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In My Garden

LATER BORDER FLOWERS.

Many perennial border flowers of early and midsummer blooming if properly managed come again with beauty in the late summer and autumn. The perennials delphinium are notable examples. But on the whole, unless the border is planted to be as delightful in late as in early summer a certain loss of freshness, variety, and color begins to be apparent in August.

This we want to avoid, and it is quite easy to do so if we tend properly the plants which have the characteristic of perpetuity, and introduce certain others whose season arrives after the dog days and extends to the time when leaves begin to fall.

Certain well-known subjects come at once to mind. The helianthus and helenium, the soldago (golden rod), and redbeckia are often seen. They are showy things, and perhaps because they are so commonly grown shades of yellow so dominate the borders in thousands of gardens in August. And yellow rules until blues and mauves and purples take up the dominance with the coming of the equally widely cultivated Michaelmas daisies. There are a yellow and a blue, or purple, phlox, and then comes the end.

Sources of Variety.

Now let us plant good varieties of the yellow flowering subjects named, and plenty of the better Michaelmas daisies, but also introduce in greater number certain other plants to provide diversity of effect. They need not be exclusively perennials, otherwise we shall not have the advantage of the fine results given up discreetly by planted groups of sun-flowers and hollyhocks, of the former some of the chocolate-red sorts as well as yellow.

Perennial phloxes should be given more attention. One sees the same few shades of red, white, and pink over and over again, to the neglect of some of the delicate salmon, bluish, lavender, and greyish-mauve shades, and the lilac blue, purple, scarlet, violet, and rich crimson varieties. There is a feast of hues in the phloxes.

The Japanese anemone, also, is a beautiful thing whose finer varieties are not too well known. They give more shade of red, white, and pink over and over again, to the neglect of some of the delicate salmon, bluish, lavender, and greyish-mauve shades, and the lilac blue, purple, scarlet, violet, and rich crimson varieties. There is a feast of hues in the phloxes.

In light soils the sea holly, and in most good soils the globe thistle, should be introduced for the late summer effect of their peculiar shades of blue. A bush of lavender here and there likewise should be seen, both the white and purple kinds. The helenium used should not comprise only the yellow-flowered varieties, for there are such striking sorts available as Riveston Gem and Riveston Beauty (the former of crimson shot with late centre), and Harlequin (golden yellow shaded with orange red).

Long Flowering Season.

Germs should be planted freely because they enrich the borders with a long season of flowers if properly tended. Good plants of Mrs. Bradshaw (crimson scarlet) and Lady Strathearn (bright yellow) are hard to beat. For the same reason anemones must have a prominent place—the gentian blue Dromore, and Opal (the hue of its name stone). They will flower into September with a little care.

A place or two should be found for the everlasting pea White Pearl. Its fine clusters of pure white flowers are excellent for cutting and are produced right into autumn. The kniphofia (red-hot poker) in its various shades of red and yellow is another very worthy plant.

Space forbids more than mere mention of a few other indispensable subjects, not necessarily perennials, for late summer colour. They are the statice mullen, the statice tradescantia, snapdragons (grown particularly for late flowering), African marigolds, and, among bulbous things, gladioli and lilies in variety.

Cats

THERE IS NO LOVE LIKE THE LOVE OF A CAT.

(By EDWIN PUGH.)
I find it very hard to praise cats without disparaging dogs, the more so as I am as fond of dogs as I am of cats. Indeed, I am fond of all animals, that it is possible to be fond of, even human beings. And here again I find it hard to agree with the man who said that the more he knew of men and women the more he liked dogs. If he had said "cats"!

But cats are unpopular. And to be either very unpopular or very popular is to be misunderstood.

"The Most Beautiful Creature."

I think I like and admire cats for the same qualities that I like and admire in people generally.

First, Beauty. When Keats wrote that a thing of beauty is a joy forever he uttered an immortal truth, although it was mostly the inanimate rather than the animate that he worshipped. If only he had watched a cat with the same intensity that he listened to a nightingale! A cat is perhaps the most beautiful creature on earth. Those who cannot distinguish between grotesque ugliness and beauty are surely. But that might be said of any animal that man has interfered with and tried to make as domesticated, counterfeited, and artificial as himself. What fault has that man to find with the colouring and marking of an orange tabby?

In Repose.

In motion there may be some birds and insects as beautiful as cats. In repose, no. The cat alone is as beautiful in repose as in motion. And that is because of its perfection of form. Every part of a cat seems specially made to serve every other part of it. Its head, its body, its legs, even its tail, are in accord with its exquisite proportions. That is why I do not wonder at ancient lovers of beauty regarding cats as something god-like, or at the high priest who cut off his sleeve rather than disturb a cat that was sleeping on it. Cats seem so beautiful to me that I would no more think of turning one out of a chair than I would think of painting a monstache on La Gioconda.

Then, their Courage. The finest courage is a sublime form of hypocrisy. Those who have no fear have no courage. Only those who are most afraid can be most brave. That is the cat's case. A few may catch a cat unawares and kill it at a stroke. But no dog I have ever known, and I have known many dogs, will seriously tackle a cat at bay.

The cat is essentially a fighting, hunting animal. Startled, it explodes like a squib and wheels about to face any threatened danger or indignity. And when it fights with its own kind it fights to the death, never to win on points.

There is no domestic animal more intelligent than the cat, unless you class the monkey among domestic



at all stores.
GERALD S. DOYLE,
Distributor.

animals. This is because the cat is never wholly tamed. That is why she cultivates that skill in the craft of hunting which is necessary to the wild beast's existence. The wholly tamed beast is dependent for its daily bread, so to speak, on its master, and so, having had no need to exercise its old, half-forgotten faculties, has lost them, and with them the greater part of its intelligence. This is where the dog, which still retains traces of its age-old instincts and habits, approximates in intelligence to the cat—incidentally, however, losing its self-respect.

The cat that tortures a mouse is no more cruel than the man who plays a fish. There is no difference between a man stalking a deer than a cat stalking a bird. They are sportsmen both. They begin by playing the game for the game's sake. In the matter of patience, perseverance, and indomitable fortitude, there is no creature to match them. Their so-called slyness and cunning merely mark the superiority of their methods as the mentality of a Raffles marks his superiority to the brutality of Bill Sikes.

The cat has one trait among others that I dislike, its ruthlessness in vengeance. It never forgets or forgives. If you tread on its tail and say roughly: "Get out of the way, you stupid thing!" it stalks off in silent rage and for ever after hates you. But if you tread on its tail and apologize for your clumsiness by saying: "Poor puss, then!" it understands and pardons you.

A Judge of Character.
Not even a child is a better judge of character than a cat. So fine is its discernment that it may fall in love with you at first sight. Otherwise you must feign and fawn, and pet and woo a cat before you can hope to win even its slightest favor, and to continue in the same until you are at last above suspicion before its perfect love is won.

And there is no love quite like the love of a cat. It is not the blind, senseless love, that will endure outrage, insult, neglect, or contumely for your sake. It is a jealous and exacting love. It is a love that brooks no rivals. At the same time, though it gives you its whole heart, it neither desires nor expects a whole-hearted devotion from you. It is reasonable in love as in all things. It is never importunate or inopportune. It knows when it is wanted or not wanted and behaves accordingly, sympathetically.

There is no animal on earth so like a real good fellow, or so unlike a woman, good or bad, as a cat.—John O'London.

CEILIDH — Going?
Yes! Where, to the B. I. S. Hall, St. Patrick's night, to hear all Irish music and have a good Dance.
mar14/21

Just Folks.
By EDGAR A. GUEST

WEANING THE BABY.

Her tears are very near to-day,
There's sorrow in her eyes,
For they have ordered her away
Where'er the baby cries.
There's little beauty in the sun
However fair the day be,
For now the mother has begun
The weaning of the baby.

No more upon her gentle breast
That little face may lie,
No more that little nose be pressed
Against her food supply.
No more by night, no more by day,
That wondrous pleasure may be
This shadow falls across the way,
The weaning of the baby.

Oh, you may smile, but mother sighs,
And now the hours are sad.
She sees the look of pained surprise
In eyes that once were glad,
And in her throat a lump comes up
That's big enough to throttle,
Because her lovely babe must sup
Her dinner from a bottle.

Now bottles can't sing lullabies
When tender babies die,
Or read the love in little eyes
When eagerly they shine,
And so she sadly says to me:
"I miss her fond caresses
The cuddling ways which used to be,
Her tuggings at my dresses."

"I'll miss her cry for me at night
And all her squeals of glee,
Her smile of welcome and delight
When she discovered
I'll miss the tie that holds me near
And long will every day be,
I'm sorry that the time is here
For me to wean the baby."

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—By Bud Fisher.

