

ever, it will be remembered that the practical side of his argument pointed to the fact that, when the indigenous flowers are cleared away, "weeds" invariably spring up in their stead.

It must not be forgotten, nevertheless, that all the harm is not done by the practical, unromantic man of the scythe. A protest, equally strong, may be made against the inveterate, murderous, mistaken flower-lower (invariably of the female sex, it may be remarked, if beyond the pale of childhood), who cannot go to the woods in spring without returning laden with arms full of flowers—hundreds of Violets, Trilliums, Dicentras, Bishop's Caps, with all their powers of producing seed untimely nipped.

In remote country places, where the vandal comes but seldom, nature may, it is true, retrieve the damage, and the flowers be found growing up, year after year, in the same old haunts. In the vicinity of towns or cities, however, or near schools, it is a different matter. In many such districts certain species—especially of the choicer kinds, *Cypripedium*, etc.—have already disappeared. The streams in the vicinity of this city, for instance, are said to have been once lined with the scarlet of the Cardinal flower. Now there is not one to be seen anywhere. In some of the Eastern States a similar depredation has gone on, until there is scarcely a wild flower, not even a *Hepatica* or a *Trillium*, to be seen within miles of any of the towns.

Now, should we not take measures in time to prevent the possibility of such a thing in Canada? Can we not at least teach the children to be satisfied with plucking a few blossoms instead of rilling the country far and wide, only to throw whole sheaves of dainty bloom away presently, in withering, mouldering heaps? "Grown-ups," who truly love flowers, should know better.

It is surely no unimportant thing to preserve the natural beauty of our groves and woodlands. There is surely something more in life than a hard, dry practicality, which would drive out everything save the dollars and cents, and the artificialities these can buy. There is surely a richness in the experience of him who can appreciate the fern on the rock, and the emerald moss

on the rotting log, a richness in quiet enjoyment unknown to him whose fairest scene is a bank account, or his gods of brick and stone. "Had I two loaves," said Mahomet, "I would sell one and buy Hyacinths to feed my soul," and in this evidence that he was not all material, we can in some sort respect the great leader of Islam.

Try, if you can, to imagine the originals of the accompanying illustrations. Then tear from the one (Fig. 1) the Iris blooming along the banks of the still pool; from another (Fig. 2), the Ferns and wild growth nestling in every pocket of the rocks; and from yet another (Fig. 3), the snowy Indian Pipes sending their white stems up from the leafage of the dark forest nook; then say whether or not these quiet spots will have lost in aught.

It is not idle sentiment, but a love for the character of our country, for the old associations, and the matchless perfection of God's own planting, which prompts the wish to preserve our floral life from the vandals. In this work everyone can take a part. The child may be taught to admire without "gathering" mercilessly. The eager hand may be stayed when it would pluck too ruthlessly. . . . May we be pardoned for this digression? Next week we shall leave the wild wood and return again to the home garden and "practical" things.

Pansy Geranium—Shady Location.

Miss F. C., Hastings Co., Ont., writes:

Editor Floral Department.—I enclose leaves of Pansy Geranium which does not blossom. Grows, but the leaves are not healthy-looking, and, though it blossomed well last year, has no sign of buds.

Also please tell what kind of flowers would be best for north side of house—shady and heavy ground.

Your paper is eagerly looked for here, and every department thoroughly enjoyed.

Wishing you every success, and thank you in anticipation.

F. C.

You forgot to enclose leaves. However, perhaps we can help you. Did you "rest" your plant after it blossomed? If not, the omission, probably, is at the root of its non-success. When the blooming period is over, a thorough rest should be given. Set outside, in full sunlight, give just enough water to keep alive, and cut off the old flower stems, leaving all the leaves on until they become ripe with age, and yellow. Do not encourage growth in any way until late August or September; then prune into shape, cutting out all weak shoots. Now shake out, and repot in light, not rich, soil, in the smallest pots that will hold the roots. Take into the house, give a good soaking, and continue to water well whenever soil becomes thoroughly dry, shifting into larger pots whenever necessary. When the plant is growing very vigorously, pour liquid manure, not too strong, about the roots occasionally, and if there seems any tendency for the shoots to grow long and straggling, pinch off the tops in order to encourage a bushy growth. If a great number of weak shoots appear, rub some of them off. While the plant is in bloom, keep in partial shade. If red spider should appear, despatch him by frequent spraying with water.

For your north side of the house, we would suggest the dainty Alleghany Vine as a background. This vine has very delicate pink blossoms, hence it would scarcely do to plant any very brilliant flower in front of it. You might have Ferns, Fancy-leaved Caladiums, Ageratum, Nemophila, Godetia, Forget-me-not, Mignonette, Violets and Pansies. Manettia Vine, with scarlet blossoms, will also grow in a shaded situation, also Monk's Hood (blue), Adonis (bright red), Musk (yellow), and the magnificent tuberous Begonias, which come in all shades from white to crimson.

Don't leave your soil "heavy." Have it made suitable for all flowers by mixing with it sand, some rich, black compost from the barnyard border, and, perhaps, some leaf mould.

If you want to keep your good looks, keep your good nature.

About the House.

Aunt Patsy's Puff Paste.

"Puff paste?" said Aunt Patsy, as I sat waiting, notebook in hand, "ye never tell me they're after that now!"

"Most surely they are," I replied, Aunt Patsy looked at me almost appealingly. "Ye're sure now ye're not jist jokin' me to git something fer yer paper?" she said.

But I assured her that our "paper people" were very real people indeed, who wrote to us with their very own hands, sometimes asking for help, sometimes offering it.

The cloud cleared from the good soul's face, and she beamed again, as she nodded her head approvingly. "A very good thing, too," she said, "we kin none of us get too much help, ner give too much. Isn't it a queer thing," smoothing down her apron, "that the more ye watch out to learn new things, the more ye find out ye don't know. It jist seems as if we're in a big school a l our lives, learnin' something every day if we're wantin' to learn, an' bein' jist punished by our own ignorance if we're not. Learnin' an' teachin', teachin' an' learnin'—that is the way it ought to be. But," throwing up her hands, as she rose to her feet and started for the kitchen, "deliver us all from them that jist wants to be teachin' all the time, an' thinks they kin learn nothin' from anybody themselves. Now there's—" but the sentence was never finished, for Aunt Patsy was no gossip.

"Sara Ann Potter?" I hinted, wickedly, guessing at her especial antipathy.

But Aunt Patsy merely looked at me reproachfully over the top of her glasses.

"Who said I'd anything a'in Sara Ann Potter?" she said, and I felt effectually settled.

Evidently in mortal fear lest I



Fig. 2.—The Ferns and wild growth nestling in every pocket of the rocks. Cattle roving through the woods are destruction to such tender growth as this.



Fig. 3.—Indian Pipes. The clump at the right—*Hypopitys Hypopitys*, False Beech Drops, or Pine Sap—is a comparatively rare species. The taller variety is the *Monotropa Uniflora*, locally called Indian Pipe, Ghost Flower, or Corpse Plant.