

Sweet Peas.

Put in your sweet peas just as soon in spring as the ground is workable. Make a trench eighteen inches deep, put six inches of well-rotted manure in the bottom, and tramp it down. Now put in six inches of soil, tramp it down well, and plant the seeds three inches apart. As the peas grow, gradually fill in the rest of the soil. Give plenty of water and cultivation at all times, and when the vines need it, supply them with wire-netting support. Occasional applications at the roots of weak liquid manure or top-dressings of ashes will also be found beneficial. If sweet peas are not permitted to seed, they will keep blooming until checked by the late October frosts.

DURATION OF BLOOM—LOCATION.

In making a garden, it is always necessary to know something of the duration of bloom of the flowers chosen; otherwise, one may have the annoyance of seeing, at certain times during the summer, great flowerless gaps where one had least expected them.

For early spring, and until the end of June, you must, of course, depend chiefly for bloom on your bulbs and early tuberous-rooted plants, e. g., snowdrops, crocuses, tulips, narcissi, daffodils, peonies, bleeding-hearts, etc.; on your shrubs, such as Japonicas, Forsythias, lilacs, syringas, spiræas, and roses; and on such early-flowering perennials as rock cress, double buttercups, daisies,

etc. With these, however, we will not now deal specifically, since, to afford much bloom this year, these should either have been planted last fall, or have attained size and blooming qualities by reason of several years' growth.

In regard to annuals, however, which will reach their full development this year, the following table may be of use, not only as to duration, but also location:

1. Annuals that will bloom from midsummer until frost (especially if given an early start in the house): Aster, marigold, coreopsis, petunia, snapdragon, stocks, sweet Sultan, zinnia.

2. Those that will bloom from midsummer until frost, if not permitted to go to seed: Alyssum, candytuft, poppy, escholtzia, cornflower, phlox Drummondii, mignonette, nasturtium, sweet peas, pansies. Several of these will also bloom after a considerable degree of frost.

3. Annuals that will grow in dry places: Nasturtium, petunia, portulaca, zinnia.

4. In shady places: Musk, pansy, nemophila.

5. In very sunny places: Nasturtium, gaillardia, candytuft, hyacinth

bean, balsam, poppy, phlox, portulaca.

For very late flowers among the perennials, no better can be found than the "whirlwind" anemone, while the best late-flowering shrub, probably, is the hardy garden hydrangea.

RE STARTING VEGETABLES.

Do the housewives who look after the garden, and who, having no hot-beds, start flower seeds in boxes in the kitchen windows, know that nearly all vegetables—carrots, beets, cabbage, onions, celery, etc.—may be similarly started, and so forced to be fit for eating weeks earlier than if the seed were merely sown out of doors. They should be transplanted from the boxes when ready into little bags, etc., as described in a recent issue of "The Farmer's Advocate." Try this plan, and be convinced.

Calla, Asparagus.

Will you please tell me what to do with my Calla Lily to make it bloom? It is a large, healthy plant, of the "Little Gems." I got it last May from a reliable seed

store in Toronto. It has been growing ever since, and is a fine plant, but I would like some flowers. Also, last fall I bought an Asparagus Plumosus. At first it grew all right, but lately it looks as if it would die. The ends of leaves turn yellow and drop off. Can you tell me what to do with it, as I am almost discouraged. I believe I would be were it not for my geraniums; they never fail me. P. E. M. Kent Co., Ont.

Ans.—You need not be uneasy about your Calla. It must be at least two years old before it will bloom much. Give it good drainage, a soil composed of leaf-mold and muck, and plenty of water during the growing season. In June turn the pot on its side out in the garden somewhere, and leave it there without any attention until September. The leaves will drop off, but that will not matter. Dig out the tuber, repot, and water moderately until leaves appear, then water freely.

We think probably your Asparagus needs shifting. Get a pot a couple of sizes larger than the one it is now in (a deep one preferred, as the roots are long), put some drainage material in the bottom, and move your Asparagus into it. Do this without disturbing the roots, by striking the side of the pot the plant is in sharply on something, then turning the soil out in a lump. Set in the other pot, and fill in all around with rich, fresh soil. Give plenty of water, and liquid manure once a week or so. If you think the soil is sour, better repot entirely.

Glengarry School Days.

A STORY OF EARLY DAYS IN GLENGARRY.

By Ralph Connor—Rev. C. W. Gordon.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"And how did you know about it?" asked Don of his father.

"It was the minister here came after me."

"Yes," said the minister, "it was Fusie told me you had gone off on a bear hunt, and so I went along to the Cameron's with Mr. Craven here, to see if you had got home."

"Meantime, Mr. Craven had been looking Hughie over."

"Mighty plucky thing," he said. "Great nerve," and he lapsed into silence, while Fusie could not contain himself, but danced from one foot to the other with excited exclamations.

The minister had come out intending, as he said, "to teach that boy a lesson that he would remember," but as he listened to Hughie's story, his anger gave place to a great thankfulness.

"It was a great mercy, my boy," he said at length, when he was quite sure of his voice, "that you had Fido with you."

"Yes, indeed, father," said Hughie. "It was Fido saved me."

"It was a great mercy, my boy," the minister, solemnly.

"And a great mercy," said Long John, "that your lad kept his head and showed such courage. You have reason to be proud of him."

The minister said nothing just then, but at home, when recounting the exploit to the mother, he could hardly contain his pride in his son.

"Never thought the boy would have a nerve like that, he's so excitable. I had rather he killed that bear than win a medal at the university."

The mother sat silent through all the story, her cheek growing more and more pale, but not a word did she say until the tale was done, and then she said, "Who delivereth thee from destruction?"

"A little like David, mother, wasn't it?" said Hughie; but though there was a smile on his face, his manner and tone were earnest enough.

"Yes," said his mother, "a good deal like David, for it was the same God that delivered you both."

"Rather hard to cut Fido out of his share of the glory," said Mr. Craven, "not to speak of a cool head and a steady nerve."

Mrs. Murray regarded him for a moment or two in silence, as if meditating an answer, but finally she only said, "We shall cut no one out of the glory due to him."

At supper-table the whole affair was discussed in all its bearings. In this discussion Hughie took little part, making light of his exploit, and giving most of the credit to Fido, and the mother wondered at the unusual reserve and gravity that had fallen upon her boy. Indeed, Hughie was wondering at himself. He had a strange new feeling in his heart. He had done a man's deed, and for the first time in his life he felt it unnecessary to glory in his deeds. He had come to a new experience, that great deeds need no voice to proclaim them. During the thrilling moments of that terrible hour he had entered the borderland of manhood, and the awe of that new world was now upon his spirit.

It was chiefly this new experience of his that was sobering him, but it helped him not a little to check his wonted boyish exuberance that at the table opposite him sat a strange young man, across whose dark, magnetic face there flitted now and then a lazy, cynical smile. Hughie feared that lazy smile, and he felt that it would shrivel into self-contempt any feeling of boastfulness.

The mother and Hughie said little to each other, waiting to be alone, and after Hughie had gone to his room his mother talked long with him, but when Mr. Craven, on his way to bed, heard the low, quiet tones of the mother's voice through the shut door, he knew it was not to Hughie she was speaking, and the smile upon his face lost a little of its cynicism.

Next day there was no smile when he stood with Hughie under the birch tree, watching the lad hew flat one side, but gravely enough he took the paper on which Hughie had written, "Fido, Sept. 13th 18—," saying as he did so, "I shall cut this for you. It is good to remember brave deeds."

CHAPTER XI.

John Craven's Method.

Mr. John Craven could not be said to take his school-teaching seriously; and indeed, any one looking at his face would hardly expect him to take

anything seriously, and certainly those who in his college days followed and courted and kept pace with Jack Craven, and knew his smile, would have expected from him anything other than seriousness. He appeared to himself to be enacting a kind of grim comedy, exile as he was in a foreign land, among people of a strange tongue.

He knew absolutely nothing of pedagogical method, and consequently he ignored all rules and precedents in the teaching and conduct of the school. His discipline was of a most fantastic kind. He had a feeling that all lessons were a bore, therefore he would assign the shortest and easiest of tasks. But, having assigned the tasks, he expected perfection in recitation, and impressed his pupils with the idea that nothing less would pass. His ideas of order were of the loosest kind, and hence the noise at times was such that even the older pupils found it unbearable; but when the hour for recitation came, somehow a death-like stillness fell upon the school, and the unready shivered with dread apprehension. And yet he never thrashed the boys; but his fear lay upon them, for his eyes held the delinquent with such an intensity of magnetic, penetrating power that the unhappy wretch felt as if any kind of calamity might befall him.

When one looked at John Craven's face, it was the eyes that caught and held the attention. They were black, without either gleam or glitter, indeed, almost dull—a lady once called them "smoky eyes." They looked, under lazy, half-drooping lids, like things asleep, except in moments of passion, when there appeared, far down, a glowing fire, red and terrible. At such moments it seemed as if, looking through these, one were catching sight of a soul ablaze. They were like the dull glow of a furnace through an ink night.

He was constitutionally and habitually lazy, but in a reading lesson he would rouse himself at times, and by his utterance of a single line make the whole school sit erect. Friday afternoon he gave up to what

he called "the cultivation of the finer arts." On that afternoon he would bring his violin and teach the children singing, hear them read and recite, and read for them himself; and no greater punishment could be imposed upon the school than the loss of this afternoon.

"Man alive! Thomas, he's mighty queer," Hughie explained to his friend. "When he sits there with his feet on the stove smoking away and reading something or other, and letting them all gabble like a lot of ducks, it just makes me mad. But when he wakes up he puts the fear of death on you, and when he reads he makes you shiver through and through. You know that long rigmarole, 'Friends, Romans, countrymen'? I used to hate it. Well, sir, he told us about it last Friday. You know, on Friday afternoons we don't do any work, but just have songs and reading, and that sort of thing. Well, sir, last Friday he told us about the big row in Rome, and how Caesar was murdered, and then he read that thing to us. By gimmini which! it made me hot and cold. I could hardly keep from yelling, and every one was white. And then he read that other thing, you know, about Little Nell. Used to make me sick, but, my goodness alive! do you know, before he got through the girls were wiping their eyes, and I was almost as bad, and you could have heard a pin drop. He's mighty queer, though, lazy as the mischief, and always smiling and smiling, and yet you don't feel like smiling back."

(Continued on page 523.)

When Booker T. Washington began his early attempts to arouse the colored men of the South to work regularly, save their money, stop stealing chickens, lead good lives, etc., one of his agencies was the establishment of schools. Money was scarce, and it was a day of small beginnings. The first class was held on the porch of a house, but it rapidly grew the accommodation, and in casting about for ampler facilities, he found an old abandoned henhouse.

Finding a venerable darky idle, he said to him, "Sam, you go up to-morrow morning and clean out that old henhouse back of Mr. —'s house."

"Sho'ly. Mr. Washington," was the reply, "you won't clean out a henhouse in de daytime?"