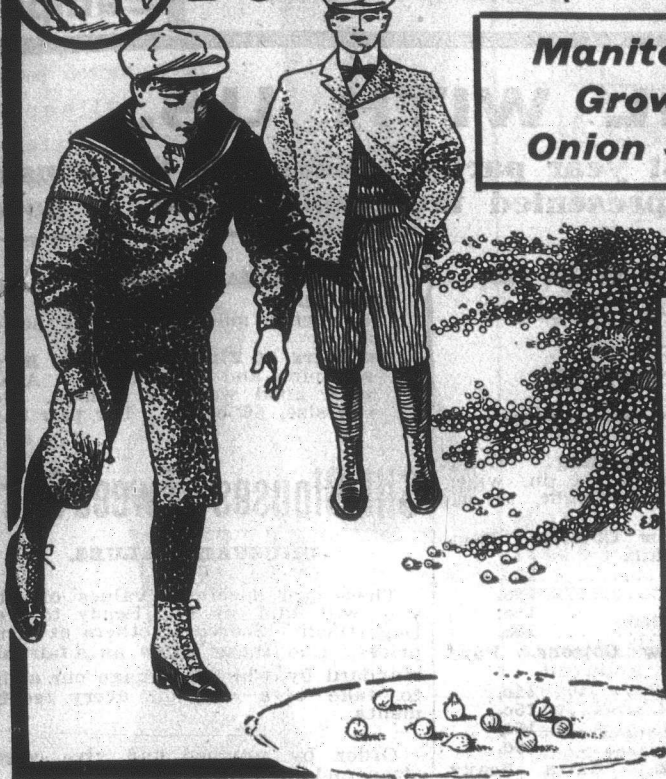




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Every home wants flowers—to have the most beautiful is the desire of everyone. Our strains are the rarest and best of Europe and America, of stoutest vitality. They produce **Exhibition Blooms.**

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Our position is one to be proud of—the first shipment of wheat from Manitoba was made by our Company—that was in 1876. Now, in 1906, our House has been chosen to se-

lect and distribute the seed grain for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta in the **GREAT MILLION DOLLAR CONTEST** of 'The Orange Judd Farmer' to improve Grain Growers' Profits.—**Registered Red Fife, White Fife and Preston Wheat, Registered Banner, Imp. American, Imp. Ligowo, Storm King and Big Four Oats** (noxious weeds rigidly excluded).

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Garden and Flowers

A pleasant way to spend a winter's evening is to plan the flower garden for the coming summer. Sit down some day soon and write a postal card to several different seed companies for their flower catalogues. I have found them accommodating and the catalogues more interesting than my usual magazines.

I hope those of us who keep fire thru' the night have a few winter plants, if nothing more than the old standby, the Geranium. There is such a lot of pleasure in watching for each new leaf and bud to open, it encourages one to wait more patiently for the warm days and gardening time.

But few of us realize the great possibilities contained in a small ten cent package of Pansy seed. For early flowering they should be sown in a box in the first spring months and then transplanted when the weather is suitable and the danger of frost is past. Sow them where you can see their bright little faces from your window. Keep the blossoms picked or they will go to seed. When the fall days come put a thin cover of straw over them and you will be surprised to see them the next spring long before you expected them. The beautiful Verbena, Marguerite, Carnation, Phlox, and the old-time gaudy Poppies can be planted farther away from the house. There is an advantage in planting such flowers as the carnation, verbena and pansies as they bloom the second year even more profusely than the first and really the only care is to keep the weeds from taking them, though I think the weeds would have had a tug of it had they undertaken taking my carnations. They came up so thick there was scarcely room for my knife

when I attempted to thin them out so that I might share them with my less fortunate neighbors. And poppies—they came up everywhere the wind had seen fit to carry the little seeds.

Select a spot in your garden where the soil is not rich, in fact it can be all but useless for any other flower and still produce the most marvellous lot of Nasturtiums, while if planted in rich soil they will grow mostly to foliage. To some their odor may be objectionable. However there are few flowers that repay one so bountifully for the small amount of care they require. Like the pansies—in fact almost every flower—they bloom more freely if the blossoms are kept picked closely.

An idea which was entirely new to me was successfully carried out by a great lover of flowers. She was at a loss for a space for Sweet Peas until the idea of planting them beside the garden peas came to her mind. It did not seem just the thing to do but they grew and blossomed for weeks. Never had I seen such beautiful and dainty colors in a garden before.

Try it this year and you will find that by planting them far enough apart they will not interfere with the other peas and the one trellis will provide support for both. The seed should be planted the very first thing in the spring in trenches, which can be filled in as the plants come up. This also furnishes such a pretty border for your garden if you can arrange to have them on the edge.

I had wanted for years to get a start in Gladiolus bulbs but until the past year I allowed myself to be persuaded that it was far more sensible to buy settings of turkey eggs or to-

mato plants, "something you can get some good of," my neighbor would say. However, this spring when, in spite of my protests the garden was extended for thirty or forty feet south and east of my front porch I there and then decided that turkeys, tomato plants, and all other sensible things might perish. No matter what happened I would have rows and rows of my long wished for Gladiolus to hide the peas and beans, and finally the cabbage the men threatened to plant there. Accordingly I made an unnecessary eight mile trip to town, mailed my order for one hundred bulbs which cost one dollar and a quarter a hundred. I bore the criticism of my insistent family and my sensible neighbor with a martyrlike meekness. When, shortly afterwards my one hundred bulbs arrived I bravely shouldered my hoe and proceeded to make two rows of holes in the previously spaded soil, six inches deep, a foot apart and fifty holes in a row. I then put one bulb in each hole, covered them over, patted them down and returned to my kitchen with a feeling that I had encouraged an attack of rheumatism. Between planting time and July, when the stalks were full of rich and gorgeous blossoms, varying a little in size, and in color a great deal, they were never referred to and seldom noticed unless I seemed to be spending too much time throwing the dirt well around their roots so their heavy flowers might not break the stems. Not until Fair week was that neighbor of mine surprised into saying, "Why, where are you taking that armful of flowers?" With the casual remark, "They are mighty pretty and far seeing. John was saying to me that he could see your stalk of flowers from his hay stack. Are you taking them to Mrs. R.?" They do say she is right sick. "No," I said. "I have a lot of pansies under the seat for Mrs. R. I am taking these to the Fair." "To the Fair?" "Why yes," I said. "I want to take the first prize for the best cut flowers in the county." Sure

enough my flowers took the first premium. I tried not to crow, and I wanted to bear my victory with modesty, but how well I succeeded I leave to your imagination. Suffice it to say, I had plenty of help when it came time to dig up my bulbs, some of which had multiplied twice over and I carried to the house one hundred and sixty bulbs many of them twice the size of the original bulb. That evening when John dropped in to see our men about their wood-saws, I could not be satisfied until I had counted my bulbs, to make sure I was not imagining their number too many. John asked me between puffs, if I "lowed I would have few to spare." He said he meant Matilda should have some the next year; he had never heard her carry on so about flowers as she had them of mine.

My premium money amounted to more than the price of the bulbs and the pleasure I had from July till frost more than repaid for the time spent on them.

Try having a few flowers near your kitchen window next summer. They will cheer you on dark days and if you will place your churn where you can see them you will find the churning much less tiresome. I have heard a few women say they did not care for flowers, but surely they could not have meant it. Everybody and everything naturally loves flowers. I know this to be true. A cow, if she gets a chance, will make for the choicest flower bed; a horse will stretch the fence as well as his neck to nip off your prettiest rose; and what chicken would not rather scratch in a flower bed than a common lot of weeds?

A Handy Memorandum Book.

Superior Division, American Seeding Machine Co., Springfield, Ohio, has gotten out a useful memorandum-book for farmers. A postal card, mentioning that you saw the announcement in the Western Home Monthly, will bring you one of those books by return mail.