

Flowers.

The season for sowing your Flower Seeds will soon be here. We give you a few illustrations of some that you all can raise, and all would like. Mr. James Vick, of Rochester, has presented us with a very fine assortment for our garden. He has also favored us with a few of his expensive and handsome illustrations. We know of no better place in America to procure Flower Seeds. If you have not seen his Catalogue, send 20 cents to Rochester and get it. It is well worth the money to every one that is fond of flowers. We have a few choice flower seeds, that have been raised by our daughter's in our own garden, and we advertise some of them in our list of seeds for this month. About the 1st of June is the safest time to sow them in the open air. If you sow too soon you may get them frozen, or stunted, or they may rot in the ground. We have been so busy with our Seed Grain and Potatoes, and battling with vicissitudes that you cannot dream of, that our Ladies' Department is not so well looked after as we could wish. We live in hope of making very great improvements in this Department, as well as all others, before another spring arrives.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

Fruit Garden.

BY ALEX. PONTNEY.

The greatest bulk of tree-planting done in Canada has to be done this month. On receiving trees from a distance, it often happens that they have to lay some time before they can be permanently sent down, in which case they should be carefully heeled in, not thrown down carelessly with just a little soil thrown over the roots loosely, or perhaps only an old mat, or something of the sort—but buried deeply in the soil, which should be firmly pressed about the roots with the foot, so that every fibre may feel the soil, and draw moisture therefrom, to supply the evaporation constantly going on. More trees are probably lost from neglect of this precaution than from any other cause. Young trees that are vigorous and healthy are to be preferred to large and older ones.

Should a package arrive in a withered condition from delay in transportation, &c., untie the bundle and bury completely for a few days under the soil in a moist place. The trees will then come out plump and fresh in every respect.

Grafting should be done as soon as the buds show signs of swelling. Cherries and plums first, then pears and apples.

In planting grape-vines, cut back all the top to two or three buds, and allow the last one of them to make a shoot. The object to be attained is plenty of roots first, then top.

Set out young shoots of raspberries and blackberries in rows from 4 to 6 feet apart. Currants and gooseberries 4 feet apart, and cut well back.

Strawberries should be planted out as early as possible in rows 2 feet apart and 18 inches between the plants.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

Vegetable Garden.

BY ALEX. PONTNEY.

Early potatoes, peas, summer spinach, herbs of all sorts, early turnips, parsnips, carrots, should be sown at once if not done last month. Ground prepared for early cabbage, cauliflower, and some early celery for first use, should be got out as soon as plants can be procured.

Asparagus beds would be benefitted by a top dressing of salt.

All the hardy varieties of annuals can be sown towards the end of the month. The half-hardy kinds which have been raised under glass, as German Asters,

Stocks, Zinnias, Balsams, &c., cannot be put out with perfect safety until after the 10th of June.

Bear in mind that liberal applications of well-rotted manure will give the greatest amount of good, early, healthy vegetables, and no seeds should be sown until the ground has been thoroughly prepared.

Spading the ground is to be preferred to ploughing, if it can be done.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

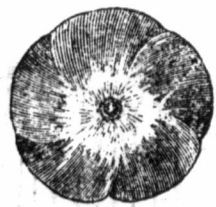
Concord Grape.

BY ALEX. PONTNEY.

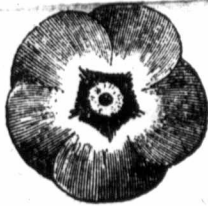
The present month is the one best suited for planting the Grape. Every one



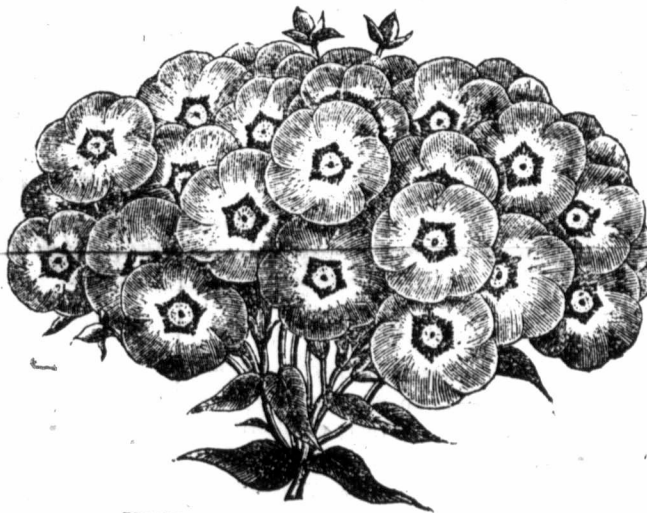
CAMPANULA SPECULUM.



CALLIOPSIS.



FLOWERS—NATURAL SIZE.



PHLOX DRUMMONDII—FLOWERING BRANCH.

One old variety, which very seldom figures now except in the pages of some nursery catalogue, or some general advertisement, has however, by its sterling good qualities, exhibited under all kinds of circumstances, and all sorts of locations, preserved its identity and good name among all the host of competitors, and is even now speaking out so plainly, that we find Mr. Knox, probably the greatest fruit grower in the United States,—fruiting more plants of it than of any other variety.

We mean the "Concord."

When the Messrs. Longworth of Cincinnati offered a prize for the best Grape for the whole of the United States,—not for certain favored localities only, but for the wide-spread extent of the whole country,—the Concord claimed and won the proud distinction.

The Fruit Growers' Association of Upper Canada some years ago agreed upon four sort of Grapes as the best for Canada. Among them is the Concord.

The Concord is described as having bunches and berries very large, almost black, thickly covered with beautiful bloom, very hardy, and exceedingly vigorous and productive—much less liable to mildew than either the Isabella or Catawba. Similar in quality to the Isabella, but ripens two weeks earlier.

owning a yard of ground ought to plant a Grape Vine. The side of a house, end of a shed, and numerous other places, could at one and the same time be made both ornamental and sources of profit, by hiding their bare nakedness beneath the luxuriant foliage of some hardy grape vine.

The difficult point to determine, is—where so many varieties are paraded before the public, each with some superior excellence of its own—especially where space is limited, what kind shall I plant?

The American Horticultural Journals have of late teemed with advertisements and descriptions of the Eumelau. Previously the Martha had quite a rage; further back still the Adirondac was lauded without measure.

The Family Tryst.**CHAPTER II—Continued.**

Family worship was now performed. Abel Alison prayed as fervently, and with as grateful a heart as he had done the night before, for his piety did not keep an account current of debtor and creditor with God. All was God's—of his own he had nothing. God had chosen to vary to him the mode and place of his few remaining years on earth. Was that a cause for repining? God had given him health, strength, a loving wife, dutiful children, a good conscience. No palsy had stricken him—no fever devoured him—no blindness darkened his path. Only a few gray hairs were as yet sprinkled among the black. His boys could bear being looked at and spoken to in any company, gentle or simple; and his daughters, they were like the water lilies, that are serene in the calm clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves. So Abel Alison and all his family lay down on their beds, and long before midnight they were all fast asleep.

The time came when the farm—the bonny farm of the How—was given up, and another family took possession. Abel's whole stock was taken by the new tenant, who was a good and honest, and merciful man, at a fair valuation. With the sum thus got, Abel paid all his debts—that large fatal one—and his few small ones at the carpenter's shop, the smithy, and Widow Anderson's, the green, grey, black, brown and white grocer of the village; and then he and his family were left without a shilling. Yet none pitied them—they were above pity. They would all have scorned either to beg or borrow, for many of their neighbours were as poor, and not a great many much richer than themselves, after all; and therefore they set their cheerful faces against the blast, and it was never felt to touch them. The eldest son immediately hired himself at high wages—for his abilities, skill and strength were well known—as head servant with the richest farmer in the next parish, which was famous for its agriculture. The second son, who was an ingenious and thoughtful cast of character, engaged himself as one of the under-gardeners at Pollock Castle; and the third, Abel the wag, became a shepherd with an old friend of his father's, within a few hundred yards of the How. The eldest daughter went into service in the family of the Laird of Southfield, one of the most respectable in the parish. The second was kindly taken into the Manse, as a nurse to the younger children, and a companion to the elder; and Alice, who, from her sweet voice, was always called the Linnet, became a shepherdess along with her brother Abel. The mother went to the Hall to manage the dairy—the Baronet being a great man for cheese and butter—and the father lived with her in a small cottage near the Hall gate, employing himself in every kind of work that offered itself, out of doors or in, came amiss to his fingers, whether it required a delicate touch or a strong blow. They were they all settled to their heart's content, were the hedgerows were quite green; though somewhat scattered, yet were they all within two hours' journey of each other, and their hearts were all as close together as when inhabiting the sweet, lone, bird-nest-like cottage of the How.

The year with all its seasons fled by—the long warm months of summer, when the night brings coolness rather than the shut of light—the fitful, broken, and tempestuous autumn—the winter, whose short but severe days of toil in the barn, and cheerful fireside nights, with all their work and all their amusements—soon—too soon, it is often felt, give way to the open weather and active spring—the busy, working, enlivening spring—were now flown by—and it was the day of the Family Tryst, the dear Twelfth Day of the beautiful but capricious month of May.

Had any one died whose absence would damp the joy and hilarity of the Family-Tryst, and make it a meeting for the shedding of tears? No. A kind God had counted the beatings of every pulse, and kept the blood of them all in a tranquil flow. The year had not passed by without many happy greetings—they had met often and often—at church—at market—on chance visits at neighbors' houses—and not rarely at the cottage at the Hall-gate. There had been nothing deserving the name of separation. Yet, now that the hour of the Family-Tryst was near at hand, all their hearts bounded within them, and they saw before them all day, that smooth verdant plat, and heard the delightful sound of that Water-fall.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

MR. WELD,—The one eye of Rose potato you sent me last spring, in a letter, done well. I got 17 potatoes in all, one of which weighed 18 ozs.

I tried a few Norway Oats last spring—about half an ounce or a little more—and got 10 pounds good quality. I drilled them in rows. They were a little hurt with the wet, as they were planted on low ground.

Yours truly,

PHOEBE BEAMER.

Gainsborough, April 4, 1870.

A misfortune, like a storm in travelling, gives zest for the sunshine, freshness to the prospect, and often introduces an agreeable companion for the remainder of our journey.