Bulb-Planting Time is Here

The ease with which hardy spring-flowering bulbs may be grown has made this phase of gardening extremely popular. Much of this popularity is due to the fact that these plants bloom at a season when all growing things are just awakening from their winter sleep. The trees are yet bare and leafless, or just beginning to swell their buds, when our beds and borders may be a blaze of color.

Spring-flowering bulbs should be planted early; although some species do not suffer to any appreciable extent, even if not planted until November, the smaller bulbs, such as snow-drops, scillas and glory of the snow should be in the soil as soon as possible, say, late September or early October.

Although hyacinths, used alone, make a great showing soon after the frost leaves us in spring, yet it is an advantage to use some of the lesser bulbs or dwarf perennials with them to heighten the effect and also to prolong the beauty of the bed. Intermediate lines of narcissus will follow in time of blooming shortly after the hyacinths are past their best, and at no time will they obscure or lessen the effect of the hyacinths.

Arabis Alpina, the white rock cress, makes a fine carpet for any of the colored hyacinths. Another charming hardy plant to utilize in the same manner is the Cerastium or snow in summer.

Since the great beauty and value of the May-flowering tulips have been fully appreciated, they are being planted in ever-increasing numbers each fall, and this is the type to plant for permanent effects in the hardy border, for, unlike the early-flowering Dutch tulips, they can be left undisturbed for several years.

However, to give us a longer tulip season we must also include in the planting table a selection of early varieties. Gorgeous color effects are to be had from tulips, and although a bed of mixed colors is not to be despised, yet such a bed lacks harmony such as we can have by a selection of named varieties planted in beds of one color, or of any design.

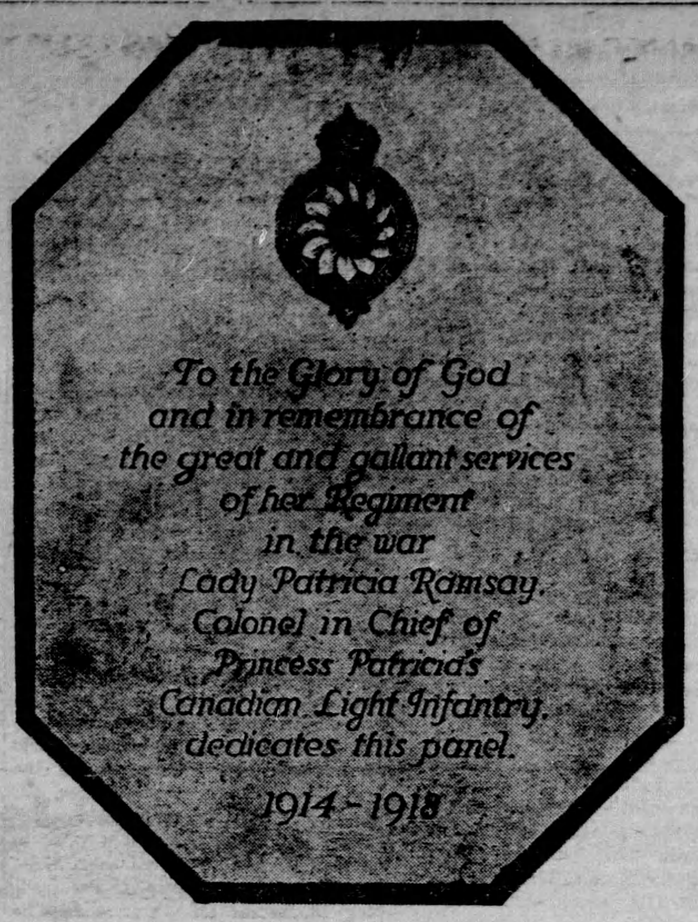
The double-flowered early tupils are excellent subjects for bedding; they last much longer than the singles, but are not quite so graceful. I am, however, very partial to the double-flowered type; their lasting qualities and their great size of bloom appeal to the flower lover.

In the case of May-flowering tulips a mass of one color is preferable to mixtures.

When we remember that these late-flowering tupils grow to a height of from two to three feet with foliage heavy and strong, it is well to give the plants plenty of room; therefore, in setting out the bulbs they are placed four to six inches apart.

It is better to select a permanent position for them, in the bulb garden proper, or established in the hardy flower border.

Bulb planting should be finished by early ovember; in fact, it were better to plant about the middle of October.



IN HONOR OF CANADIAN HEROES

Lady Patricia Ramsay has placed a panel in the chapel of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, to commemorate the glorious deeds of her regiment (the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry) in the Great War. The panel is in white marble, forming part of a general memorial scheme in the chapel, which commemorates nearly every regiment in the British army. Each panel has the regimental badge in the centre and an inscription below. Lady Patricia's panel was the first one erected there in commemoration of a Canadian unit.

The Bread of Nations

It is a curious and interesting study to compare the various materials which serve the different nations of the world as the basis of their bread. In this country, where good bread, made from spring and fall wheat flour, is within reach of all, rarely a thought is given to the fact that, after all, the inhabitants of only a small portion of the earth's surface enjoy such food.

In the remote part of Sweden, the poor make and bake their rye bread twice a year and store the loaves away, so that eventually they are as hard as bricks. Further north still, bread is made from barley and oats.

In Lapland, oats, with the inner bark of the pine, are used. The two together, well ground and mixed, are made into large, flat cakes, coked in a pan over a fire.

In dreary Kamchatka, pine or birch bark by itself, well macerated, pounded and baked, frequently constitutes the whole of the native bread food.

The Icelander scrapes the "Iceland moss" off the rocks and grinds it into fine flour, which serves for both bread and puddings. In some parts of Siberia, China, and other European countries, a fairly palatable bread is made from buckwheat.

In parts of Italy chestnuts are cooked, ground into meal and used for making bread Durra, a variety of millet, is much used in the countries of India, Egypt, Arabia and Asia Minor for making bread. ice bread is the staple food of the Chinese, Japanese and a large portion of the inhabitants of In-

In Persia the bread is made from rice flour and milk; it is called "lawash." The Persian oven is built in the ground, about the size of a barrel dia.

The sides are smooth mason work. The fire is built at the bottom and kept burning until the walls or sides of the oven are thoroughly heated.

Enough dough to form a sheet about one foot wide and two feet long is thrown on the board and rolled until as thin as sole leather, then it is taken up and tossed and rolled from one arm to the other and flung on the board and slapped on the side of the oven.

It takes only a few moments to bake and when baked it is spread out to cool. This bread is cheap—one cent a sheet. It is sweet and nourishing.

A specimen of the "hunger bread" from Armenia is made of cloverseed, flax or linseed meal, mixed with edible grass. In the Molucca island the starchy pith of the sago palm furnishes a white, floury meal. This is made up into flat, oblong loaves, which are baked in curious little ovens, each being divided into oblong cells to receive the loaves. Bread is also made from roots in some parts of Africa and South America. It is made from manico tubers. These roots are a deadly poison if eaten in the raw state, but make a good food if properly prepared.

To prepare them for bread, the roots are soaked for several days in water; thus washing out the poison; the fibres are picked out, dried and ground into flour. This is mixed with milk, if obtainable; if not, water is used. The dough is formed into little round loaves and baked in hot ashes or dried in the sun.

England.

(By an Australian on Her First Visit to the Motherland).

"I thought that when my stranger-eyes
Beheld this dreamed-of treasure-trove
With primrose-haunted memories,
With proud and daffodilling love
I'd laugh and bare my head to English rains,
Run singing through the green of English lanes,
And stooping by a hedge kiss the sweet earth
That gave my fathers birth.

"But there's no laughter on my lips
Nor yet a song, but like a bird
Stumbling on beauty's soul there slips
Into my mouth a sobbing word—
England! Her fields are furrowed in my heart,
Her rivers are the little tears that start
As to some shadow-quiet place I creep,
Like a shy child, to weep."

—P.T., in Morning Post.

Trouble Borrowers.

There's many a trouble
Would burst like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart;
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor!
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heart-ache can cure.

Resolve to be merry,
And worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget;
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

Even trying makes success.

Mystery Creatures of the Jungles.

To those who imagine, as many do, that Nature has no further surprises in store for us in the shape of new animals and birds, the news that an expedition is in South America attempting to capture the hoazin, a very rare species of water fowl, will come as a surprise.

But the hoazin, with its cockatoo crest and its formidably powerful peak, is by no means the only mystery creature known to exist to-day.

In the heart of Central Africa, where the jungle in many places has never been penetrated by white men, there is to be found a strange leopard-like animal, striped after the fashion of a zebra, that so far has evaded classification by natural history experts.

What is known as the hippo-horse is another mysterious beast that roams the African wilds. The natives have long spoken of it, but it was not until a few months ago that a white man, Mr. H. E. Lee, made its acquaintance.

He saw the animal half-immersed in a pool. its mouth, cheeks, and ears were like those of a horse, but its head was like that of a hippopotamus, with two long, erect horns on its snout.

The new Guinea forests are believed to be the home of more than one animal unknown to natural history, while the dense jungles of Borneo and Brazil contain others, among them a long lizard-like creature that is said to be capable of flying.

The giant bush pig of Kenya Colony is another beast that is so rarely seen that its existence is doubter by some, although several reputable travelers claim to have observed it.

But Got Stung.

1st Schoolboy—"Huh, he thought he'd have a cinch winnin' that spellin' bee!"

2nd Ditto—"Yea, an' got stung!"

Three Boy Scouts, who hail from Ceylon, are shown taking an early morning splash in the water troughs for their use at the largest jamboree ever held at Wembley.

A Poem You Ought to Know.

The Children's Hour.

There was a time when children were enjoined to be "seen but not heard," when their natural playfulness was repressed. Longfellow did much to break down this foolish custom.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
And I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall tumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

Poem Carved on a Tree.

On the Thames Brows Estate, near Wallingford, England, are the famous "Wittenham Clumps," a prominent landmark which dominates the Berkshire and Oxfordshire countryside for many miles. The Clumps—two groups of very old beeches— are situated on the top of one of the Sinodun Hills and mark the site of an old Roman camp.

Carved on the trunk of one of the beech trees is a poem describing the various changes time has witnessed at the spot. It concludes with:—

Within that field where lies the grov'ling herd,
High walls were crouched, stone coffins disinterr'd.
Such is the course of time, the wreck which fate
And awful doom award the earthly great.

Records differ as to the date and authorship of this inscription, though one authority declares the lines were carved by a local clergyman in 1820.

Fate.

The fate of no man, not even the happiest, is free from struggles and privation; for true happiness is only then attained, when by the government of the feelings we become independent of all the changes of life.

Peter Pan and the Soldier.

Though blinded in the war, a young Australian soldier named Penn wanted to "see" the statue of Peter Pan in London before he was sent home. I was asked, writes a contributor to Country Life, whether I would take him out the following Sunday.

"You know," he said, "I'm to return to Melbourne in a week or two, and I simply must see Peter Pan before I go."

When we reached the statue Penn put his hand upon it. "Why," he said, "it's smaller than I thought; I shall know it all."

Carefully he felt it piece by piece with little murmurs of delight. "Just look at this tiny mouse!" he would say. "See this lovely little fairy; why, she is stretching up to speak to him!" Then again, "You are quite sure that I am not missing anything?"

Indeed I thought he was taking in more than many a man with sight. He was very intent on the examination, but at last, satisfied that nothing had escaped him, he turned to me and whispered, "Surely there are a lot of people near us?"

As a matter of fact there were, but I had hoped he would not notice. They had stopped as they passed, seeing the tall young Australian soldier fingering so carefully the statue that all London knows and loves so well. He was obviously blind and just as obviously as full of strength and vigor as the trees that grew above him. I can remember now two women who stood watching in silence, with tears running down their cheeks.

"Ah, well," he said as we turned away, "I don't wonder it draws a crowd; it's one of the loveliest things I have ever seen. I shall be glad to think of it when I am back in Australia."

Sold by His Brother.

An African native living in a little cottage in Chislehurst, Kent, England, can look back upon a life which has been more eventful than any romance and which is reminiscent of the days of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

This man is Arab Makeppo, and he was rescued from slavery by the great African explorer, Dr. Livingstone.

"I was sold by my brother sixty to seventy years ago to Portuguese slave traders," Makeppo said, "and we began our journey to the coast. The men were tied two-by-two to wooden collars, which thew wore even in their sleep; the women chained at wrists and ankles; the girls roped like horses, and the little ones free."

Livingstone and his men routed the slavers and the explorer chose Arab Makeppo as his body servant. The ex-slave afterwards came to England and is now employed as a gardener to a private family. Makeppo to this day refers to Livingstone as "the Governor."

Experience.

I bought a little country place
And thought for sure I knew
Enough to make a garden grow
And raise some chickens too.

I labored hard for three long months,
To make things work I tried,
But plants for me refused to grow—
The baby chickens died!

I sold my place for half its cost
And beat it back to work,
Contentedly behind a desk,
A common office clerk.

No more 'bout farmers will I jest;
I've learned, the price was high,
The farmer is a wise old boy,
He knows much more than I.

One With a Song.

He sings; and his song is heard,
Pure as a joyous prayer,
Because he sings of the simple things,
The fields and the open air,
The orchard bough and the mocking-bird,
And the blossoms everywhere.

He sings of a wealth we hold
In common ownership—
The wildwood nook and the laugh of the brook,
And the dewdrop's drip and drip,
The love of the lily's heart of gold,
And the kiss of the rose's lip.

The universal heart
Leans listening to his lay,
That glints and gleams with the glimmering dreams
Of children at their play—
A lay as rich with unconscious art,
As the first song-bird's of May.

Steadfastly, bravely glad,
Above all earthly stress,
He lifts his line to heights divine,
And singing, ever says—
This is a better world than bad—
God's love is limitless.

—Jas. Whitcomb Riley.

Maintained His Social Position.

"He makes strenuous efforts to maintain his social position."

"Yes; goes in for arrest in both prohibition violation and auto speeding, I've heard."

Country of Old Men.

Serbia is said to have more centenarians in proportion to population than any other country.

Crossing a Muskeg.

One of the things peculiar to North America is the muskeg, a sort of marsh or swamp with mud that sucks like quicksand. The unwary man or animal wandering into a muskeg disappears quickly and leaves no trace. Yet a muskeg can be crossed. Great tufts of heavy grass grow irregularly on the surface, and if a man will pick his way carefully he will have little trouble.

A call to visit a sick man brought a physician in haste from the village. A muskeg lay directly in his way; since to cross it would save much valuable time, he took the risk. When he was well over it, he heard a little noise behind him and, looking round, spied his little four-year-old son following hard after him! The boy was already well out on the dangerous muskeg.

As quickly as he could the doctor picked his way back and was only relieved when he had clasped his boy to his breast. "My boy," he cried, "whatever do you mean by coming out here!"

"It's all right, father," the little fellow replied. "I just put my feet where you put yours. It was all right."

Example counts. Percept may guide some children, but most of them zealously put their little feet where their parents have put their big ones. If our boys and girls are to pass safe over the dangerous places of life, they must have good leadership. Then let parents be sure that their steps "are ordered by the Lord," both for their own sakes as well as for the safety of those who are following them.

Bamboo Pens In India.

Bamboo writing pens are still favored in India, where they have been in use for more than 1,000 years.

Never bring a kerosene can near a stove which has a fire in it, and never pour kerosene into a stove whether the fire is out or not. Many people have been burned to death trying that experiment. If you persist in the very foolish habit of using kerosene for kindling a fire, only do so by pouring it on the wood fuel before it is put into the stove, and do that far from the stove or any open flame.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME