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straw. Now among the outdoor sounds, bird music at its height, the babbling notes of the nestlings, comes a new tone, the voice of the lawn mower. If you listen to it sympathetically, you will find it has a various vocabulary and that its moods may be easily interpreted by the human ear.

If the grass is of the right height and condition for the cutting, then is

mental and physical is suggested by the angry growl and whirr.

All garden tools have speech, if the ear is keyed to hear it. The shovel working on the gravel path, can voice whether it is seriously searching out weeds or merely shuffling irresponsibly about. And the same tale is told by the common hoe in the corn fields.

The garden history of June would still be in many volumes if there were no roses, but, as it is, all else must give place to the head of a family that also yields us strawberry, peach, pear, plum, apple, and many of the most useful shrubs.

The scarlet poppies of early June introduce a color that seems to belong with the flowers of midsummer, and appears out of place among the more delicate hues of the early garden, even as the scarlet tulip looks gaudy in contrast with the narcissi and iris, though perhaps for well-blended richness the hardy flowers of June will match those of any season. The larkspurs, ranging from white through sky and mazarine blue to a metallic purple; Canterbury bells of a fine porcelain opaqueness, white, lilac, rose, and purple; columbines of every solid color and the white-lined varieties, too, that suggest the fairylike blossoms wrought by skillful glass-blowers; lemon-yellow day lilies that make a brave showing against a background of copper beech branches; peonies like great roses, beginning in May with the crimson Jacqueminot color; spires of old-world foxglove, four feet tall, swaying above the golden glow of hardy coreopsis; and mats of Sweet William, white, pink, crimson, pheasant's eye, and harlequin, that crowd the fringed clove pinks almost out of the border. Then, too, there is a day edition of the yellow evening primrose, and honesty (lunaria), the herb of magic, in three tints—white, lavender, and purple.

All these flowers are, of course, improved by frequent resowing and resetting, and by having ample elbow room, and yet nowhere do they seem so typical, so gracefully lovable, and so wholly what hardy folk should be, as in the bit of old border that we have not yet disciplined, where the soil is completely hidden by a tangle of poppies, sweet William, and foxgloves.

A book of praise might be written to hardy shrubs. June may claim many that in late seasons overflow from May—the newer lilacs (though they are never so satisfactory as the old, that, straggling into the hedges may be gathered by the armful), spireas, snowballs, Carolina alspice and syringas, while Deutzia, hydrangea, and althea carry the shrub flowers well on toward autumn.

Few things are so permanently satisfactory about the home acres as shrubs; and the commuter's wife may find refuge, likewise her table decorations, in them when mischance overtakes more delicate flowers.

"Shrubs are an awful bother to trim, aren't they?" said the Lady of the Italian Garden yesterday, on making her first call after her summer entry at The Bluffs, and professing astonishment at the number of our pickable flowers.

"We set out a lot two years ago," she continued, "and certainly should have flowers this spring, but you see the fault all lies in the trimming. The landscapist that started us off said of course the gardener would know which ones had to be trimmed in the spring and which at midsummer. But it seems he got mixed, and balled the thing up, so the first year there was not so much as a sprig of bloom, and hardly a leaf."

"Last fall, when we hired your Chris as second gardener for the outdoor things, I particularly charged him to find out which was which, and remember it. Instead, to make things sure, he has shaved 'em off all alike, round as cheeses, and the twigs as short as my French poodle's hair when he's clipped for the summer. Yes, my dear, not a bud left on the rhododendrons, two hundred bushes of them arranged with rocks behind to make a ravine effect on the left side of our lawn by the grand drive."

All connected, too, for lighting 'em with electrics. It is simply maddening. Jenks-Smith has just bounced him, and we've got to fill in the ravine with cannas and coleus. The landscapist was up yesterday, fifty dollars every time he comes, and he was shocked, and says the scheme is wholly inconsistent. But what can we do?

"Perhaps your husband would come over some evening and suggest something, not in the way of business—just an informal call, you know—for those poor clipped things look like left-over Christmas greens. How do you manage your pruning, now?"

I smiled internally as I thought of Chris, and told her that the old shrubs had largely taken care of themselves, except for a little shortening of straggling branches and cutting out of the old wood as fresh growth replaced it, and we expected that the new shrubs would do likewise.

Then, too, I said that we do like father's old woman patient over on the charcoal hill. She had only six shrubs, and yet her little dooryard seemed overflowing with bloom. When people stopped to ask how she pruned to get so many blossoms, she answered, "Prune? Pickin' constant and givin' away, is the natural sort o' prunin', I reckon."

Of course, Mrs. Jenks-Smith did not believe me, however. "I know very well that you've got some secret about gardening that you won't tell."

"You are partly right," I assented wearily. "Yes, there is a secret, but I'll tell it to you willingly, and in it also lies the reason why we let Chris go. First, be sure what you want, and then do it yourself, or at least see it done."

"Is that a rebus?" queried Mrs. Jenks-Smith, wrinkling her brows. "Ah, yes, I understand. But, my dear woman, it's impossible! Me stand out in the sun! Me cut flowers to give away! It would ruin my social position. Then the manicure says that arranging flowers is so bad for the fingers and greens the nails, and that I shouldn't even do that, for I must have good hands; I've got so many new rings, you know. Jenks-Smith gives me one every time he makes a coup."

June 10. The fuchsias that I planted two weeks ago in a shady corner between the end of the rose arbor and the bank are doing finely. I wonder why this flower is so neglected. True, the country women often cherish a plant or two on the porch, in company with the oleander, night-blooming cactus, and tub of amaryllis. It is also used in filling window boxes, but it has almost wholly departed from the gardens. Fuchsias, when well grown and trained against a wire screen, are not only one of the most graceful and decorative outdoor plants, but when gathered on long sprays, and arranged either in vases or laid on a white cloth as a table decoration, seem fairly to drape themselves under one's fingers. The plants are easy to keep from year to year in a light cellar or flower pit, and, by cutting them back in spring, they make vigorous and almost vinelike growth. Storm King, Elm City, Surprise and Mrs. Marshall are among the best, fairly covering themselves with scarlet, magenta, or rose and white flowers.

I gathered the first real bouquet of roses this morning—splendid Jacqueminots, a few clear pink Anne de Diesbachs, and half a dozen moss buds and heavy-tinted leaves from a bush that was very old even when father bought the place, and, being ungrafted and on its own root, has kept perpetual youth by aid of new suckers. It is always best, when possible, to plant ungrafted roses. Our seasons are so variable that, in spite of covering, all but the sturdiest bushes are liable to die down below the graft; flowerless briars spring up undiscovered, so that the untutored may cherish them a whole season.

Of course, no other flower can compete with the rose, except, perhaps the carnation; that, owing to its