

trade, we could not supply more than the demand for really good fruit. The talk about over-production is simply ridiculous. Certainly there will be a surplus of undesirable varieties and of badly grown specimens, for which other means will have to be employed for working them up, such as canning, drying, making jellies, vinegar, cider, etc. Much of the refuse can be profitably used in feeding cattle, sheep and pigs, but a first-class article of fresh fruit will always find a ready and remunerative sale in the markets of the Old World. Especially will this be the case when faster transport is had and better conditions en route are placed at the disposal of the shipper.

Ottawa.

P. E. BUCKE.

THE GRIMSBY FRUIT SECTION—II.

CONTINUING our trip eastward from Maplehurst Farm toward the Methodist camping ground, we pass through the quiet and picturesque little village of Grimsby, less than a mile from the former place. There is nothing specially striking or worthy of note in or about the village itself, except it be the large shipping trade that is done there during the fruit season. The short drive from the village to the camp is a very interesting one, and it seemed to me to be the centre of the raspberry section. The Cuthbert was just in its season, and on both sides of the road acres of it were besieged with busy pickers, sending off, I suppose, thousands of baskets daily. It seemed strange to one, whose great difficulty is to devise a fence high enough and strong enough to protect his few square rods of Cuthberts from pilferers, to see acres of them growing along the road side with no fence of any kind between them and the public highway. There are no way-side fences required in the Grimsby section, as no farm stock are allowed to run at large, and this lends an additional attractiveness to the whole mountain valley.

We reached the camp ground in due time, and found it to be very nicely situated in the heart of this much favored section, overlooking the lake, and the hand of man has done much to add to its natural attractions. But to me it lacked the attractiveness of the fruit farm, the vineyard, and the garden that surrounded it on every side, except the north. It was an "off day" at the park, they said, and although there were two thousand people within the ground, so we were told, it appeared as if they had all gone "off" to sleep, except the hotel clerk who was wide enough awake to take fifty cents apiece for a very moderate dinner. The air and aspect of idleness and suspended activities that prevailed within the park were in too great a contrast with the activities of industrial life on every hand without to be long enjoyed, nay-endured, by an enthusiast in horticulture, and in less than two hours we were again among the orchards and vineyards on our re-