

severest winters since it was planted have not affected it any. Have not had any fruit from it yet. Quince trees frozen down two years ago. Peach trees killed out. E. D.

#### BLANCHING CELERY.

Mr. W. C. Milton writes on this subject to the *Michigan Farmer* as follows;—First I sow in a cold frame early in spring; when the plants are about two inches high I transplant in rows; plants 12 or 14 inches apart in the rows, the rows about five feet apart. When the plants are about ten or twelve inches high, I then commence to handle by gathering up the stalks and leaves and drawing about three inches of earth around each plant. When they are 16 inches or so high I take a common three-inch drain tile and slip over the plant. This is done by one person gathering up all the leaves, and another person with a strip of cotton cloth, three inches wide and about five feet long, commencing winding around the stalk at the base and winding up to the top. Then slip your tile over, and as the tile descends unwind the cloth, and so on through your row, or as much as you wish. You can take up one plant and not molest any of the rest. Care should be taken that the leaves come out over the top of the tile, or it will smother. This is as near the way that I managed with mine as I can tell you on paper."

Mr. Milton says his plants are always nicely blanched the entire length of the tile, and free from canker, dirt or worms. The tile settles into the earth slightly, and protects the plant from insects. He has had good success with this method, and he thinks it less trouble than the usual one pursued by growers. It is an easy thing for growers to test it with a few plants, and if they grow as fine samples as Mr. Milton exhibited, they ought to be pleased with this new idea.

#### THE GARDENS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.

I do not know when I have been more agreeably surprised than by a visit to the town of Victoria, which is on the south-east point of Vancouver's Island and between latitude 48° and 49° in the North Pacific Ocean. We have been for some days sailing on the Pacific and along the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, the heavily snow-capped mountains of the Olympic making the air so chilly that those who kept in the open air at all had to do so with overcoats, or, if ladies, in warm wraps or furs. All at once we came to the mouth of Puget Sound, opposite to which is Victoria, and all was at once pleasant. Summer weather and everything as lovely and beautiful as the prettiest poet might imagine. The harbor of Victoria is, however, small and shallow, and, as a consequence, our heavy vessel had to lie for six or eight hours a mile and a half outside, waiting for the tide to rise, and this gave me the opportunity to do some interesting botanizing among the rocks along the coast.

The town of Victoria, which we reached in the afternoon, is an indescribably pretty place. It is built on a high rocky bluff, and has a park called Beacon Hill, from its use in signaling in those olden times when Indians were troublesome. Though the mountain tops, some fifty miles away, are perpetually white with snow, except when the morning and evening sun lights them up in purple and gold, the air in the town is warm (though without sultriness), owing to the long day's sun—sixteen hours now, July—warming the sheltered spots where the high mountain ridges keep off the arctic winds.

The people are fond of flowers, and almost every cottage was embowered in vines, and seemed ready to break down with their load of blossoms. In my early life in England, I have memories