

Beautiful Home Surroundings

By Franz A. Aust

Beautiful farm home-surroundings will do wonders toward keeping grouchy Old Man Drudge from invading the cheerful home spirit of the whole family.

In city and in town, man's business carries him away from home all day. Early in the morning or at night, when he returns he often feels like putting around "fixing things up." It rests him. On the farm, however, it is different. Man's daily work and any effort to make the home surroundings attractive are so near one and the same thing that he often finds no joy in starting home work, especially alone. Very often the wife plants a few flowers and thus attempts to bring a bit of beauty into the surroundings. But a single flower-bed will not make a charming dooryard.

Time is very precious for farm work during the spring months, and a working plan made beforehand is a great advantage. Then you can see just what ought to be done to bring about greatest improvement with least effort and with almost no expense.

The boy or girl who goes to school will like to help, and some evening, with the assistance of a sheet of paper, a pencil, and a ruler, a plan of the home grounds can be made on the dining-room table after the dishes are cleared away.

Draw a Plan.

Draw the plan to a definite scale. Say, eight or ten feet of ground to equal one inch on the paper. Then the location of buildings, also drawn to scale, and the walks and drives, the trees, the garden, the laundry yard, can be shown and studied carefully.

What does the place need? With the plan on the table, take inventory. The house, of course, is the most important spot in the plan. Walks and drives leading to it, therefore, should be as inconspicuous as possible. Since the farmer will not cut across his best fields with lanes, neither should a drive cut in two an unbroken sweep of grassy lawn.

Notice next how the individual trees are placed about the house. They have three duties to perform. They should protect the place from sun and wind; they should frame the views to and from the house; they should screen any objects which are unsightly. If the family decides that one or more extra trees would be beneficial, a check mark can be placed on the exact spot on the plan, and the variety of tree to be planted can be determined.

Where a house is small, it is better not to choose trees which will grow large and tall if they are to be used for framing views. Tall trees only make a house look dwarfish. Wild crab or thorn-apple trees are better, or plum, or mountain-ash. Groups of several of these together will also screen that unsightly old shed, or milk-house, or clothes reel. Best of all, many times these trees can be found right on the farm and when father and the boys are out about their work, they can locate desirable ones and mark them, and the trees can quickly be brought to the house when the time comes to plant them.

Select Suitable Trees.

If large trees are to be selected, however, fast-growing varieties of soft wood, like the box-elder, soft maple, or poplar, are not good unless they can be alternated with long-lived trees, such as elm or oak or hard maple. Then, when the hard-wood trees are

well started the others can be cut out. As a general rule, it is wiser, too, and more artistic, to avoid planting trees or shrubs in long straight rows.

Speaking of shrubs—there is nothing which will give the home dooryard a more settled, finished appearance than shrubs rightly placed. Even though there are some already growing, it is well to decide whether they are most suitably placed, and whether others can be added from time to time.

Lilacs, weigella or honeysuckle, with their flowers, will help to make the whole place a garden in early summer, and with their leaves they can not help brightening it the whole season through. Not all over the lawn, but along fences and borders, along walks and drives, these larger shrubs are good. Sumac is another hardy bush which can be dug and transplanted. Although not so beautiful for its flowers as some other shrubs, what a gorgeous splash of color it brings in the fall.

Little groups of smaller shrubs should not be forgotten at the corners and angles of the house. No matter how beautiful are the trees about a place, the house still looks bare if part of the foundation wall is not hidden.

Transplanting Trees and Shrubs.

In transplanting trees or shrubs, either from the woods or from nursery stock, great care must be taken to prevent the roots from drying out before they are set. Wrapping the roots in a moist gunny sack or putting them in a barrel or tub with water enough to cover them are good ways to prevent this.

Pruning of the roots should be attended to at once. This will insure smooth wounds which will heal readily. Any roots which have been badly injured in digging or in shipment should be removed. A long root should be cut back to correspond to the other roots. Only for these two purposes should roots be pruned.

Unless trees are too tall for convenience, top pruning can be left until after planting. Then the specimen can be sized up and the undesirable branches removed. For shrubs there are two methods—thinning out the growth and cutting back. Sometimes a combination of the two may be used. Some cutting back is desirable with most of them. Large plants are usually reduced from a third to a half; smaller ones from a fourth to a third. Shrubs which have many stems arising from the base should be thinned out; leave only the stronger ones. If these are long they should be cut back from a third to a half of their length.

Do Not Crowd the Roots.

The hole for planting should be large enough so that the roots will not be crowded. If the soil is heavy and compact, the hole should be larger than if the soil is light. The chief essential in any kind of planting is to have every part of the root system in close contact with the soil, and therefore fine soil must be used, and care must be taken in compacting it about the roots, leaving the top soil loose and fine and mounded high enough to allow for settling.

Many planters when working with dry soil, and especially when working with evergreens, practise "puddling" to save moisture. Puddling is dipping the roots into thin mud, so that all of them are covered with a layer of soil. Other than this, water in setting either

trees or other plants usually does more harm than good. At any rate, it should not be applied to the surface of the soil after planting is finished. If it is to be used at all in an exceptionally dry soil, it should be poured into the hole before the plant is placed there, or after the plant is set and the hole is partly filled. Then the upper layer of soil will not become hard and moisture will not be lost. In a northern climate, in early spring, there is little need of additional water in planting.

Fresh manure should not come in contact with roots of newly-set trees or plants. If the soil needs to be fertilized, well rotted manure should be worked into it before planting. Even the rotted manure should not be put in the bottom of the hole, for it cuts off the water of the lower layer of soil, and the plant may suffer. Unless soil is very poor, it is better to wait a year or two before using fertilizer upon that which surrounds tree or shrub.

Two or three months after planting come the hot days of summer. To prevent the soil from drying out during this period, use a mulch. There is no protection better than cultivation where this is practical, as in a shelter-belt or about fruit trees; but where this is impossible a mulch of lawn clippings, or marsh hay, or manure or anything to make a loose cover, is invaluable.

Ferns from the woods set out on the north side of the house will add to the foundation planting. These should be set as soon as possible after they are dug, but after that they need little care. Wild grape or five-leaf ivy or wild cucumber or morning-glory, most of which can be grown from a handful of seed will climb luxuriantly around the doorways, the porches, the fences, the clothes posts, or that homely windmill.

Last of all, there are mother's flowers which must not be neglected. Instead of a flower-bed on the lawn, which she herself usually has to spade and toil over, try this plan: Just outside the kitchen window, where the flowers can be seen from work-table and sink, plant some iris, or peonies, or phlox, or other flowers which need not be planted every year. It is so easy to water them, too, right there where they can't be forgotten. Aster, dahlias, verbenas, marigolds, cosmos, can be sown like vegetables, and the man and his horses can cultivate them on the way to the field, with scarcely any loss of time. Let some of the modern labor-saving devices extend to what mother wants out-of-doors.

Where perennial flowers are to be planted, the same principles as for trees and shrubs hold true. Shade them for the first few days if they are placed in the sun. This may be done by scattering over them thin layers of leaves or coarse grass, or by covering them with fine brush. Shallow hoeing will act as a good mulch during the dry summer days.

After the plan is finished on paper, the ideas can be gradually carried to the out-of-doors whenever opportunity comes. A few shrubs or a tree or some perennial flower can be added each year until the whole arrangement is complete. When too much is undertaken at a time the effort becomes irksome, and interest lags, but when the work is done by all members of the family, from father and mother down, the farm home surroundings will be more truly pleasing than the work of any landscape gardener.

Forgive, Forget.

When angry words in haste are said,
Why do we choose a friend to maim?
Why not select a fiend instead,
The target for our deadly aim?

When we speak out the cutting jest,
And try thereby to wound some one,
Why thrust at them we love the best,
For some misdeed they may have done?

When to us come suspicion deep,
Why place the blame on some dear friend,
The love of whom we fain would keep
Throughout all time till life shall end?

I fear we trifle most with them
To whom we owe the greatest debt,
Forgetting love, the priceless gem,
Is only claimed in friends we've met.

Our stay on earth is short at most,
Can we afford to selfish be,
Or shall we play the kindly host,
To those who dwell with you and me?

If others would our joy assail,
We still may hope that deep regret
To them will come, if on the trail
We post the words, "forgive, forget."

I'm sure our brightest, sweetest day,
Will really be when we have met
Them face to face, and frankly say
"We can forgive and will forget."

—Verne H. Church.

The Pure Water Problem.

Water from a driven well is more likely to be pure than that from a dug well because there is less danger of pollution from the open top, and seepage into the pipe in the first twenty-five feet is not likely to occur. But when a driven well is pumped beyond its capacity there is danger that pollution will be drawn in.

There are instances on record of driven wells which become polluted and spread typhoid when power pumps were used to pump the water from them.

As a rule deep wells furnish safe water if the top and upper stretches of the well are waterproof and properly protected.

Artesian Wells.

Artesian wells furnish safe water supplies almost without exception. Flowing wells are doubly safe because the water in its underground bed is safe and the pressure of the water in the pipe prevents inflow of pollution.

Hard waters are not as harmful as some people think. They waste soap and are severe on some fabrics, but there is little proof that they are harmful to health.

Stored Waters.

Stored waters tend to purify themselves. Any disease producing bacteria die off in a short time.

On the other hand, stored waters are sometimes made offensive by birds, rats, mice, insects and the various kinds of water weeds, particularly what are known as algae.

There is no fundamental objection to storing in underground cisterns. Such cisterns should have walls that are not porous and should be covered to prevent small animals from falling into them.

There is no health objection to a cistern in the attic if it is properly protected. A glassed window in the top of a cistern, permitting sunlight to reach the water, increases its safety for drinking purposes.

An Ancient Hospital.

Few institutions can rival in antiquity St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, which this year celebrates its eight hundredth anniversary.

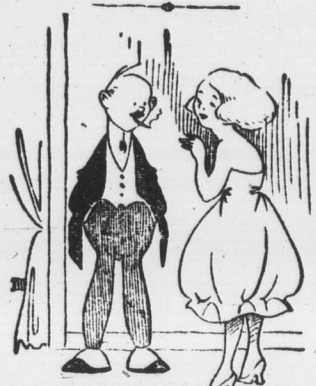
The hospital was founded in 1123, in the reign of Henry I., and it holds the record of being the oldest in England. Among its first patients were English lords and Norman squires, who went to get relief for their arrow wounds.

The story of Bart's is the story of progress in surgery and medicine. When it began patients were dosed with powdered snails and concoctions ofadders, bats, and earthworms.

Many thrilling episodes have marked Bart's existence. The Black Death and the Great Plague crowded its limited accommodation, and both added materially to the medical knowledge which, as the years advanced, was being gathered within its walls.

Hogarth, the great painter, served Bart's as a governor, and his painting of the Pool of Bethesda hangs on the great staircase. Of this picture, doctors say it is possible for any medical man to diagnose the different ailments of the patients, so faithfully did Hogarth depict them.

In the course of its eight hundred years the hospital has been rebuilt three times.



She: "Which do you prefer—blondes or brunettes?"
He: "Either one suits me. Don't bother to change on my account."

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There's time in the package

Time to do the many things ordinarily put off on wash-day. For Rinso does not keep you standing over the wash-tub, rubbing until your back aches and your hands are red and sore.

Rinso, an entirely different kind of soap, soaks clothes clean. Rubbing and boiling are unnecessary. The big soapy Rinso suds gently loosen the most ground-in dirt without weakening a single thread.

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The De Salaberry Monument.

The de Salaberry monument erected at Allan's Corner, Chateauguay county, Quebec, by the Department of Militia and Defence in 1895 to commemorate the famous stand of the troops under Lieut.-Colonel de Salaberry against the American invaders on October 26, 1813, in the action known in history as the battle of Chateauguay, has been transferred to the Canadian National Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior for care and maintenance as one of the chief historic sites of Canada. The monument is a substantial obelisk with a base of 4 feet by 5 feet and height of 39½ feet and the site covers an area of a quarter of an acre. The monument is in a good state of preservation but certain repairs were necessary to fences and posts and these have been executed by the Branch. An inscription on the monument states that "the army invading Lower Canada and marching on Montreal was repulsed and routed by the militia of the province," on October 26, 1813.

The monument commemorates one of the most romantic military events in the history of Canada, which has been described as "a kind of modern Thermopylae blocking the open road to Montreal, and possible saving the state."

A French Cinderella.

With her departure from her home back of a druggist's shop to enter into the life of the Italian court, Claire Legue, a beautiful young French girl, takes rank with the Cinderellas of this world, says a despatch from Cannes, France.

Several months ago this seventeen-year-old orphan attracted the notice of Queen Helena of Italy. The Queen, passing through Cannes, visited the shop to see a collection of medals the girl had collected. She offered to buy sixty of them, but Mlle. Legue begged her royal visitor to accept them as a gift. Touched, the Queen invited the girl to Princess Yolanda's wedding.

"You know she is not marrying a prince," she explained. "I am giving her to a man of her own choice. I want you to come to the marriage."

One of the Queen's maids of honor came to Cannes to fetch Mlle. Legue, who attracted much attention among the bevy of beauties who attended Yolanda at her wedding. But Mlle. Legue did not return. She remains with the Royal Family at the Quirinal, treated as the Queen's own daughter, and it is even rumored she will be adopted by the Queen. If she is, the little French orphan may one day marry the Prince Yolanda could have had.

Ships are allowed to carry more in summer than in winter.

The more we live, the more we fear to offend the object of our love.



Cave Country Blue Laws.

Stone Hammer—"Dogfang has a pretty grouch on this morning. What's the matter with him?"
Skinpants—"He just paid a fine of twenty clamshells for beating his wives on Sunday."

An Awkward Question.

William's uncle was a very tall, fine-looking man, while his father was very small. William admired his uncle, and wished to grow up like him.

One day he said to his mother: "Mamma, how did uncle grow so big and tall?"

His mother said: "Well, when uncle was a small boy he was always a very good boy, so he was able to grow up big and tall."

William thought this over seriously for a few moments, then said: "Mamma, what kind of a boy was papa?"

Hymen, in classical mythology, was the God of Marriage, the original meaning of the word being "bridal song."

If you are amused by "tongue-twisters," try this: "See shy slow Sue show sly Sioux snowshoes."

Be Safe!

Don't wait for someone to be in pain to get Kendall's Spavin Treatment in the house.

For all external hurts and pains—for all muscular troubles.

Kendall's Spavin Treatment makes good.

KENDALL'S, Sask., December 8th, 1921.

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Get a bottle at your druggist's today. Regular for Horse Treatment—Refined for Human use.

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KENDALL'S SPAVIN TREATMENT

For the Boys and Girls

HUNTING WILD BEES.

My first experience on a wild bee hunt was gained in the company of an elderly beekeeper who indulged in such chases quite frequently, chiefly for the recreation afforded.

The only equipment carried was a cigar-box with a gatelike partition in the centre and a sliding-glass substituted for the wooden cover. The partition in the centre of the box worked on pivots or brads, in such a manner that it could be raised or lowered from the outside by a turn of a sort of thumb-nut. One section of the box contained a piece of uncapped comb-honey but the other part was empty.

Armed with this innocent looking outfit, my friend let the way to a small clearing in the midst of a timber of old-growth oak and after a brief search, captured an active honey-bee which he singled out from a dozen or so others among the flowers of a wild-rose bush. This selection, I understand, was made because his practiced eye had eliminated the less active bees on suspicion that they belonged to some neighboring apiary. As a general rule, wild bees are of a more nervous disposition and this is readily apparent to the experienced beekeeper.

I was surprised to note that he enclosed the bee within the empty compartment, but I said nothing, preferring to gain my knowledge by careful observation.

Confined to this tiny prison the bee flew about quite frantically for a few

seconds until the box was covered with a handkerchief. Several minutes passed before it became quiet and it was then permitted to enter the compartment containing the honey. Immediately the little worker became busy filling its honey sac and my friend smiled his satisfaction.

Three or four minutes elapsed before the bee had gained its fill. It was then released and crawled slowly from the box, where it apparently took note of the location of the treasure before rising on leisurely wings to fly directly upward in a spiral course, almost out of sight. As it darted away to the southward, my friend left the box on a stump nearby and retreated to a shady spot to await further developments.

Ten minutes later, perhaps a dozen bees had returned with the first visitor as a pilot, and these were quickly imprisoned and transferred to the empty compartment. With the box then darkened we directed our footsteps southward, to a point about a mile from our first location. The bees were here allowed their feast of the honey and again released from the box which was placed upon a fallen log. Each and every one arose as the first had done, but this time the course was somewhat to the southeast and, after awaiting their return, we moved accordingly.

The first experiment was repeated several times before the bee-tree was finally located and the bees were dis-

covered pouring in and out of a large opening at the top. It was then marked, so we could find it again, and we returned home where the beekeeper prepared a hive to receive the new colony.

I did not return with him the following day, but as the method of procedure in hiving is much the same in all cases, a description of the work, as I have since observed it, will serve.

A dark, cloudy and damp day is ideal for hiving a wild colony as the bees are then all at home and not active or aggressive enough to give much trouble. Bee-veils, gloves and thick clothing should be worn by all present, and the work should be conducted with the least possible fuss or disturbance.

It is usually necessary to cut down the bee-tree in order to get the bees and honey without waste, and this should be carefully done to see that it falls where it will do the least damage and also avoid danger of lodging in surrounding trees.

As soon as the tree is felled, hew away one side of the hollow portion and transfer the queen, together with the comb containing young bees, to the hive which should be near at hand. Most of the surplus honey may now be gathered in pails or other containers.

By evening of the second day the salvage of honey will usually be sufficiently completed for the removal of the hive to the apiary. It is best to close the entrance of the hive after sun-down when all the bees are likely to be within, and the moving should be done as carefully as possible. If the season is well advanced, be sure there is enough honey in the hive to feed the bees over winter.

It's faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes life worth living.