

that appertains to a country life through many happy years, a delight and recreation.

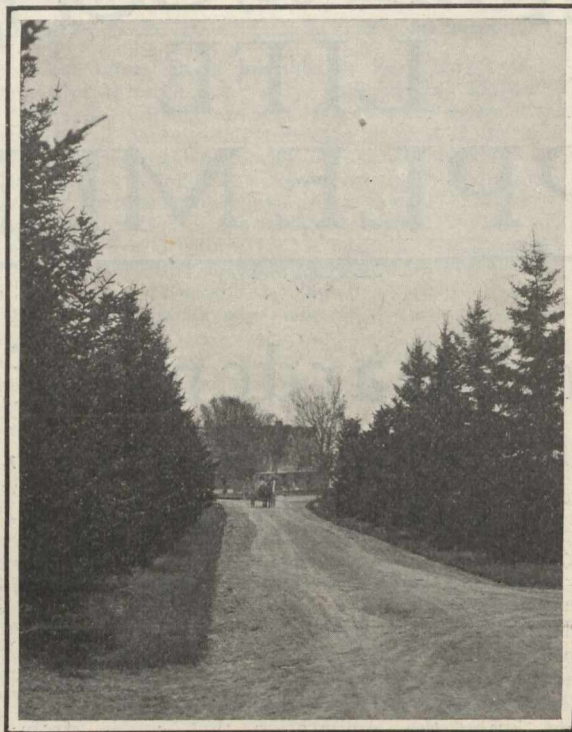
MINISTER'S ISLAND, the site of Sir William's favourite country home, is an island of a thousand acres in Passamaquoddy Bay, an inlet of the Bay of Fundy, off the southern coast of New Brunswick. The island itself is peculiar in that it is an island only for a portion of the twenty-four hours. Thanks to the twenty-five-foot tide of the Bay of Fundy, the mile-long bar or natural causeway, which connects Minister's Island with the mainland back of St. Andrews, is for ten hours in each day covered with ten feet of water and stands out as a natural roadway only during the remaining fourteen. This causeway is declared to be the only one of its kind, with a single exception, in the world. Minister's Island itself is one great park of noble trees with beautifully kept roads winding here, there and everywhere. That is the first impression. The second would probably be the delightful atmosphere saturated with the fragrance of pines—which creep down to the seashore—mingled with the tang of the bracing, health-giving sea breeze.

The farm and "Covenhoven," the peculiarly Dutch name by which the residence on Minister's Island is known, are situated on the northern side of the island. This beautiful retreat stands at the head of a long and splendid roadway lined with the magnificent trees which one grows accustomed to on the island.

The farm itself, which is Sir William's special pride, is a model of its kind, possessing all that modern scientific agriculture has declared to be necessary, and, although it possesses vegetable gardens and orchards, strawberry beds and pastures, vineries and hot-houses, in which grapes as big as a fifty-cent piece and figs as fine as those raised in Africa, are grown, the feature of Covenhoven farm, as far at least as its owner is concerned, is its herd of Lakenfeld or Dutch "belted" cattle. The particular branch of farming in which most interest is taken is cattle breeding, and much attention has been directed to the raising of pure-bred Lakenfeld stock. The herd of over fifty constitutes the only collection of these animals in Canada.

For the benefit of those uninitiated into the mysteries of cattle breeding, Lakenfeld cattle, as their alternative name would signify, are distinguished from other breeds by the broad, white "belt" or

saddle which girdles their black bodies. As a cattle-breeder Sir William is very strict and careful that the purity of his breeds should be maintained. He kills every year many of the extremely valuable members of his herd of "belted" cattle because



Roadways at Covenhoven are Bordered by Trees and Stone Fences. Picturesque Beauty and Utility go Hand-in-Hand.

white spots appear on their feet, a mark absent from the standard or type. Any divergence from this is ruthlessly dealt with to preserve the absolute purity of the race.

This earnest farmer usually goes to Covenhoven towards the middle of June, taking with him the members of his office staff. All through the pleasant summer days strenuous business is transacted from Minister's Island, and although well past middle age, and no longer officially connected with the Canadian Pacific, Sir William is busier

than ever. While at Covenhoven much time is spent in superintending the farm, attending to the cattle, transacting business and entertaining the large parties of friends he delights to have round him at this country home. Then art has an earnest worshipper in Sir William, and many hours are given to painting, a pastime that has brought as much gratification as that of farming.

The house, which is built in the centre of a sweep of velvety lawns, is distinguished by picturesque simplicity and exquisite environment. Thoughts of modern architecture in the old country are at once recalled by this beautiful home, its suggestion of quaint medievalism and comfort, nothing imitative—a home in the truest sense and not only in perfect taste but in complete sympathy with the surroundings.

Covenhoven is a lesson in dignified architecture—no striving after castellated impressions, but a house of excellent outline, sensible, comfortable, and indeed a place to live in.

During the warmth of summer days, or in the cool of the evening, the loggias or sun shelters, as one likes to call them, entice a delicious languor which comes refreshingly to those who spend their lives in big cities or are resting from the hustle of life—it is all very beautiful, and the jarring note of vulgar ostentation is absent.

Sir William does not love flowers merely as a setting to his home, but for their own sakes. The borderings of hedges are filled with kinds rarely seen in Canada and planted in a way to give them their proper value. And the borders, those glorious borders the pride of many English homes, and now giving beauty to those in the Dominion, are filled with perennials of forceful colouring that gild summer and autumn days with a sea of varying shades.

The planning of large estates is an art, for such it is, that demands exceptional gifts not only of the right things to use, but the positions in which to set them for the most artistic and therefore natural effect. The hard, cold outline of a conservatory or range of greenhouses attached or in close proximity to a house of the simple beauty of "Covenhoven" would be an excrescence on a fair picture, an ugly stain, and, to the lover of all things in perfect accord, a source of irritation and fervent desire to blot out the smudge. But here hill, sea, park, flower garden and house are a complete blending of the natural and artificial.

A Year in the Garden

The Work to be Done in April

By E. T. COOK

DANCING, frolicsome April has come at last, and warmer suns and bluer skies greet the lively maid and recall those words of the poet Brown, "My Garden." We feel as we tend the fast-growing seedlings that the time is drawing near when we shall wander in that plot, dear to us, "My Garden," and is it not "a lovesome thing, God wot! Rose plot, Ferned grot. The veriest school of peace; and yet the fool contends that God is not—not God; in gardens, when the eve is cool! Nay, but I have a sign. 'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

The Delphinium or Larkspur, whichever one is pleased to christen it, is a flower of Canada, and a sturdier perennial—that is a plant that does not die the same year as the seed is sown—never graced the garden. Plant strong roots in early May and in groups by themselves, apart from all else or amongst shrubs which are a foil to those splendid spikes of bloom holding petals of every hue that has painted this fair world of ours and inspiring the true artist with lofty ideals. A garden that it is impossible to live in is soulless, as lifeless as a statue in a cold, clammy gallery. One shudders—no peace there. Delphiniums send up their strong, thick flower spires to a height of several feet, and once planted will progress towards perfection each succeeding year. Select a good soil and have a space of about three feet between the roots unless Delphinium Belladonna is chosen for the chief note of colour. The Belladonna Larkspur is not only a beautiful flower with a beautiful name, but has a deeper affection for Canada than other countries in which it has a place in the garden. The flowers are as blue as the summer sky; a group in the distance looks as if a bit of the canopy of heaven had tumbled down; and a sweet marriage of blue and white is of a little border of the Delphinium with the white Mrs. Sinkins pink to form the margin. Sow the Belladonna seed at once in boxes under

glass. The plants that result will not be so fine in 1912 as in succeeding years, but they will flower freely if carefully tended.

USEFUL ANNUAL FLOWERS.

THOUGHTS of summer should be uppermost in the mind of the flower gardener, and to press as much information as possible in a small space I will briefly enumerate a few things to plant in May. They should be ordered now from the nurseryman if no provision exists for raising them at home. In the first place, planting or transplanting from the seed boxes must be in cloudy and showery weather; and for some time help the seedlings, upon which much depends for the summer display, with water. Phlox Drummondii is the Mark Tapley of the annual flowers. It is cheery under depressing environment and for weeks flowers on, colouring with scarlet, snow-white, pink, crimson, and other tints the brown earth. It is wise to get the colours separate and in this way obtain pronounced effect. A bed of crimson is more rousing even in its simplicity than a medley of hues. Treat Petunias in the same way and also the pretty Calliopsis and the Extinguisher flower or Eschscholtzia, with its quaint little cap that is lifted off when the flower opens its shining buttercup-yellow petals to the sun and seems to mock Mistress Marygold, the prim little flower maid of old country gardens, yet as happy here.

From this brief list—brief because in a multiplicity of things, unless experiments are an object, there is no wisdom—select China Asters, the graceful Cosmos, most useful for cutting, and the scent-filled Ten-week Stocks, and remember the Night-perfumed Tobacco (Nicotiana), and of course the Geranium, beloved in many countries for its ever-

cheery presence, and the three-feet Kochia, which changes gradually from light green to lurid crimson, a passing from one shade to the other pleasant to watch. Of quick-growing, climbing annual flowers satisfactory in all ways, are the Nasturtiums, which revel in a hot summer, the Morning Glory and the Japanese Hop—a climber of an extraordinarily rapid growth.

HEDGES, SHELTERS, WINDSCREENS.

AS this is the time for planting trees and shrubs—alluded to in our last supplement—the question of what to use for the purposes indicated above must be considered, and it is one of much importance in this windy land of ours. The well-known nurserymen of Welland Co., Messrs. Brown Bros., recommend me the following after the most exhaustive trials in their spacious grounds: *Trees for hedges*—White Thorn (*Crataegus Oxyacantha candida*), soil rich loam; Honey Locust (*Gleditsia triacanthos*), rich and moist; Buckthorn (*Rhamnus cathartica*), rich loam; Osage Orange, deep and rich; White Cedar (*Thuja occidentalis*), any soil. *Screens*—Weeping Willow (*Salix babylonica*), any soil. *Windbreaks*, indifferent as to ground; Caroline Poplar (*Populus carolina*), Lombardy Poplar (*Populus nigra fastigiata*), Norway Spruce (*Picea excelsa*).

Of shrubs that are adapted for forming hedges and will develop satisfactorily in any soil, common and Purple Barberry (*Berberis*), the beautiful white flowering Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora, the crimson Spiraea Anthony Waterer, and for rich loam Thunberg's Barberry (*Berberis Thunbergii*), Siberian Pea tree (*Caragana spinosa*), Tartarian Honeysuckle (*Lonicera tartarica*), Japanese Quince (*Cydonia japonica*), Regels Privet (*Ligustrum Iboti*, *Deutzia gracilis*), and the two lovely spiraeas, Van Houttei and Thunbergii. The lilacs (*Syringa*) in all their bewitching kinds cannot be overshadowed