

Our next stopping place was at Mr. A. H. Pettit's, whose proprietor also joined our party to the Camp. Mr. A. H. Pettit is among the most energetic farmers of the Grimsby section, and is worthy the prominent position he holds at the head of the Central Farmers' Institute. His farm, more devoted to apples and peaches and general crop than to vineyards, shows that he does not do all his farming—as some prominent figures in the farmers' institutes do—away from his farm. Mr. Pettit having joined us, we soon arrived at Maplehurst Farm, the home of the Secretary of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, and editor of THE HORTICULTURIST. Here the road strikes the base of the mountain ridge, which is thickly wooded to the brow, and underneath its shadow nestles Maplehurst, with its old-fashioned frame homestead, overhung with venerable locusts, ever recalling historic memories of U. E. Loyalist early settlement, of courageous enterprise and subsequent thrift. The farm stretches, in apple, peach and pear orchard and vineyard, with intervening raspberry and strawberry patches, away to the lake. From the mountain here, at an elevation of 250 or 300 feet, overlooking the valley toward Lake Ontario, is what Mr. Rice, of Port Huron, described in such graphic terms at the Hamilton meeting as the grandest natural panorama and most inspiring landscape that ever fell beneath the eye of a horticulturist. His enthusiasm was well warranted and his animated description was no exaggeration. As far as the eye can reach to the east and to the west, bounded only on the north by the beautiful waters of the lake, is one continuous and delightful picture of orchard, garden and vineyard, ever varying, yet ever the same, and appearing before and beneath you more like an enchanting miniature checkerboard of nature than what it really is—a rural scene of vast extent. The inspiration of Bryant could do the scene no more than justice in his vivid description of the mountain ridges, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the venerable wood; the vales, stretching in pensive quietness away; the complaining brooks that make the meadows green; and poured beyond all, old ocean's grey and ever changing margin of waters. And this enchanting and fruitful spot is the abode of man. What a happy lot!

Mitchell, Ont.

T. H. RACE.

(To be continued.)

FRUITS IN MANITOBA.

SIR,—I receive your paper regularly every month, and, to any one having a taste for fruit growing, it is indispensable. The report of the Fruit Growers' Association alone is worth the money. In the spring of 1889 I made choice of the Woolverton * Apple from your list; it arrived all

* The Apple called Woolverton is now known as the Princess Louise. It was given the latter name out of compliment to Her Royal Highness, because of its remarkable beauty.—EDITOR.