

sequently more expensive than most other hives in common use. Other things being equal, I should much prefer a hive that the bee keeper can make himself, thereby saving considerable expense.

I have now given my ideas on this subject of re-veiling, on which so much has been said and written of late. I have given them with the idea of benefiting the honey producer, putting him on his guard against throwing away perhaps a good hive, and at considerable expense getting one no better. As I would not like to say anything that would interfere with improvement, I shall as publicly acknowledge my error as soon as convinced of it.

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Horticultural.

Notes on Grapes of 1886.

BY E. D. SMITH.

As each year rolls by, it leaves its lessons about grapes as well as other things agricultural. The crop was a fair one with most of us, but light with some; quality very good; prices medium. The demand for grapes has become so great, that if we of the peninsula had the market to ourselves, as we had five years ago, prices would have been high this year, but new competitors are in the field. Peelee Island sends, along with the Essex and St. Clair vineyards, enough of this delicious fruit to supply half of Canada. Hundreds of acres are now planted, both here and there, not yet into bearing, so I anticipate low prices for grapes in the near future, when we get good crops. Of course low prices means increased consumption.

But grapes are used little except to eat out of hand, so there is an easy limit to the amount to be used. The growers of this neighborhood did a wise thing this year in scattering recipes for using grapes. Among the towns and cities grapes may be used as other fruit, and no fruit possesses the delicate flavor and healthy, nutritious qualities that grapes do; and no fruit, except, apples, is so cheap. Grapes at three cents per pound are only one dollar and twenty cents per bushel. Peaches, plums and pears of good quality, are much dearer. We trust more will be done another year to circulate these recipes.

As to varieties, most of us are settling down to one thing sure, viz., to discard every variety not of prime quality, no matter if present money is made. It hurts the sales of the balance of the crop for more than is made up in any other way. Champion is the worst offender. Being very vigorous, productive and early, money is made faster on very early land than by most of the other kinds; but it leaves its mark indelibly stamped. Anyone buying Champions, as they are usually put on the market, gets all the grapes for ten cents that he or she wants for ten days, or as the buyer usually says, "Until grapes get sweeter." This growing of grapes of good quality was plainly shown to be profitable this year. Our Wordens and Moore's Early, both fine black grapes and early, came into market with ripe Concord from the Peelee Island. The latter sold at 3 cents, the former at 6 to 8 cents. The Peelee Concord were not fresh like our Wordens were. If they had been, there was only a little to choose between them as to looks or quality. The Worden is a magnificent grape, equal to the Concord in all respects and earlier, larger and of finer flavor. Moore's Early is not so productive, but is earlier still and larger than Worden, but not quite so good in quality, even when fully ripe; yet when in that condition it is excellent. Again, the magnificent Niagara sold at just about two and a half times the price of Concord.

This is too high to sell a large quantity, but it will be some years before they go below six cents. They are so grand in appearance, and the vine so productive. The Niagara appears to have only one fault, viz., a tenderness of root, which makes it liable to suffer from severe cold. This might be largely prevented by deep planting and heavy mulching. Another good grape is the Golden Pocklington. It is a slow grower and so needs rich land, otherwise scarcely any faults, being extremely hardy, and the grape very showy.

There is much to be learned about climate. Some of the rougher sorts will grow and do measurably well almost anywhere; but for complete success only a limited area is suitable. Climate has more to do with success than soil. Shelter from the 20 to 30 degrees below zero winds is desirable, in the first place, and that can only be secured on the south side of a large body of water. Another point to be observed is to have done with stirring the soil about the end of August. This gives the wood time to ripen and the soil gets compact and so less liable to admit frost to the roots. I also prefer trimming in the spring, as the untrimmed vines hold the snow. I have seen the snow a foot deep in the middle of the vineyard when other fields were bare in the spring.

People often make a mistake in planting different varieties the same distance apart. I would suggest the following distances as proportionate: Concord, say 10 feet each way; Worden, 9; Moore's Early, 7; Delaware, 6; Rogers, 9; Lindley, a good grape to plant, 12; Niagara, 11; Pocklington, 8. I may say I would plant these distances in the row, but perhaps it would be as well to make rows of uniform width for convenience, say 10 to 12 feet, according to the preponderating variety. Every farmer should have a dozen grape vines planted for home use. If they do not bear every year on account of frost or something else, they will bear often enough to more than pay for the little care they require. They can be planted on ground that would otherwise very likely grow weeds. The south side of the house, woodshed, pig-pen, garden fence, or any out of the way corner where the sun shines. If a large ditch is dug and filled up part way with old bones and the soil made rich, and the ditch well drained, and a Concord vine planted and hoed for two or three years, and after that the ash-pail emptied once a year around the vine, it will grow and thrive and yield abundantly without further care or attention except an annual trimming, and in spite of sod and weeds. The annual trimming of a vine, roughly considered, amounts to this. cutting off all new wood except about thirty of the largest and best developed buds on a full grown Concord, and cutting out as much old wood as can be done consistent with this. Grapes will take a liberal supply of manure, but not too much at once.

An opening in the markets of Britain for our grapes would give the industry a boom. But unfortunately the only grapes we can afford to grow at cheap enough rates to find a market there, are the thin skinned sorts that will not stand long shipments, such as Concord and Worden, both of which crack too easily to be shipped so far. Some of the Rogers are good shippers, but they do not pay to grow at a low price, and in fact we get in our home markets a fair price for them. If Niagaras ever get down to two or three cents per pound, they might be shipped. They should stand the voyage and sell well in Britain if well packed, though they have not a tough, thick skin, like the Malaga grapes; but, on the other hand, are infinitely preferable to eat if we can land them across the Atlantic in good condition.

Winona, Nov. 16, 1886.

The Home.

Old Customs.

Old customs! Well, our children say,
We get along without them;
But you and I, dear, in our day,
Had other thoughts about them.
The dear old habits of the past—
I cannot choose but love them,
And sigh to think the world at last
Has soared so far above them.

We had not, in the days gone by,
The grace that art discovers;
Our lives were calm; you and I
Were very simple lovers.
And when, our daily duties o'er,
We strayed beside the rushes,
The only gems you ever wore,
Were bright and blooming blushes.

Our rustic way was slow, but yet
Some good there was about it,
And many ills we now regret,
Old habits would have routed.
I know our children still can see
The fifth commandment's beauty,
May they obey, as once did we,
From love, and not from duty.

The world to-day is far too high
In wisdom to confess them,
But well we know, dear, you and I,
For what we have to bless them.
Though love was in the heart of each,
I trembled to accost you;
Had you required a polished speech,
I think I would have lost you.

No doubt our minds are slow to gauge
The ways we are not heeding;
But here upon our memory's page
Is very simple reading.
It says the forms we still hold fast
Were wise as well as pleasant—
The good old customs of the past
Have heavened all the present.

An Indian Summer Love.

As in the chill November's shortening days,
When summer's gold has faded from our sight,
And thickening gloom and speedy coming night,
And gathering leaves along the gusty ways,
And noon-day sun, half shorn its ardent rays,
With prophecies of winter's death affright,
There sudden shines, amidst the dark and blight,
A summer radiance on the astonished gaze,
So to my heart, in life's autumnal time,
When passion's wasting fire burns faint and low,
Thy late found love, my darling, brings again
The spring's bright promise and the summer's prime;
Kindles my soul to an ethereal glow,
And wakes my lute to unaccustomed strain.

—Independent.

Indian Summer Days.

Who in this western world has not felt the indefinable charm of those Indian summer days that are all too brief (alas, now gone for another long year), and which are so soon supplanted by the unfeeling blasts of our long winters. Their balmy air and mellow sunshine almost lull us into a false security, so that were it not for the remembrances of former experience, we would remain oblivious of the fact that sterner days were at hand, which would show no pity for either peasant or king. Like the smoking haze of the sleepy atmosphere, our remembrance even of these experiences becomes clouded, and we do not make due haste to prepare for his coming till the storm king with his angry legions swoops down upon us from the darkening north, and binds the earth in chains and wraps it in a mantle that only balmy south winds and warm April suns can take away. While pursuing the various out-door avocations of autumn in this season of western loveliness, the soft breeze fanning the cheek, we could wish that that mellow sunshine would last forever, and that there would be no winter in the year.