

encouragement to more earnest effort to realize the goal they wish to attain.

Some fourteen years ago I purchased a one-fifth acre lot in the west end of Hamilton, and having built a domicile for my family, I proceeded to plant the portion not built upon. At that time, I may say, I was totally ignorant of the first requisite to become a gardener, and it was only by watching others and never being ashamed to ask for information, that I eventually mastered the rudiments necessary to being called even an amateur. Subsequently I became a member of the Horticultural Society and the Hamilton Society, and was a member up to the time of its untimely death and have been a mourner ever since, as its object was the cultivation of a taste for the beautiful; and the excellence of its yearly display caused an emulation to exist amongst its members and excited their zeal to excel; and that was conducive to more refined tastes amongst the working artisans of the city. My first planting I found in two years had not been wisely done. I had planted standard apple trees which I found likely to be in a short time an incumbrance, I at once decided to tear them up again. One morning after a stormy night I found five dwarf pears killed by fire blight; and I lost two cherries by late frost in the spring. My dependence now rested on my grape vines, of which I had a small but select variety. As these thrived I added to them, taking my cue from the experience of the writers in the *HORTICULTURIST* plus my own; and to-day I have about forty vines including nearly all that are considered worth growing, and last season they yielded me the grand total of 1,200 lbs. of grapes. I have never given them any fertilizer but bone dust, and wood ashes unleached; and I am of the opinion they cannot get anything which will serve them better or make them more profitable.

I have also tried my hand at growing grapes under glass. Having an

opportunity of purchasing some old sash cheap, I constructed a cold vinery some twenty feet long, ten feet high at back, eighteen in front and twelve feet from toe to heel, or front to back. I planted in this structure one black Hamburg, one Muscat Hamburg, one Muscat of Alexandria and one Golden Hamburg. In three years from the planting of the young vines, I had a beautiful crop of Muscat and Black Hamburgs, and they were ripening beautifully, when one day I noticed a wasp's nest up under the sash. I tried with a stick to dislodge the "varmint," but it was no go. I bethought me of sulphur. I would sulphur them out. To think was to act. I got an iron pot and put the sulphur in and then dropped an hot coke into the pot, hastened outside and closed the door; in one hour I returned to see the result; the smoke had subsided and I could see inside without opening the door. You can guess what I saw: the labour of three years destroyed with the wasps. Yes, the "varmint" was no more, neither were the grapes or the vines. Nothing daunted, I started again and planted a Muscat of Alexandria and one of Ricketts, the Welcome. The Muscat died the second year whilst the Welcome thrived and made great headway. The first time it fruited I was disappointed in the size of bunch and berry, but I must confess the flavor was there, and such a flavor! I have never tasted the like; it was, to use a plagiarism, like the nectar of the gods. The second year of its bearing it mildewed badly, and I lost patience with it and neglected it, hence the result was I have not been able since to flavor this well-named, beautiful grape. In outdoor grapes I may say, I have been fairly successful. I grow Rogers 3, 4, 9, 15, 19, 22 (Salem), 30, 33, 41, 43, 44, Delaware, Concord, Creveling, Eumelan, Isabella, Clinton (for wine), Adirondack, Hartford Prolific, Lady, Pocklington, Worden, Niagara, Jefferson, Lady Washington, Moore's Early,