

## STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

—For Truth.

THE season of the year has arrived when those who have a garden, be it large or small, are carefully studying the various catalogues to learn what new and beautiful plant or vine they can purchase. But amid the confusion of mammoth strawberries, delicate raspberries, rich golden grapes and delicious pears, with the rosy and amber apple, it is hard to decide which is the best. Trust not to the promiscuous agent who goes about seeking whom he may devour, but compel him to show his credentials from some reliable firm as their authorized agent, before you look at their highly colored plates. Better still, procure catalogues yourselves, and read descriptions, also compare them with the readings of horticultural papers, or articles you may read in reliable journals. By so doing you may learn what will best suit your soil and climate.

For a great deal depends on such location and soil as shall suit the different natures of the fruit planted. Strawberries do well in a moist, rather stiff soil, in a hot, dry season especially, while raspberries can flourish on moist land, and without full sunshine. Speaking in this article of

### STRAWBERRIES,

it is as well to remember that it is not so much the amateur requires, nor firmness when they are not to be carried far, but a sweet and fine-flavored berry that will tempt one by its luscious sweetness. Having tried forty varieties, some of them good and some worthless, there is a berry called "Seth Boyden," not new by any means, but possessing these good qualities, as does "Lennig's white," which is a very pale bluish pink. Of the newer sorts the best table berry is "Cumberland Triumph," which a little girl once told me she preferred "because they are pink all through," and no one could question her taste, for they have a flavor that is never possessed by the acid "Wilson even at its best, though it is a good table stand by for market purposes.

To cultivate strawberries, one would need to stand over them with a hoe all summer, to sure is the bed to become full of weeds. It is another question of "eternal vigilance." But if the rows are wide, and can be worked with one horse and a small cultivator the labor is lightened. For garden beds that must be spaded and hoed it is best to put in a mulch after the spring weeding, about the time the plants come into flower. It must be of something that does not contain the germs of countless more weeds and green grass; cut, and put on thickly, answers the purpose well.

In autumn there is nothing saved, and often much lost, by the neglect in covering plants, for the crown of buds for earliest blooming are set and often exposed, but lost in a bare time of frost and cold. I do not think watering is of much value in the fruiting season, but during the summer soap suds and liquid manure will make strong plants, and the same application early in the season develops healthy flower buds. Wood ashes is a good fertilizer and of great value; in fact the strawberry is a gross feeder. My next jottings will be on experience among raspberries.

Mr. Chamberlain—the late Mr. Ivory Chamberlain's son—who was for a long time Mr. James Gordon Bennett's private secretary, and who went to Paris two or three years ago to start the *Morning News* there, has sold out his interest in that successful one-cent paper, and is now in Florida. It is said that Mr. Thorndyke Rice is now the proprietor of the *Morning News*, and of its French counterpart, *Le Matin*.

## The Ontario Forestry Report for 1884.

In nothing have Canadians made a greater mistake than in destroying so much of their valuable timber. Forest after forest has been cut down with the hope of making money, when in fact they have been destroying it just as certainly as if they had scuttled a ship loaded with gold in the ocean. Field after field can be pointed to and the remark truthfully made, "the timber burnt in log-heaps on that field to clear it, only thirty years ago, would sell for ten thousand dollars now." And it will be asked, "why did you not leave it standing?"—had you not enough land without this? And the answer will be, "yes, but every body wanted a big clearing, and we all thought there would be plenty of timber here always. Now we find out our mistake; there is very little such timber left in the country."

It would be easier to bear the loss of our great reserves of timber if agriculture benefited by the deprival of forests. But the direct opposite is the case. Between the lack of shelter, the scarcity of firewood, and perhaps worse than all, the washing of the rich earth from off the face of the land into the rivers and lakes, it is found that where a third of the land is kept in forest the farmers tend to make much more money, and to make it easier, than if nearly all were cleared.

It is well that among all our political squabbles there are some useful measures which all parties are agreed on, and among these none meet with more general approbation than the work in which Mr. Phipps, at the instance of the Ontario Government, is engaged, namely, that of obtaining and spreading information on this subject, the only way to proceed in this country, where the land in the older settlements being in private hands, cast-iron government regulations, such as those of France or Germany, on forests, are not practicable. Much good has already been done in inducing farmers to plant and preserve woodlands, and we may expect much more. This year's forestry report is written in a style admirably calculated to win attention, and contains much valuable information, gives the evidence of many Ontario farmers on the evils of deforesting and practical directions from experienced men as to the way in which the present state of affairs may best be improved. But it is best to let the work speak for itself, and we give a few extracts. Here is a piece from the introduction:—

"Old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities, and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids, rise up like exhalations at its bidding. Even the free spirit of man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence. It passes away and vanishes before venerable trees."—Lander.

"In journeying lately through many of the northern and Southern States, viewing the great moving panorama of valley and river, plain and mountain, city and forest, which our wonderful system of railway offers to the traveller of to-day, no contrast was more striking, none more pregnant with reflection than the difference between the deforested and partially wooded farms on the route. Numbers of the former, numbers of the latter, were passed. The first lay, outspread and unrelieved, fields and nothing more; great parallelograms of soil seamed by fences, with a lonely house and barns in some corner, and perhaps a low, spreading orchard which did not improve matters very much, for your orchard is but an exaggerated vegetable garden after all. If, here and there, some isolated trees reared their forsaken forms along the fence, they seemed but to apologize for their vanished comrades, and to say, as the wind whistled mournfully through their scanty branches, 'Ah! you see what it wants, how dreary it all looks without a few more of us!'

"A little further on, and how different another farm would appear! Backed on the hills in rear by a goodly reserve of timbered acres, well fenced and cared for, one could see, rank above rank, the broad, waving expanse of summer foliage; could see the great red-brown trunks of the hickory trees glancing below; could distinguish above the

bushy tops of maple and beech, and the spreading masses of the basswood foliage, at that season rich with white blossoms everywhere among its broad green leaves, the whole grove giving comfortable guarantee, if cared for, of fuel and shelter, beams and boards, while the round earth turns. Then, too, the roadside fence, the long side fences as well, east and west, and south faces, would have their row of closely growing trees; a dense extended wall of fragrant cedar, or lightsome larch, or, it may be, a continuous line of clustering maple branch and stem, their multitudinous leaflets bright in the sun of early June. Screened from the wind in some quiet corner, the branches of the orchard rose. However poor the mansion, backed by such surroundings, it looked respectable, the fields rich, the farmer content. The comments of the travelling passengers invariably took this direction, 'How much better a farm looks for the trees!' 'No doubt,' says another, 'though he must lose some ground.' 'I don't know; the land is sheltered and will yield more; takes less labour too, there's more mowing and less ploughing; then see what a chance of wood he has. I'd give two thousand dollars more for this than one of those others, anyway. The man who owns a place like this is somebody. This is a residence sir.'"

[Further extracts from Mr. Phipps' excellent report will be published in future issues of TRUTH.]

## CHARLES CHEERYBLE'S GNATS.

HE TALKS TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF FARMERS—DON'T BE IN TOO GREAT A HURRY TO LEAVE THE FARM.

I think that the tendency amongst farmers' sons to look down on and despise agricultural pursuits is increasing. They seem to imagine that a high-spirited young fellow was never intended to devote his life to farming and they feel confident that they are cut out for something far higher; and as they grow older, their yearnings to go forth into the world and do some great thing, increase, and they finally forsake the farm, for the work on which they are adapted, and fly to the cities where, in the majority of cases, they discover that they are very much out of their element indeed.

Now, for goodness sake, what is there to be ashamed of in being a farmer? Ashamed! Why, a man should be proud to be a farmer. But absurd notions about gentility are creeping into the minds of farmers' sons and daughters; hey wince when they hear fools talk disparagingly of them as "hay-seeds" "haw-bucks" and the like, without pausing to think that those people who speak in this manner must be very desperate fools whose opinions are not worth a grain of Timothy seed; and the girls actually begin to feel a sense of shame when they look in the glass and see their healthy, rosy cheeks, and glance down at their hands and notice that they are actually red, whilst that Miss Flimsy from the city, who stayed at the farm house last summer for a few weeks, always looked so pale and "genteel," and her hands were so beautifully white. Oh! if they only knew when they were well off. Why, girls, those rosy cheeks and strong arms of yours are worth more than all the thousands of dollars that Miss Flimsy is heir to, if you only knew it, and in my humble opinion you look quite as ladylike when you are dashing away at that churn and producing that gilt-edged butter for which you are so famous, as Miss Flimsy does lolling about in an easy chair all day, and reading those trashy novels of which she seems so fond. If you only knew it, you are five times as happy as Miss Flimsy ever knew how to be, and it does me good to see the way you satisfy those healthy appetites of yours at which she affected to be so dreadfully shocked. I'll wager anything she was envious of you all the time, only she was too genteel, poor thing, to have a healthy appetite.

Then, you farmers' boys, what need you care because the city jackanapes call you "country-bucks?" Don't be in such a hurry to leave the old farm; you may find, as many before you have found to their cost, that you may go further and fare very much worse. You say farming isn't a "high-toned" pursuit; not a gentlemanly one. Bah! What is a gentleman, anyhow? It isn't a man's trade or profession that makes him a gentleman, but it is his own conduct and a man with his home spun suit and his heavy boots may be a much better specimen of a gentleman than a city dandy, dressed within an inch of his life, but very often without a single gentlemanly instinct about him. Now I consider an honest, hard-working farmer as one of the noblest specimens of manhood; but he must be an honest one, mind, not one of the sort who weigh in a two-hundred pound rock with a load of hay, and who mix up a lot of old tub-butter with a little fresh and declare it is all just churned, or who put all the little strawberries down at the bottom of the box! Oh! no; I don't mean that sort of a fellow at all; but a really upright, straight-forward, honest man; such a one will be respected anywhere, be he a farmer or anything else.

Try and get those nonsensical notions about gentility and "high-tonedness" out of your heads. Of course you have to work pretty hard at certain seasons of the year, on the farm, but think how independent you are, in a manner. Wouldn't you rather be a healthy, muscular farmer's son, enjoying the free air of heaven than a poor, pale, narrow chested counter-jumper, shut up in a musty-store all day and compelled to bow and smirk and prevaricate constantly in order to make sales or lose your situation? Well, I rather think you ought to. No, no; stick to the farm; it's a good place to be.

## A Mexican Breakfast.

A crackling fire is burning in the open air and on it are heaped a pile of oysters, cooking for breakfast. The other members are now astir—the ladies of the house. Their dress is decidedly negligé. The elder lady, who must be the mamma, has a black skirt, a white bodice and a thin black shawl. Her hair is twisted into a knot and is innocent, very innocent of the comb. But her manners are perfect and her smile of welcome and her gracious wish, asked so prettily, for you to pass in to breakfast, are incomparable. It is a little room. The floor is of red brick, broken in some places, and you find your feet imbedded in red brick dust. The table has no cloth. It is of deal and the chinaware is coarse. But the eatables are in profusion. There is half a kid before the host and a pile of smoking oysters in the center of the table, fresh from the earth, with grit and ashes and dirt, and the shell has burst and the grit and ashes have found their way to the oyster itself, but who cares? What easier way is there to eat the dainty? And then there are huge jugs of milk and coffee, and chocolate and tea, and hospitality and eggs, and geniality and tripe, and tamales and good humor. Presently a friend drops in, cigarette in mouth; and he makes pretense to fling it away, but the courteous host restrains him and he smokes on, provided he shares not in the repast.

An Irish waiter, speaking of a lady's black eyes, said:—"They are mourning for the murders they have committed."

If we are swayed by anger, impatience, jealousy, envy, or hatred, the less we express ourselves the better. The sternest silence which we can maintain at such times is the surest method of subduing the rebellious moods. But to restrain and conceal feelings of love, kindness, and good will—to preserve an impassive exterior when the heart thrills with affection and gladness—this is to crush out sympathy and to alienate the best promptings of humanity.