

to have succeeded with Cuthbert on light soil, but that is a point on which I stand aside. But as to productiveness I have no doubt personally. I do not like to say it is as productive as Philadelphia, simply because I should like a little more experience with it before praising it so highly. With it on my place three seasons—in only one of which it had growth enough to bear a full crop—I am not going to write as if I knew all about it; but, taking into account the mutilation of the roots to remove the suckers for planting, I have no hesitation in placing it second only to Philadelphia in bearing qualities, out of a dozen *red* raspberries tested so far.

But what are its faults? A distinguished American horticulturist and nurseryman says that is just what he has been trying for years to find out—and can't. Such excellence as this in the Cuthbert is more than I can see, but its demerits are certainly neither great nor numerous. Such as they are on my grounds, however, I state them, as we need to look on both sides of a question of fruit as of anything else.

And first, the canes do not seem quite stiff enough for the load of fruit. The stems shoot up with great rapidity in spring; in late summer they grow slower and mature innumerable fruit buds, and the stalk, of course, thickens up, but does not appear to acquire that roughness and rigidity of fibre we note in the Philadelphia and Turner. With the long laterals which summer pinching causes, of course the effect is to let some of the fruit get splashed in the event of a heavy rain, and if deep snows come in winter these laterals are apt to be broken off. Older experience may show a stiffening up of the cane, and different application of pinching favor a growth of laterals too high to be broken down by snows, but I simply state what I have seen so far.

Then I have not been able to quite gauge its hardiness. The first winter the yearling plants, together with foreign sorts, were badly killed—perhaps, indeed probably, because of too vigorous late growth—but frozen they were, and the fact must be faced. Last winter they came through smiling in spite of that cold dip that almost brought the thermometer down from the peg and the oldest inhabitant to his memory's end. But Clarke and Franconia came through too, nearly as well. And this winter, January 13th, they are green to the tips, except where very late fall growth was made—but the foreign sorts are not far behind.

On the whole, I do not think in this climate it is any harder than Franconia, Clarke, &c., on one year old plants, but rather more so when full grown; but I do not regard the moist favorable climate of Owen Sound fit to decide the question, and I look eagerly for reports of my brother fruit growers in other districts to fix its value as to hardiness for the Province, conscious too that Cuthbert did not get a fair relative trial with me, because I had it on rich soil that caused quick soft growth, while the other sorts were on poor soil that caused closer grained harder wood.

Lastly, it has a large hollow—perhaps not wider than other sorts; but that long crimson cone fits on to a long stem, and fits pretty tightly too, though not so as to break in the picking, and when it comes off and lies with its neighbors in a quart basket, I should expect, after jolting in the express car, or standing thirty hours in a shop window, a sinking down in the basket that would cause a distinct murmur at the purchaser's end of the line.

That's the Cuthbert. There's room for a better berry—a little better—and, as usual, a number of claimants for public favor are ready to step in: