

JUNE 1, 1911

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

and no disrespect intended, Mr. and Mrs. Evan, both, that Eliza could go back to cookin', her bread bein' approved, if her kidneys is as yet underdone and bacon flabby, while I'd handle the laundry quite away and private, besides lending a hand, as one of the tenantry might, with jam and Christmas puddings!"

"Good Old Reliable!" exclaimed Evan, patting Martha on the back; while I do not blush, dear Garden Boke, to say that, braving an eye poke from the red rose, I kissed her—the hereditary servant with our comfort inseparable from her own. This act, however, she promptly discounted by saying with a suspicious sniff:

"Thank ye kindly both. One aint hexactly responsible for acts, when hexcited by talk of weddin's. For Effie she's that pleased she's near forgot her manners, too, on account of me asking her to be bridesmaid, which belonging to his family is suitable, and Timothy'll give here a new gown to wear, her savin's being small, and those she brought from 'ome bein' drawn too tight in the front o' the body."

Exit Martha. Enter father, so suddenly that he was self-convicted of eaves-dropping, and tumbling into a chair, rocked with laughter.

"Tim told me this afternoon," he gasped. "'Doctor,' he said, 'Martha Corkle's going to marry me. She asked me this morning.' But he put it differently as to preliminaries. It seems that he has admired Martha since the day we set the sundial, but in his youth, having been jilted by a girl the day they were to marry, he left his home after swearing 'by the hearthstone,' which he considers an inviolable oath, never to ask another woman to be his wife."

"He was greatly bothered, and finally resolved that he pine and mope, and perchance work upon her pity; and I don't know which pleases him most, the circumvention, as he thinks, or the winning of Martha."

This insight from Crumpled Tim, the woman-hater! So each one takes the credit for the result.

"Which," added father, blowing his nose vigorously, "I believe to be a love match to the core, in spite of the contrariety of the principals."

"And what do you suppose Tim asked of me as 'a token' for his housekeeping but The Orphan?"

"'Doctor,' he said, a comical look spreading over his features, 'a woman's a good thing, and a dog's an-ither, and I'm weel suited ter baith in the same year. Gin a year agone, I'd an ill word for the wan and a kick for the ither.'"

"Barbara," said Evan, after a moment's silence, "did I not say that the question of the 'home-brewed' would probably adjust itself?"

This being during our three married years his nearest approach to "I told you so," is additional proof of Evan's superiority over his sex.

XVIII.
OCTOBER.

The Year's Mind.

October 18. The first real frost came to the garden last night, though for two weeks past the hoar has silvered the lowlands at every sunrise. The heliotrope hangs its blackened head, and the vigorous nasturtiums are spilling their sap as the season's sacrifice. A few verbenas, Margaret carnations and rosebuds alone remain of the summer garden. The Dahlias, owing to protection, have gained a few days' reprieve, but their quality is impaired. After a hard frost all flowers droop when taken indoors, except the hardy old-time chrysanthemums, whose red, yellow, white, and tawny buttons seldom fail to outlast the month.

The pit is finished, and comfortably enclosed in it are the various cuttings of the tea roses, together with the first instalment of potted bulbs for winter blooming. This year I am trying Bermuda Easter lilies as house plants, having prepared a dozen pots of large bulbs that, after being buried, will evolve gradually through the pit to the den windows.

The violets are quite settled in their frames, and to-day Evan is wearing some in his buttonhole.

Frost is never welcome, and yet without it one would lack the courage to destroy and regulate the garden for its winter sleeping season. Frost bids us pause and retrospect, giving us time to note the difference between the good and the illy planned before snow obliterates the traces. For this reason October is the "year's mind" of the garden, the anniversary of completion.

Ah, the glitter and sparkle of the mornings and the rides down to the shore and along the crisp shingle! I never care much for the bay in season, when the summer people use it for a bath-tub, or disport themselves nervously in naphtha launches that fret its placid surface. But when the October winds have scattered these, and the gulls return to circle and call, then I must go to the water, for my heart answers the gulls' notes with a wild cry, and, like them, has its time of venturous free flight. Father goes with me, and often we do not speak a word after the light-house boat answers our signal, but sit and watch the water slip off the oars, in the complete companionship of silence.

Walks, too, there are, long walks to the hill country, both for the pleasure of motion and for ferns to add to the wild garden, Evan toiling home with a well-filled pack like a veritable pedler, while I carry a fishing basket slung over the shoulder to harbour more delicate plants. For alack! a bit of our favorite woods is being stripped of its trees and turned to a quarry, so that now any plants that we take cannot be reckoned despoiling, but rather a rescue.

Martha and Tim were married yesterday at noon in the den, and Evan gave away the bride. Martha would have preferred a church wedding, but the suggestion had such a paralyzing effect upon Tim that she quickly abandoned it, wisely remarking:

"It may be just as well, Mrs. Evan. I'd not be for pushing a dis-senter too far!"

I decorated the room with flowers from town, and made a little bower of the earliest of my potted chrysanthemums. Martha looked really superb in a black-silk gown, Evan's gift, and a reasonably decorative white bonnet of my own making, for her taste in headgear is not to be trusted; while Effie wore a darkish blue that mediated between her fiery hair and freckles.

The dogs all came to the wedding with white bows on their collars. This, at Martha's request, and the Anglican Catholic did not object; while The Orphan acted as best man, sitting close to Tim, at whom he gazed solemnly, and wagged his tail audibly whenever he responded, which Tim did with full swearing vigor.

After the feast the couple were to have gone down to the city for a few days, sight-seeing, but the cake was hardly cut, and the bride toasted, when Tim seemed to grow uneasy, and mumbling something about Bertle's having no hand with horses, edged toward the door, followed by Martha, who explained in answer to questioning looks:

"Thank you all kindly, but the thought of the town, 'twas quite enough for us. Tim's new boots bein' over small, and my silk gown that rich and thick 'twere a sin to sit down in it, we'll just slip over home-ards to the 'cottage' instead, and ease us of them and have a cosy cup o' tea, and no disrespect intended."

Sure enough, at five o'clock Timothy was leading the grays to the watering trough, the same as usual, save only one difference: Tim, the erstwhile silent, was whistling "The Campbells are Coming" in at least three keys.

As Evan always cheerfully predicts, things do adjust themselves, and this marriage is a distinct gain to me. Martha in the kitchen was just a trifle oppressive. Martha in the cottage will prove a substantial guardian angel.

I said almost a year ago that if I

The Charm of a Gourlay Piano

is that its tone responds
to any & every mood of
the player.

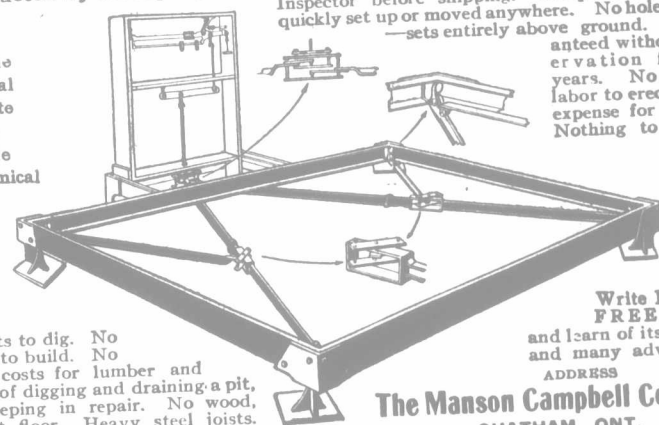
There is a crispness &
delicacy of tone for the
daintiest improvisation &
yet for the more exacting
passages there is a richness
and volume such as is
usually found only in
Grand Pianos of the
very highest quality.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming
188 Yonge Street - Toronto

This New Portable, Pitless Wagon and Stock Scale is Simpler, Stronger, Cheaper and

far more durable than old-style scales. Absolutely accurate—designed and constructed by an expert, every scale sealed and inspected by Government Inspector before shipping. Complete in itself—quickly set up or moved anywhere. No holes to dig—sets entirely above ground. Guaranteed without reservation for ten years. No skilled labor to erect. No expense for extras. Nothing to decay.

Pitless
Portable
Practical
Accurate
Simple
Durable
Economical



No pits to dig. No walls to build. No extra costs for lumber and labor of digging and draining a pit, or keeping in repair. No wood, except floor. Heavy steel joists. Everything complete and perfect.

Write Now for
FREE BOOK
and learn of its low cost
and many advantages.
ADDRESS

The Manson Campbell Co., Ltd.
CHATHAM, ONT.

204

Have you received a copy of our
illustrated Bulletin No. 600, describing

Waterous Steel Silos

Some people have the idea that a steel silo is unusually expensive, that it is difficult to erect, hard to keep from rusting, will attract lightning and will not preserve ensilage better than an ordinary silo of wood or cement. This bulletin has been written, not so much to advertise this silo as to convince you that these impressions are dead wrong.

We have printed in it a few letters from some of our last years customers that will be sure to interest you.

If you are contemplating the erection of a silo, or if you would "just like to know," send a post card for bulletin No. 600.

THE WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO.,
LIMITED
BRANTFORD CANADA

Please Mention The Farmer's Advocate