. It is incredible! Our cows are our fortune, and it is they that give us honey on the earth. Our country is a fine country, remember, *amis*: I was reading Josephus, the historian of

the Jews, in that part where he describes the country that God gave to the Jews, a country flowing with milk and honey. Well, remember that Judea, after the description of Josephus, is like our own country: it abounds in mountains in fine forests, and in streams. I thought within myself that we were as fortunate as the Jews, and that God chose this land of Canada expressly for us, as he chose Judea for the Hebrews.

"But in your country," said some one to me, "you have no olive oil." I felt a little bothered; but I replied: "No, we have something quite as good, though the Jews had no maple syrup!" (Laughter.)

Well! In a country like ours, so fit for cultivation, with the sea so near, that is, so to speak, on the very borders of the sea, do you not think that its people can make that country one of the richest and most prosperous of all lands? Most decidedly, I think so; if we desire it there will be no country on earth more blessed than Canada, since we shall all have, as M. Beaubien says, siloes on our farms. It does not take much to revive agriculture, does it? Only a silo! As I said before, I regard the silo in Canada, as a present from above, sent at the right time to make us in love with agriculture. For by means of ensilage, we can cause a herd of cows to give the most copious possible yield of milk.

The Pères d'Arundel (who belong to the order that has established one of the finest farms in France, at St. Laurent sur-Sèvres,) have built a silo on their farm. The father who directs that establishment said to me: "My cows have given milk all the winter, except for a month before calving, and when they calved, they were fat enough for beef, and this after having made butter all the winter." I asked him: "How much do you think you have made by your cows during the entire winter?" He replied: "Counting the pigs I fattened, I believe the return from each cow was \$40."

Allow, then, now, \$40 a cow; a man who keeps 10 cows, and who feeds them well on silage would make \$400, and he who has 20, would make \$800. Suppose he keeps this money to swell about with (*faire le Monsieur*), would not the rest of his income from his farm keep his family? A farmer with \$400 is comfortably off. And to this add a colt every year for M. Beaubien has imported horses of the first class from France, and is going to let us use them for nothing.....well, for next to nothing. (Laughter.)

We are going to renew our breed of horses by crossing them with the best stallions from France. I have seen M. Beaubien's *haras*, and I was astonished at the beauty of the horses. I hope he will be repaid, and that we shall recompense him for having brought into the country horses so handsome, so healthy, and so powerful.

You will excuse me for having spoken so long. I congratulate you on having come in such numbers to this meeting, and I trust you will continue each year to meet together, and be zealous in paying your dollar; more zealous than I, for last year I was not here, and I didn't pay my subscription, so this year I will send two dollars, *en revanche*. Pay your dollar, then, and in ten years you will see that we shall have obtained the grandest results. I won't talk to you about my plans for agricultural schools, that must be for another year. I must not say all at once.

M. BEAUBIEN—We must always take the ball at the hop. I would propose that M. Labelle kindly carry out his idea of insuring the construction of a silo in every parish. He told us he intended to gain this result by offering a prize. I see that a committee of the House has been appointed for this object, at least, this is one of the principal ends it intends to secure: the construction of a silo in every parish. I believe, *Monsieur*, to be good enough to make use of the influence he has with the members of the House, to realise this project.