

large bunches, and ripens early. All my grapes have ripened this year, notwithstanding the cold season we have endured. I always lay them down in winter, and cover them with a little earth.

SAMUEL KEEFER.

Brockville.

AT BLYTH, ONT.

DEAR SIR,—I grow Isabella, Concord, Martha, Champion, Salem, Pocklington, Burnet, and Clinton.

Concord, Isabella, and Salem, in the order named, have done best; that is, as to bearing and quality. Champion and Clinton are good for wine, but not fit for a table grape.

Yours truly,
W. SLOAN.

AT BLANTYRE, ONT.

There are very few grown near to me. I know of but one place where there are a few vines grown of Concord and Arnold's Hybrids, which grow and bear very well. I have a few myself, but they are yet young; one, the Concord, fruited this last season for the first time. The names of mine are Concord, Hartford Prolific, Martha, Salem, Worden, Prentiss and Brighton, and three or four of Arnolds, which are all growing very well. I will try and keep you informed how they succeed with me.

DUNCAN ROBERTSON.

TOO MUCH ADVICE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As you invite your subscribers to give their experience anent their fruits, "garden sass and sich," I'll unload my worry regarding my grape vine Jessica, my only child "of that ilk," who, with all my tender nursing, has turned out a pathetic failure. Solomon says, "In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom." But I like best the old

Scotch saying, "O'er many cooks spoil the kail." One friend advised me to put bones under Jessica. I suspect he belonged to the "Pile o' bones Agricultural Society." Another said, "put old leather shoes under her." I thought my "sweet girl graduate" would not rise by degrees on that fare. As science is so bewildering now-a-days, I sat down to study what connection leather had to bones, and concluded there was an affinity, though, like Parlan McFarlane's, "pretty far removed." So Jessica got the bones and an old slipper. Then another said, "keep her eyes above ground." I did so. But alas, this last advice blasted all my hope of ever "sitting under my own vine." The cat came along and scratched poor Jessica's "eyes out." Snuffing after the bones, no doubt. I took the old slipper, and was nearly giving her "a clout 'i the lug," when the thought struck me that cats are not mentioned as forbidden beasts in John's Revelation as dogs are, so puss was allowed to shake the dust off her feet and clear. My poor Jessica, I fear she'll come to "Lochaber no more." I'll get another, and abide by your directions only.

GRANDMA GOWAN.

• Montreal.

CURRENT GROWING AT THE NORTH.

Happily for the northmen, if they cannot grow the more luscious fruits of their southern neighbours, if only the hardiest apple trees will grow and bear for them their golden and crimson fruit, if the finer and richer plums of the yellow, blue and white varieties refuse to flourish in their rigorous clime, and though the pear and the peach can there nowhere be found, they are still fortunate in being able to produce as fine specimens of red, white and black currants as can be grown in any part of the temperate zone. No special care is required in their planting. They