

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 lighten 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.

Arable 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 plant-

ed 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 tulips 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 tulips 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.

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

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 fondling 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 shadowy 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 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 beak, is by no means the only mysterious 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.

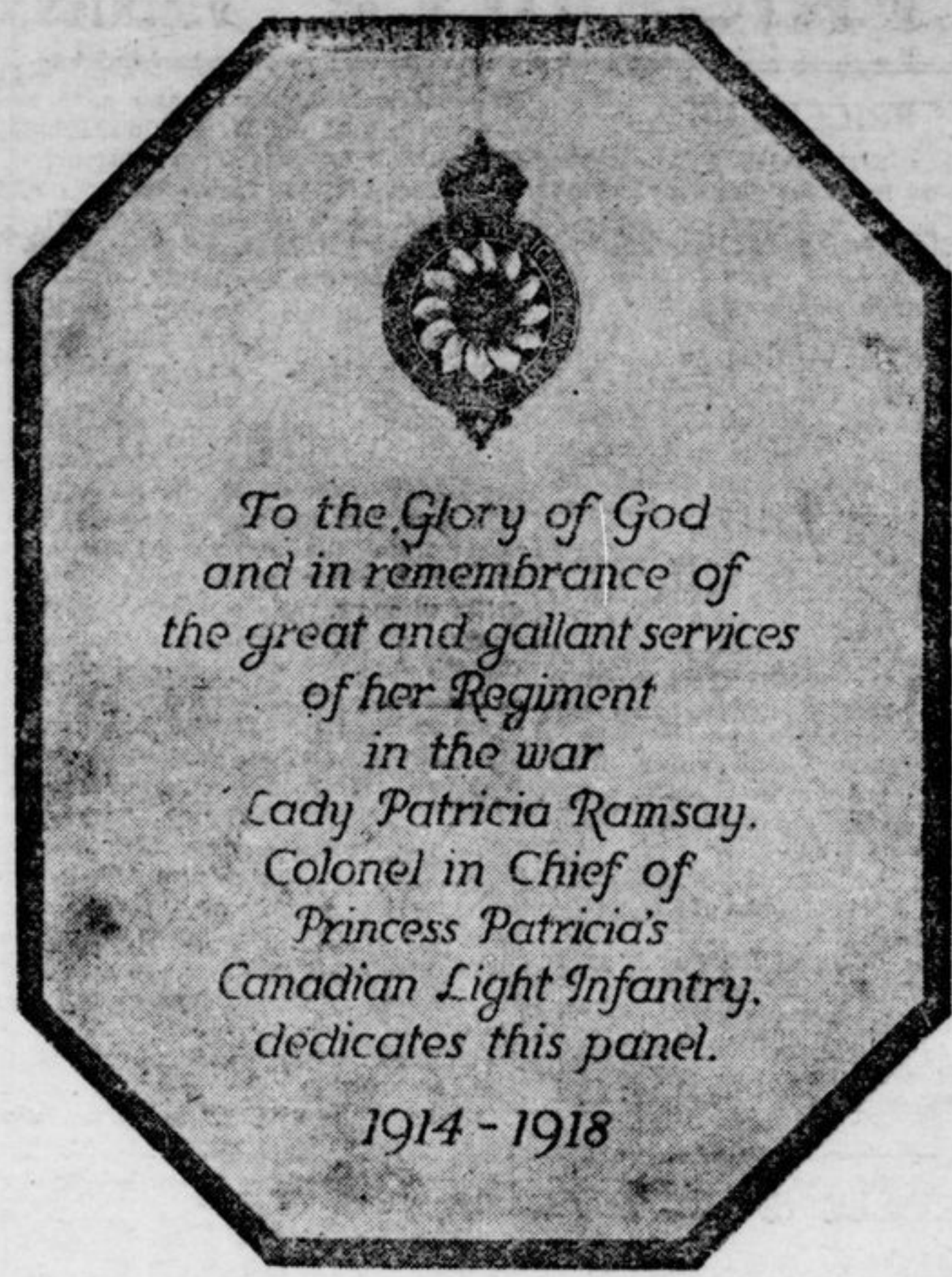
The giant bush pig of Kenya Colony is another beast that is so rarely seen that its existence is doubted by some, although several reputable travelers claim to have observed it.



But Got Stung.
1st Schoolboy—"Huh, he thought he'd have a cinch 'winnin' that spellin' bee!"
2nd Ditto—"Ye, 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.



To the Glory of God
and in remembrance of
the great and gallant services
of her Regiment
in the war
Lady Patricia Ramsay,
Colonel in Chief of
Princess Patricia's
Canadian Light Infantry,
dedicates this panel.

1914-1918

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.

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 to-
gether.

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 Bligen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine!

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

I have you fast in my fortresses,
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 grove,
ling herd,
High walls were crunched, stone cof-
fins disinterred,
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.

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!

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 reach" 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 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 gazing 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 they 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 Govern-
or."

Experience.

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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, cats, 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 icelanders scrape the "iceland moss" off the rocks and grind 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 India.

In Persia the bread is made from rice flour and milk; it is called "lavash." The Persian oven is built in

the ground, about the size of a barrel. 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 starch 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 manioc 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.

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 glim-
mering 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 woes,
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.



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



Death Germs as Cure For Other Diseases.

For the first time in the history of medicine one form of death is being deliberately played off against another— with, so far, the most satisfactory results.

This is the malaria treatment for general paralysis adopted experimentally by the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine.

Eighty-four cases have been treated, and the mental and physical improvement of twenty-three patients has been so wonderful that they have been or are about to be discharged from mental hospitals.

No patient suffering from general paralysis had ever been discharged from these hospitals before.

Seventeen others who underwent the malaria treatment have shown distinct mental and great physical improvement, while many of the remainder have improved physically.

"This treatment opens up an entirely new field of medical research," a fellow of the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene told a London Sunday Express representative.

"The original discovery was a shot in the dark due to a German who had noticed that occasionally chronic diseases counteracted each other completely in the tropics.

"An example of this is the nullifying effect that pneumonia and other illnesses exert on kala-azar—a usually fatal fever which is common in Bengal and Assam.

"Now, general paralysis is a late manifestation of a certain disease caused by spinal organisms, and the object of deliberately inducing malaria is to raise the blood of the patient to a series of such high recurrent temperatures that these organisms will be killed.

"A high temperature is essential. Nothing under 104 degrees or 105 degrees is any good.

"Malaria can be checked by judicious doses of quinine, so the treatment is not really quite so dangerous as it would seem.

"The next step no doubt will be to test the effect of malaria organisms on relapsing fever, Weil's disease (a form of infectious jaundice), yellow fever, rat-bite and Yaw's disease.

"It will, however, need great courage."

Bobbed Hair 300 Years Ago.

Conservative persons, horrified at the bobbed hair epidemic, may be interested to know that it has swept certain parts of the civilized world in ancient and modern history. In some places women were compelled to sacrifice long and beautiful tresses so they would not be vain of their good looks.

Elsewhere short hair was a sign of serfdom and inferiority among girls and women belonging to the class of slaves.

Bobbed hair was adopted by women of the highest social position in England three hundred years ago. They persisted in it until their men folks, and even royalty, were driven almost frantic.

An amusing account of this extraordinary craze is given in a letter written by John Chamberlain, a famous Londoner of that day. On Jan. 25, 1680, he made the following record:

"Yesterday the Bishop of London called together all his clergy about this town, and told them he had expressed commendation from the King to will them to inveigh vehemently against the insolencies of our women, and their wearing of brood, beamed hats, pointed doublets, tyege haires cut short or shorne, and some of them stilletoes or ponsards, and such other trinkettes of like moment; adding withal that if pulpit admonitions will not reform them he would proceed by another course; the truth is the world is very much out of order, but whether this will mend it God knows."

History in Hats.

The Turkish National Assembly has decided that every citizen of the new Republic shall be at liberty to choose his own headgear—a momentous change, as the fez has long been the badge of the Turkish subject, willing or unwilling.

For the non-Muslim citizen of Turkey, indeed, the fez was the symbol of subjection, and when the Greeks occupied Salonika, during the Balkan War of 1912-13, the first act of the local Christians was to throw away the hateful headgear. Similarly, many refugees leaving Turkey after the Armistice of 1918 threw their fezes overboard.

The headgear we wear has often had a special significance. The cap, for instance, has been supposed to have an affinity with revolutionary doctrines. And at one time the top-hat was the symbol of Republicanism.

When Benjamin Franklin entered Paris as the minister of the newly-formed Republic of the United States, he wore a hat of this sort, derived from the steeple-crowns headgear of the Puritans of the Massachusetts. Paris copied it, and it soon became general.

It takes the entire world to supply us with medicines. Ginger comes from India; olive oil from Spain and Greece; the camphor-trees grow in Japan and Formosa; iodine is a by-product of Chile's nitrates; oil of lemon is from Nice; oil of lavender is made in Genoa. The Banda Isles supply the essence of nutmeg. Epsom salts come from Epsom, England; milk of magnesia from Greece, Italy and India. The old standby, castor oil—but why spoil your whole day?

Roadside Trees— and France

By R. B. Meredith

In our maturer Canada in hundreds of progressive have become one of the tory in municipal beautification of the roadside, by frequently shows no such cultivation of tree life in consequence become a lonely man-made.

It is interesting to see that has lived on its land and whose rural scene results of nature do not at home, during the change has been from we have passed from a treble from a denuded countryside barren.

The Old World has hioned, but she has more she has to learn. In preservation, she is wise and Canada is following suit. France, indeed for their roads, avenues of trees, and utilization of the roadside verily for tree planting interest to Canadians.

The roads and country by single, double, and rows of trees. In the these are generally planted in the South and Olive or Cork. In the road dies in a total unswerving line.

horizon. It is the avenue of trees, and the valley well disposed to reappear miles away slope.

The lower branches being constantly collected, and on many occasions farmers. Banks of the roadides or separate field, are often seen, the field been seen since its stubby post having its fresh crop of branches harding for fuel in the generally and on the kind of tree.

The French are very member one Provence North exclaiming with sight of unsharpened axes on the wooded hills Mediterranean. In the are scarce and the small collected.

When the trees have state of maturity they are used. In their place alings, and within a year avenue of young trees place of the old. One seeing them cut, they use, and immediately planted to replace.

Here at home groves of trees we find and are furious when farmer "trigs" a fine phone line demands the man clear a stump sacred ditch. We would the established custom cutting, and REPLACED short-sighted bureaucracy.

Autumn D

"Then followed that be Called by the plowman the summer of the Filled was the air with magical light, a shape

Lay as it grew crowded ness of childhood Peace seemed to reign; the restless hour Was for a moment sounds were in ed.

Voices of children at The crowing of cocks yards, the cooling of the All were subdued; a mure of love; the golden year While arrayed in its and scarlet and Bright with the sheen glittering tree of Flashing like the glass snail adorned jewel."

Summer

Night assembly sitting A black panther with Restlessly to and fro; It crouches ready to But Dawn shall And with soft stroke Turns it into a name Stretching sleepily.

Night is full of a boy The half-remembered heart

Along a sloping bank Night gathers itself To burst into crashing But ever is held rhythm.

The ebb and flow of silence; Pierced and shattered By the shrill cry of a Holm.

Why some people cause they are always applications.