

This is, then, the variety generally received. I would here remind the readers that may have followed some of the descriptions I have written, that this is the proper month for starting the various kinds of bulbs I have written about, both outdoors and indoors, and that they should not wait until November and December, with the usual result, viz., disappointment in not getting any bloom for all their trouble. The reason is frequently attributed to the bulb being poor, but the correct reason is that the tender flower stock, encased in the centre of the bulb, has been so dried up that it comes up along with foliages and gradually withers away; or perhaps the side shoots only may have grown, thus frequently disappointing the most careful cultivator.

THE VIRGINIA CREEPER.

BY J. P. COCKBURN, GRAVENHURST, ONT.

IN our later years we are carried back in thought to our early days, and reflect with pleasure on the many pleasant moments of rest and recreation we have had, under the vine-covered bower. No villa, or rural house, can be complete without the wondrous charms of the trellis or arbor, so suggestive of taste and comfort, yet one may travel many miles through some of the finest agricultural districts in Canada, without seeing the slightest attempt at decorating the house of even the wealthy occupant. The great bare pillars of a verandah stand up in the glare of the sun, or seem to shrink before the blast as it drives along the floor of the naked porch, seldom trod by occupants of the dwelling because there are no attractions to visit the bleak and dreary waste. The work of the farm and the business of the estate is arranged in the "back parlor." Farmers frequently say they have no time to waste in planting trees or decorating their

grounds, and many do not assist their wives to make even a sort of excuse for a kitchen garden. To such people as I have in my mind I say, take at least one or two days with the boys and team, secure *any* sort of forest trees, let them be small with plenty of fibrous roots, and plant them carefully, and fill up the odd places about your house with them. If you have no design, put them in clumps in the corners, and along the lane. They will soon grow, and nature will adjust them to the situation, *but let us have the trees.*

Dig large and deep holes about your verandah in which plant Virginia creepers; the holes should be partly filled with a mixture of decaying chips from the woodshed, and filled with good earth. The woodshed should be partly covered with the same vines. Nothing has a finer effect than a few well-grown Virginia creepers trained to the verandah and side of the house, and all unsightly buildings are soon transformed to a thing of beauty. Vines seem to thrive best when they can get hold of some decaying substance, and they take up much of the miasmatic vapours about outhouses. I need not say how much this will in a short time add to the beauty and comforts of home, and the joy of our children, the envy of our dilatory neighbor, and the delight of every passer by. There is no outlay of capital, if you can find the vines growing wild in some low rich bottom land on your own, or on your neighbor's farm. If not, you can obtain them for a nominal sum from any nurseryman. They propagate as easily as currants. For small villas and city residences, where the grounds are limited, the *Ampelopsis Veitchii* is preferable, having much smaller foliage and does not require the space which the *Ampelopsis Quinquifolia* does.

Remember that a ten-year-old vine, well grown, will cover 1,000 square