

What Species of Garden Will You Have?

We were quite delighted this afternoon, when reading a bit from that delightful book, "Mrs. Ely's Hardy Garden," to come upon the following: "A craze for Italian gardens is seizing upon people generally, regardless of the architecture of their houses. To my mind, an Italian garden, with its balustrades, terraces, fountains and statues, is as inappropriate for surrounding a colonial or an ordinary country house as would be a Louis XV. drawing-room in a farmhouse." . . . Now, can you tell me why we were delighted? Why but that, as a rule, people are always pleased when they come upon their own ideas expressed by those universally recognized as authorities. We had, a couple of issues ago, expressed disapproval of the Italian clipped-trees style of gardening for the farm, and it was satisfying to find the point pressed home by so celebrated an authority as the author of "Hardy Garden."

Mrs. Ely goes on to say: "The simple, formal gardens of 100 years ago, with box-edged paths, borders, and regular box-edged beds, are always beautiful, never become tiresome, and have the additional merit of being appropriate either to the fine country place or the simple cottage." . . . This assertion we accept, with modifications. We would not recommend the English garden as the universal farm garden. There are some situations in which Nature's own method, a free, careless alternation of grove, and woodland rift, and dipping hollow, with a carpet of wild flowers below—*hepatica*, dog's-tooth violet, *trillium*, *aquilegia*, Dutchman's breeches, wood violets, white snakeroot, Cardinal flowers, asters, and goldem-rod in season, with ferns everywhere—would be most appropriate; while in others, where conditions are not so favorable, and



space is limited, and time, perhaps, too, a simple grass plot, with a border all round, crowded with flowers, would be most satisfactory. We have one in mind now, an oblong garden at the back of a house where a chip-yard had once been, with a

able variation from the burst of color all about—*nasturtiums* climbing over the fence and shooting their flame-like blossoms everywhere; sweet peas, dainty in white and pink and purple; asters in clumps like woolly *chrysanthemums*; *snap-dragons* and



FIG. 2.—The Bordered Grass-plot.

wire-net fence all round, a grass plot in the center, and a simple border, riotous with bloom, just inside the fence. Outside of all a corn-field, with lush-green leaves waving seven feet high, formed a pleasing background of green that added materially to the effect of the whole. This garden was eminently satisfactory. It left a space in the center where the children might romp and play croquet, or where the clothes might be bleached. The uninterrupted green space, too, formed an agree-

zinnias glowing defiantly, with four-o'clocks massing in clumps four feet high. We had never before this time cared for four-o'clocks. When we saw these, we concluded that we had never seen them before. The proud gardener said that the chip-yard had something to do with it, and several generous loads of manure which had been brought in to enrich the border. However that may be, we fell in love with four-o'clocks at once.

So we would say, if you have a delightful grove close to your house,

as in Fig. 1, don't let any one persuade you into cluttering it up with zinnias and golden-glow. Get your wild flowers and ferns in, and as many of them as possible. . . . If you have just a little space fenced in—hard-pan at that—and not too much time to spend on flowers, try the scheme shown at Fig. 2. . . . But if you have a mania for flowers, and plenty of time, by all means have an English garden, which is quite suitable as an adjunct to a large lawn, if placed either at the side or back of the house, or if you care all for flowers and nothing for grass, as the complete plan for a garden of limited space. . . . Only, remember this, DON'T cut up a lawn into flower beds. Either have a little garden, all beds, with walks between, or unbroken spaces of grass with flowers in borders. A grass plot cut up into flower-beds always reminds one of a 'ten-pin' alley, and one wishes for a few magic bowls with which to shoot the flower-beds away.

The illustration, Fig. 3, will give you a very good idea of the formal, English garden. It requires a good deal of time in the first making, for the walks must be gravelled and the beds constructed with care; but, when once in shape, it will do with but little remaking for years, and will require only the ordinary weeding, cultivation, etc., to keep it in order. In this country, such plants as feverfew, dusty miller, *alysum* and *ageratum* are substituted for the regulation "Box" edging.

Choose now what the style of your garden is to be—the wild wood, convenient and artistic (such as shown in the second illustration of two weeks ago), simple bordered plot, or English garden. It will pay you to have all arranged long before spring opens and it is time to plant. Next time we hope to give a few hints as to height and duration of bloom of some of our most popular flowers.

Boston Beans.

Dear Dame Durden,—I have been enjoying the Ingle Nook chats, so thought I would draw up my chair too. I am sending my recipe for chocolate pie for the benefit of the readers of the Ingle Nook chats, hoping someone will try it. Will someone kindly send me a recipe for Boston baked beans?

CHOCOLATE PIE.

Line a piepan with rich pie-crust, and bake in a quick oven. Grate $\frac{1}{2}$ teacup of chocolate; place in a saucepan, with 1 cup hot water, butter the size of an egg, 1 tablespoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, and 2 tablespoons cornstarch (dissolved in water). Mix well. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Pour into the pie-shell, and let cool. Make a meringue of the 2 egg whites, beaten stiff, with 1 teaspoon powdered sugar, spread over the pie. Slightly brown in the oven. POLLY. Bruce Co., Ont.

I have a recipe for Boston baked beans, which I think you will find very good. I got it one day at a picnic, away up among the Laurentians, sitting beside the little lake at Kingsmere. I wonder if any of you have ever been there; if you have gone, as we did, on a beautiful 24th of May, in a big side-seated wagon, up and up and up, by gentle gradations along roads that seemed just country lanes, with grass growing between the wheel ruts, and the fences all overgrown with berry bushes and Juneherry; and, oh! what glimpses everywhere of delightful valleys in which nestled the homes of the habitants. I remember one village—was it Chelsea?—where the little homes clustered around a church of cathedral-like vastness, as so many of the villages in Quebec do, and where the round rosy faces of little French children were turned to us from their play, and French signs appeared over the doorways and in the shop windows. After that another upward climb, and we were at Kingsmere, where a stone cottage has been set aside for the use of the Governor-General and his family.

We were a little disappointed with the view itself. It seemed tame after the vigorous—yes, I think that word is not



amiss—lakes of our north country; but the little pergola at the pump-house, with big purple violets growing in thousands around it, was delightful, and the flowers growing all through the wood leading to the peak were a constant surprise. I remember finding a pale-purple clematis, a stray one, perhaps, and a sort of dicentra (*Dutchman's breeches*), with pink flowers, somewhat resembling the bleeding heart of our gardens, but much smaller.

Then after a stiff climb, the first glimpse of the big wooden cross placed there by a Jesuit priest over a hundred

years ago; the scramble out upon the flat rock beside it, and the gasp of delight as we caught our first glimpse of the magnificent view below: hill, and valley, and wood, with rivers winding like silver threads, and, immediately below us, the pink cliffs all ablaze with the scarlet of wild columbine! There was no disappointment there. Even the rocks, the oldest on the American continent—hard, pink-mottled, igneous, not stratified like those of our western limestone formations—were a source of wonder and interest.

After that the climb down again to



FIG. 3.—The English Garden.

supper and—Boston beans! Dear me! I had forgotten all about them. Here, however, is the recipe, as I wrote it down that day on a bit of birch bark, losing my bit of bark afterwards, so that I had to have the recipe sent me again, a good testimonial as to its value:

Soak over night 1 quart of beans and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. (or $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. if preferred) salt pork. In the morning, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses, and put in a crock with a tight lid. Bake in the oven all day, adding water as required. If you don't like the molasses, you may leave it out, and eat your beans with tomato catsup.

I hope you will pardon this long digression; but Boston beans are invariably connected in my mind with Kingsmere, and I just had to let you "have it." In closing, I would like to say that if any of that merry party—teachers in the Chinese school—happen to read this, perhaps they will feel like sending a line or two to Dame Durden.

Banbury Cakes.

Dear Dame Durden,—I enclose a recipe for Banbury cakes, which, I think, is the one "A Young Housekeeper" is asking for. We are readers of "The Farmer's Advocate," and appreciate very much the helpfulness of the Ingle Nook.

Grey Co., Ont.

LILIAN.

Roll your paste about half an inch thick, and cut it into pieces, then roll again till each piece becomes twice the size; put some "Banbury meat" in the middle of one side, fold the other over it, and pinch it up into a somewhat oval shape; flatten it with your hand at the top, letting the seam be quite at the bottom; rub the tops over with the white of an egg, laid on with a brush, and dust loaf-sugar over them. Bake in a moderate oven. The "meat" for these cakes is made thus: Beat up a quarter of a pound of butter until it becomes of the consistency of cream; then mix it with half a pound of candied orange and lemon peel, cut fine, one pound of currants, a quarter of an ounce of ground cinnamon, and a quarter of an ounce of allspice; mix all well together, and keep in a jar till wanted for use.