

That designed for the Brassicas was filled with heavy loam and dressed with lime and salt, whilst the soil for the roots, beans and lettuce was of lighter texture. Each year the sides are changed and so the balance is kept. In the second week of April we sow the little English cabbages (full of heart and juice, flavoured like asparagus and utterly unlike the dreadful "Drumhead"), small Savoys, "Aigburth" Brussels Sprouts and early-sprouting Cauliflower. Thinned out and nourished with nitrate of soda from time to time, these all do well and last on until late autumn. Brussels Sprouts, by the way, resent summer nourishment, which sends them to leaf. Chard is better and more lasting than Spinach; Beans, preferably "Early Mohawk," have to wait until fear of frost is over and are then sown every fortnight until July 18th. Lettuce can be continued in the same way. An asparagus bed was made on the side of the garden facing west, and is now beginning to make us a return for many hard fights with the "beetle."

Six years ago, we added to our property by the purchase of a strip of the old garden, made a long time ago, by the Hon. Rupert Wells. It lay in a hollow at the south end of our ground. Time and unavoidable neglect had filled it with unwieldy overgrowth, but once it had been a river bed, a clay belt ran through it, and dreams of future rose beds presented themselves to me. There were difficulties, of course, but the gardener loves these. Now they have been gradually overcome. First a rustic summer-house was moved bodily, under the direction of Mr. Grainger, of Deer Park, and now, as the photograph shows, it is placed near the upper rockery and has become an indispensable blessing—a place for meditation and for afternoon tea, a refuge, later on in the year, for delicate plants, and now, in deep autumn, a storehouse for the leaves and straw that are to cover the beds.

OF course we had to grade to the lower land, and now the slope is a dream of beauty. First we sowed clover in the dreadful sterile sand, which we mixed, on the surface, with about an inch of good leaf-mould; then, having turned in the clover as a fertilizer, we sowed grass and cut beds, which we filled with heavy loam and planted with many kinds of Ramblers and Wichuraiana Roses. They flourished in their new home, and it is a delight, in June, to gaze at the long flowering sprays of Hiawatha, Tausendschon, American Pillar, Lady Gay, Dorothy Perkins and the Ramblers. Far below, at the end of a narrow path and under the shadow of a grape vine, ferns and pitcher plants luxuriate; near them is a bank of polyanthus and violas. Ascending this bank by a flight of steps over which two Pink Hawthorns stand sentinel, one finds the first fulfilment of the Rose dream in a bed of Hybrid Perpetuals which has been made upon the site of the summer-house. Since then, other spots have been found in this lower garden for Hybrid Teas, and a sight of them all on a June morning, as they spread their bright flowers to the light, and sparkle and shimmer with diamonds of morning dew, is a cause of thankfulness.

In a shady bed, beside the roses, there are lilies now; shade loving, stately lilies, growing in the peat soil that they love; and, so far, they are doing well. Among them are: Giganteum, with white flowers flushed on the outer side with purple; L. Sulphureum, L. Pardalinum (the Leopard lily, yellow with spots of crimson); L. Krameri, a lovely pink; L. Speciosum or the Japanese lily, with their yellow cousin, L. Henryi; L. Testaceum, all clad in nankeen, and the beautiful "Madonnas." Truly a lily bed is an abode of peace. One word about my Darwin Tulips, another about my Crocuses, and I have done.

The former are now in the borders, ready for spring; and plants of Sutton's "Royal Blue Forget-me-not" are under cover, ready to join them in the flowering time. They make a pretty picture together; a harmony and yet a contrast; pride and humility; the Tulips standing as haughty champions over the little plants that look up with adoring gratitude in their blue eyes. The Crocuses are the one delight of the front garden. There is too much shadow there for perennials, though this year I have attempted a bed in fear and trembling. But the Crocuses, appearing in the grass, like jewels of topaz and amethyst set amid emeralds, are the joy of old and young, and the weary faces of the toilers light up when they see these little flowers. They are no trouble and are easily planted, by lifting the sod with an inch or two of soil, planting three or four bulbs in a group, and replacing the grass. They should never be disturbed, but a few should be added, every autumn, to their number.

I could write of a bed of giant Delphiniums, blue as the sky; of German and English Iris; of Columbines, Phloxes and Peonies, but there is no space.



In a Toronto Garden—China Asters in Full Flower.

One thing I will add: a splendid English gardener comes to me for two days and a half in the week and renders me invaluable assistance with his skill and his counsel. All the rest is done by myself,

and I can assure intending amateur horticulturists that their trouble will be well rewarded.

A "Rare" Orchid

IN a daily paper it was stated that at the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition there was shown a rare Orchid, found in a London (England) backyard. It was correctly named, *Cypripedium spicerianum*, but to describe it as rare or that it was found as stated is inaccurate. The writer was one of the first to examine this flower, which at that time *was* rare. It is quite familiar now in many English greenhouses and came from abroad with other Orchids, which are always sent as dry roots. Sometimes a consignment contains precious rarities, as the plants are frequently collected out of the flowering season, hence the collector is unacquainted with the character of the kind he is gathering. That is the reason rich floral gems occur when least expected. This *Cypripedium* is not difficult to cultivate and should be one of the first chosen by the beginner in the growing of Orchids.

It is usually thought that the Orchid, of which so much has been written during recent years, is an exotic that as regards its cultivation and rarity stands alone, the aristocrat of the floral world. But this is a mistake. Many of the Lady Slippers, the popular name of the *Cypripedium* from the slipper-like formation of centre of the flower are in some instances, *C. insigne*, for example, almost as tractable to manage as a Geranium, and need simply a greenhouse to develop their fullest growth. The flowers last two or three weeks after they have been gathered from the plant. It must not be forgotten that some Orchids luxuriate almost on the snow line.



Midsummer Effects in an Arch of Roses and Honeysuckles in a City Garden.



A Shady Corner in Mrs. Baines' Garden, Bloor Street West, Toronto.