

have a systematic propaganda to induce emigration of the desired classes. They are receiving to-day a far better class of immigrants, taken in the aggregate, than the United States were receiving at relatively the same period in its development. Canadian laws should be so restrictive and stringently enforced as to admit only those who are physically and mentally sound,

capable of developing and building up this great and glorious Dominion, and upon the shoulders of the medical profession, in a great measure, rests the responsibility for this development. The conservation of the Canadian race is vastly more important than that of the Natural Resources, as the real wealth of a nation is its people.

VINES AND HEDGES

BY RACHEL R. TODD, M.D., C.M.

In these tiresome days of stifling heat and burning winds, when every poor mortal seeks what relief he can obtain from shady nook and sheltered corner, the wise gardener, who had a little forethought, took care to prepare for this trying time and is now enjoying a delightful reward. He can sit calmly and coolly in his own little domain and view with satisfaction the results of his own handiwork. His eye may roam where it will and meet no offence; no unsightly outbuildings, no glaring bare, board fences; no dilapidated porches; no unspeakably ugly corners.

And why?

They are all hidden. Hidden behind hedges—thick, bushy, smelly hedges that form a living green wall—an effective and beautiful background of which the eye does not soon weary; hidden beneath luxuriant green vines, with graceful creeping trailers that stretch out eager fingers in every direction, only too anxious to do their share in covering unpleasant places.

And what a plentiful reward from so little labor. A few carefully chosen, healthy plants well placed, a few minutes spent daily training rapidly-growing trailers, a generous drenching with the hose early in the morning before the sun's rays have warmed up, and after sundown, and a casual watch on the weeds, and what a reward is obtained.

The reward? A feast, physically and mentally, through all the long hot days and nights. Physically, because the eye, the ear, yes and the nose too, is fed on and pleased by a never ending succession of color and smell; mentally, because one cannot be constantly associated with beautiful sights and smells without being very materially benefited thereby.

Think of the mental condition of a person who allows himself to gaze day in and day out, on a hard ugly—oh, unspeakably ugly—bare board fence that separates him from his neighbor, when with so little trouble, he might enjoy a glorious succession of vivid greens, ranging from the tenderest misty yellow green of the last grown leaves to sombre bronze and myrtle green of the older branches.

Consider how many happier hours the busy housewife might enjoy on her back porch if, instead of making it the store-all for the innumerable kitchen utensils, the corners filled with mops and brooms, tubs and pails, the walls hung with dusters and floor cloths, shelves of various kinds stocked with—oh stacked with everything the everyday mind can think of—if, instead of all this, she should transform that very back porch into a veritable fairy arbor of cool and odorous greens, the walls draped with delicate climbing fringes, the corners filled with tubbed plants, the shelves (if they must be present), brightened with a few potted flowers, and right beside her door-step, a huge bush of sweet clover to keep away the hateful fly.

Why, she might even enjoy many a delectable cup of tea there, even if it is only the kitchen porch. Many a woman wisely insists on making this part of her establishment the pleasantest. And why should she not when most of her day is spent there? And think how delightful, as she works away, to breathe the fragrance of the lily-bed wafted through the window curtained with, say, wistaria vines, whose long, luscious racemes of dainty lavender or rich creamy-white, laden with the intangible perfume of the East cannot fail to soothe the weary mind.