

trast with other varieties. Grafted upon the limbs of large trees, the third season after grafting, it comes freely into bearing. I have placed scions of this variety upon crab stocks of one season's growth, and the third season from grafting, the trees have made quite a show of fruit. In localities where the Red Astrachan proves tender, the Yellow Transparent will fill the gap. The Tetofsky, though hardy, has as we all know, the bad fault of prematurely dropping its fruit. The fruit of the Yellow Transparent has a grip upon the tree that only loosens by ripeness. To the cold north this will prove a valuable addition to our rather limited list of hardy varieties—N. D. SMITH, in *Home Farm*.

THE LARCH.

According to Michie, one of the latest writers on the subject, the White Larch (*Larix Europaea*) was probably introduced into Great Britain about 150 years ago. The oldest known Larches in the United Kingdom are two fine trees called "The Mothers," which were planted near the west end of the cathedral of Dunkeld in 1736 or 1738 by the then Duke of Atholl. The larger of these trees has to-day a girth of twenty-two and a half feet at one foot from the ground, is a hundred feet high, and is estimated to contain 480 feet of measurable timber. When first brought to Dunkeld, the young Larches, five in number, were in flower-pots, and were carefully kept in a greenhouse as rare and tender plants.

Of these five "Mother" plants two only are now standing, although three of them grew to be large, handsome trees. The fate of the third is thus described by Mr. Michie: Mr. McCrosty, gardener and forester to the Duke of Atholl, was a man of sterling character and ability, and to the end of his life a

much-esteemed and favored servant. Everybody, however, had to give way to him, for the redoubtable McCrosty had an unusually hasty and fiery temper. On one occasion McCrosty mentioned to his Grace that the saw mill at Inver, Little Dunkeld, required a new axle. The Duke, having at the time some friends with him, requested McCrosty, probably as a joke or to show him off, to cut one of the "Mothers." This so enraged the veteran forester that he made a desperate effort to strike the Duke, being only restrained by the noblemen present and the opportune shutting of the door. Baffled in his efforts to strike, he took off and flung his shoe at his Grace, and left his mark on the intervening panel of the door. The tree, however, was cut down, but, adds Mr. Michie, it could hardly be said "whether the Duke or the forester in calm moments regretted the frolicsome and impulsive act the more, for his Grace could never afterward speak of the transaction without unmistakable signs of regret, while over it the forester is said to have shed many tears. And, after all, the tree was never converted into the axle for which it was cut down, but filled a higher and nobler destiny in making articles of furniture."—*Floral World*.

GARDEN VIOLETS.

The Violet is a blossom for all the year round, and there is not a month when one need be without fresh blooms of it from cold-frame, garden, or window-boxes. Planted in a shady corner of the garden, where yet they have an airy, well-drained nook, Violets will take care of themselves, with the kindness of a covering of dead leaves in fall. But they last so long and give such richness that the borders are worth preparing well. What the garden Violet dislikes most of all is standing