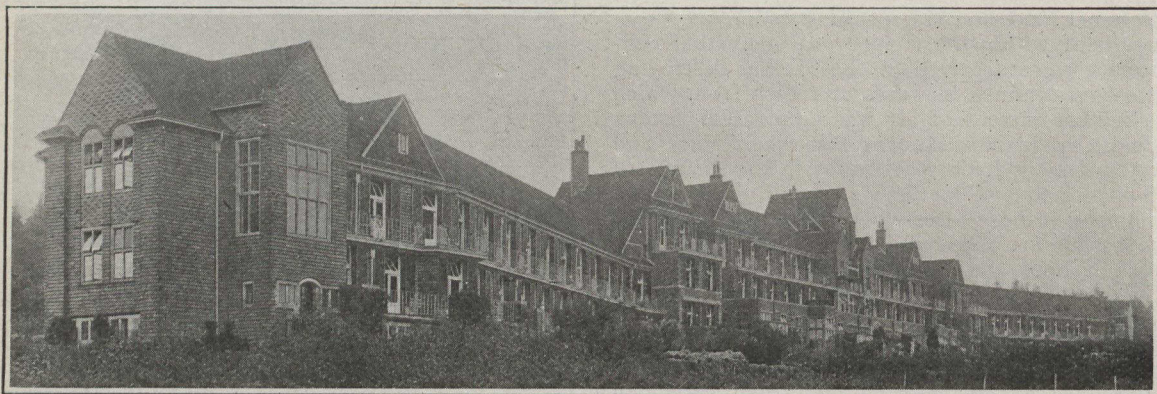




Patients at health-giving toil amid scents of pine and gorse.



King Edward's Sanatorium at Midhurst, England—Main view.



King Edward's Sanatorium—South Front.

influence to the patients. It has been well said, "We may get every charm of a garden and every use of a country place without sacrificing the picturesque or beautiful; there is no reason either in the working or design of gardens why there should be false lines in them. With only the simplest plans to insure good working, we should see the flowers and feel the beauty of plant forms, securing every scrap of turf wanted for play or lawn, and for every enjoyment of a garden."

There are pictures of living beauty on every hand, pictures for the true artist to rejoice over, low, stone walls, draped with Rosemary and Lavender, Pinks and many a mountain flower, Roses saturating the wind with warm scents, and noble masses of flowering shrubs, Lilac, Mock Orange, and many of the beautiful things that abound in Canada.

Lawns for tennis, bowls, and croquet, grounds for cricket, and other sports give amusement to the patients, each enjoying his or her hour or hours from rest according to the seriousness of the disease. But above all the scented pine whispering in the winds that blow not unkindly across the hills. There, not many yards distant, is the open chapel, its altar gleaming out to the passerby—Sanatorium and the House of God, built to bring health to the sufferer in the first stages of the disease. Both are masterpieces of the architect's skill, and both hallowed memories to those who have lived in this sylvan retreat amidst the Sussex heather and pine-scented wilds.

The clever, kindly young physician, under whose control the great Sanatorium has remained, is Dr. Noel Bardswell, and the writer well remembers a

sunny autumn day at Mundesley-on-Sea, a famous resort near the still more famous Cromer on the Suffolk coast. The doctor had then care of patients of renown and he said to me, "Would you care to play a game of golf with a famous golfer?" I said, "certainly." "Come along, then." I met a thick-set man of beaming countenance. He was "putting" on a green and I putted, too. My efforts were futile, but his not so. "Who is that?" I asked. "Why, that is Harry Vardon." "And who may that be?" No answer, but a withering look. I was not a golfer in those days. Vardon was resting, a cure taken just in time. He has recovered now, as the golfing world and his opponents in the game are well aware.

Canada has learned lessons from this great institution, as indeed has the whole Anglo-Saxon world.

Horticulture and the New Year

By A. H. SCOTT, M.A.

President Ontario Horticultural Association

BY the courtesy of the CANADIAN COURIER I have the privilege of addressing these introductory sentences to the friends of the soil and gardens scattered throughout the provinces of the Dominion, and dwelling in those parts beyond, into which the National Weekly bears to its readers good-will and aroma from the hearty people of Canada.

On a certain occasion I was given the responsibility of an address which was to be delivered to an open-air assemblage, which was under the presidency of the Mayor of the place. Before the proceedings were begun the Mayor said to me that in all his life he never felt as he felt that day. It was a new occasion. It was an occasion that attracted large numbers. Something pertaining to the situation caused people to be thoughtful and expectant. As we walked from the out-of-door place of conversation to the platform, and witnessed the crowds on the grandstand and on the surrounding grounds, the presiding official whispered to me: "I do not know how I may get on with the opening speech that I am expected to deliver, but I am going to do my best, for this is a tremendous opportunity."

Charles Lamb wished it to be understood that a cotemporary was indulging in no poetic flight when he said, "I saw the skirts of the departing year." Then he said to a thoughtful group about him: "No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their

time and count upon what is left. Of all sounds of bells, most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never heard it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelve-month."

It would seem from that statement that the old school companion of Coleridge and the clever author of the "Essays of Elia" had his mind running retrospectively, with the influences of the first of the year. Sometimes the influences that work at the meeting-place of the years point the other way.

A friend of mine was invited out on a New Year occasion. The hostess on the occasion, some days afterward, met my friend's wife and she said, "For lands sake, Mary, what's the matter with Thomas?" Then she wanted to know if the turkey wasn't properly cooked, or the company wasn't congenial, or if something else wasn't right, for her husband seemed so fidgety and so disposed to be doing something other than what the New Year gathering called for. Mary's response was something like this: "You would understand all about this if you had a husband who spent the greater part of the year on a ship. As early as January, but more noticeably in February, and in the early days of March, some spirit appears to take possession of my husband. I know all about it. He found no fault with any-

thing in your home. Indeed, he was pleased to be with you. But it is the prospect ahead that stirred him when you were together on New Year's day. Here is the explanation—It is Thomas' hankering for the water."

Now, there is a good spirit abroad that puts into the best of men and women a "hankering" for the soil. A cultured gentleman puts it in this way:

"The love of gardening, in its widest sense, is a hereditary inclination in which cultivated mankind has indulged throughout all time. To own, to till, and to beautify a bit of land, no matter how humble, is the absorbing desire of most men of moral breadth. To possess a greater area handsomely embellished as to house and grounds, to dwell in its environment and amplify its charms is the fascinating recreation and often the passion of many prosperous men, thus stamping them with worth and refinement. The developing of ideals in garden effects, the growing of varied plants, trees and shrubs from many countries, the play of judgment and experience in their selection, combination and application to the limitless variety of artistic possibilities, form one of the most pleasurable of occupations, rich in resulting beauty, happiness and healthfulness."

No people under the sun have greater reason to look forward with pleasurable longing to spring than our own Canadian people. The frosts of our winters are a providential preparation for the life giving sunshine that pours down upon our summer