

other varieties, with the exception of Taylor's Prolific and Snyder, were more or less injured. In northern Ohio it has stood the test of 25 degrees below zero, coming out sound and full of life force to the very tip.

In vigour of growth the canes excel even the Snyder and Kittatinny. In size it equals the Lawton. The colour of its fruit is jet black and the quality excellent. But a very peculiar and valuable feature of the berry is its round form, which makes it seem still larger than it really is, and lends to a dish of the fruit a most attractive and appetizing appearance. There is little doubt that it must become a favourite in the markets.

The Erie has not yet been introduced to the general public, but will probably be offered for sale the coming fall.—*Orchard and Garden.*

A NEW MOLE-TRAP.

Whoever has a garden surrounded as mine, by old sod pastures, wherein the unfortunate proprietor has attempted for many a year to grow the bulbous plants over which the heart yearns with exceeding great desire—as dear to the heart as pleasant to the eye—will understand the feelings with which I saw, year after year, my first tulips, hyacinths and crocuses destroyed ruthlessly by moles.

Only by planting in deep, bottomless boxes or crockery were they at all safe. But these, after a time, would rot and crack with continued rains and freezing, and again was I left without protection.

Not only did my bulbs suffer, but my finest roses and lilies were ploughed under and rendered sick and useless, sometimes before I could discover the invasion. My newly-planted sweet corn, when just above the ground, would be left to stand green enough for a day or two, but grainless underneath, until

soul and spirit were vexed and wroth over continuous planting. I bought a large, old-fashioned, wooden mole-trap of a farmer, home-made and clumsy, which did me no service, since I could not get the thing to work properly, and in the meantime the work of destruction still went on. I used to sit out hours sometimes, under an umbrella, watching for those blind rascals at work, and when I caught one his brains paid the penalty. I had tried field corn soaked in poison and put in the drain, but it was untouched. Then I wrote to a dealer, making arrangements for one of his famous mole-traps, when, lo, in desperation in the meantime, I again placed grains of corn soaked in a strong solution of arsenic in the runways, and succeeded. It seems that the mole has a sweet tooth in his head and prefers sweet corn to the more common field grains I had at first used.

I submit the preceding for the benefit of any who may, like myself, have a common cause of complaint. It has proved, since I first tried it, again and again successful in destroying them. The corn should be soaked over night in the poison, then placed in the runways.—H. K., in *Vick's Magazine*.

CURRENTS FOR HEALTH.

I shall not lay stress on the old, well-known uses to which this fruit is put, but I do think its value is but half appreciated. People rush around in July in search of health; let me recommend the currant cure. If any one is languid, depressed in spirits, inclined to headaches, and generally "out of sorts," let him finish his breakfast daily for a month with a dish of freshly-picked currants. He will soon almost doubt his own identity, and may even think that he is becoming a good man. He will be more gallant to his wife, kinder to his children, friendlier to his neighbors, and more open-handed to every good