

to care for themselves, and grow up into a wild state from neglect. The wild grass is allowed free scope around their trunks and roots, and the trees get black and covered with moss, and then some of these farmers grumble because their trees don't bear. I have also observed a great many who are careless about fencing their orchards, allowing the stock to run at large amongst their trees, and pruning them in a very wild and unbecoming manner, and killing many of them entirely. This neglect is allowed more generally in fall and winter, as the other farm crops are then secured. I have seen this to be the case with a great number, as I have no doubt, dear sir, you may have also observed the same.

Dear Sir, I could mention many other instances of carelessness and neglect in this way, but I shall forbear, as I do not wish to intrude on your time in occupying your attention with this old careless method of bringing forth fruit. We have some farmers who are a contrast to others, as they take an interest in nursing their fruit trees and plants, and are wonderfully rewarded for the little attention they give them; but in this district I think this faithful few will still increase. We have received considerable knowledge from the experiments given in your Yearly Report of the Fruit Growers' Association, as it contains a host of valuable information. I have preserved the three numbers which we have received since my father joined as a member thereof. I may justly say that the Report alone is worth the yearly subscription, as it treats on the many different subjects that come under its notice.

Excuse my freedom for writing thus,

And I remain,

Your humble servant,

THOMAS HALL.

Address :

Greenock,
Pinkerton P. O.,
County Bruce,
Ontario.

I herewith send you a report of trees from the Fruit Growers' Association. The Beurre d'Anjou Pear is doing well; the Wagner Apple had four apples; Clapp's Favourite Pear is doing well; Othello Grape, loaded with fruit, very good; Downing Gooseberry had some fruit, and the Salem Grape had three bunches of grapes.

DAVID LUTZ.

St. Catharines, 1875.