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The Canadian Florist AND Cottage Gardener.

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SUMMER TIME.

An early Spring and favourable weather, thus far, has brought many kinds of vegetables into market earlier than usual, and appearances point to the probability of an abundant harvest of Hay, grain and vegetables. In some few localities the hot, dry spell, has caused a little grumbling, but again the clouds have brought beautiful showers, causing the earth to yield her increase. Small fruits are abundant and consequently prices are low; but still there is a living profit, and the demand good for most all varieties for canning, to say nothing about those purchased for present consumption.

NOT UP TO TIME.

Come, Mr. Publisher, what is the matter. I have not yet received the July Number of the Magazine. This is the burden of many Post Cards lately from our subscribers. Well, dear readers, I'll tell you a little what is the matter. This Editor of ours is inclined to think himself a mighty strong man, and that he can carry a fearful load and do work enough for four ordinary men, besides looking after the editorial work of this magazine. Although aware of the dreadful consequences of overwork, but still will not part with any portion of his load. We suppose this work will go on until the machine runs down, and as the key is lost and machinery very complicated, there is no chance of repairs. Well, he says he has got through another Spring's work safely—and he will be able to do his part for the remainder of the year towards getting the magazine out on or ahead of time; and he further promises to have his work ready so that the October Number will come out in September, thus making amends for the delay in this Number.

Bunches of fresh violets stowed away beneath the garment, afford the only perfumery some of our belles will have about them. We admire their taste.

Our Boys and Girls Corner.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE TIMOTHY.

Ah, my boys and girls, I am afraid some of you have been thinking, and maybe saying, hard things about Uncle Tim not being more prompt in sending those seeds promised. Well, I will say in my defence that I have done the best I could under the circumstances. Mostly all those who wrote to me were sent the three packets of seeds; then when it was rather late for sowing seed, I sent a small box of seedling plants of Phlox, Asters, and Balsams by mail, costing me more postage than the seed would; yet I wanted to keep my promise good, and yet there is a few still I find, on turning over my letters, that must now wait until the fall, when I will send a few bulbs that will flower next spring by putting out in the garden. You don't know how sorry I am if any have been disappointed, but my work was so arduous and so much more than usual to do, that it was impossible to do more or better than I have done.

I have a few interesting letters from some of my boys and girls that I think will give some pleasure to our young beginners. The first one is from Stirling.

DEAR UNCLE TIMOTHY:

I presume you will be surprised to hear from me, a total stranger, but I thought I would like to join your society. When your agent was around Grandma Mendell subscribed for the "Cottage Gardener," and she is well pleased with it.

My age is ten. Do you not think that I am old enough to have a little flower garden of my own? I am going to try it, so I thought by writing to you that you would be kind enough to send me a few seeds. I saw some Pansies from the seed you sent last year and they were gorgeous.

We are all very fond of plants, and Grandma has a large quantity of house plants.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

I remain, your neice,

MAY GREENE.

Our next letter is from a Belleville neice, who has had grand success last season with her seeds and flowers:

MY DEAR UNCLE "TIM,"

You do not know how sorry I am that I did not write to you before the new year, and tell you about the pretty flowers I had last summer. If I had written to you as often as I had thought about you, I believe you would have had more letters from me than any other of your neices—because every time I looked at the lovely flowers, I could not help thinking what a dear, good uncle I had some place in the world. I just wish you could have seen my pansy bed, and I think the Asters were the prettiest I ever saw. They were every one double, and there were a great many different colors, such as red, pink, purple, white and lilac;

and the Phlox were the largest my ma said she ever saw. I gathered seeds from them all and hope to have a very pretty flower garden next summer.

From your neice,
PANSY.

Here comes a letter from a neice in Hastings:

DEAR UNCLE TIM,

I may say as another of your neices said some time ago in a letter to you, "I have many uncles, but none called Tim but you," and I think I may call you a good uncle, for there was not one of them sent me a card but you, for which I am much obliged. Pa says he thinks it is worth 25 cents itself, and that I may have it framed. I have neglected writing to you, or have not had time, for I am going to school, and was working hard so that I might pass the entrance examination at Christmas, and I am so happy to inform you I have succeeded. I must say I was not very successful with my seeds last season, but you must not think I am discouraged, for when I fail in anything I always think of the old rhyme,

If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, again.

Last August when I read your magazine, I longed to have the next Number. I think they are worth the 25 cents—and more too. I enclose you 50 cents for subscription and collection of ten packets of flower seeds—you may choose for me.

I still remain your loving neice,

ENIMA SCRIVER.

I find some of my nephews and neices acknowledge receiving the handsome New Year card I sent to all. We have one more letter from a neice in Picton, which I am afraid will fill up all the space allowed us.

DEAR UNCLE TIM:

I have to beg you will excuse me this time for my seeming ingratitude in not writing to you sooner and letting you know the bulbs arrived safely, as they did, and for which I am greatly obliged. I got them all planted, and the Hyacinths are growing nicely. I received the New Year card and January number of the Magazine, for which I also thank you. Ma is going again to subscribe for me this year, and I think I can send you another subscriber. We are going to send for some seeds soon, and pa will try and make more room for our flowers. I will let you know how the tulips come on in the spring if all is well.

Your much obliged neice,

ANNIE REDMOND.

Well, I suppose I must conclude, all is not well with Annie, for not a word has come about the Tulips. I hope there is nothing very serious in Annie's case, but that it is only a serious case of neglect in writing on her part. She was the successful one in giving the correct names of bulbs in the cut of bulbous flowers inserted in last October number of Magazine. Other letters I will try and find space in next number of Magazine.

FROM YOUR LOVING UNCLE TIM.