

(topworked), Flemish Beauty, Louise Bonne (small but prolific), Beurre D'Anjou, Brandywine, Duchess d'Angouleme, Ananas d'ete, Beurre Diel, White Doyenne, and Elliott's Early. Kieffer keeps growing; I await its first fruiting with considerable curiosity. I trust there is no disappointment in store for me. I am used to that, however. Flemish Beauty and White Doyenne are liable to spot and crack. The former was substituted for Goodale at time of distribution. A friend close by received the latter, and it fruited and pleased him well until the tree was blown down in a wind storm.

*Plums.*—Away back in the seventies, this portion of South Perth was highly favored by abundant crops of this useful, and withal, delightful, fruit. The scene is changed. Instead of our thrifty matrons having to look in vain for a ready and profitable outlet for the heavy yields from their Lombards, Green Gages, Washingtons, Bradshaws, etc., which were, for want of purchasers, too often allowed to rot upon the grounds, they have now—in the most of cases—to depend on distant marts for sufficient of the same to meet their home requirements. The terribly severe winters and late frosts of 1877-'78 played sad havoc with the more tender sorts of apples, pears, and plums, and what remained of the last, excepting a very few, fell an easy prey to black knot and the curculio. Going over the roll call lately shows that Pond's Seedling, Imperial Gage, Prince's Yellow Gage, Quackenbos, Victoria, and some Lombard Seedlings, are still to the fore. Possibly an annual dressing each fall of lime, hen manure and hardwood ashes, has kept them in a thriving condition, aided, no doubt, by constant amputation of diseased parts and keeping a watchful eye after the mischievous little "Turk." The Saunders and Prunus Simoni have yet to make good their claims to favorable recognition. The Glass Seedling, however, is a conundrum to me. The same was heralded in by a great flourish of trumpets as hardy, productive, etc. True, nothing can be said against its hardiness; that is all right. But what about its fruitfulness? During these long years of hope deferred, it has never shown one specimen of its wonderful fruit. Perhaps, like the Northern Spy apple, it shows its moneyed value by age. If so, the Glass has considerable shortage to make up before it overflows with profit to the owner.

*Cherries*, particularly the Hearts and Bigarreau, have not the requisite stamina in them to withstand our chilling blasts and low temperatures. Black Tartarian, Napoleon and Yellow Spanish have been tried and found wanting. Early Richmond and Late Kentish are our mainstay for dessert and cooking purposes. Ostheim is doing well, and believe it will show its colors ere the "dog days" are over. Our locality is not suitable for the successful cultivation of quinces, peaches and apricots, consequently they are left alone by us to luxuriate along the sunny slopes of the Niagara peninsula.

*Grapes.*—Ah! who doesn't enjoy a bunch of this luscious fruit or a glass of excellent wine from the juice of the Clinton? This culture has been one of my hobbies, and my collection (amateur like, of course), is a pretty extensive one. Wilder, Lindley, Agawam, Merrimac, Salem, Martha, Creveling, Concord, Hart-