

breaks out in sores on the surface. There is no other cure, only good moderate winter and a fine warm spring.

DEAD SPOT ON TREES.

The cause. In trimming large limbs from a tree, the axe or saw may chance to bruise the bark next to the cut. The sap is bruised, and it soon turns black. If it doth not dry up soon with heat of the sun, it soon sours, and like leaven, it sours or mortifies the live sap next to it. If it doth not dry up with the heat of the sun, it may encircle and kill the whole tree.

Again, it may be caused by a clip or a blow against the tree, which will bruise the sap or soft wood under the bark, the sap will turn red and sour, and mortify the live sap by it. Now for the cure: When you see the bark look dark and shrink to the wood, take your knife and cut along side the dead bark and live bark, or wood, to prevent the dead or sour sap to come at, or to touch the green sap or bark. Cut to the wood one-eighth of an inch wide and the cure is accomplished. If a limb should wither and dry up in June. The cause: The limb nearly perished in winter, there being sap enough left to cause it to leaf out, the limb being too dead to draw fresh sap to grow, it dried up. The only cure is to cut the limb off to the green bark or wood.

Now, sir, I have heard it stated that some have got trees, not from my nursery, called the McIntosh Red. After they had them a few years they froze to death. Why they perished they were not the genuine or true McIntosh Red, only bogus trees, or perhaps grafted over and over so many times in other stock or trees. Perhaps the true McIntosh Red is nearly run out. I am the owner of the original McIntosh Red. It is over eighty years old. I have lived over seventy years within a few yards of it, given to me by my

father over fifty years ago. It is a yearly bearer. A winter apple. The best flavored apple known. Fall of 1885, I sent several barrels to Glasgow, Scotland. The remainder of my crop I sold round about Dundas County from three and a half to four dollars a barrel, while the best of other good apples only fetched two dollars. I send trees and scions of the original stock to any ordering them. I am raising trees from a seedling of my farm. It is a very juicy, sweet apple, larger than the Snow, ripens 20th of August, keeps till October. When ripe, light golden color. Upright grower, a heavy yearly bearer. No sweet apple known to equal it in flavor. The original tree bore itself to death at the age of forty. I have propagated from it. Along the River St. Lawrence many of the hardy kinds do well. The river modifies the air. But six miles back, where I have my residence, from there to the Ottawa River, it is very trying on fruit trees and grape vines, only the hardiest trees and vines can be grown here with profit. I planted a few trees of those that were called very hardy, the Wealthy among them; planted three years. In the spring of 1885 they were all froze to the ground. All the grape vines I did not cover last fall were froze to the ground this last spring, the Concord not excepted. All grape vines here in winter must be covered, or they will freeze to death. I have travelled through the Eastern Townships for the past ten years, and have inquired about the longevity of certain trees that are called hardy. The Fameuse, they commence to die at eighteen or twenty years. Tallman about sixteen to eighteen years. Northern Spy fifteen years, and many hardy kinds nearly the same age. The Duchess of Oldenburg, they commence to die in the top at the age of twenty-eight. My native seedling, sweet, Golden apple, bore yearly,