

The collection of single Cinerarias was as fine a one as could be desired, and the choice of good varieties immense. One which took my fancy particularly was a very deep blue self, called T. D. Spalding. The self colours, I was told, are decidedly more popular than those mixed with white, though such varieties as *Convolvulus*, a good blue and white, *Symmetrical*, and *Mrs. Paterson Nickalls* are admirable of their kind. *Lady Rosebery*, a splendid purple and white flower, is one of the newest. To turn to a wholly different department, Mr. Cannell has some very charming new ferns of a tufted nature. One of these, *Adiantum Legrande*, a kind of tufted Maidenhair, is becoming popular already, and another, *Pteris Serrulata Smithiana*, is in the same way. Another remarkable fern I saw was Bull's new *Pteris Victoriae*, an interesting form, with serrated silver veining.—QUIDNUNC.

### Lilies of the Valley.

Lilies white by the garden wall,  
Under the shadow they cluster all,  
In rich profusion.

Gently swayed by the summer breeze.  
White bells resting in dark green leaves,  
In sweet seclusion.

Bees may hum by near the garden wall,  
Birds to their mates, or little ones, call,  
In silver warbling.

White lilies see not, nor hear, nor care;  
On their leaves they rock in the soft, warm air  
All the morning.

Night comes down, and the garden wall  
Is dimly seen, but the lilies all  
Are shining.

White in the darkness, a silvery light  
Brightens the garden—the lilies at night  
Are gleaming.—MAID MARION.

### Answers.

PRIMROSES.—“B. B. H.” might make a bed for these on either the W. or N. border. They succeed best in partial shade, and in a moist situation. This applies to primroses of all kinds, either double or single. I should say that the west border would be the best for “B. B. H.,” taking into consideration the locality of the garden.—S. R. V.

VIOLETS.—The best position for violets in the garden described would be on the border facing south. They like plenty of sun. They should not be in a position which would be very dry in summer, as the leaves are liable to attacks of red spider. However, in a garden in Argyle they would probably get a good deal of moisture all the year round.—S. R. V.

POPPIES.—It is quite a mistake to suppose that poppies do not bear transplanting. The Oriental poppy is most difficult to rear from seed; but when the plant is obtained, it is absolutely necessary to thin out the bed, having another bed prepared for the young plants.—EXPERIMENTA DOCET. [Our correspondent was referring to annual poppies, which do not transplant well. The Oriental poppy is a perennial, and “Experimenta Docet” is correct in saying that when raised from seed it requires to be transplanted. We cannot, however, agree with her in considering it difficult to raise; we have always found the seed germinate freely.—ED.]

### Papa's Baby Boy.

Charming as is the merry prattle of innocent childhood, it is not particularly agreeable at about 1 o'clock in the morning, when you are dead for sleep. There are young and talkative children who have no more regard for your feelings, or for the proprieties of life, than to open their

peepers with a snap at 1 or 2 a.m. and seek to engage you in enlivening dialogues of this sort:

“Papa!”

You think you will pay no heed to the imperative little voice, hoping that silence on your part will keep the youngster quiet; but again the boy of 3 pipes out sharply:

“Papa!”

“Well?” you say.

“You 'wake, papa?”

“Yes.”

“So's me.”

“Yes, I hear that you are,” you say with cold sarcasm.

“What do you want?”

“Oh, nuffin!”

“Well, lie still and go to sleep, then.”

“I isn't sleepy, papa!”

“Well, I am, young man.”

“Is you? I isn't—not a bit. I say, papa, *papa!*”

“Well!”

“If you was rich what would you buy me?”

“I don't know—go to sleep.”

“Wouldn't you buy me nuffin?”

“I fancy so; now you—”

“What, papa?”

“Well, a steam engine, maybe; now *you go to sleep.*”

“With a whistle that would sound, papa?”

“Yes, yes; now you—”

“And would the wheels go round, papa?”

“Oh, yes (*yawning*). Shut your eyes, now.”

“I say, papa.”

No answer.

“Papa!”

“Well, what now?”

“Is you 'fraid of the dark?”

“No” (drowsily).

“I want a jink.”

“No you don't.”

“I do, papa.”

Experience has taught you that there will be no peace until you have brought the “jink,” and you scurry out to the bath-room in the dark for it, knocking your shins against everything in the room as you go.

“Now, I don't want to hear another word from you to-night,” you say, as he gulps down a mouthful of the water he didn't want. Two minutes later he says:

“Papa!”

“Look here, laddie, papa will have to punish you if—”

“I can spell ‘dog,’ papa.”

“Well, nobody wants to hear you spell at 2 o'clock in the morning.”

“B-o-g—dog; is that right?”

“Yes, yes; now you lie down, and go to sleep, instantly!”

“Then I shall be a good boy, won't I, papa?”

“Yes! You'll be the best boy on earth. Good night, dearie.”

“Papa!”

“Well, well! What now?”

“Is I your little boy?”

“Yes, yes; of course.”

“Some mans haven't got any little boys; but you 'ave, haven't you?”

“Yes.”

“Don't you wish you had two, free, nine, 'leben, twenty-six, ninety-ten, free hundred little boys?”

The mere possibility of such a remote and contingent calamity so paralyzes you that you lie speechless for ten minutes, during which you hear a yawn or two in the little bed by your side, a little figure rolls over two or three times, a pair of heels fly into the air once or twice, a warm, moist little hand reaches out and touches your face to make sure you are there, and the boy is asleep, with his heels where his head ought to be.

MISS EMERY, of Maine, a four years' student at Bryn Mawr College, has received the European fellowship entitling her to a year's study in any European university.