

Milady's Garden

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

*"A garden is a lovesome place, God wot,
Bloomed plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—"*

BUT in summing up so prettily the joys of an ideal garden how came a proper poet person ever to overlook that "lovesomest" of garden delights, a sun-dial? Quaintness is the very essence of such a horologe which marks the loitering hours of summer days. But a dial need not be old, indeed, to convey the essential idea—witness that which centres, with much picturesqueness, the city garden of Mr. Beckett, the architect, Toronto. A rose-bush embraces it with a real old-time romance and the clambering bloom takes off the look of newness.

There is something uniquely feminine in that wonderful little garden—for while the effect accomplished is one of spaciousness, the compass entire is twenty-five by fifty-five feet. The paths, the seats, the arbours, the incense they diffuse—the whole has something about it which inevitably demands "a power in this sweet place, an Eve in the garden." Instinctively, one turns to greet milady.

Privet hedges take the place of high board fences at the sides and link the garden leafs with the green beyond. Border beds lie beneath and are banked to the paths with sweet old-fashioned flowers. Shadows manoeuvre on the long grass walks, directed by that finger on the dial. And two mid-garden plots of bloom, circularly formed near the time-piece, vie all day long, in yielding scent. And oh, what a feast for the nose is that same contention—commingling, rather, for harmony is the outcome! Perfume of roses and spikenard of pinks, perhaps these fragrances predominate in the air; but underneath, like a sort of accompaniment to a song, are a hundred, lesser, dear and delicious smells.

A fascinating display of colour is cleverly accomplished. Hollyhocks contribute magnificently to it; so do the larkspur clumps; and, oh yes, so too does the pumpkin-vine percola—the most original feature of all the place! The dark-green leaves, the flaming blossoms, and the gorgeous gourds are fantastically trained over rustic wooden poles supported on columns of cement. The effect is wholly consistent and highly attractive. The arbour is just where the garden adjoins the house.

In this garden the use of cement is successfully demonstrated. It forms, in addition to the columns just referred to, the sun-dial and two garden seats. The grey of the substance produces at once a peculiar mossy effect which is wholly delightful to see amid garden-green. It looks well, too, with the stones which border the beds.

A line of stately poplar trees was intended to foot the plot and to harmonize with the general old-world air; but the poplars planted turned out the spreading kind. The casual observer sees nothing at all amiss though the poplars are one point which the owner regrets.

Great care has been exercised in the grouping of flowers and shrubs—so that blossoming may only increase in wealth as the season advances. Never need milady, here, rue bare garden patches, nor lack, when the vessels of the house are waiting the month's appropriate flowers to fill them all. By the way, those "petals of blown roses on the grass" have

one of the cardinal scents for a pot-pourri. It is wonderful how a garden's breath can be put in a little pot and appear when you lift the lid in the day of snows. For while gardens now are busy with their most voluptuous blooms already there is a whisper of premonition. Meaningful eeriness moves among the trees and a dragon-fly avoids the shade on the dial—which reminds that summer and summer garden joys, themselves, have gossamer wings.

She has a few cares of her own, a few hurts, as well, but she neither tells them nor looks them. It is all "give" with her; she never asks for some of the precious sympathy she spends prodigally to be returned—sweet, serene, and cheery she goes her way making sunshine in the lives of more people than she wots of. Do you know what she is always asking herself? "How is it that I have so many friends?"

I know another woman. She has a pretty face, but the prettiness is overshadowed by the querulousness. Nothing goes right with her, and she resents it if others are not as dissatisfied with life as she is. If you go to her with your troubles she meets you with a tale of woe which makes yours seem pigmy; if you are in hot water she exerts herself to bring it to a boiling point. She is never without a grievance. You wait until you've forgotten how she ruffled your feathers of self-complacency the last time, and try it again. She meets you with a tirade against the neglecting of one's friends, reminds you that she has known illness, anxiety and trouble, yet received no visit from you, makes you wish with all your heart that you hadn't gone near her.

You are feeling particularly happy and chance to meet her. She manages to convey the impression that all along she has been fearing you'd grow conceited and proud. She is grieved. Never mind, some day you will know that all is not gold that glitters—ah me!

You tell her something you hope to accomplish, and the very shake of her head assures you that you're a fool to attempt it. You proudly display a piece of work you've accomplished, feeling that for once she will have to do you justice. If it's a picture you've painted she merely closes her eyes and looks pained; if it's a house jacket you've cut, fitted and made, she turns it over and remarks, "You haven't bound your seams."

Do you know what she is asking herself? "How is it that I have so few friends?"

The only wonder is that she has any at all.

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Misled.

SUMMER is, ubiquitously, the season of gallantry — of "philandering," as the knowing Irish put it—when every balcony may be trusted to harbour a Romeo and when every wood is an "Ardens" of Orlandos. Everybody, of course, need not be

affected by it and yet even a Cassius, on ordinary occasions, may be touched by the general spirit. It may be the moon. It is "luney," certainly. Wherefore, the following verses a Canadian writer contributes—she does not state if the incident has the weight of experience or not—are printed in a kindly spirit of warning to the over-bold:—

Golden her hair, and silken, like the sheen
Of milkweed in the sunbeams, and, I ween,
Not bluer than her eyes, the violet,
O'erflowing with all dream-looks that beget
Love in the heart that gazes. Red her lips,
Rich as the blown rose where the brown bee sips
The summer's fulness. O beguiling bee,
Why did I dream like sweet awaited me
Within my rose-bud's curves? That stolen kiss
Has robbed my days of all the rapturous bliss
Her presence yielded. Gone the subtle sweet.
She will not see me now—fair Marguerite!

—M. J. T.



"There was a power in this sweet place, an Eve in this garden, a ruling grace."—Shelley.
A Lovely City Garden Which Gives the Impression of Room, Though Within the Limited Area of 25 by 55 Feet.

Two Women

By JEAN BLEWETT

I KNOW one woman who always has a warm hand-clasp and cheery words for her friends. Her smile is enough to melt down any amount of reserve and coldness. It is a benediction, that smile. And her eyes look into yours with a frank kindness which fairly forces a responsive glow. If there is any geniality in your composition, it stirs under that glance, asserts itself, comes to the surface. No wonder tired out people like to go to her—a restful woman is one of God's best gifts to a weary old world. No wonder that the man and the woman with broken down hopes like to get near her. No wonder those in need of sympathy seek her out, no wonder those in trouble tell her all about it. It's a case of hopes mended while you wait. She is so understanding, sympathetic, and above all, so true.