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(2) There was never a time in the history of Canada when there was so significant a call to furnish our people with reliable and inspiring horticultural matter through the printed page as that which we have come upon just now. The intelligence of the Canadian, I believe, forbids the success of any venture in publication that is characterized by what is scrappy or second-hand. There is a great deal that is hopeful in the tone and talent which we read through some of our Canadian journals that devote themselves wholly or partially to the agricultural or horticultural cause. May these broaden and prosper.

(3) At the risk of being less definite than I should like to be in this concluding reference, I take advantage of this opportunity to express my own concern, as well as the concern of other thoughtful men—if the present schoolbooks of the Province are to be changed—that the new ones should have a conspicuous place for the first enterprise of the nation.

Next to the work of saving men's souls in Canada, I can conceive of no more important work to be done during this generation than the training of our children into appreciation of the Creator's gift in the soil, and in the best use of that gift, both for the development of a sturdy Canadian manhood and for the enlightened projection of our country's chief resource. We receive from the Government of the Province part of our wherewithal for promoting the horticultural cause. We look for the utilization of some of the moneys contributed by the Province to the Ontario exchequer in laying new and improved foundations with our sons and daughters, by means of the very best procurable lessons in the new series. It may be too early to go into detail; but if a forecast would be pertinent, it may not be inopportune to write here the expectation that when the new series of readers for the public schools of this Province shall have taken the place of those which have served their day, there will be afforded scope for the definite and rewarding consideration of such fundamentals in the soil as drainage and tillage, as clover and fertilizer; and that the right association will be set forth for our twentieth-century citizenship in this Canadian realm between a bed of asparagus and health, between a perennial border and happiness, between the "chief end of man" and a "watered garden."

SOME UGLY THINGS IN OUR COUNTRY.

[In connection with the foregoing address, the following, which was prepared some time ago for "The Farmer's Advocate," may be especially appropriate.]

We are, perhaps, inclined to idealize our country. As good red-hot Canadians we are, with our Prime Minister, "proud of every inch of Canadian soil," and so we take pride in the bustle of our towns and profess to see beauty in every square yard of Canadian grass and stretch of country roadway—Canadian roadway, of course.

There are stones along the wayside, but don't look at them—they are nice Canadian stones anyway. And here are bare houses with bare yards about them, and bare, treeless lanes, with not over-clean milking yards at the ends of them running all too near the houses. But what of that? The country is new. Give it time and it will improve. Drive on, drive on!

Get along, Jack! Get along, Jerry! Here is a stretch of roadway—one mile, two miles, three miles—not a tree for shelter or to interpose a dash of pleasing green against the whitening fields. Never mind that! Look at the crops. What good Canadian crops they are!

Here, perhaps, is a dip of woodland with a stream and some meadow rue struggling through a burst of bracken. In five years, probably,

this will be all gone, but just now it is good to look at. . . . Hold up, though! Lift your eyes lest you see it—here is a dump of tin, and glass, and old bottles, right in the midst of the greenery! Ah, we are getting near a town—a good Canadian town—and this is its herald. . . .

And here, too, where the moss has been scraped from a picturesque old boulder to make room for it, is a glaring sign—"Smith & Co., Hatters!" And further on "Perkins & Goggins—Spiced Beef and Sausages!" (appropriately bordered with fern and red elder); and yet further, rising like a hobgoblin of the woodland, albeit a very prosaic hobgoblin, an immense moustachioed head protruding over a dazzler in blue and gold, proclaiming "Mennen's Borated Talcum!" . . . Still on, and the peace of a green field is broken by a startling "Hood's Sarsaparilla!" supplemented, ere the green field is passed, by an epitaph ten feet long by five feet wide, hurling at you "Carter's Little Liver Pills!"

Out upon these placards! What has liver to do with me this fine autumn day! Drive on—drive on!

And now the town is reached. Not a tree along the bare business streets. In Paris, to be sure, the busiest of the business localities have their trees, each with its bit of ground saved from the pavement—but this is a new land. . . . Not a seat where the old or faint may sit down for a moment's rest; not a shade from the sun or the rain, as the case may be, save for the awnings, checkered hit-or-miss along the upper air. What if even in Algiers, far away, there are

eyes have been opened and you go forth with an impulse to make things, so far as in you lies, better; to speak your word, plant your tree, cut down your patch of brown dock by the roadside and in its place plant wild rose and Virginia creeper to trail over the stone fence.

There are many beautiful spots in Canada—very, very many beautiful spots; yet there are also very, very many stretches bleak, and ugly, and uninspiring. Why should this be so? Have you a farm? Are you a path-master? Are you in the council? What can you do about it?

COUREUR-DE-BOIS.

SELECTIONS ABOUT GARDENS.

"God the first garden made, and the first city Cain."—[Cowley.

"Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too." [Cowper: The Task, Book III.

"God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks; and a man shall ever see that, when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season."—[Bacon.



One of the Garish Ornaments which Break Into "the Peace of Many a Green Field" in Our Country. In Parts of Germany and Other Places, Unobtrusive Cylinders are Provided for Such Advertising as This.

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

If you have had an unfortunate experience this last year, forget it. If you have made a failure in your speech, your song, your book, or your article; if you have been placed in an embarrassing position; if you have fallen and hurt yourself by a false step, or if you have been slandered and abused, do not dwell upon it, forget it. There is not a single redeeming feature in these memories, and the presence of their ghosts will rob you of many a happy hour. There is nothing valuable in them. Wipe them out of your mind forever. Drop them. Forget them.

If you have been indiscreet or imprudent; if you have been talked about, or if your reputation has been injured so that you fear you can never outgrow it or redeem it, do not drag the hideous shadows or the rattling skeletons about with you. Forget them. Start with a clean slate, and spend your energies in keeping it clean for the future.

Resolve that whatever you do or do not do, you will not be haunted by skeletons nor cherish shadows. They must get out and give place to the sunshine. Determine that you will have nothing to do with discords, but that every one of them must get out of your mind. No

matter how formidable or persistent, wipe them out. Forget them. Have nothing to do with them. Do not let the little enemies—worrying and foreboding, anxiety and regrets—sap your energy, for this is your success and happiness capital.

A gloomy face, a sour expression, a worrying mind, or a fretting disposition, is a proof of your failure to control yourself. It is an earmark of your weakness, a confession of your inability to cope with your environment. Drive it away. Dominate yourself. Do not let your enemies sit on the throne. Do your own governing.

Dismiss from your mind every suggestion that has to do with illness. If you have had an operation—it is over; let it glide into the shadows—the background of memory. Do not dwell upon it. Do not talk about it.

Whatever is disagreeable, or whatever irritates, nags, or destroys your balance of mind—forget it. Thrust it out. It has nothing to do with you now. You have better use for your time than to waste it in regrets, in worry, or in useless trifles. Let the rubbish go. Make war upon despondency, if you are subject to it. Drive the blues out of your mind as you would a thief out of the house. Shut the door in the face of all your enemies, and keep it shut. Do not wait for cheerfulness to come to you. Go after it; entertain it; never let it go.

A despondent young writer says that while he was in the West he used to watch the cows on the prairies, and could not help envying them. "I used often to heave a sigh and wish I were a cow." "What keeps them so contented?" he asked a farmer. "Oh, they are enjoying themselves chewing their cuds," was the reply.

The trouble with many of us is that we do not enjoy chewing our cuds—letting go of our aches, pains, and anxieties, and just enjoying ourselves. We cannot bear to let go. We cling to them like a thrifty housewife, who cannot bear to throw away a rag or a scrap of anything, but piles useless rubbish into the attic. We cannot bear to let our enemies go. We cannot seem to kick out of doors the things that worry and fret and chafe, and yet never do us any good.—[O. S. Marden, in Success.

Current Events.

Lord Kelvin's body has been interred in Westminster Abbey.

The fisheries of Canada, during the last year, amounted to \$26,125,000.

Gustave, King of Sweden, has decided to dispense with the customary costly coronation ceremonies.

The International Paper Company has purchased 350,000 acres of heavily-wooded spruce lands on the Restigouche River, N. B.

Messrs. E. and W. S. Maxwell, of Montreal, have been selected as the architects for the plans of Saskatchewan's new Provincial buildings.

Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Canada's envoy to Japan regarding the Oriental-immigration question, left Yokohama for Canada on December 26th.

The St. Petersburg police recently unearthed a plot to destroy the Council of the Empire, at which many of the Russian nobility were present.