

Few can afford a drain upon their resources for the sake of gratifying a *taste* for the work of fruit-growing.

It is well to try a variety of productions with a view to profit ; if one fail or is a partial success, another may turn out well, and the next year *vice versa*, so that an encouraging remuneration may respond to your efforts. The greatest discouragement arises, if, after you have anticipated at the opening of the season, to realize certain good profits on some particular productions, and find something come across your estimates and reduce them to a fraction of what you had purposed to realize. The best way is not to anticipate, or forestall any stated return, but go confidently forward, taking the best care of details, and making the most of appliances by the way, and leave the result to the Giver of all returns.

As general principles have thus far been the burden of this paper, I will turn briefly to details and close. One reason my strawberries bear a good price, and sell readily in the Ottawa market, is owing to their size and flavor. I pick on the green side, begin early and always keep well picked up to ripening. The vines are kept clean, the matted rows not *too* matted, or plants not allowed too close, any old ones worked out, leaving room for the young vigorous ones to well mature their fruit. I uncover the vines late, keeping back the main picking as late as possible to meet the preserving demand, and to avoid competition with the shipping rush from the South, as the home grown product always comes up after the poor, sour, cheap berries are off the market.

We put one-half of a barrel, sawed in two, round each rhubarb plant as a *quickener*, taking care to bank dirt up around outside to keep out cold winds. We are just now (April 12th) enjoying a "norther" that is trying everything, even the cabbage and tomato plants in the hot beds. It requires some skill and a good degree of patience to pursue gardening and fruit-growing up here in the "cold north," but *nil desperandum et spera meliora* (never despair, and hope for better things) is the encouraging motto to adopt here.

Out of six Russian apricots, four Lombard plums, two Saunders ditto, and two Prunus Simoni, with which I have tried this climate, I have only two Russian apricots remaining. I thought I would leave off the "wraps" the past winter, hence the above result.

My apples, Wealthy, Duchess, Scott's Winter, Yellow Transparent, Northern Spy, etc., have come through without extra care, except tramping the snow at the beginning of winter, and putting some long manure around a few of them after the ground froze, in order to keep back too early flow of sap. All my Early Richmond cherries, and two black Tartarian out of six came through without any extra care, but the few pear trees I tried are all killed. But vacancies must be supplied with something hardier, perhaps the native wild plum which sells well on the market. But I am getting tedious and must close.

Nepean, Ont.

L. FOOTE.