

nothing else can ever quite equal. For, look, his meanest effort brings a tenfold harvest of color and shape and smell.

But, let us to work as well as dream. And let me promise you, my friend, a generous share of some of my dream gardens. You shall share with me, in due time, the pleasure of, oh, so many lovely plans. I shall show you how to plant your shrubs so that your garden will change its color from yellow to white, from white to pink, and then to gorgeous red, and once again to virgin white. And all before one even dreams of roses, I shall build a fernery for you, and a rockery and a fairy-like lily-pool. I shall whisper in your ear, oh, practical one, how I made my Iris bed bring me my first sixty dollars. I will show you my two thousand yellow lilies, started last summer, and now sprouting, almost ready to bring me the seven cents a root already contracted for. And all in a city garden forty feet by one hundred and twenty.

We started out a moment ago to see what we might do, besides planning, in the garden in February. Well, let us glance around. Over here by the gate is an unlucky spot. Some prowling dog, with marauding feet has scratched up a poor "pink" root. We will bring it in and throw it in a dark corner of the cellar for a week or so. Here, he has scattered the covering from my "Madonna lillies." Over in the Peony-bed, a couple of bricks have fallen, torn from the chimney by last week's storm. If I take them away now, before they do further harm, they will not hinder the young shoots that will soon be appearing. And by the corner of the verandah, those enormous icicles that have formed on the wistaria branches, will do untold harm if they are not immediately looked after. Their own weight will cause them to break, and with them, snapped off as clean as a knife, will come the very branches that should bear those incomparable racemes of cream-scented Heaven. I can't spare those clusters. Not one of them! So the eaves-spout must be mended *now*. Should a sudden thaw set in, the water from that broken spout will wash out my lily-of-the-valley roots and do more harm in one hour than a whole summer will undo. I certainly cannot spare one single spike of these lovely

bells that shake out of their creamy depths such fairy fragrance.

And so a constant daily watch should be kept, for no day but brings its troubles, no storm but leaves its trail behind. A prowling dog, a careless passerby, a wrathful wind, each one does its work. And *now* is the time to repair the damage. The tulip beneath that tumbled brick is even now building up a thick green spear to push through the earth. That broken tile, fallen into the very centre of your Crimson Rambler has not only broken off some branches, but is rubbing off some fresh young flower buds. Remove the tile *now*, and at the same time prune away the torn stalks, and to prevent the frost entering, melt some wax from an ordinary candle and seal over the bare raw stumps.

And thus, the daily mischief cared for, you will find your real spring work, marvellously lightened. Every little counts, remember.

*Have you a "Forsythia Viridissima?"*

Now, come with me, to a corner of my wire fence where the wind sweeps free, nor shelter from wall or shrub or tree. A bush grows here, whose luxuriant trailing branches have crept through and over the fence forming a compact and graceful pyramid. In the first week of March you will see this bush truly "a thing of beauty." Can you imagine a feathery golden mass of yellow misty cloud, that shivers and shakes with every breeze, and stands, literally a drift of dainty almost impalpable fairy gold. For week on week from the last days of February until April's weeks are drawing to May, that bush of dear delights will stop every careless passer-by and make him fairly gasp with joy. Then, on a sudden, before your very eye, it will change into a dream of the tenderest green, a ghost-like green that no other bush ever produces. Do you know this shrub? First of all our glorious troop of flowering Canadian shrubs, it is easily the Queen of the Spring. It is the old-fashioned Golden Bell, "*Forsythia Viridissima*."

For almost two solid months in earliest Spring, through days of sleet and gloom, it flaunts its beauty triumphantly before our starved and thankful eyes.