

ada, has just found birth in Peterborough. It is a handsome 32 page, beautifully printed; filling a void, and must certainly be a success."

Another says:—"Mr. Francis Mason, of Peterborough, is publishing THE CANADIAN FLORIST. It is a credit to Canadian Floriculture."

Still another says:—"THE CANADIAN FLORIST AND COTTAGE GARDENER, the first number now before us, is a marvel of excellence from a literary as well as from a mechanical point of view, and is the only publication of the kind in the Dominion. It must be eminently successful."

Yet another remarks;—"If the number before us is a fair specimen it would scarcely be too dear at one dollar."

Besides these public notices we have received very flattering letters of encouragement from private parties, showing plainly that our Magazine is appreciated, and that a bright future is in store for it.

Kind reader, we intend doing all we can to give you about five times the value of your subscription this year. Now, will you not do all you can to shove up our list of subscribers so as to reach 10,000 before the year is up. Try and get up a club, for which you will be well rewarded.

TIME IS MONEY.

Will correspondents please bear this in mind, that our time is valuable, it is part of our capital or our stock in trade, and we cannot afford to waste half an hour in trying to guess out a name or address. Some of those autographs appear like the tail of a boy's kite. Generally the communication itself can be made out pretty well, but where our guessing powers come into active play is at the tail end, or address. But we would not discourage any from writing, for we are improving fast at this work, and hope before the year is out to be able to do something with old German, or hieroglyphic characters, and if we do not attain to this, there will be other characters of the mammalia class we will be better able to read.

Some time ago we received a communication from a party in the west, but his efforts as a quill driver were impossible to make out, in fact the only thing we could deci-

pher was the city he lived in, and that was gained from the post mark on the face of the envelope. We wrote for explanations, and addressed it with his own written address, cut out of letter sent us, and pasted it on front of our letter. But although that was two or three years ago we have not as yet received the desired information. He may have got his mad up, and set us down for a certain kind of quadruped that has a poor reputation for brightness of intellect, and neat ear appendages. Or it may be the postmaster was as unable to make it out as ourselves, and supposing it was for some foreigner, threw it down with a bundle of others to a squad of Italians who came looking for love tokens, and was told by the worthy P. M. to pick 'em out.

Our Boys and Girls Corner.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE TIMOTHY.

Well, my boys and girls, I can assure you that since I wrote you my first letter in January, my relations have increased most wonderfully, so that now I have nephews and neices in nearly all parts of Canada, and expect still a greater increase in the future. I would certainly like to have a look at you all this morning, if it was but possible. I feel that I have an interest in you and in your welfare, and I would be only too well pleased to assist you when possible for me to do so. Well, as I cannot see your happy faces, I am glad to have letters from you, a few of which I will now reproduce here. But, before I commence with the correspondence, I would say, that I have sent the seeds to all who applied to me for them, and if any of my boys or girls applied and did not receive them, write again. Read carefully the instructions given on another page for growing the seeds. I would not like to refuse any new applicants for those seeds, but I am afraid I will be compelled to do so after this for want of time, as I stated in my former letter. Now, attention, while I bring out my budget of letters. The first we will have is from Brantford, Ont: -

DEAR UNCLE TIMOTHY,—I am a little boy nine years old last November. I read your letter in the Boys and Girls Corner in THE CANADIAN FLORIST, which my papa takes, I want to join your society. Will