

Peas.—American Wonder we sowed as late as 18th of August, too late for the blackbirds, as they had migrated. Quite as much of a treat as the early sowed ones, and more of a rarity.

Passing on to the small fruits:—

Raspberries, Currants and Gooseberries were a good crop, but the birds claimed the lion share.

Strawberries did well. Twelve rows, each 300 feet long, of mixed kinds, yielded about 1000 quarts; this was the third crop. The previous year we had a rather smaller return from 26 rows of the same length. And that year the Wilson turned out so badly, I ploughed them all under except two rows; these two were as good as any I had this year. We must hold on to the old Wilson yet.

I planted three-quarters of an acre of strawberries, Oct., 1887, and three-quarters of an acre this spring. They both did well, but the spring planted ones gave the least work. The wet season has prevented us hoeing or cultivating for the last month, and the weeds have so much got the mastery, I fear there will be no third crop this time.

The orchard, which for many years has given us more trouble than profit,

has been a success. The Black Spot, which ruined our fruit and nearly ruined us, too, has nearly disappeared, and our crop was enormous. The fruit was rather small in size, but fairly marketable. We have just finished hand-picking 500 barrels. If any readers think that's all fun, let them try it, but I would recommend before beginning to have a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil on hand; they'll quickly find out what it's wanted for. Neighbors tell us we will surely make our fortune this year from the orchard. Strange that few of them, during these many years of dire calamity, didn't feel as much disposed to condole with us when we were losing one (if we ever had one to lose). We can boast nothing of years here, but I can of our good Secretary's crop, he being too modest to do it himself. I have it from his own pen that his extra selected apples have been selling in London, England, as high as \$6 00 per barrel. As he has an immense orchard he must surely be making his fortune, and lest he be exalted over much, I think we will have to vote down his salary. Now, he'll bid me shut up, so, admiring the patience of all who have so far read, I close.

AMONG THE STRAWBERRIES.

By JOHN LITTLE, GRANION.

SIR,—Will you kindly give me a little space in your excellent monthly to say a few words about the strawberry. All my out-door time is spent among them, and my dreams at night are often about them.

Allow me first to say something about my visit to a few enthusiasts, who are also in the small fruit business, during the raspberry gathering.

My first visit was to J. Whitston St. Marys; he is a careful cultivator