

the garden. There was a pair of cat-birds nested in a small plum tree near the garden, and the way they could mock other birds was wonderful. Often I have mistaken them for our old cat. I might have got some better photos of my garden if the camera had taken the dark flowers, but alas! all the scarlet petunias and dark zinnias were left out. Even the sunflowers seemed to turn their backs.

I will close, hoping I have made the essay interesting and helpful.

HOWARD JAMIESON,
Camborne, Ont.

MARGARET SORLEY'S GARDEN.

Size of Plot.—87 x 30 feet.

Seeds Sown.—Flowers: Gourd, asters, nasturtiums, phlox, sweet peas, mignonette, morning glories, orange daisies, verbenas, pinks, sunflower, candytuft. Vegetables: Peas, beets, beans, carrots, radishes, onions, lettuce, sweet corn, popcorn, parsnips, tomatoes.

Photo taken.—Vegetables, July 24th; flowers, Sept. 5th.

First thing after the snow had gone I began to prepare for my garden. About March 20th I filled a shallow box with earth and brought it into the house to get dry and warm. In a few days it was ready, and I sifted it to, take the stones out and to make it finer. It was then put in a long box and set in a warm, sunny window, and the seeds were soon planted. How anxiously I watched for them to come up.

Early in the spring the first sod was turned in my new garden, which was to be a good deal larger than last year's. After that it had to be dug and raked, and a great many stones taken out, and by the time the ground was ready for the plants in my box they were ready for it. Along one side of my garden there was a fence along which I had planted sweet peas, morning glories, and climbing nasturtiums. Transplanting from my box to the garden was a new experience for me, and I learned that there was more in it than I at first thought. After patient working the box was emptied and the little plants were ready for the sun and the rain.

About a month after my garden was planted the flowers and vegetables began to look very pretty. Some of the flowers that looked especially bright were the little orange daisies, which I had in a border. They blossomed from the end of May till frost. The sweet peas bloomed all summer. The asters, phlox and verbenas just covered the garden with blossom.

One of the things that interested me most was watching the little humming-birds as they darted from one flower to the other. They came every morning, and sometimes in the afternoon. One day as I was picking my sweet peas, there was a bumblebee going about gathering honey. Soon a little hummingbird came to the garden, and after it had fluttered from flower to flower it shot into the one where the bee was. When it was gone the bee was dead. I wonder if it was the bird that killed it. I gave some of the flowers away to my friends, and with the remainder decorated the house.

In my vegetable garden everything grew very well, and it was a pleasure to go out and get all the vegetables we could use. The beans were harvested, and what fun we had threshing them. The popcorn was picked, and we had a husking bee to husk it.

MARGARET SORLEY (age 14).

R. R. 1, Ottawa, Ont.

CECIL SIMPSON'S GARDEN.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—As I was much interested in last year's Garden Competition, my sister and I thought we would try, so we got ready a piece of land. We had it plowed and then we dug it all up. Our land during the winter was a sheep pen, so it was nice and rich. We first dug it up into beds, running a walk between about a foot wide. We next ran a walk up the middle to separate the vegetables from the flowers.

On the west side we had our flowers. At the back we had sweet peas, which grew about seven feet high, but did not do much in blooming till late in the season. Next we had dahlias, which kept up a continuous bloom from July as long as the frost kept away. We had four colors of cactus, pink, or "Krem-

shield." It is a great bloomer, with as many as twenty blossoms at one time. Deep crimson is a very pretty dahlia, with a very wide bloom; pink, with a white center, or "Constancy," and a purple. We then had a mixed bed, which was lovely after they came in bloom. We had our seeds put away wrapped up in paper, when the mice got at it and mixed it all up, so we just sewed it. We had in that bed, chrysanthemums, candytuft, and four o'clocks.

We had a bed of zinnias; there were six colors. They were late blooming on account of the late spring. They are very pretty in the garden, but are a hard, or stiff flower, which make them look odd in a bouquet.

We had next a bed of mixed clarkia, a plant that grows about two feet high. They are branchy, and start blooming at the bottom and bloom to the top. They were lovely about the middle of August, but a bad storm broke them down and they started to bloom again later. Over in the north-east corner we made a bed about the 1st of July and got some plants out of mamma's hotbed. There were green vermin on the blooms of the dahlias. If you look at them through a magnifying-glass they are quite pretty, with spots on them; if you observe closely you can see that they are all hard at work.

When the flower show met in Charlottetown in August, we took first prize for a bouquet out of our garden, entered as a school-children's garden. It was only a red ribbon, but still it was worth the trouble. At the Provincial Exhibition we took a second prize in chrysanthemums, which was 50 cents. During the summer we had many visitors to see our garden. When the Women's Institute met here, all the women went out to see it, and said it was very good.

During the summer we noticed many birds, toads, and insects. Well, I think this is all about the flowers, so I must write about the vegetables.

Our vegetables were all good except the cabbage and cauliflower, which were injured by the club root. Our peas and beans were good. We ripened all our peas for seed, as they were an extra good kind, and came from the Experimental Farm, Charlottetown. Our beans were the golden waff. We used part of them on the table, and some were canned for winter use. Our tomatoes were an extra good crop. We sold a bushel off eight plants, and got eighty cents for them. This, with our prize money, we are going to save to buy seeds for next year's garden.

I am sending along with this a picture of our garden. It is a very dim one. It must have been the fault of the film, and as we were so far from town we did not get another.

CECIL M. SIMPSON (age 12).

Hunter River, Bay View, P. E. Island,
R. R. No. 1.

A Christmas Wish.

(By Mabel Gunning, age 12.)

On Christmas Day we hear the bells
Sending out their silvery chime;
They ring to let the people know
It is glad Christmas-time.

We always get nice presents
When Christmas-time is here,
But when we think of the Belgians,
It sometimes brings a tear.

Can we help these needy orphans?
Why, yes! and we will try
To make their Christmas cheerful,
With a happy smile, and not a cry.

We should think of those poor soldiers
Fighting on the battlefield,
Trying to save our king and country
With their sword and shield.

So we'll make them a merry Christmas,
At least, we'll do the best we can,
To help those homeless children ...
Over there in Belgium land.

Now, I must my poem conclude,
Or Puck will think it's stunning,
So I will close with my best wishes,
From your beaver, Mabel Gunning.

Puck.—I made this poem up myself without a bit of help. It was my first attempt. I hope the busy Beavers will not forget the poor little children in Belgium. I must close, wishing the Beavers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

MABEL GUNNING (age 12).

The Ingle Nook.

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A Woman Who Tried.

One Who Tried.

Invariably I have noticed the interest aroused among you whenever sketches of the lives of eminent women have been published in these columns; letters have come thanking us for telling about Madame Curie, Dr. Montessori, Jane Addams, even Mrs. Pankhurst—and asking for "more."

It's the old principle of hero-worship, I suppose, carried on into heroine-worship. And yet—Carlyle notwithstanding—is it really hero-worship that makes us like to read the intimate history of the people who have "done things"? Look a little beneath the surface and see if you do not recognize that the most of us like biography chiefly because in reading the life-story of those who have achieved we so often find inspiration to go on with our own life-story—so much less spectacular, in all probability, yet of importance enough to us and to those bound up with us.

It is not that we want to emulate these great folk. Comparatively few of us, perhaps, care anything about "shining," but we all want to be as useful as we can in this world, do we not?—and to be somehow conscious of advancement within ourselves. We don't want to stand this year precisely where we stood last year, and it is to our discredit if we do. But there is one thing that sometimes holds us back: We become impatient if reverses come our way, or if we can't do exactly as we like; we want to hold all the reins in our own hands, and if we find that impossible we have too great a tendency to give up and take the line of least resistance, with a despairing "what's the use?"

Now it is just here that we find the outstanding helpfulness in reading biography. Through it we find that in the lives of the people who have achieved, progress has always come as a result of effort and experience, and in no other way. Almost never has the path been easy,—sometimes, indeed, it has been distressingly weary and painful,—but always there has been in those who walked it, the faculty of "never-give-up," of rising after falling, of stepping on a mistake to gain a landmark: "We rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things."

Grit, hope, perseverance, and a steady determination to be of use in the world—born of the love that must help—these are the qualities that bring one, not eminence, perhaps, not riches, but some-

thing still better, the satisfaction that comes of having done the best one can.

And so we come, to-day, to a woman who tried, an Austrian woman, too. We are somewhat at odds with Austria these days, but that need not keep us from finding out excellence in an Austrian, need it?—nor anywhere else for that matter.

This woman did not achieve that at which she aimed; the terrible war in Europe is a direct overthrowing of her one grand dream; but, though temporarily, she has suffered defeat with a glorious company, with Norman Angell and all those who, with him hold it more worthy to save life than to kill;—she has taken stand with The Master Himself, who has been called The Prince of Peace. Such defeat is not defeat. But a turn of the wheel and it will be victory, as all good effort must be when the whole story has been told.

—And this woman?—The late Baroness von Suttner, who died on the 21st of June last, mercifully too soon to see that which would have distressed her beyond anything else that could have occurred in this world,—Baroness von Suttner, whose book, "Lay Down Your Arms!" brought for the gifted and earnest author one of the Nobel peace prizes, and it is said, promised to do for the peace movement in Europe, had not events precipitated themselves so disastrously, "something like what 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did for the anti-slavery movement in America."

Baroness Bertha von Suttner was born on the 9th June, 1843. She was gifted with a fine voice, and in early life thought of becoming a public singer, but that plan was brushed aside when she fell in love with the Baron von Suttner, and eloped with him because his family opposed the match. It was nine years before a reconciliation took place, and during that time she became a writer. Somewhat later she became acquainted with Alfred Nobel, and it is generally believed that it was due to her influence that he became so strongly devoted to the cause of international peace.

Her interest in that movement, we are told by Rev. Frederick Lynch, in a very interesting article in "Christian Work and Evangelist," "took its rise from several sources. First of all, her immediate experience of the effect of wars. She saw the flower of Austria's youth brought home either dead or mutilated; she saw the suffering of wives, mothers, and little children; she saw that as a general thing these wars all arose out of petty disputes, and that very rarely any great principle was at stake. Another thing that aroused her indignation against militarism was the fact that in all the conversation which she heard in court circles, war was treated simply as a great game. The officers spoke of it in the most heartless way, and considered the peasantry of Austria as nothing but pawns and machines, to be used for their winning of the game. She also saw how war continually destroyed all the civilization that years had gained, so that the world was simply going around in a circle. It built up a beautiful structure of mind, soul, and material things during the years of peace, and then proceeded to knock it all down again. There then began to come to her a vision of a new order for the nation: It was simply the already old order in which individuals lived. Individuals no longer went to war over their disputes; they settled them by judicial methods. There was no reason why nations should not do the same. In her mind she conceived the idea of a court for nations similar to that which existed for men."

The outcome of her thinking was her book, "Lay Down Your Arms!" which eventually sold by hundreds of thousands, and was translated into all civilized languages, although at first the Baroness found it almost impossible to find a publisher in Austria who would risk having anything to do with it.

This book at once placed the author among the leaders in the peace movement, which she continued to serve in many capacities: as President of the Austrian Peace Society, Hon. Pres. of the International Peace Bureau of Berne, member of the Advisory Council of the Carnegie Peace Foundation, etc. It also brought her the Nobel Peace Prize of