

# About the House

## Harmony in Flowerland.

It is never too early to plan the summer beauty crops; sometimes I think them out while the seed pods of autumn are still swaying in the breeze. Planning a flower bed is like trying on new spring hats, each seems lovelier than the last and each must be considered with relation to its surroundings. To illustrate: a flower bed, lovely in itself, may conflict with a neighboring bed, waging such positive warfare as to mar the harmony of the whole delightful summer.

I am not strong for centre beds that cut into the restful sweep of a lawn; a rioting border along the boundaries or masses of one particular flower trying to outdo its neighbor in fragrant display, are to my mind, more pleasing. Everybody can be treated impartially in a jumble-bed, the only preference being in giving the shorter plants front seats. Anything and everything, the more the merrier, from stately aristocratic cannas at the back to dainty snow white candytuft in front, with all the colors of the rainbow tangled between. Be sure to include a generous sprinkling of blue blossoms to get the best rioting effect; blue ageratum is splendid. Even a blue morning glory vine, plebian though it is supposed to be, may be permitted to trail its lovely bells across the cannas and down again over the front bushes.

Years ago I started a hollyhock hedge along our back fence and I have had full reward every fall in a dainty wave of color across my kitchen view. For some reason the hapless hollyhock is generally required to fight it out alone with the weeds, but I cultivate mine as carefully as John does his corn and had just as good a crop, even if we couldn't eat it! If you keep bees, plant the single varieties and prove to your John that hollyhocks can be made an eating crop as well as corn.

Once I went in for bush nasturtiums, surrounding the premises with ribbon beds that furnished countless bouquets of spicy gorgeousness and a most charming effect. I dug the beds very deep and just a foot wide, then set the plants about a foot apart; well, you would have to see it to realize what an unusually beautiful effect it made. I learned two tricks with nasturtiums that year: one, they should be picked as religiously as pansies or sweet peas; the other, a rather poor soil brings out brighter blossoms and less foliage.

If you have a shrub or rose hedge, be careful that the prowling grass roots do not edge in on the rose roots; instead of a scraggly grass margin, keep it clean cut and have some quick blooming summer flower to take up the pretty work after the last rose has faded. The delicate little portulaca is simply unsurpassed for filling in under roses, or any other shrubbery; or, tame daisies, pansies, California poppies, any of the low growing beauties can be used.

If you love asters, try a new arrangement this coming fall. Get the seed in separate colors and plant them in stripes, the red and rose tints first,

then white, and on the other side the bluish and lavender shades. "Say" your patriotism "with flowers."

Last year I mixed flaming single poppies with blue larkspur and had a bed of dazzling brightness; this summer I shall plant the poppies solid and edge them with white candytuft for a more restful effect when Old Sol is doing his worst. White or blue flowers carry a suggestion of coolness; startlingly red blossoms (cannas, salvia, poppies, geraniums) send the thermometer scolding. On a scorching day, a bed of red poppies resembles an army of butterflies arrayed for battle, and I am trusting to the ever-lovely candytuft to wave the white flag of peace.

## The Farmer's Sunday Dinner.

Roast of beef, cooked in casserole with apples and bacon, sweet potatoes, stewed tomatoes, pickles, bread and butter, cream nut pie, currant jelly, cheese, and coffee.

This menu is planned with the idea of making the preparation of the Sunday dinner a really easy matter and, at the same time, giving the farmer and his helpers the hearty and appetizing food which outdoor workers require. A boned rib roast of beef is seared in drippings, or its own fat, and partly roasted on Saturday, at a time which is most convenient for the housewife. Tomatoes are cooked and seasoned, to be reheated. A thick, boiled cream for the pie is prepared in a double boiler (also on Saturday), and a pie-shell is baked in a deep, oven-glass pie dish. The dough for the shell may have been left over from a former baking, and kept in a cold place until used.

On Sunday morning the roast is placed in a casserole and dredged with browned flour prepared for this purpose. Peeled sweet potatoes are placed with the roast, and next to the potatoes are placed apples, which are somewhat tart. The apples should be cored, then stuffed with rolls of thinly sliced bacon. The casserole is then placed in a moderate oven where the food will cook slowly while the family attends church. On their return from church, the casserole is placed in the heating oven over the top of the range, leaving the oven for the completion of the pie. The vessel containing the tomatoes is placed over the fire, for reheating.

When the preparations are complete, dinner is served in the dish in which it was cooked. Bread and butter, pickles or other relish, accompany this course.

To make the pie, pour the cream into the pie-shell, sprinkle chopped nut meats (preferably hickory-nuts) over the cream, and cover with a meringue made of whites of two eggs and sugar, and place in the oven until a light brown. With the pie serve tart, red currant jelly and cheese cut in cubes. Coffee is also served with this course. The pie is served at the table in the dish in which it is baked, the use of this dish and the casserole making serving dishes unnecessary.

The housewife who wishes some freedom and leisure on Sunday must plan with care and do some of the

work on Saturday, otherwise she will not succeed. All work and no play (or rest) is as bad for the housewife as it is for "Jack." In the model home "mother" also has a day of rest.

## Card Table Covers.

Clever card table covers can be made from a yard square of black oilcloth. Measure six inches on each side from each of the four corners, mark and cut off the corners diagonally.

Finish the edge of the cover by blanket-stitching in a bright colored yarn. A small floral design can be embroidered in colored yarns in the corners or tiny crochet yarn flowers. Colored raffia can also be used for the flowers and the edge or bias binding in bright colors is attractive. Sew narrow, six-inch lengths of black tape at the corners to hold the cover in position.

## Friendly Foes.

The other day a witty tailor declared that his best friend, from a business point of view, was Mr. Clothes Brush. He spoke the truth!

A good stiff clothes-brush in five minutes will do as much wear-out to a suit of clothes as would come to them in a month's ordinary use.

To prove that, get a remnant of cloth and brush it for a few minutes. Then examine it under a strong magnifying glass, and it will be seen that a percentage of the "nap" has been removed, and the wool and warp threads brushed out of their places.

It is quite a moderate estimate to say that the life of a well-and-frequently-brushed suit is shortened by at least six weeks, and that the average man has, in two years, to get a suit solely because Mr. Clothes Brush has brought the others to an untimely end. The moral is—shake your clothes.

It is fitting, of course, that the best friend of those who make boots is Mr. Blacking! A little polish is good; too much is bad. Most of us use too much! The leather is caked over, dries, and perishes. The moral is obvious.

If it became unfashionable for shoes to be worn, and all of us wore boots, makers and purveyors of hosiery would lose an excellent friend. Shoes wear out socks and stockings at quite double the rate that boots do.

The tobaccoists' best friend is the smoker's weakness for his pet pipe. If it became the custom to use two or three pipes in succession, and not to fill up the hot bowl of one pipe continually, everyone would smoke less.

## Created the Demand.

Her hat obscured his view at the theatre, and he leaned forward and asked if it would be possible for her to remove it.

A stiffening of the head was her only answer. After a few moments he repeated his request. Then she turned on him.

"There is no demand for my doing so," she said.

"No demand?" he echoed.

He rolled his overcoat, placed it on his seat, and sat on it. Then he put his hat on his head.

In a moment there were cries of "Take it off!" "Take that hat off!"

And with a swift movement the woman unfastened her hatpins and removed her hat.

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## Stories About Well-Known People

### Titled Explorer Finds Fortune.

After sixteen years of patient toil and research, Lord Carnarvon, and that distinguished excavator, Mr. Howard Carter, have been rewarded by a marvelous find in the Valley of the Kings near Thebes. Together, they opened the sealed doors of a hitherto unnoticed tomb. There, before the eyes of the astounded excavators, spread out: "Gilt couches, inlaid with ivory and precious stones; innumerable boxes inlaid and painted with entrancing hunting scenes; a wonderful throne; a chair encrusted with precious stones and hundreds of other almost priceless ancient articles." A tentative estimate values the treasures at \$40,000,000. And in a third chamber, unopened yet, the explorers hope to find the mummy of King Tutankhamen, of the Eighteenth Dynasty, who reigned in Tel-el-Amarna and Thebes over three thousand years ago.

### A Realistic Accompaniment.

This is being told of President Harding: He was being driven to an important meeting while a tremendous storm was raging. The hailstones rattled on the roof of the carriage. Meanwhile a band, undismayed by the weather, began to play.

"That is the most realistic music I have ever heard," said the president to a friend in the carriage.

"What are they playing?"  
"Hail to the Chief," said Mr. Harding; "and they are playing it with real hail!"

### Sir Arthur's Sausages.

The reputation of Sir Arthur Currie as a serious man still persists. But, as a matter of fact, he has a well-developed sense of humor, which breaks forth into a smile sometimes as he sits ruminating at his desk at McGill University, and the adventure of the sausages pops into his mind.

One day, when General Currie was on one of his many tours of inspection to the front line, he happened to go down into one of the cook-houses.

Encountering the cook on one of the steps of the dugout, he asked him to prepare for him a meal of sausages. When the cook asked him how he would like them done, Sir Arthur told him to cook them the same way as fish.

Half an hour later he returned and put down before the general a plate of skins. Very much surprised, Sir Arthur asked for an explanation. The cook rather nervously told him he had done what he was told and cleaned them out first.

Sir Arthur smiled.

### "A Very Human Man."

How did Lloyd George and his wife really take the defeat that meant their moving from No. 10 Downing Street? An English lady was curious to know, and this is what she discovered when she called.

"Dame Margaret Lloyd George's drawing room dispelled any feeling of a visit of condolence even before she herself came in. Gay parrots and roses on chintz sofas, a bright fire, modest, but fresh, arrangements of flowers, portraits of her happy-looking daughters, wedding-group photographs, book-cases that look as though they held school prizes—this is surely not

the salon of a great political, wire-pulling lady; it is "mother's room."

"Dame Margaret comes in, brisk, smiling, simply dressed in a dark blue gown. I felt that I was shaking hands with the least dismayed, least apprehensive lady in the political world. Other women may be hysterically putting on their rather rusty spurs. Dame Margaret looked rather as though she had descended thankfully from a long and exciting journey.

"But I thought you wanted me to talk about my husband," she protested, when I asked a question about herself. What woman, after all, wouldn't be rather eager to talk about a husband who, on this day after many years, was at last just a husband again instead of a Prime Minister.

"I shall be glad if he does get a rest," she said. "He is not a political machine, caring only for politics. The Prime Minister, I mean Mr. Lloyd George—it is hard to remember to call him that now after so long—is a very human man. He loves music. He likes to go to the opera. He likes to play golf. All these years he has had so little time for his own life. On a fine morning he would say he would like to get some golf. Then he would go down and find so much important work that he could not get away. He is not a man who would have nothing to do outside political life if he were to leave it.

"He has the power of throwing things off. Yesterday was so dramatic that many people may have wondered how he felt at the end of it. But he did not sit up and go over things again. He went to bed early and slept well, and to-day is well and cheerful. He hasn't forgotten how to be plain Mr. Lloyd George."

Round pearls are more valuable than the pear-shaped kind.

Man was plainly intended to work; else why when he asked for butter did nature give him a cow?

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