

solid comfort. Oil heat is really wonderful, but isn't a fire-place cosy?

Across the hall from the living room is the dining room, a trifle smaller than the living room. It has a bay window also. This room is furnished with a wedding present—our mahogany dining room suite, a lovely table, six chairs with blue corduroy seats and a beautiful china cabinet. Aren't we fortunate!

With these rooms in order, I can spend an hour in my garden. The baby can watch me if she wakens. My garden is larger this year and more varied in its contents. When I look at it I wonder if my ambition is greater than my strength, and the time needed for its care more than is available.

I have two rows of healthy strawberry plants. There are actually four varieties, each bearing fruit at a different time. I have a row of raspberries which will give me plenty of fruit to preserve. Raspberry tarts with whipped cream can be most delicious. The vegetables I grow are only those of which we are particularly fond—lettuce, carrots, beets, tomatoes and corn. We built our house in '50 and '51 and while we are working at it, the grounds are not fully landscaped. I planted my flowers in rows along with the vegetables. At least I'll have flowers for the table.

I plan to have a perennial border along the driveway on the east. As a start I have planted several clumps of iris and some poppy plants. This border will grow with the years. Only the terrace of the front lawn is sodded. Eventually we will have low growing shrubs beneath the front bay windows. This year we have tulips.

My husband is quite proud of his first attempt at grass growing. The west side of our house is green with tender new grass.

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THE READING MOTHER

By Strickland Gillilan

You may have tangible wealth untold;
Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold.
Richer than I you can never be —
I had a Mother who read to me.

I had a Mother who read to me
Sagas of pirates who scoured the sea,
Cutlasses clenched in their yellow teeth,
"Blackbirds" stowed in the hold beneath.

I had a Mother who read me lays
Of ancient and gallant and golden days;
Stories of Marmion and Ivanhoe,
Which every boy has a right to know.

I had a Mother who read me tales
Of Gelert the hound of the hills of Wales,
True to his trust till his tragic death,
Faithfulness blent with his final breath.

I had a Mother who read me things
That wholesome life to the boy heart
brings —

Stories that stir with an upward touch,
Oh, that each mother of boys were such!

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Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold.
Richer than I you can never be —
I had a Mother who read to me.

With the first sound of baby waking, I know it is time to begin preparations for the noon meal. I try to make the meals I serve varied and appetizing, with special emphasis on vegetables and protein food. I try to conserve electricity and often concentrate on an oven meal. I avoid fried foods as much as possible.

The upstairs needs some attention. At the head of the stairs is our bedroom with combination shower and tub bath. Blue shower and window curtains, blue and grey towels match the grey floor with its blue diamond tile centre. When we paint the plaster, I would like a most delicate shade of pink.

Like the first floor we have four rooms, four bedrooms upstairs, six clothes closets and two linen closets. When I see how quickly the hardwood floors collect dust I wish we had wall to wall carpets but the floors do look lovely when they're clean.

We have what we think is an antique bedroom suite—a marble topped dresser with a huge mirror, a marble topped wash stand and a queer high bed. If this suite is not antique we're going to cut the bed down to a more modern height and refinish it.

How many times have I been asked what I was going to put in the big upstairs hall. I wanted a place out-of-the-way for my desk—a dream of the future—and the spot in front of the window seemed the ideal location. Suggestions offered included a sewing machine, a couch or a fernery. You'll be amused when I tell you what piece of furniture occupies our hall. Baby's Crib. I cannot bear to have her in a room by herself. Across the hall from our room is a lovely big room containing—nothing. Maybe we'll furnish it next.

We reach our attic through a hole in the ceiling of the clothes closet in the back bedroom. The effort needed to climb a step ladder prevents me from storing anything but the most necessary items.

Our cellar is not so fortunate. I do store things in it. Wash day is not a day full of dread for me. I have a good washing machine and convenient enamel laundry tubs. I hang the washing winter and summer on my pulley clothesline except when it rains. Then I use the lines in the cellar.

Under the front porch is my fruit cellar. I have five shelves for fruits and jams. I filled them last year. There is plenty of storage space for pumpkins, apples, potatoes and whatever other crops we wish to store. Just this week (in the month of June) I baked an apple pie filled with apples from our cellar.

Down cellar is the garage and cistern under the kitchen and den respectively. We have easy access to our house from the garage, such a comfort on a cold winter night.

What is that in the corner of the cellar? You'll never guess. That is my wood bin. When we were building I picked up all the odd bits of wood that had been classed as useless and piled them down cellar. We have enough fuel for the fireplace for two or three years anyway.