

and one who delights in nature in her mysterious formations and her modest yet charming landscapes, I know of no section that will afford him a greater or more varied pleasure than the one of which I write. Just why nature presents to us her wonderful handiwork in

"Rock-bound wall and mountain height,
In silvery lake and meadow' vale,"

I cannot tell. But in it all we see a design for man's happiness and comfort. If that design has not accomplished its fullest fruition, if the dweller in the Grimsby Valley be not among the happiest of mortals, it must surely be owing to some fault of his own, or to some condition not a tenet or attribute of the great architectural design.

On the morning after returning from the summer meeting at old Niagara—that birth-place of our Canadian nationality, and the cradle of Canadian patriotism—Mr. Pettit hitched his pony to the phaeton and we started for a drive down the old Grimsby Road to the Methodist Park, a distance of about six miles, calling at several farms and picking up one or two friends by the way. The first stopping place was at the farm of Mr. Geo. W. Cline, whose genial owner joined us in our trip. Mr. Cline's farm comprises one hundred acres, all, except the mountain side, and indeed some of that, in fruit. Though his vineyard is extensive, and his apple and peach orchards by no means insignificant, his specialty is plums, having upwards of 2,000 trees, from full bearing down to only one year after planting. He estimates his crop of plums this year at about 1,500 baskets, and he was about selling the lot on the trees to a fruit syndicate at a remunerative figure. Continuing our trip eastward we passed farm after farm, all more or less covered with orchard, vineyard and berry patch. Many of them, I noticed, were kept in excellent order and scrupulously clean. Among the latter, the model, I think, so far as could be judged from a passing view, belonged to a member of the Woolverton family. Just here I might remark that it was a matter of surprise to one like myself, unaccustomed to that class of farming, how the great majority of the farms we visited or passed by were kept in such good order with so little help. Here in my own county of Perth, where only the old method of mixed farming is pursued, no farmer calculates to work a hundred acres with less than two farm hands; yet I found all these farmers along the Grimsby Road working, as a rule, 100 acres in fruit with but two men. Mr. M. Pettit, with his 175 acres—too much for a fruit farm—kept only two hired hands, and I found his thirty acres of vineyard, eight or nine acres of black berries and forty or fifty acres in apple, pear and peach orchard, surprisingly clean and well-worked with plow or horse hoe. The same might be said of all the farms, to a greater or less degree, in the section, unless it be a few in the hands of unprogressive owners, whose names, I would venture to say, are not among the list of subscribers to THE HORTICULTURIST.