

and ask the experience of their fellow fruit-growers.

Although I have tried kinds enough to entitle me to the name of an experimental grower, it would be out of place in me to enter into what has been so thoroughly done in their description. Of just three kinds I will venture a remark.

Early Canada.—Although a poor berry, and liable to be destroyed by late spring frosts, I consider it valuable. Spring of 1884 I had half a crop of them destroyed by the frost of 29th May. Discouraged by this, I this year planted of them only in the proportion of one row in 30. Director Smith is a good hand at reminding us of our mistakes, let him add the following to his spicy list in Report 1884, p. 159:—

This year my Early Canadas were in the market, a fine crop, two weeks before the Wilson, and found a ready sale at 12½ cents while I had to take 8 cents for the others. So severe a frost at that season we might not have for many years, and I would rather risk it than the chances of a glutted market, as we had this year, with the price down to 4 and 5 cents per basket.

Sharpless.—Tempted by their size and beauty I planted this year a large proportion, but soon found out to my cost that Mr. Robinson's words are no mistake when he says, "It's one of the best berries to lose money on I ever tried." Besides their lack of flavor, you can't carry them farther than the table. I rooted out a large patch of as thriving plants as I could desire, planted this spring, considering the first loss the least. That was mistake No. 2.

Glendale.—Sometimes called the lazy man's berry, thriving with so little care. Appropriate name enough—a lazy man he would be to grow no better. A basket of these has a little

tasteless fruit and any amount of *husks*. Good, methinks, for such as have *prodigal sons*.

Matted Rows v. Hills.—I think the majority of large growers have favored the former; Mr. Robinson, however, does the hills, and his remarks, evidently penned as the result of careful trial, are worthy of much consideration and his system of unprejudiced trial.

Mr. C. M. Purdy favors a system between the two, "The Hill and Row System," keeping the runners off till late in the season, and then running into rows. It looks well on paper.

But there's another system, the same author calls it "The Slipshod System." *May be it's the best o' them a'.* The Editor will laugh when he hears the Scotchman's story; but let him not misunderstand the word story—its a fact, a *stubborn thing*. As shair as daith, I'll vouch for it.

In our neighborhood lives a good honest man. With no pretensions to gardening he bethought him to try some of these wonderful methods books tell us of, of making money easy, and he has well succeeded. Report reached me of a wonderful crop of strawberries he had on a very small piece of ground. Curiosity led me to visit him and satisfy myself in the matter. I found his strawberry patch in a nearly square piece of ground measuring 48 x 28 yards. That Editor of ours is good at figuring, he'll tell you it's a trifle over a quarter of an acre, but so little that for convenience sake we'll call it that. Off this he sold this summer 1,500 baskets, besides used in the family and gifted 200; say 1,700 baskets he sold at 8 cents = \$136, i. e., at the rate of 6,800 baskets = \$544 per acre.

His plants were all Wilson's, set in the spring of 1884, in rows 3 feet apart, 18 inches apart in the rows. As soon as the runners appeared they were left unmolested and soon covered the