

*Onions*.—Red Wethersfield, poor crop.

*Parsnips*.—Improved Guernsey very fine and as large as we think desirable. I measured one 13 inches round, and like Bobby Burns' grace, as long as my arm. It tried the patience of a short tempered man to find the bottom of it. In volume 6, page 33, of the HORTICULTURIST, we read of one 18 inches round. The bulk of mine in the ground all winter may probably be larger in the spring than the above, dug 9th November.

*Peas*.—Belong exclusively to the sparrows and blackbirds here, the pods excepted, which they leave for us.

*Potatoes*.—Burpee's Seedling No. 37, for which \$225 was last year offered in prizes to the most successful growers, promises well. Early Puritan also, but was destroyed by the blight. Pearl of Savoy, the best early variety we can confidently recommend.

*Turnip*.—Burpee's Bread Stone Swede, good.

*Tomatoes*.—Mitchell's No. 1 (new), Volunteer and Favorite, about equal, all excellent.

Notes of some experiments with fertilizers would too much prolong these already too lengthy remarks. I may say, however, that I found the results from hen manure at least as good as from fertilizers costing \$40 per ton; and from the trial of nitrate of soda, am inclined to think very favorably of its application with superphosphate, as recommended by Mr. J. Harris in back numbers of the HORTICULTURIST.

Wishing the many members of our Association a Happy New Year, and many returning ones, I wish I could persuade each of them to obtain at least one new subscriber to our magazine. The result to the public and to ourselves would be marvelous. Try it, friends.

---

## A REVIEW OF THE PAST OF OUR ASSOCIATION.

BY C. E. WOOLVERTON, GRIMSBY.

**D**URING the past fifty years what enterprise has begun, continued and succeeded better than fruit growing. Cæsar's words, "*Veni, vidi, vici*," was a short letter, but signified much to the Senate and Roman people. But when we think of the training, marching and suffering, in order that he could say those words, they speak volumes that the careless man little heeds; or when a youth neglects his studies or finds fault with his food, he little knows the suffering his parents may have endured to give him his privileges. And now while fruit growers in Canada rejoice, they forget the patient endurance and labor that has placed us second to no country beneath the sun. Rome was not built in a day; the soil and climate was there, yet it needed a Romulus to begin the work.

The days of neglect are fast passing away; we are not only putting our shoulders to the wheel, our hand to the plow, and foot to the spade;