

summer; and I am satisfied, so far as my experience goes, that we can grow all the hardy apples and some pears. I am forty miles east of Bruce mines, and have explored all the Townships between. They are all filling up very fast with settlers, and in a few years the question of whether fruit can be grown here or not will be settled. I am living in the Township of Gladstone, which has just been surveyed the past summer. I am in the valley of the Missisaga River. We have no wild grapes in this region, and very few plums. I do not believe that the plum tree will do well here, for I see the wild red cherry struggling to make a growth, but it is stricken with black-knot when a mere bush in every case; but strawberries, red raspberries, whortleberries and cranberries abound. The latter are gathered from the marshes in great quantities by the Indians, and sold at Blind River and other places, where they are barreled up and shipped away, to the great profit of the trader. All these berries are a sure crop every year."

THE DIADEM RASPBERRY, AND NO. 40 STRAWBERRY.

Mr. G. Wilgress, of Cobourg, writes:—

"I hope I shall like the new Saunders' Hybrid Raspberry better than the Diadem received two years ago. The fruit was small and poor, though sweet, pink color, and no great bearer; the canes were rather stunted in height, with many side branches, rough or prickly all over. The strawberry No. 40, received at the same time, did not spread much. The fruit was of fair size, wedge shape, but of no flavor at all. In my opinion they were neither of them worth keeping in the garden at all."

THE D. B. HOOVER APPLE.

We have received a medium sized red apple from Mr. D. B. Hoover, of very pleasant flavor and tender flesh, which we think will rank from "very good" to "best." He says of it:—

"When I first, after leaving my babyhood, saw this tree, it was a good sized bearing tree, and it has borne its fifty or more crops of apples in our twenty-five-miles-north-of-Toronto climate. This tree has always been exceedingly healthy until a few years ago, when there was a kind of black bark blight on the limbs of our apple trees, which also killed a few limbs on this tree, but it is now reviving again. I hardly know what to make of you nurserymen. I had the privilege not more than a year ago to take an agent from a nursery through my old ragged orchard, just when apples were full grown. I showed him my favorite, which pleased him so much that he asked me for a sample of these beautiful winter apples to show to his boss, which I gave him very liberally; he thanked me for them, and off he went. After the season of the apples he got from me had gone past, my friendly agent came back again, stating that his boss liked my favorite apples so well that he would like to have about two hundred grafts to put on some of his old trees for trial, and that they would give me in exchange grafts of any of their stock, if I would make a list of what kinds I wanted, and he himself would put in some new kinds for me which were not in their catalogue. This settled the agreement on the graft exchange. I went to work and cut for him a bundle of splendid scions, and sent them to the place where I was directed, and where he afterwards received them. I also sent with the bundle of grafts my list, with my address, for a few grafts to lengthen out my fruit season, but