

am particularly impressed with the superior quality of the Spy; it has always seemed to me that they were liable to take on some extraneous flavor, sometimes like a mouldy flavor, sometimes earthy or woody. These are simply perfect. The Scotch rave about the Newton pippin, the English declare the Blenheim Orange perfect, but in almost every case, when they have sampled them without knowing the variety, their choice fell on the Spy.

Now that the cold storage is so nearly perfect and that last season and this have demonstrated that fruit may be kept for several months without losing their good qualities, growers and shippers might well pack and place in cold storage, a considerable quantity of their best fruit to hold over for sale in June and July, when prices are very high.

In order to take advantage of the high

prices at that date, the following data would need to be remembered, viz. : (1) That every handling injures apples, and that consequently the fruit should be packed as soon as gathered; one handling should suffice. (2) That every bruise on the fruit, however slight, hastens its decay. Cold storage delays the decay, but does not completely arrest it. (3) That time, labor and valuable space, are wasted in the effort to make anything of bruised apples that may go into a cold storage package. (4) That only one size of fruit should be put into a case, either No. 1 or extra. A slightly smaller size would not be an objection if they were very uniform in size. (5) That there are good men into whose hands alone this fine fruit should be placed, who will endeavor to maintain the reputation of the grower or shipper for their own advantage.

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MEN AND WOMEN GARDENERS.—There are about three sections of labor at which I can never fancy a woman to be employed, and these are as engine-drivers, gardeners, or jolly jack tars. The middle section of these divisions of employment, has, however, become blessed with the sunshine of her presence. There can be no dull days now in our gardens with "Woman in her loveliness, presentiment of Paradise" as its caretaker and director of works. From stories which are going the rounds, it would seem that women as gardeners are highly successful. A woman has been appointed head gardener to a demesne of the Marquis of Bute. No doubt after this the Marquis will discover men gardeners an anomaly, and may invent a substitution to conscription in the enrollment of the "anomaly" into the army.

Capital! bless the lady gardeners. No more shall we be under the dominancy of fouzled old cabbagers, who can grow nothing better than greenflies or toadstools, when by the bounty of Providence a few Doyenné du Comice Pears, or a truss of Crimson Rambler roses do appear, they nobly guard the heritage from high Heaven sent, vowing execrations upon the head of master or mistress who dares do more than admire them without his kind permission. According to a cutting sent us by a reader, the above story has an actual foundation and real enactment. A lady had an old Scotch gardener who could grow nothing for her, or when a bloom or fruit was to hand he so grudged her having it, that in his place she substituted an "Eve" and now she sings "Corn in Egypt" all day long!