

In strawberries and raspberries we want a variety that is a *strong, healthy grower, prolific*, and bears fruit of *good size, color, and quality*, and if for foreign markets, must be *fairly firm*. So far as my experience goes, there is no strawberry so high up in the combination of good points as the old and reliable Wilson's Albany. Nurserymen do not like to admit this, as they cannot sell plants of this variety, since they can be procured for the digging in almost every neighborhood. However, for special purposes, there are strawberries ahead of Wilson's. The Crescent Seedling is its equal in all respects save one—it is not firm enough for distant markets, but it is *more prolific*, hence for a near market I should plant Crescent Seedling, fertilized by Wilson's.

Again, Sharpless, Manchester, and New Dominion are equal to Wilson's save in productiveness, and are as large again, so that if one has a market willing to pay two or three cents per quart extra for large berries, more profit can be secured from these, especially if strawberries rule low in price. The James Vick is the strongest and healthiest plant I ever saw, but have not fruited it yet. It is said to be immensely productive, but berries rather under size. Early Canada, a good berry, two or three days earlier than Wilson's. This berry is said to pay better than any other in very early sections. With me it does not, as it does not yield nearly as much as Crescent or Wilson's, and the extra price will not make up the loss. Bidwell and Finch's Prolific do not yield with Wilson's, nor are they as large as Sharpless.

RED RASPBERRIES.

In the milder sections of the Province, I would plant just two kinds, Highland Hardy for early and Cuthbert for late. The former ripens the bulk of the crop before the latter commences, but as both of these kinds are only half hardy, in the colder sections would plant Turner for early and Brandywine for late. The former is not as early as Highland Hardy, still one will get two or three pickings from Turner before Brandywine commences.

The king of the red berries is the Cuthbert, where it is hardy enough. However, both Turner and Brandywine are excellent berries. The latter will ship a thousand miles, if carefully handled, and arrive in good order. Turner is a little soft for long shipments. This is about its only fault.

BLACK RASPBERRIES.

For a hardy plant the Souhegan appears to be the most desirable, but will require a few more winters to speak definitely. Where hardiness is of not as much importance, Tyler, Souhegan or Doolittle for early berries, and Gregg for late. The latter stands head and shoulders over all competitors in all points save hardiness. It will not stand 20° below zero without considerable injury.

BLACKBERRIES.

Where peach trees do not winter-kill, the best blackberry (thimbleberry) is the Kittating; and in the very sheltered spots the Lawton. But outside of this limit they will kill down to the snow line too often to make them profitable. However, there are a number of kinds quite hardy enough for Ontario in its coldest parts. These are Snyder, Taylor's Prolific, Stone's Hardy and Western Triumph. The Snyder has stood uninjured 30° below zero here. It is a very prolific berry of medium size. Stone's Hardy is said to be harder than any of the others, but with small berries. E. Morden, of Drummondville, says Taylor's Prolific is ahead of Snyder in yield of berries and size of fruit. A. M. Purdy says Western Triumph is ahead of all. I have not tested the last. I intend to do so, and report for benefit of your readers.

GOOSEBERRIES.

For large berries would recommend Downing; for large yield, Houghton. The latter should be cut back one-third every spring, and heavily manured, and it will yield a fine crop of good sized berries, whereas, if not trimmed, it sets so many berries that they will be small.

CURRENTS.

Heavy land is the best for currants. The best black currant is Black Naples, and on sand, Lee's Prolific. The latter is not as strong a grower as the former, but the first is milder flavored. White currants are not in demand at present, but owing to their superior qualities as a table currant I see no reason why the demand should not increase when house-keepers find out their value. White grape and white Dutch are the chief kinds planted. Among the red currants Fag's Prolific would seem to be the choice, but plants are rather dear as yet, and have not been sufficiently tested to speak positively of their merits. Of the older varieties cherry currant is the best for size, and is a much better currant for table use than the smaller kinds. However, the Victoria is a more regular and abundant bearer, though very little larger than the common Red Dutch, which is worthy of better cultivation than it usually gets in the fence corners.

The Home.

For the CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL.

The Play House.

BY MRS. HANEY.

My thoughts to-night, Lizzie, are roaming at will,
To our play-house that stood by the tree on the hill:
Where each sunny day we met without fail,
To practice house-keeping upon a small scale.

A shelf in a corner made fast in a chink,
Held the dishes which served us with victuals and drink;
Tho' I cannot vouch now for their form or their size,
My best porcelain looks less gay in my eyes.

How we scampered away from our half-eaten meals,
As if Mercury's wings were pinned fast to our heels.
But carried along to that cosiest spot,
From the table the best things that fell to our lot.

Now poets have said, and let poets declare,
That childhood's young days are unmingled with care;
They picture its pathway all covered with flowers;
They never, I'm sure, had such childhood as ours.

No matronly house-keeper could be more perplexed,
With what to do now, and what to do next;
With little to do with that worst of all care,
That ever has fallen to a house-keeper's care.

Perhaps we were idle, your mother might fret,
But my mother, dear heart, said "O do not forget,
Enough of life-sorrow they'll find by the way,
Let the dear little children be glad while they may."

The play-house is gone, but fond memory still
Lingers lovingly round that dear spot on the hill,
Where passed those sweet moments of innocent truth,
Where bloomed in their beauty the spring flowers of youth.

O, Lizzie, dear Lizzie, for many a day,
I've played house-keeping since in a different way.
When troubles come to me, I wish, but in vain,
I could shake them off now, just as easy as then.

'Tis well that the past, in a way of its own,
Still follows along through the shady unknown;
For though there are some things we'd gladly forget,
All that is brightest we bear with us yet.

CAISTORVILLE, ONT.

For the LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL.

1884-1885.

BY JESSIE E. ROBERTSON

Between them I stand—behind me a retrospective,
before me a prospective vista. At the midnight hour
when the incantations of reverie work a magic spell,
and weird-like visions come before me, I see in the

shadowy softness of the vistas many pictures, definite yet indefinite, clear in outline, yet hazy. Kaleidoscope-like the scenes change. Looking adown the vista of retrospect I see a landscape of unmarred purity, which as I gaze upon it slowly resolves itself into three hundred and sixty-six distinct spaces. A form now enters the first space, and it vanishes, apparently forever, away. As one in a dream I eagerly watch the form; neither faster nor slower it moves, ever the same, space after space disappearing. I wonder it does not stop. Tired and weary it seems at times, from which I infer the form I see is only human. My vision grows keener, and I discover a mysterious Presence hovering around him, ever floating forward. The form tries to turn back, but with irresistible force the Presence hurries him onward. It draws close to where I stand, and now with vision rendered infinitely keen I see the spaces which seemed to me to have disappeared were there still, their spotless purity only is gone. Of some eternal creation beyond earthly ken—it may be God's breath crystallized—as soon as the human came in contact with it, it melted away, as garden plots that which is left appears, and examining them closely I find one space with many flowers, another barren sand, in another flowers struggle to grow among weeds, while yet another shows a goodly profusion of blossoms, but weeds showing themselves withal. Rare jewels be-gem some spaces, but there are not many. In spaces not a few loathsome reptiles hold carnival, and in every space I notice some of the soil remains uncultivated.

Thoroughly bewildered with the picture before me, I gaze upon it wondering as to its meaning, then I am conscious of a feeling, floating Presence bending over me, and a voice soft, sweet and clear, yet far away, as if in cloudland, speaks, "Would'st thou know, O mortal," it says, "the meaning of the picture before you? Listen, and I will tell thee. The year now quickly ebbing away is the picture you see. The form you see is human life, the mysterious Presence is time, the plots represent each day; the flowers are good thoughts; the jewels are noble deeds; the weeds you see are those thoughts whispered by the wicked one; the reptiles are sinful actions; the uncultivated soil is neglected opportunity. Turn now thine eyes and behold with me this other scene. The same unmarred purity of landscape lies before thee. 1885 awaits thy coming. Once only can you use its moments; its mis-spent hours can never be recalled. At each set of sun remember you are gazing upon its beauty for the last time. Let each garden plot be fragrant with the aroma of golden deeds. Weave for thy beloved a garland of surpassing beauty. Be thou faithful unto death, and unto thee shall be given a crown of life." A murmuring sound as that of forest boughs swaying in a summer wind, and I am alone. The angel of the new year is gone. Farewell 1884. Welcome 1885.

A Successful Cattleman.

Mr. William Linton, of Sheriff Hutton, Yorkshire, England, is now in his eightieth year, and possesses a vigor quite beyond that of most men much younger. He commenced life under the most adverse circumstances some two generations ago, and by the application of the most untiring energies, has lived to reach a position of affluence, after having reaped abundant honors as an agriculturist, among which we may mention several prizes which he won as an essayist, awarded by the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and on such subjects as drainage, management of sheep, etc.

His greatest material work was, perhaps, the establishing of the famous Sheriff Hutton herd of Booth