

know which kind predominates. A blind man could tell you that, for the air is fragrant with the scent of—Peaches.

The Peach? Peaches? The queen of fruits? The delicate, the exquisite, the lovely, the rare and perfumed peach?

In Canada? "Why," I hear a fellow-countryman exclaim, "we can't grow peaches even in the mildest parts of England, except in hot-houses, or against a high wall facing south. We see them in shops, and they make our mouths water, but we see them at sixpence, ninepence, and even a shilling each, and wonder how anyone can be rich enough to buy such luxuries. We can't afford to eat them; and you talk of hundreds of farm wagons laden with them in the marketplace of a Canadian town!"



Chopping corn for winter feed.

Yes, an ounce of fact outweighs all the hazy notions that rise up in many people's minds when they think about Canada.

Look at a map of the world, and you see that Hamilton is no farther from the tropics than the French and Italian Riviera on the Mediterranean coast. To be sure, degrees of latitude are not everything. Climate is regulated not only by distance from the equator but by the currents of air and sea, and very largely by the absence or presence of great bodies of open water. In parts of Canada the winters are very cold, the summers short. But when you have learnt the merest A.B.C. of Canadian geography you become aware that Canada is a vast Dominion, 3,000 miles across from east to west, and over 2,000 miles across from north to south, lapped by the waters of the Atlantic on one side, and by the mild Pacific on the other, stretching from the latitude of Iceland to that of Spain and Italy. When you have learnt that, you can realize that Canada must possess not one climate but many, and it will no longer surprise you to find that the famous district I am going to describe has a climate in which peaches and grapes and melons and maize and tomatoes and tobacco flourish and ripen as they could not possibly do in the most favoured section of the United Kingdom.

"The car is ready!" Here is another surprise. "Whatever may be the fact about the variety of Canadian climates," my questioner continues, "surely you don't deny that Canada is a—well, a primitive sort of country, with roads far too rough for motoring?"