

With the Flower's

Mrs. S. J. Smith writes: "I have two Chinese Sacred Lilies which have just stopped flowering. What treatment should their bulbs receive now, so that they shall flower again next year? Also, how should I now treat the bulbs of hyacinths to have them flower again next winter?"

Ans.—Being somewhat in doubt as to your lilies, I visited a "John Chinaman" last night, to ask him about them. You should have seen his face brighten when I mentioned the lilies. "Oh," he said, "Him no good! Him no make flower any more! Must get new one from China." This was definite enough; still, not wholly sure, I afterwards visited one of the most enthusiastic botanists and plant lovers in the city. He bade me tell you that you can do nothing with the bulbs to make them flower again, so you may just throw them away. Disappointing, isn't it? But the fact is that new bulbs even cannot be developed in this country, owing, I suppose, to climatic conditions. So that John Chinaman was right after all, and there is simply nothing left for one but to get "new one from China."

Your hyacinths cannot be forced again for bloom in the house, but if you let them ripen off, then plant them out in the ground in the fall, and cover them over with a light litter of leaves or straw, they will probably bloom for you in the garden the next spring.

FLORA FERNLEAF.

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TUBEROUS-ROOTED BEGONIA.

I would like to tell you of my success with raising tuberous begonias from seed. I prepared the soil by sifting one part sand and two of good garden soil; slightly damping and placing it in the oven till it was hot enough to kill all insects. By damping the soil it will not be injured, as it will be if made too hot when dry, and less heat will destroy all insects when there is steam. I sowed the seed April 20th in a shallow tin basin with holes in the bottom, sifted a little soil from a pepper box over, pressed the top with a spoon, and covered it with a folded paper, which I removed during part of each day to prevent mould on top. In a few days the plants were up thickly. When an inch high I picked them out into other tin basins, prepared the same way, using a large pen with point broken off, and placing the plants an inch apart. When large enough, I placed them into separate pots (let me whisper low, most of the "pots" were salmon and tomato cans, papered with a reddish-brown paper), where they remained till the next spring. I had fifty-six plants from one packet of mixed seed. Forty-one were different from all others, either in color of bloom, or color of markings, or form of leaf; some of them rivaling many foliage plants. Most of them bloomed the first season. When the leaves dropped in the fall, after drying out, I wrapped each pot in paper, and put them in a frost-proof cupboard in the kitchen, where they remained till the next March, when I watered and set them in the light. When nicely started, I transplanted them into fresh soil and new pots. Forty-eight of them grew and bloomed the second season. They were most magnificent. I had only the kitchen windows of a farmhouse, one east and one north, both very large, and a wood fire, with a south veranda, when warm enough. With the same general treatment, I have had good success with Chinese primrose and gloxinia. The Chinese primrose bloomed from Christmas to May the first winter. I kept the gloxinias growing the first winter. The bulbs were so small I was afraid to dry them for fear they would not grow in the spring. They bloomed all the second summer. Many failures came from sowing the seed of such flowers too early, as the young plants will "damp off," if too wet or too cold. Try at least one packet of above-named flowers. Even five plants will amply repay you for all your care and trouble.

MARY JOHN.



[The Sun's Cup.

By Priscilla H. Drone.

Snug in her bed little Daffodil lay,
Dreaming; she thought she heard somebody say:
"Daffodil, Daffodil, aren't you awake?
Robins their nests are beginning to make."
Daffy was lazy, so, yawning, she said:
"Oh, I'm so sleepy! I must stay in bed."

"Daffydowdilly," the tone was severe,
"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, lying here?
Crocuses all of them up long ago,
They do not mind going out in the snow.
Beauties, hepaticas, baby windflowers,
Every one dressed, and been playing for hours."

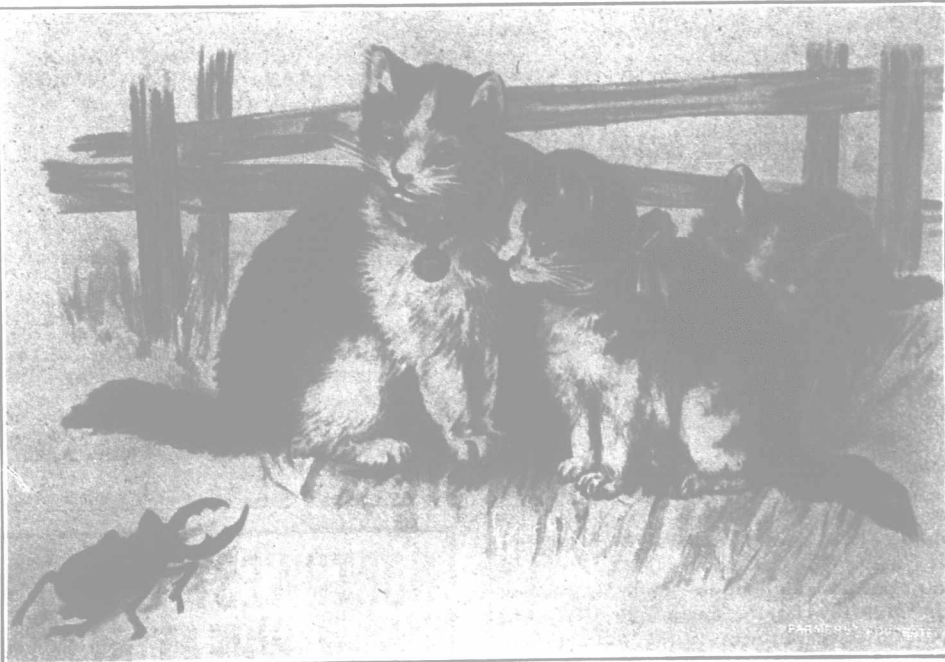
Daffy, pretending she never had heard,
Lay very quiet and said not a word.
What was the use of her rising at all?
Might as well stay and be ready for fall.

Just at that minute she heard the first wren,
There was Nurse Spring come to call her again.

"Daffodil, Daffodil, better get up;
Here's the sun's messenger brought you a cup."
Daffy sprang up, and Nurse Spring, you may guess,
Hastily helped the small sluggard to dress.

Robed from her head to her feet all in green,
Prettier Daffodil never was seen.

"Daffydowdilly," the messenger bowed;
Daffy stood trembling, though smiling and proud;
"Lo! the sun's cup, green-enamelled and gold,
Brimming with sunshine as full as 'twill hold;
Scatter its brightness on all who may pass,
Well it becometh so lovely a lass."



Facing Danger.

Daffy clasped tightly the beautiful gift,
Gone was the messenger, shining and swift.

Daffy gazed long at her wonderful cup,
Then she said, softly: "I'm glad I got up.
All the day long I will scatter its light,
Everyone surely will smile at the sight."

Little Willie Knew Her.

Little Willie—"Who is that lady over there?"

Little Bot—"Ho! That ain't no lady, she's my sister!"

[Facing Danger.

Of course there is no real danger in this case, but that queer-looking beetle looks wicked enough to frighten any kitten. I think the two in front are rather brave to face it, don't you? though they will probably run away if Mr. Beetle comes any nearer. The little coward behind does not intend to face the danger at all. Did you ever behave like that? I mean did you ever get into a scrape and leave Tom or Mary to bear all the blame? There are some boys and girls who always try to shirk their punishment. It is a good deal braver to own up and take the consequences like a man. But, perhaps, you may think that it is all very well for me to talk, but it is not so easy to face danger. No, you are right, it isn't easy. It is a great deal easier for me to preach than for you to be heroic. But plenty of boys and girls have faced danger, and perhaps you may be as brave as they when your turn comes.

A good many years ago a young girl was carrying a baby in her arms and walking down a narrow lane which had a high wall on both sides. She had no more idea that she was going to die a noble death than you have this moment, as she walked along, singing to the baby. Suddenly a team of horses, pulling a heavy wagon, came tearing down the narrow lane. There was no room to pass, and the walls were too high to climb. The horses were running away, and there was no driver. What she thought of we do not know, but probably she flashed a prayer up to God and He helped her to do a grand thing. She did not run away—there was no time for that—but she tossed the baby over the high wall into a grassy field beyond, and the next moment she was safe with God. She was killed instantly when the horses trampled her under foot, but death must come to all of us, and no soldier on duty ever died a nobler death than she. The baby was

horse, could carry him safely, but what should he do with his little twin daughters. Their mother was dead, and they were only five years old. He could hardly take them with him, and if he did they might be killed when the Indians came. Quickly he made up his mind, snatched up two sheets and some food, took both children in his arms, and rushed into the woods. He soon turned the sheets into hammocks, and put a child in each; telling them not to cry or speak aloud, for fear the Indians might hear, and God would take care of them. They were dreadfully frightened when it got dark, and the Indians crept quietly through the forest near their hiding-place. But soon they fell asleep, and before morning their father came back to take care of his dear little girls. How eagerly he peeped into the hammocks, and can you guess how thankful he was to see the dear little faces looking so peaceful and happy in their cosy beds. He had warned the white men in the village, and when the Indians arrived they found everybody awake and armed. They were afraid to face the danger, and slunk off into the woods again.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

Humorous.

The bookkeeper of an hotel at a well-known golfing resort in Scotland is still pondering over the subtle sarcasm of an English golfer who was a week-end visitor to the golf-links. This gentleman unwisely failed to make a "contract" on arriving, with the result that he was presented with an outrageous bill on his departure. Paying it without a murmur, he asked, "Have you any penny stamps?" "Oh, yes," said the bookkeeper. "How many do you want, sir?" Very sweetly the visitor answered, "Well, how much are they each?"

At a concert held at a certain town a soldier of the Black Watch occupied a seat in front of a private of an Irish regiment and his sweetheart. The latter was very much interested in the Highlander's uniform, and scanned the regimental badge on his cap and collar particularly. This badge is the figure and cross of St. Andrew, with the motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit." (No one annoys me with impunity.)

"Phwat does that writin' mane, Patsy?" asked the girl.
"Phwy," replied Pat, "it's Latin, but I've forgotten the English av it. But in good ould Oirish it manes, 'I thread on the tail av me coat if ye dare!'"

Polly found her spelling-lesson very difficult, so her governess bought a pictorial book, in which every word possible was illustrated. Then Polly got on rapidly—so rapidly that Miss Miller began to be suspicious. So she put her hand over the picture, and then asked Polly:

"What does o-x spell?"
"Ox," answered Polly.
"How do you know?"
"Saw his tail!" exclaimed Polly gleefully.

Some Other Day.

"There are wonderful things we are going to do
Some other day;
And harbors we hope do drift into
Some other day.
With folded hands, and oars that trail,
We watch and wait for a favoring gale
To fill the folds of an idle sail.
Some other day.

"We know we must toil, if ever we win,
Some other day;
But we say to ourselves, there's time to begin
Some other day;
And so, deferring, we loiter on,
Until at last we find withdrawn
The strength of the hope we lean upon,
Some other day."