
ON GARDENS

have been. "However," she went on, cheering up again, "nearly all the annuals do well here in Toronto if planted in the open air. You only have to wait a little longer for them to flower. Come and tell me which ones you'd get."

So we looked through the illustrated lists, where the glowing beauty of magnificent bloom overlaid and hid the few unobtrusive leaves on the compact and shapely plants shown; where the new varieties of well-known favorites far surpassed anything ever seen before in that line; where the novelties "for the first time introduced at great cost" from far-off countries made one long to dwell in such flower-blessed lands—and we found it difficult to decide.

Mary said she didn't want an ordinary, commonplace lot of flowers, when she could just as well have nicer ones. With the wisdom born of experience and disappointments, I suggested petunias, as being showy and a pretty sure crop,—but she laughed at me. I spoke of candytuft, alyssum, marigolds,—and she intimated that I had common tastes. I ventured on zinnias,—and she scorned me. Nasturtiums and mignouette appeased her somewhat; but when I recommended poppies and scarlet runners she picked up her books and left me. She said she was not cross, but our ideas seemed so entirely at variance that perhaps we had better not discuss the matter any longer.

I hear she has planted a choice variety of