

of the new organization, followed by other annual addresses and articles on various subjects, many of which are matters of record in the proceedings of this association. "Ex-officio" he took his seat in the then flourishing Council of Agriculture and Arts, and was by this council appointed delegate to the Convention of American Pomologists sitting at Philadelphia, where he became a life member of the American Pomological Society, and soon after was admitted a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In one of his annual addresses he dealt with the important subject of "Forest Denu-

ation," since which time the subject has become one of more than ordinary interest, engaging the attention of all civilized nations as of paramount importance, not only to agriculturists and fruit growers, but as touching the health, happiness, and progress of the race; these he clearly saw were correlated forces. This and similar subjects still engage his attention.

In the field of Hybridization some of his productions bear his name. Ever occupied in the study of plant life, being a close student of Evolution, his guiding "Motto" has been "To the solid ground of Nature trusts the man who builds forever."

THE FRUIT PROSPECTS.

ONTARIO fruit growers were congratulating themselves during the month for May, on the magnificent prospects of an abundant yield of many kinds of fruit. When "Old Probs" said on the 28th of May that there would be a frost in some parts of Ontario we thought the parts affected would no doubt be north of Lake Ontario, and we in the Niagara district would escape in safety. But Jack Frost took quite a new departure, and treated us with the greatest severity. A fruit grower at Fonthill who has twelve acres in fruit, upon which he wholly depended for his living, took the writer through his grounds a few days ago. His fine vineyard, of which he had been justly proud, was now a source of bitter disappointment; the frost had not left a single green leaf, much less a single bunch of grapes. All his

strawberries were cut off. "Indeed" he said, "I have not a thing left me to pay for my labor this year in caring for my fruit farm."

"Surely your apples are safe," said I.

No, "he replied," they too are completely gone."

"But there are a good many still hanging, and the they look all right."

"Well" he said, "they will not hang long," and with that he cut open some of them and disclosed the dark core, a full proof of the destructive work of the frost. Cherries and pears were also totally destroyed, and even his raspberries, though looking to be all safe, yet, upon cutting open the still unopened buds, the black germ showed but too plainly the sad tale of death.

Over a large part of the Niagara peninsula, nearly as unfavorable