

concerning Fruit and Fruit Trees in Ontario for the season just passed.

Arthur's Home Magazine, published by T. S. Arthur & Son, 920 Walnut street, Philadelphia. January number is full of interest and well illustrated. Its high moral tone makes it a desirable visitor to the family circle.

CATALOGUES.

Official Catalogue of the Canadian Section of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, received with the compliments of Sir Charles Tupper.

Greenhouse Heating Apparatus.—Hitchings & Co., 233 Mercer street, New York City.

Landreth's Seed Catalogue, 1887.—D. Landreth & Sons, Box 1623, Philadelphia, Penn.

D. W. Beadle Nursery Co., St. Catharines, Ont., neatly got up and contains an interesting descriptive list of trees, shrubs and plants for sale at these nurseries.

Scraps of Fun.

A Boston Dude was making an evening call upon a Beacon street young lady last week, and among the many subjects which came up for intelligent discussion was the chrysanthemum show.

"Have you visited the chrysanthemum exhibition yet?" asked the young lady.

"Oh, dear, no," he said, "I find such things very trying, y' know; I am not what you call a literary man at all, and such performances are a boah, y' know."

"It doesn't require a very pronounced literary taste to appreciate a chrysanthemum show," said the young woman with a tired glance at the clock.

"No? Well, perhaps not so much a literary taste, y' know, as a fondness for—for—the antique—the ancient—

the—the classical, y' know," replied the slim, trying to hide his feet.

"I do not see that the 'antique,' the 'ancient,' or the 'classical,' as you are pleased to call it, has any particular connection with such a display."

"Well, possibly not very much y' know," he assented, knocking a piece of bric-a-brac off the table; "it all depends on how one looks at those things, y' know. By the way," he continued, "who is it that plays the part of Chrysanthemum?"

"You seem to be laboring under some mistake," replied the young lady politely. "It is not a play, simply an exhibition of flowers bearing that name."

"Bah," said the slim, "I had obtained the idea that it was something of the nature of a Greek tragedy, y' know."

A little later he bade her good evening, and while on his way home a gust of wind blew him against a lamp-post and killed him.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Indefinite Quantities.—A barrel of apples, a quart of strawberries, a basket of peaches, a box of cranberries, a box of huckleberries, a quarter's worth of eggs, a dozen eggs.—*R. N. Y.*

Not Exactly Tobacco.—A young lady from the city was visiting a farmer who had a very extensive tobacco plantation. The farmer had gotten out the buggy and was showing her over the place.

"Oh," she said as they turned into the lane, "that is another field of tobacco, isn't it?"

The farmer looked in the direction indicated and replied: "That there? No, marm—er—that—is—not exactly."

"'Not exactly.' What do you mean by that?"

"Why, ye see," said the farmer, with a significant grin: "That there's a cabbage patch."—*Ohio Farmer*.

To Be Shaken Before Taken.—The apple on a lofty bough.—*New Age*.