

adorned lawn, gay in its wealth of bloom. It may be well to follow this border—though other views beckon as invitingly—in order that some attempt at a systematic description may be made. What a joy that border is whenever studied! Recently it was in full summer garb, and stately holyhocks (yes, the single old-time kinds long since voted not fashionable enough for our gardens) in soft pinks and cream, with tall blue delphiniums, primrose-yellow foxgloves, flowering shrubs, etc., make the background for the dwarfer occupants of this floral community. Glimpses there are of the plumy white of spireas, but Mr. Allan, the head gardener, has edged this large herbaceous border with the prosaic members of the kitchen garden. Here the carrot waves its plumy green leaves down the full length of the border as proudly as any ferns could do, and it was an attractive sight. Near neighboring is the beet which parallels the other row, and is as upright and dignified as any coleus could be.

Throughout this border, from the beginning until one reaches the gravel walk which leads from the house and paved garden to the pergola (that is the background for the herbaceous border throughout the entire depth of lawn at this section of the grounds) are old-time favorites, as well as many of the newer hybrids of these plants. In this, as in the beds situated on the other side of the path and fronting the greenhouses, one finds many interesting plants. Here, for instance, are gaillardias, not the variety which, from its harsh red and yellow coloring, justified the name of "Blanket flower" being given, since it cannot fail to recall to mind the warm winter covering, but hybrids producing pale flesh-yellow petals with a crimson ring, and others in pale creamy tints, so much lovelier

than the kind usually found. Just beyond are clumps of dainty potentillas. One of these near the entrance to the pergola is delightfully colored, giving hints of primrose-yellow, wallflower-reds and rich browns. Beyond this are the bright miniature marigolds which have not the unpleasant strong scent of the large flowering variety, but when brushed in passing emit a scent rather suggesting lemon.



A spacious pergola adds interest and beauty to the grounds at Craigleigh.

On the occasion of this visit the rockeries (of which there are several) were given special attention. The one in the rear of the pergola was, as usual, very attractive, though the early beauty had passed and the full summer glory was not yet attained. Wandering down the pergola from this point