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**Please Mention this Paper.**

change the seed of them for bulbs. He said he would. My little girl and I picked the seed, a very tedious task it was, but we persevered. Our reward was a grand display of early flowers the next spring, and for years after. I especially love the early flowers, as they come at a time when most needed. The culture for them is good garden soil, no manure, and well-drained land. After taking up the bulbs, which I keep in paper bags till planting time, we apply well-rotted manure and dig it under, sometimes plant it entirely of gladioli, then again of geraniums.

We have nearly all kinds of perennials which bloom yearly, a very satisfactory kind to have, as they need so little care and come before the annuals are ready. The peonies and roses flower together, and who does not love them? Last year ours did not bloom till July, but they were lovely. The rose aphid is kept in check by applying white hellebore. We give our roses all the soot and suds we have as a fertilizer.

For annuals I like the different kinds in small beds; pansies in a shady nook, where the sweet faces will look out like pictures of innocence. Phlox drummondii is very fine by itself; also verbena and petunia. I always have a fine bed of nasturtiums, of which the more one picks the more one has. That is also true of the lovely sweet peas, which I find enjoy the shade part of the day. The earlier they are sown the better. They require deep culture, with woven-wire netting to support. No flower will respond better with care than sweet peas.

Several kinds of ferns, with their delicate feathery fronds from the woods, always find a cool spot in my garden. I have a warm place in my heart for them, though they have not a flower.

I had almost forgotten the asters. When we buy our vegetable plants, I send for a dozen aster plants; these we plant wherever there is room. They are essentially a fall flower, not much like the asters of our youth, but grand specimens of the florist's skill. The tall ones need support, as the flowers are so large and heavy.

There are so many hardy shrubs which I think indispensable in a garden—the lilacs, snowballs, flowering almond, weigelas and spiraeas. These are old-fashioned, but still dear to me. For the winter we have a number of geraniums of different colors, primroses, and primula and frezias. I generally use slips for winter, as geraniums that bloom in summer will not, as a rule, flower in winter. My primroses are magnificent, "ever-blooming." They revel at having their faces washed, like some children I have known, while geraniums revel in a bath. We set ours in the wash tub after washing, and with a sponge wash every leaf, then rinse them in clear water, not too cold. We keep them in the kitchen, as the steam is good for them, and they get the most sun. They are now simply grand, the foliage a deep green and full of buds—a thing of beauty, though not a joy forever. Sometimes in the winter I have the Chinese lily grown in water. I have had them in perfection; in fact, the only flower I was ever dissatisfied with was the tuberose. In winter, when the temperature goes below zero, we have to cover our plants at night to keep them from freezing. They are placed on a table in a corner between the wall and the cupboard, covered plentifully with newspapers, and while it is freezing hard in the room they will come out untouched. I always like to cover them myself, as I can go to bed feeling assured they are safe for the night.

The soil I use for all my plants is leaf mold from the woods, mixed with sand. In earlier days, when I grew so many more than now, my husband would bring me a wagonload of fine black earth from the woods and dig up the beds for me. He also made gravel walks between them, and I did the rest, sowing, transplanting and weeding. I never had much weeding, as I never allowed weeds to grow, always moving the soil, as that conserves moisture. I think I have grown as many flowers as most farmers' wives. A dear old Scotch lady, who at one time lived near me, used to say, "I dinna ken hoo ye mind at their names, I'm sure I couldn't," but I did, though some are very odd.

I feel sorry for the children who are raised in homes without flowers. They

have a refining influence in the home. My little ones very early showed their love for the beautiful blossoms. My first little girl one day picked the heads off all the daisies in her pinafore and brought them to me and said, "Pitty fowars, mamma!" I was sorry for the daisies, but she soon learned better. She has long been sleeping beneath them. My youngest boy would run out in his nightie in the mornings to count the flowers before having his breakfast, and there was great delight when anything new was discovered. My flower garden now is only a ghost of other days, as I am in the sere and yellow leaf; my youngest daughter doing now all the hard work involved in flower culture and lawn. She takes pleasure in the work. My husband and I raised seven children to manhood and womanhood, not one coarse or mean of nature, all doing their share for the uplifting of humanity. This I attribute to their surroundings and the example of pure lives. They were all born and raised to men and women in a log house. Two were married from it amidst the flowers, and he who was the joy of my life is sleeping beneath the roses. Life was begun in a garden. May not the home we hope to gain through death be to the lover of nature another garden in a new earth, watered by mists that arise, and where all we plant shall grow unblighted and fade no more? MRS. R. LAMB.

Perth Co., Ont.

### My Vegetable Garden.

I smile as I look back to my first attempt at gardening. I can see the raised-up beds, short rows so close together one could scarcely walk between, to say nothing of the inconvenience of weeding and hoeing. I have learned much since that day, and have much more to learn, but now for what I have learned. First, I have learned to grow my garden in long rows, wide apart, for horse and scuffle to do the hard work. In the first garden grew the poppy, when it was lucky enough to come up, right in the row of vegetables. It was allowed to fight its own battle for life. No disrespect to the poppy; I still grow it, and for show it is without a rival, considering the ease it can be grown with. But there are also rows, yes and rows, of other flowers—asters, sweet peas, stocks, phlox, verbenas, balsam, petunia, etc. What a vegetable garden needs most is flowers (I mean after vegetables).

We need their bright heads to cheer us. It is they that call the loudest after every rain for us not to let the earth form that hard crust, but get out with a rake and gently rake the surface to form a mulch of earth that stops the evaporation, and the warmer the weather the more important it is. What the flowers by their beauty entice me to do, the vegetables by the longing appetite they create succeed in getting the same treatment. I often think of what I read: A Chinaman said, "Have you two loaves? Sell one and buy a lily." We certainly need more than bread to enjoy life, so we need more than vegetables in our vegetable garden. The pleasure in seeing plants thrive by the power of nature's God, coupled with one's own strength and knowledge, well repaid, were there no beautiful flower to cut to adorn the table or carry to a friend.

My garden has been growing in my mind's eye for weeks. I think it out, work it over and over many a time before the seed is sown. We never make a success of anything if we are not interested in it, or, I might say, if we are not intensely interested in it. The gardener who has to look among weeds for plants is a failure; much better to grow half as much and do it well. The best possible care kept up continually is what counts.

I have already told you I plant in long rows. If we do not need a whole row of one kind, use two or three to fill it out. For instance, plant a row of tomatoes next a row of lettuce, early onions, parley, or any vegetable. By the time the tomatoes need picking the extra row will be appreciated. I sometimes set celery and late cabbage in the row where I have used out early beets. I plant cucumbers between the rows of peas. The peas are planted in two rows, not over six inches apart, and between the row about every two feet I plant two or three cucumber seeds. The