

A Game to Play.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

Two of the players join hands, facing each other, having agreed privately which is to be "oranges" and which "lemons." The rest of the party form a long line, standing one behind the other and holding each other's dress or coat. The first two raise their hands so as to form an arch, and the rest run through it, singing as they run:

"Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.
You owe me five farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.
When will you pay me?
Say the bells of old Bailey."
I do not know,
Say the bells of Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head!"

At the word "head" the hand archway descends and clasps the player passing through at that moment. He is then asked in a whisper, "Oranges or lemons?" And if he chooses "oranges" he is told to go behind the player who has agreed to be "oranges" and clasp him around the waist.

The players must be careful to speak in a whisper, so that the others must not know what has been said.

The game then goes on again in the same way until all the children have been caught and have chosen which they will be, "oranges" or "lemons." When this happens the two sides prepare for a tug of war. Each child clasps the one in front of him tightly, and the two leaders pull with all their might until one side has drawn the other across a line which has been drawn between them.

The Ingle Nook.

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Weeds

Last year a friend of mine was out of the city during June, the month in which weeds, as well as flowers and vegetables (but more so), wax lusty and strong. She had left her flower-garden in charge of her husband, and so I was not very much surprised when he "hove" upon my horizon one day with perplexity on his face and a request upon his tongue, that I would "go over and show him which were flowers and which were weeds."

I wonder how many of you have had the same difficulty in regard to not only flowers, but vegetables also. Some people seem to have an eye for weeds without any teaching; or perhaps it is an eye for the soft green garden things instead, an eye born of the true garden spirit, the love in the heart that enables one to point out an interloper at once, just as the mother-hen recognizes and resents immediately the small foreign addition to her flock, no matter how similar a ball of fluff and cheep it may be.

Have you ever noticed, too, if you have the garden-spirit within you, how invariably you look upon the weed as a personal enemy? You feel spiteful towards it; you regard it as a wolf in the fold, and you hoe at it with a rancorous vim and a sense of triumphal victory. It is as though you attributed to this lusty foreigner a faculty of reason leading it to sneak in by by-ways or boldly take possession of your domain.

Well, one need not blame you. These weeds cause you many an extra hour of labor if, incidentally, they force you into doing some good by loosening the soil. If left over-long, they drink up the moisture and plant-food from about their roots, and, growing as grossly as they do, soon succeed in overthrowing your more delicate garden-plants, which, consequently, dwindle in the shade. Besides, practically all of our coarse, troublesome weeds are, really and truly, foreigners. Nearly all of the more beautiful and delicate plants we have, the dear ferns and wild-flowers of the woods, are native; but the rough burdocks, docks, plantains, ~~be~~ weeds, etc., even the

so-called "Canada" thistle, which is not a native of Canada at all, have been introduced, in one way or another, from Europe or Asia, and true patriots are we if we make war on them, tooth and nail,—seeing that, like veriest enemies, they try to filch our living from us. Nevertheless, there is much that is interesting about even the worst of these rough foreigners.

proper treatment for them when they grow in such places, is to cut or spud each plant below the crown in hot, dry weather, then apply a handful of salt or a teaspoonful of coal oil to the cut part immediately afterwards. As burdocks are biennials, this method, if thoroughly carried out, should eradicate them in a couple of years. The botanical name of

to pull these plants out—you know that—yet, as they are perennial, strenuous treatment seems necessary, the best being to cut them off beneath the crown in hot, dry weather, and apply a handful of salt,—precisely as for burdocks, you see. By the way, dock leaves make "greens" that are not too bad at all in early spring.

And now to the garden proper:—Above all the pests that worried us, there may be placed, first and foremost, round-leaved mallow. Charles Dudley Warner found his Waterloo in "pusley," professing for it such hate or such awe that finally he could not find it in his heart to write the name of it in full, but referred to it as "p-sl-y." Had he lived in Ontario, the skeleton might have appeared as "m—ll—w."

Round-leaved mallow grows with a vitality that might be admirable if it weren't so exasperating. When you were a child, you revelled in its rather pretty pink and white striped flowers, and its seed-heads like little green cheeses, but now that you are a gardener you fail to see the romance. You hoe and hoe, but hoeing only seems to make it sprout up ten to one, and by and by you find that ever so little a bit of root left in the ground quickly becomes the parent of a new plant. Thenceforth you resolve that you will pull it out; but it is the kind of plant that, as you tug at it, has a tendency to let you sit down suddenly and—heavily; the top of it comes off with a jerk. Finally, one day it rains, and you find that Dame Mallow's heart is softened. She yields quite easily to a firm tug, so long as the ground is moist, and so you make the best of your time, and the weeds fly to put a top story on the compost-heap which, I hope, you are making in the corner of your garden somewhere.

Lamb's quarters? I suppose you have them a-plenty, and use them as a substitute for spinach, too. They are really wild spinach, you know. I always used to be glad to see a rather plentiful supply of them in early spring.

And, then, redroot pigweed—good also for greens, but only when very young. What a coarse, ugly weed it is, and how very much moisture it sucks up out of the soil. From tropical America it came originally, and so it flourishes well on hot, "muggy" days, branching out and flowering so prolifically that from one medium-sized plant 12,000 seeds may be expected. When the flowers are "out," the resemblance is not hard to trace to the "Prince's feathers" and coxcombs of the garden, and so one is not surprised to find that the pigweed is really an amaranth, if one of the black sheep of the family. The best way to keep it down is to hoe it persistently, allowing it to get no foothold.

Perhaps you are bothered a little with the wild convolvulus, the scapegrace of the morning-glory family, which, in spite of its pretty, innocent-looking pink flowers, manages to give some trouble by climbing where it is not wanted. You may find a few specimens of its cousin, the dodder, too,—that odd thread-like parasite that thrusts its roots into other plants and lives on their juices. And, without doubt, in some parts of Canada, you will have a tilt with ragweed, which starts out with such promisingly pretty leaves, and ends by becoming coarse and producing very disappointing spikes of ugly little greenish flowers. Why it should ever have had the name Ambrosia, or "food of the gods," connected with it, unless in satire, is a mystery, since, as someone has remarked, "not even a billy-goat will eat it." Ragweed is a bad weed. Do not let it get the start of you.

Another weed, fair in appearance, but to be kept at arm's length, is the "stinking Mayweed." The foliage is of a tender green, and finely cut, like cosmos, and the white flowers are daisy-like, but the odor is—well, perhaps, second to that of skunk-cabbage, more or less. Occasional hoeing is the price of freedom from this plant should it appear in the garden, but it is not very hard to eradicate.

I have written this screed on the assumption that the weeds have, from time to time, got the start of you, which I sincerely hope they have not. The ideal way to overcome them is, you know, to keep scratching away with the little rake-like weeders

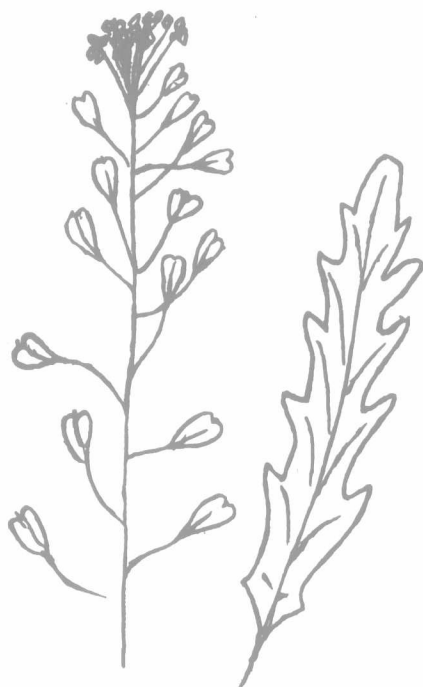


Mrs. French at Work on a Piece of Lace for the Coronation.
[She has been making lace for over fifty years.]

Among "the pictures that hang on Memory's Wall," covering my garden experience, hang pre-eminently those of a few of these weeds.

First of all, along the edge of our garden-plot, next the fence, were the burdocks, which did not, perhaps, give so much trouble in the garden itself, but

the family to which all the burdocks belong is, by the way, *Arctium*, from a Greek word meaning "bear," probably in allusion to the shaggy appearance of the bur. Although nothing but a pest with us (except for the making of Burdock Bitters, some would say,) the plant is considerably esteemed in Japan, where the



Shepherd's Purse.



Round-leaved Plantain.



Round-leaved Mallow.



Convolvulus.

were hated because of the fancied (?) look of shiftlessness that clung to them. We used to cut them down and cut them down, yet, though they did not flourish like the green bay tree, those burdocks actually put forth their purplish flowers and wretched little burs close to the ground, so determined to propagate were they. Later, we found out that the

root has been thickened and improved, and is cooked as a vegetable.

Next to the burdocks, among the interlopers along the fence-side, were the docks—the brown docks that you probably know so well, with long, narrow leaves, masses of brown seeds, each resembling a tiny beechnut, and roots that seem to reach to China. No use to try