

size. Mr. Scott, of Battleford, said he weighed his fruit, currants, which amounted to sixty pounds. I often saw them when growing, together with rhubarb and most all kinds of garden vegetables, with a great variety of flowers. He asked me what I thought of his garden, or did I expect to see such in the North-West. I told him I was most agreeably surprised and wished some more of the Ontario people could see it.

Wishing the *Horticulturist* every success, as it richly deserves,

I am, dear Sir, your well-wisher,

TIMOTHY CHAMBERS.

Presque Isle, July, 1884.

BLACK BIRDS.

Aye, black-birds, Mr. Editor! Don't talk to me about sparrows, their depredations are but as a drop in the bucket compared with these villains. Their conscience, if they have any, is as black as their backs. I had half an acre of these best of all peas, Bliss' American Wonder; it would have done your eyes good to see, and your teeth water to taste them. They were all sold on the ground, but I was sold too. "Many a slip between the cup and the lip." In about three days these vagabonds left me nothing but the shells. They came not by the score, like the pair wee sparrows, but by the thousand. Ask that worthy President of ours, who knows the name of everything living, what their proper name is; but they don't deserve a name unless its one worse than I can invent. Ask our good friend Goldie, if with all his liking to the feathered tribe; and it would do you good to see his beautiful collection; I had that pleasure, but I saw no black-birds there; long may he be spared from them; ask him if he has a word to say in their favour. Why don't you shoot them, perhaps you say. All the

powder and shot in our township would'n't do that. I bought me a bran new gun and fired away at them till I was tired; they only chirped at me in disdain. Ask the President again, will Paris Green, Hellebore, London purple, or any of the life extinguishers he knows of exterminate them, and how shall we apply them. I fancy his reply—just what our nurses used to tell us; put ice on their tails. Now some of your readers will say I have given you just such a bird story, as our friend (I forget his name), did at our last meeting, on pruning; but I feel that mine is not exaggerated. I think he will admit his was a little. Just such another chapter I could give you on weeds. The weather for the last few weeks has been far more favourable to their growth than to our tempers. Be at our President again, ask him if he knows the name of one in a hundred that yields to our hoe; I'll be bound he does; I don't. Of course berries of all kinds share the same fate as our peas. Verily the lines have not fallen to us in pleasant places.

JOHN CROIL.

Aultsville, July, 1884.

DUCHESS D'ANGOULEME.

I am sure I feel exceedingly gratified and honoured by such a full insertion of my letter to you describing the state of my orchard, both new and old.

Regarding the question you kindly ask me concerning my Duchess d'Angouleme pear trees, I may say that my impression is that the trees are growing so fast that they cannot form blossom buds; this I think is borne out by the appearance of the trees at the commencement of spring, when they seemed as though they were thickly studded with spines and thorns, which as spring advanced developed into leaf buds. The drought of June has seriously