

the road, or if you live a distance from the road, your driveway. Consider the effect on passers-by! Perhaps you have a lawn, but have felt that it was really too much work to keep it mowed all summer, and so have not even got a lawnmower. Get one this spring; start early before the grass gets too long, and if the lawn is rough, roll it a few times, then mow it about twice a week if the growth is healthy and rank. You will soon be proud of your neat lawn, and find that by cutting before the grass grows long, the work will not be heavy. I wish I could just pop in and help everyone, or anyone who contemplates a lawn and flowers for the first time this year.

If your house is gray and shabby, give it a couple of coats of paint. It will preserve the wood and make a wonderful difference in its appearance. That is, unless you paint it green, with yellow trimmings, or some such bilious combination!

When I married and came on the farm four years ago, I knew next to nothing about flowers. Our house was not all built yet, and stood in a rough, stony yard, surrounded by a mass of noxious weeds that stood as high as I did, ragweed, thistles, goldenrod, catnip, nettles, etc. Now, I am happy to say, I have a neat lawn, bordered with flower-beds, and the house is painted, and has verandas covered in the summer with climbing roses, clematis, and various annual climbers.

There were no small fruits when I first came. Now I have all the strawberries, raspberries, etc., we can use, and more, and a splendid vegetable garden. I have a hotbed, and start all my tender plants in it, also some early lettuce and radishes. After the initial outlay is paid, a hotbed that will last with care indefinitely, is a real economy, as you need buy no plants at all, and can raise just what you wish, and a greater variety than one can usually get from a florist or gardener.

When the seed catalogues come, I take a large sheet of paper and draw a plan of the house and grounds. Then I plan what flowers to order, just where I shall put them, so that I may have a harmonious color scheme.

Of course, I have a perennial border, and add to it every year.

I love my spring flowers best of all, and have a great many tulips, narcissus, crocus, hyacinths, etc. Last summer I had an asparagus-bed made, and planted good, strong, two-year-old roots, so this coming summer we look forward to a great treat.

I cannot tell you what a very great pleasure my flowers, lawn, fruits, and vegetables are to me. Just try it and see if pushing the lawnmower and pulling weeds, and even carrying water in dry times, are not over-balanced by the pleasures your eyes and nose and palate will receive all the year around nearly.

For, think of the vegetables and canned fruits and jellies such a garden will yield for the long winter months! And to those who have all these things, and who do try to make our country and this old world a place of beauty, I say courage—push on!

We need flowers and sunshine and cleanliness and happiness above everything.

If people who work so very hard and save so very "close," and don't improve, but, instead, put every cent they can screw out of their land in the bank, would only stop it, and spend a little time and money in enjoying life and making their home surroundings pleasant!

If farmers generally would take a pride in good fences, and have as few weeds as possible, and do what they could to have good, comfortable farm buildings, sanitary and convenient, wouldn't it be fine? Numbers of them do, indeed; but some do not! I wish the day would come—it will, I believe—when we can drive through this Province mile after mile and say with pride, "Could any other part of the world beat this grand old Ontario of ours! Not much!"

I wish some kind and liberal-minded man in each county would offer prizes for the best-kept grounds and gardens, as some have done. It is a splendid idea.

Travel Notes.

(FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Munich, Jan. 25, '14.

They no sooner get through celebrating one thing in Munich than they start right in on something else. There is always "something doing," something that calls for bands and soldiers, and pomp and ceremony. No matter how aimless you may be when you go out for a promenade, the sound of music puts life into your steps, and the sight of a street mob rouses your curiosity and enthusiasm, so that before you know what you are doing you are elbowing

Munich Actors' ball; Museum ball; Merchants' ball; Artists' Union ball; Artists' and Singers' Union ball; Jugglers' ball; Teachers' Singing Club ball; Press Club ball; Munich Carnival Club ball; Munich Rowing Club ball; Austro-Hungarian Aid Society ball; Present and Post-graduate Students of Academy ball; German Art Students' Union ball; Arts and Crafts' ball. Besides all these, there are masquerade balls every Wednesday and Saturday night at the Deutsches Theater, and balls innumerable at all the places of public entertainment. The whole city is dancing mad.

The unique feature of this year's Car-

ject in view, they organized a five-and-drum band, marched courageously forth into the desolate streets, dancing and singing merrily as they went along. The sorrowful people hurried to the doors and windows at the unwonted sound, and when they saw the gay procession and heard the glad news that the plague was over, they swarmed out into the streets again and joined in the general merry-making. Ever since that time, the Schaeffertanz has been celebrated every seventh year. Apropos of this, the wife have coined a phrase: "Die hat auch schon ihre sieben oder acht Schaeffertanze auf dem Buckel"—which refers to age, and means that the person spoken of has seen seven or eight Schaeffertanze—a phrase equivalent to our own slang expression, "She'll never see forty again."

In this dance, about twenty-eight men take part; there are also two clowns, and several special performers. The uniform worn is very gay and fantastic. It consists of a green cap with white and blue feathers, a red coat with silver trimmings, white vest and stockings, black knickers, and low shoes with large silver buckles. In their hands they carry arch-shaped green boughs.

The dance steps are more or less complicated, and there are many intricate figures, all of which have some symbolic meaning. Occasionally the dancers sing and shout, and do some fancy high kicking around a diminutive beer barrel, which plays an important part in the performance. The original dance music is used—the same old tune that is rung out daily by the City Hall chimes at eleven o'clock in the morning. Simultaneously the automatic Schaeffler away up in the clock tower begin to dance. They dance for about five minutes. When they stop, an automatic cock still higher up in the tower begins to flap its wings and crow in a humptious and official manner, though why, or what for, I know not.

Every morning a gaping crowd of tourists gather in the street opposite the City Hall to watch this mechanical exhibition. It is one of the sights of the town. But very few of the sight-seers know of the intimate historic connection between the gigantic, grotesque stone dragon on the corner of the municipal building, and the dancing automata away up in the high clock tower.

The opening Schaeffler dance of the season was given on the 12th of January, in the grounds of Wittelsbach palace, where the King is at present in residence, it being the time-honored custom to give the first performance before royalty. After this, the dance is given before the residences of high functionaries and notabilities, and when they have all been duly honored, the dancers go wherever fancy leads them, or the lure of gold invites them, for none of their performances are gratuitous. In the daytime they dance in the street or in the grounds of private residences, but at night they fling the nimble foot at balls and places of entertainment.

We saw the first performance in the palace grounds. Our pension being only a block away, we dragged chairs to a good viewpoint, and by standing on them, could see over the heads of the surging mob in the street. The king and his family viewed the scene from the balcony just above the two battered old lions that guard the royal portals. Although it was a cold, foggy morning, all the adjacent streets were jammed with people, and all the getatable window-edges and posts ornamented with small boys.

As the weeks go on the Carnival spirit becomes more pronounced. Night is turned into day; the absurd and grotesque is everywhere apparent; the shop windows are brilliant with masquerade costumes, brass jewelry, and glass diamonds. The main topic of conversation is of festivities past, present, and to come. The gay life in the cafes begins about midnight, and keeps up till near dawn. Bands of rolicking students go singing through the streets at all hours of the night, sleep being the one thing that Carnival celebrators have no particular use for—at night.

It takes forever and a day to get to any place in Munich—if you go by the shanks-mare-route. The reason is, that unless you are either blind or very strong-minded, you simply can't get past the shop windows. Window-dressing is



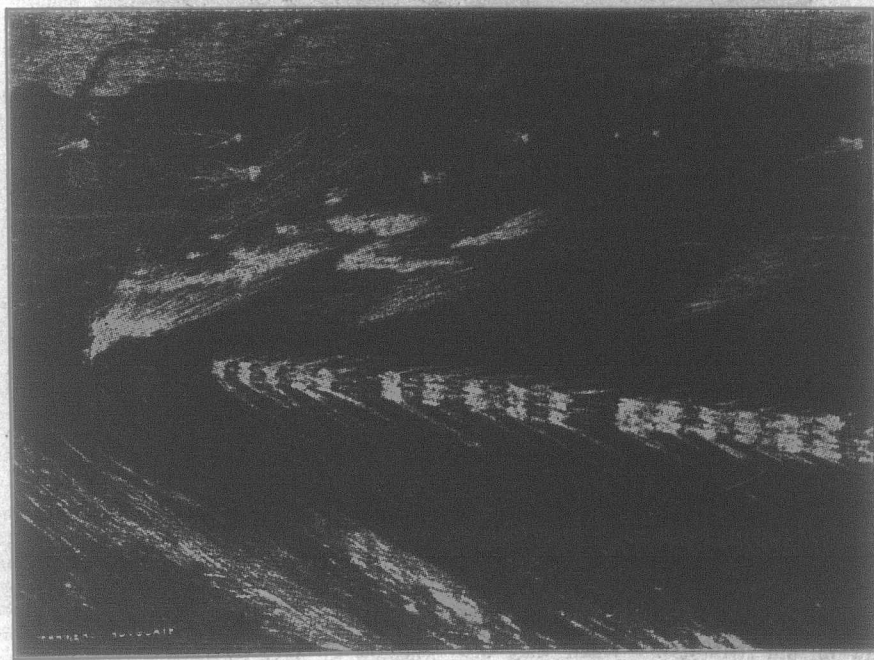
The Schaeffertanz.

your way through the crowd trying to find a good vantage point to see the show—whatever it is.

Just now, Munich is celebrating the Carnival, which lasts for six weeks and ends at Lent. This is a very gay season here; conventions are more or less discarded, and feasting, dancing, and hilarity, are indulged in to an enormous extent. Masquerade and costume balls are one of the main delights of Carnival-time. It is estimated that during this period there are over four thousand balls in Munich. All the restaurants and cafes and breweries are gorgeously decorated, and all are offering special attractions in the way of masquerades and

nival is the Schaeffertanz, which only takes place once in seven years. It is given in the streets by die Schaeffler—the men who make the beer barrels. During the entire Carnival season, these men spend their days (and very often their nights) dancing. For each performance they receive a stipulated sum of money.

The origin of this dance is historic, and goes away back to 1517, the year of the great plague, which played such havoc all over Southern Europe. According to the legend, this loathsome malady was brought into Munich by that terrible old dragon which flew in through one of the city gates and took up its



A Futurist Picture of an Express Train Going Sixty Miles an Hour.

dances. The Deutsches Theater—which, during the rest of the year is a popular vaudeville house—is used during the Carnival exclusively for social functions. All the most important balls are held there, including the magnificent Charity Ball, which is especially gorgeous, being attended by the King and the nobility.

Every society and organization in the city seems to have a ball during this festive period. I picked up a list of balls to come the other day, and here are a few of them:

The Singing Guild ball; the Art Academy ball; Charity ball; German Actors' Union ball; Zoo Benefit ball; Society of

quarters in a deep well in Marien Platz, and by its poisonous breath so polluted the atmosphere that 15,000 people perished. So terror-stricken were the townspeople that they refused to leave their homes. The streets were empty save for funerals, and no stranger came within the gates. After a time the plague ran its course, but the people were still so paralyzed with fear they would not budge from their houses. Then die Schaeffler met in their inn and debated as to what should be done. They decided that the terrified citizens needed, above all things, to be cheered up and encouraged. So, with this ob-