

APRIL 13, 1911

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

cream. Before serving, sprinkle grated cheese over the whole.

Date Pie (to make three pies).—Wash 1 lb. dates, then soak them over night in a little water. Stew in the same water until very soft, then mash fine, add 1 quart rich milk, 3 eggs, a little salt and nutmeg. Bake without an upper crust.

Health Plum Pudding.—Two cups sifted graham flour mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup raisins, (1 of chopped nuts also, if possible), 1 cup milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups molasses. Put in a buttered pudding mould, and boil or steam three hours. Serve with lemon sauce.

The Garden of a Commuter's Wife.

(By Mabel Osgood Wright.)

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

April 18. Early tulips ablaze. All the narcissi out except the polyanthus with its clustered blossoms, and the poets, with the lovely pheasant's eye. The hardy plants are now tufting the long beds with many shades of green. Forsythia is in golden glory. The scarlet quince at full, and the countryside white and pink with peach and cherry blossoms.

May 1. At last the Garden of Dreams has awakened. It is! After the healthful winter of snow the whole land is a-bloom. All the bulbs are out except the parrot tulips. Down by the spring hole, in the wild garden the marsh cowslips are heavy with gold, and the same color is swept across the pastures by the dandelions. Is it not all my garden? All the cultivated and the wild, every flower and fern in the wood and open as well, for not only what I plant is mine, but also everything that I enjoy. And the birds, too, do they not belong to me through the loving of them? Though they must not know it, even the thought of being possessed might mar their liberty.

Evan found his primroses yesterday morning, one tuft showing half a dozen blossoms. When I saw his face as he called me to him, holding them in his hand, I realized that, after all, it is the little things of life that count, for the primrose was not only precious in itself, but for all it stood for.

I was thinking this morning, as I watched the bluebirds flitting about their knot-hole in the apple tree, heard the meadow-larks down in the pasture, the flicker laughing in the wood-lot, the robins in the spruces, and the jolly song-sparrow almost by my elbow, that the important garden birds are like the flowers in number. How few, comparatively, of the hundreds listed in the ornithologies we can know well enough to call garden companions, even if the residents of the wood-lot and home woods be counted in.

Many come and go, travelling beyond us. We hear a strange note and see a flutter of unusual feathers. We may call them by name; but, like the flowers unsuited to the garden, they are not of our world. A list of twenty-five would cover the confidentially intimate, or fifty the really tangible.

Martha Corkle came to tell me mysteriously that Tim has a cold, she is quite sure, because he has taken off his flannels too soon, "which, Mrs. Evan, is risky for a man of his years" (Tim must be upward of fifty), and would you not kindly ask the doctor that he cautions him?

I asked her why she does not speak to Tim herself, as she has observed the cold and I have not, and as a middle-aged widow she could certainly mention flannels.

Indeed, Mrs. Evan, I thought it proper-like to come from a married woman that is recent, so to be as not being; and as for age, she's others older, ma'am. The shape of those common bought flannels not his leanin' figure might be at

the bottom of it. I bein' willin' to make up some more suitable from always making Corkle's, if you'd but give me the order so to do, Mrs. Evan."

After a moment the complicated sentences straightened themselves to my understanding, and I solemnly said:

"Martha, could you oblige me by making some spring flannels for Timothy Saunders if the doctor prescribes them for him?" Whereat the nearest approach to a smile I had ever seen there crossed her features, and she actually dropped an old-world curtsy, saying, "I will, and thank you kindly," becoming for the moment the comfortable English countrywoman, instead of the hereditary servant out of her class. Really, there are human possibilities in Martha.

May 11. I think there is a four-handed romance brewing in the kitchen sitting-room, the quartette being Bertie and Delia, sober-minded Eliza and Tim, who is perfectly unconscious that he is an admired party. In the evening I hear laughter, and know that "hearts" and "forty-five" are being played. I also know that Martha Corkle does not approve, for I see her rigid shadow sitting apart, taking no share, but bound to play the matron.

May 15. Color is swathing the land again—lavish color, the delicate whites, flesh and pink of apple blossoms; fleecy clouds of lilacs drifting from the bank-wall before the house to the roadway; pinxter flower on the hillside, along the wood road blending with the white dogwood, and in the garden lilies-of-the-valley. Truly does the flower language translate their meaning as "Return of Happiness."

May 17. For two days we have picked and picked the lilies, and yet there is no end. They will last the month out if there is no heavy rain to make them yellow. Evan has gone to town each day laden like a Maypole, the neighbors have had their share, and to-morrow I take a clothes-basket of little bouquets to the hospital.

I think, if we were to fall asleep for ten years, the whole place would be overgrown with these lovely flowers, the soil suits them so perfectly.

The resting time is over for garden and gardener. All is push, excitement and hurry, the relentless hurry of growth. Every day something is planted, some long-watched bud unfolded. After the twentieth, it will be safe to move the seedlings from the hotbeds and set out the bedding plants, geraniums, heliotrope, and such like, that this year I've ordered from a wholesale florist in town.

One and all we rush outdoors twenty times a day, the dogs rebellious at the curbing of their liberty, "Down! charge!" being the order of the season. Bluff alone is discreet enough to be allowed within garden bounds at planting time, and he has learned to tread gently; often he is meekly apologetic for even overstepping on the grass border beside the path.

The breakfast table is drawn into the bay window looking toward the garden, and on balmy evenings we take our after-dinner coffee under the Mother Tree. Gardeners may not sit idly on the front porch at evening daintily appraised. This is the best time for labor, the time to disappear from view, and, collarless, and wrapped in a russet apron, delve and grovel until dusk conceals one altogether.

For a woman, early morning is the time to gather flowers, not to cultivate them. The gathering and arranging brings their fragrance into one's life, but weeding or kneeling among dewy plants, stooping and mowing while the sun each moment blazes more fiercely, is for the workman only. To the woman it means fatigue before noon, and that sunken feeling in the chest that whispers of indigestion or desire for sodden sleep directly after luncheon. I have done it, and I know.

May 30. Decoration Day. Evan at home. The garden is time-true, and yields deep crimson peonies, white iris, and blue lupins, to be blended together for the soldiers' graves, as it did of old. The peonies, to be sure, are not true red, but they at least complete the symbol.

The hardy oriental poppies, scarlet with the black eye, are fast unfurling their green coverings, and the long bed that we left all of a jumble, is bright with iris of many hues—white, violet, purple, wine-red, yellow, and variegated; in fact, the long strip is a perfect iris rainbow.

This morning we planted the seven raying beds around the sundial. Evan conceived the idea of matching them as nearly as possible with the colors of the solar spectrum. These are red, yellow, green, blue and purple, with the intermediate shades. The difficulty is to get the various colors in flowers of even growth. We found all of the shades but blue among the double zinnias, a family of sturdy growth and willing bloom—crimson, scarlet, yellow, orange, lilac and purple. For the blue we chose the rich metallic cornflower (or centaurea), Emperor William, the grass between the rays giving abundance of green. Of course, this combination is a lottery. The wheel may be either gorgeous or hideous, for there is but a step between. It is such experiments as this, however, that keep the gardener alert. Yet there are people who are surprised if one is not bored by living in the country!

May 31. The first garden tragedy. Alas, that Evan should be the victim! This morning, when he was picking a few last sprays of lily-of-the-valley, his commutation ticket slid from his vest pocket unobserved and lodged among the leaves, where it hid until I discovered it in the afternoon. Not only did he have to pay his fare to town and back again at night, but he had no ticket to exchange for the next month's issue. The pathos of this tragedy cannot be writ in words. Its inwardness is ethical, and not financial, and to be appreciated only by the commuter and—his wife!

XIII.
JUNE.

Old Roses Worth Growing.

June 8. The first rose—only the frail, briery, Harrison's yellow, that came overseas in 1830 and still lingers in old gardens, but a June rose, nevertheless.

The garden of the long walk is all aflame with the oriental poppies, and the fall-planted Shirleys, as if kindled by them, are carrying the fire-line quite down to the sun garden, the deep red color paling through all shades of scarlet, rose and pink, to blush-edged white. The poppy, though brief of days, is the garden hypnotist. Look steadily at a mass of these glowing flowers blending their multicolors in the full sunlight; then, as the petals undulate on the slender stems, your attention is riveted, as if a hundred eyes returned your gaze, and drowsiness steals over you, for each flower bears the spell of the hypnotic pod, whose seeds bring sleep.

"Why does the pine tree moan?" asked the poppy.
"It does not," answered the grass that crept about the pine's roots.
"That is its way of breathing."
"I make oblivion," said the poppy.

"And I, love," said the rose.
"Are they not both the same?" asked the tall white pine, stooping to shake the dew from its slender fingers.

In these days the morning scent lies heavy, and even the grass yields it. The mixed grasses of the early meadows are more fragrant than the later. The perfume of the vanilla grass is ravishing, while the stiff, stark timothy seems more like

Winter is Hard on the Complexion!

It is often dreaded by the women anxious to retain or develop their good looks. The two extremes, indoor heat and outside cold, threaten a good complexion. Safeguard it against these changes by using



Princess Skin Food

The most beneficial unguent and emollient for this purpose made. Use it before dressing to go out. After wiping it off, use a pure, delicate face powder (the Princess Powder, 50 cents, is excellent), and you will come in knowing that your skin is improved instead of harmed. For lines and wrinkles, a fading and flabby skin and sagging muscles it is most satisfactory. Price \$1.50, postpaid.

Superfluous Hair

MOLES, WARTS, etc., eradicated permanently by our most reliable method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Booklet "F" and sample skin food mailed free.

Hiscott Dermatological Institute
61 College St., Toronto.

THE MODERN WAY

OF
HOME
DYEING

Is to use ONE Dye that will color either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly. You will find this in

DYOLA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS



Send for Sample Card and Story Booklet #9 The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Can.

With this Modern Dye all you have to do is to ask for DYOLA then you CAN'T make a mistake and use the Wrong Dye for the goods you have to color.

Cowan's "Perfection" Cocoa

Let the children drink all they want. Healthful, nutritious, delightful.

Absolutely pure. That rich chocolate flavor. Very economical.

The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto. 88

One Month's Free Trial Syracuse 'EASY' Washer

Washes clothes better than any other machine made, and with one-third the work. It pumps air and suds through the fibre of the clothes. Washes anything from carpets to lace curtains. Galvanized rust-proof steel tub. Lasts a lifetime. Furnished on rollers with or without gas heater.

Try It 30 Days at Our Risk.

If you are not delighted with it return it at our expense within 30 days. Write at once for free booklet of laundry recipes and trial order form. Agents wanted. THE EASY WASHER CO., 51 and 55 Bruce Street, Toronto.

SEED CORN

That we can and do GUARANTEE

Price, \$1.15 per 70 lbs. in the ear. Whether you plant one bushel or fifty, plant corn that will grow. Also Strawberry Plants—25 each of five varieties, \$1.00; 50 each of six, \$2.00; purchaser's selection and postpaid; 200 each of five varieties at 1,000 rates. Gibraltar and other Raspberry and Blackberry plants. Send now for circulars and guarantee.

N. E. MALLORY, Blenheim, Ont.