

is generally rejected for kitchen use, and it does not sell well. It is also very watery, having scarcely any pulp adhering to the skin; but with all its faults, it is so much superior in flavor to the Large Red, that while I enjoy eating it raw like a plum, I should never make use of the latter unless cooked.

This year I have had a surprise, and an agreeable one too. I have cultivated two kinds of tomatoes that I had never before tried, viz: the Trophy and Hathaway's Excelsior. These are of a more regular shape, have both a thicker pulp, and a thick fleshy lining adhering to the skin something like that of a musk-melon, which gives them that firmness which is called in the catalogues "very solid." The flavor of the Trophy is good, but that of the Excelsior is better; yes, superior beyond all expectation. It is as much superior to the common Large Red as a Lombard is superior to a wild plum. It is not so large or productive as the Trophy, nor have I found it any earlier. I obtained the seed of Jas. Vick, of Rochester, who describes it in his catalogue as "of excellent quality every way—the best tomato I have ever grown," and it quite justifies the description. This fruit is evidently improving, plums will have to get out of the way or it will catch up to them.

I dare say some of my readers will think that if tomatoes are good they are not deserving of all this eulogy. Well, judging by the same rules as other fruits, perhaps not, but they must take into consideration the comfort they feel after partaking of a liberal allowance; what a delightful sense of fulness and internal satisfaction they experience; and then how flattering it is to one's hopes of longevity to know that you are day by day adding a little flesh to your none-too-corpulent figure; to feel that your vest is getting too small, and that the waist-band of your pants will certainly have to be loosened out. What a relish too you have for your food during the next six months. How glorious a thing it is to be able, like Macbeth, to say, "Throw physic to the dogs," and rejoice in the diminution of your doctor's bills. What a pity it is that we cannot have two crops in the year, so that our shadows might never grow less.

COAL OIL FOR THE CURCULIO.

One of our members, R. O'Hara, Chatham, writes that he placed an open basin of coal oil in one of his plum trees last spring. He now