

# A 'CENTURY' OF PANSIES

BY DAVID CHURCHILL

I turned the corner of the house about four this June morning and came on Mary's pansy bed all jeweled with dew. Like the bloom on grapes, yet softer and brighter, the crystals blended the purples and the oranges and reds, the orchid shades and the deep wines.

I wanted her to see it before the sun struck it. I started to call her and there she was, all dressed, coming out through the shadowy porch.

Mary and I hung over that bed of pansies, each pointing out some new beauty, till the sun climbed over the sumac hedge and lighted the wet petals to a depth and brilliance that made her cry out with pleasure, for their velvet was not really wet at all.

"Think of all the years we might have had them before we tried," she said.

"Think of all the people around here that are having them this year because we finally did try. Because we started them last August."

"They might have had the fun of starting them themselves," she said.

"But they didn't and we did. And because we have Neighbor with his truck and his business sense about trimming his vegetables with baskets of pansies, lots of folks are going to have pansy beds as fine as ours."

"I can set my foot between," said Mary, "but really I don't very often. They are mulched when they are small, with half rotted leaves and can stand the occasional cleaning up I give them. The reason I plant them so close is to keep the ground cool—the same reason I mulch with leaves in the first place. They are really cool-weather plants, though with lots of water every evening during the hot spells of July and August, they get through and are as gorgeous again from September till snow as in the spring."

I used to keep the old flowers picked, but once I got so busy I could not do it, and they kept right on blooming, the old flowers falling under the leaves.

"Once a week or so I do have a sort of housecleaning in all my flower beds. Carry along a pail full of mulch and sort of set up those that need it."

"That is my only secret formula for flowers, and especially for cool-weather flowers during the heat. And pansies are especially grateful for it. I have had them last two and three years because of it."

John Fixter's report for 1924 of the operation of that invaluable auxiliary to the Dominion Experimental Farms, the Illustration Stations in the three Prairie Provinces and British Columbia, might profitably be in the hands of every farmer in the western half of the country. Mr. Fixter is the Chief Supervisor of the system and he not only tells, through the different district supervisors, of the work that is being done but of how it is being performed. These Stations, which three years ago numbered 89, last year totaled 145. They carry the work of the experimental system immediately and directly to farmers both individually and collectively, the location of the Stations being chosen with a view to attract the greatest attention. As nearly as possible the whole country is being gradually covered, there being at present eight of these Stations in Prince Edward Island, thirteen in Nova Scotia, seventeen in New Brunswick, thirty-eight in Quebec, eight in Ontario, eight in Manitoba, twenty-three in Saskatchewan, sixteen in Alberta and four in British Columbia.

## Work of the Illustration Stations.

One of the principal functions being carried on is encouragement of the use of good seed. In pursuit of this class of work last year there were sold 20,943 bushels of seed grain, 3,636 bushels of seed potatoes and 9,399 bushels of grass and clover seed.

Another branch of the work to which special attention is being paid is the improvement of stock by weeding out the poorest and the use of the best types.

An illustration in the report shows an exceptionally convenient rack-stand, loader and unloader, instructions for the making of which are supplied.

One other among the many useful lines of work followed is improvement in the housing, feeding and breeding of poultry. For this purpose in 1924, 256 cockerels, 198 pullets and 699 settings of hatching eggs from good laying strains of Barred Rocks were sold by the Stations.

At breakfast, there beside the coffee lay the packets of pansy seed, just come from the seed houses—one and a half ounces all told.

"You are forehanded, Mary—this is only June, and you said it would be soon enough to get the seed in the ground by July fifteenth."

"David," she said, "it will be less than a month before we begin putting in this seed if we are to have it all in by the fifteenth of July."

Late that evening Neighbor's truck of vegetables stood outside. "Can I have another dozen baskets?" he demanded. "Some summer folks just gettin' up here, must have blooms—can't live without 'em. They pester me to death if I don't carry pansies! I try to put them off with my marigold plants or my asters or 'snaps,' but they don't put off worth a cent."

"I declare, I started out to be a trucker—a vegetable trucker! But what with flower plants and pansies and bunches of sweet peas and what not, I look about as much like a trucker as one of these stores that is all soda fountain and magazines looks like a drug store."

"In other words, you look right up-to-date," I encouraged him. "Which means that you find out what the public wants before they really know it themselves—and give it to them. There are no pansy plants sold in this neighborhood before you began carrying them."

"No, nor any other flower plants," he rumbled. "I didn't know what I was letting myself in for. Plenty of others growing flower plants under glass here now."

He turned. "But I wouldn't be seen trying to sell those they keep down at Farnes'. One bloom, dead flowers—pindin' little plants! What ails them anyhow?"

"You ought to know the effect of too much nitrate of soda when you see it," Mary said. "Mean little plants out of two and a half inch pots, forced in a cold frame and with nitrate. See this."

She scooped out a plant with twenty-two ivory-white blooms. The root was as big as my head, solid with rootlets that hung out four or more pounds of my good earth.

"Shake it off!" cried Neighbor. "Don't sell them all that good loam and manure you bought!"

"And lose our reputation for thrifty pansies that bloom through the heat and up to Christmas? Not much! That dirt goes with this baby," said Mary.

"No wonder they tell me your pansies stand up half a week in the baskets, and go on blooming when they are set out!" Neighbor said.

"How many pansies can you raise on the 100 by 100?" he asked.

"Well, to make a conservative estimate, somewhere near 5,000. We can really count on more than that."

"I just want to ask you why you plant them so close together," asked Neighbor. "Those in your own bed here just about meet; not room for me to set my foot between. I always supposed you had to keep them from going to seed if you wanted them to keep on blooming."



THE VOGUE FOR FLARE.

Skirts complete circles and waists are nipped in, and both are considered smart in wardrobes designed for wearing at the country club, and for innumerable outings afterward. This attractive overblouse has a jabot held in place by a flat band buttoning to the neck and topped by a youthful collar. The sleeves are long and gathered to a turn-back cuff that is fastened with links. A deep band buttons on the hips and holds the fullness of 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 inches bust requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material. Soft front and back flares make an appeal of smartness in this two-piece skirt, with side-front closing, fitting smoothly onto an inner band. Sizes 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist. Size 28 waist requires 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch, or 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Each pattern 20 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dress-maker. Each copy includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

## HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

## Playing Cafeteria.

If a threatening sky predicts a rainy day indoors with small children, make it a happy day by opening up a cafeteria. The magazines are full of attractive colored advertisements of foodstuffs—pastries, salads, fruits, cereals, and so forth. Cut these out and arrange them as in a cafeteria with one child in charge. Beans will serve for pennies. Calendar numbers cut out make excellent price marks and trays may be made of cardboard.

We keep a large envelope full of pictures, and every advertisement that looks good we put in the big envelope to play cafeteria.—T. M. C.

## PICK UP A MILLION ANIMALS

One of the most tiresome struggles of the average mind is to get an idea as to what is really meant by a million. One method is to count coins, and the idea is a good one.

Only the most expert bank clerks can count five thousand coins an hour in a day of eight hours, making 60,000 coins each day, and at that rate it would keep him busy twenty working days. As an actual fact a clerk requires one full month to count one million coins by hand.

If some wealthy man were to offer you a million gold coins if you could count them correctly in ten days you would never get the million coins. You would have to count 160,000 coins each day more than 4,000 an hour if you were to take no rest and eight thousand if you were to work half the time.

Either way you would give up your chance for the million by the end of the second day, if not before. Your mind would wobble, your fingers would shake, your eyes ache and you couldn't count correctly to save your life.

To get a good idea as to how it is impossible to accomplish such a feat, have some old watch while you count a few thousand aloud. Count as quickly as you can. If you can beat three hundred the first minute you will be doing well. If, by the fifth minute you are able to count one hundred plainly you are a wonder. At the end of the first hour you would probably be in a hospital or an insane asylum.

To hold a watch and have a number of persons compete in counting aloud is a very nice form of experimental amusement.

There is one very clever method of getting in close touch with a "million." Pick up some fine sand at the seashore, scatter it on a piece of paper and brush away all except a square inch. Get a magnifying glass and count one of the rows of sand straight across. Sands vary from twenty-five to 500 to the inch, but in the average fine sand you will find that a direct line across the inch contains at least fifty grains, so called. To get the number in an inch square multiply 50 by 50 and you have 2,500 in the one layer.

Squeeze together a sand cube one inch square and you have 125,000 grains in that inch. Make seven more similar cubes and you have a million right there in your hand.

Pick up a handful of fine sand and you have a million grains. Shovel a cart full of sand and you have a billion in the cart, one billion of living and dead animals.

Sands are rarely broken stone, as most persons believe—they are tiny shells. Some have living shellfish in them, some dead shellfish, and others are empty.

These shells are so small it seems impossible that creatures could live in them, yet not only do they exist, but they raise families.

Sand is nothing compared to chalk. When the bobbed-hair girl powders her red nose she sticks on that nose thousands and thousands of dead fishes.

Chalk is nothing other than wee shells which have been powdered by metal mortars and between steel rollers.

The white roads, the white houses and the farming lands of Bermuda are great heaps of shells.

The white cliffs of England's coast were built up millions of years ago by the minute creatures who lived, ate, multiplied and died to be finally turned into solid rocks.

And the most wonderful thing about all this is that if the whole earth were a mass of the tiniest of shells, and if each shell represented a million ages, and each age a million years, the whole sum would be no nearer the beginning of time or the ending of time than we are to-day.

## S.S. LESSON

July 12. The Gospel in Antioch of Pisidia, Acts 13: 13-52. Golden Text—Schold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.—Isa. 55:4.

ANALYSIS.  
ALTERNATING SUCCESS AND FAILURE;  
JOY WITH PERSECUTIONS.

INTRODUCTION.—After leaving Cyprus, Paul and Barnabas crossed to the southern shore of Asia Minor, landing doubtless at Attalia. Then, after a short visit to Perga, where John Mark turned back for some reason not explained, they came on to Pisidian Antioch. Here, Paul, availing himself of the usual avenue of approach to the Jews which the synagogue offered, delivered a remarkable address, of which notes are preserved in Acts 13:14-41.

After showing how God's hand had been at work in Hebrew history from the beginning, he passed on to speak of Jesus as the promised agent of divine salvation. He argued that and Gentiles into Jesus a prior drawing the multitudes with a superior force. Judaism set itself in implacable opposition. The Jewish authorities in Antioch now set an official denial of the gospel preached by Paul. They spread the report that Jesus is not the Messiah, that his death is not a means of salvation, that his resurrection is a lie. They point to the Crucifixion as the proof that Jesus "blasphemy" referred to.

Vs. 46, 47. Paul, accordingly takes up a strong position. He protests to the Jews that while the divine favor in the past gives the Jews a prior claim to have the Gospel of Christ preached to them, it is not an exclusive claim. The Gospel offers to men the "eternal life" of the kingdom of God. If the Jews thrust it from them, eternal life, then, instead of wasting time in arguing with an unheeding nation, the apostles will go to the Gentiles, following what they believe to be God's express command. Here, Paul, with consummate skill and insight turns to the Old Testament, and quotes Isaiah 49: 6: "I have set thee for a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldst be for salvation unto the uttermost part of the earth." These words are "servant passages" in Isaiah (Isa. 42:1-7; 49:1-6; 52:13-15; 53:1-12). They proclaim that Israel's true function is to be the missionary servant of Jehovah, and to suffer for the world's salvation. This aspect of their calling, however, the Jews have ignored, wishing to keep the benefits of salvation to themselves. But Christ has fulfilled it in sending his missionaries to the heathen world.

Vs. 48, 49. This proof from Jewish Scripture that the salvation of God is intended, not as the Jews think for themselves alone, but for the whole world, delights the Gentile hearers of Paul. It makes God's word seem glorious in their eyes (for this is the meaning of "they glorified the word of God") and in their case, unlike the case of the Jews, no prejudices exist between their souls and the gift of eternal life. Thus we read that, "All who were ordained to eternal life believed." This suggests that God's ordinance is, as a general rule, larger than man's response. For did not God ordain the Jews to eternal life? But how have they treated the divine offer? Selfishness and exclusiveness have made them blind to God's evangelistic purpose. But among the Gentiles these obstacles do not exist. "The word of the Lord spread abroad throughout all that region."

Vs. 50, 51. Unfortunately, Jewish opposition stirred up social feeling among the women of Antioch, and dragged the matter before the civil magistrates. The opponents applied for a writ in the courts restraining Paul and Barnabas. So our apostles, Paul and Barnabas, had to leave the city. But before going, they do thrust out of a city by an unworthy people, Mark 6:11; Matt. 10:14, 15; Luke 9:5; 10:12. They "shake off the dust beneath their feet" against the Jews. This gesture indicates that the Jews have sunk to the degraded level of the heathen. The very soil on which they stand is defiled.

Vs. 52. Paul and Barnabas flee to Iconium, but leave behind, in spite of persecutions, a joyous and inspired community of believers, whose lives are full of the evidence of the Holy Spirit.

## PICNICS WITHOUT COLD HAND-OUTS

BY FLORENCE TAPP EATON

"I don't like cold hand-outs," announced a masculine guest emphatically, when a holiday luncheon in the grove was suggested instead of on the dining-room table.

I think that men, as a rule, do not like cold hand-outs; and as men—and women too—are more and more coming to avail themselves of the chance for an extra outdoor hour, and the picnic lunch is becoming more and more popular, it behooves us menu-planners to see that our men have the sort of food that they really like.

Picnic equipment is vastly improved since my young days. Families addicted to picnicking now possess delightful hampers dedicated to picnic lunches, containing a convenient assortment of near silver and enamel-ware, salt, pepper and sugar shakers.

Our hamper holds four sets of table-ware; larger families need more. This sort of a hamper divides honors with the modern picnic basket—deep, stiff and strong—the shape of a suit case. This, I admit, lighter, but it must be stocked with the aforementioned utensils, and therefore cannot be quite as convenient.

One energetically picnicking branch of our family purchased a basket of the same general shape, but much larger, to be attached to the running-board of the automobile. This is big enough to include a frying pan, chowder requisites, dishes, vacuum bottle and all of the food.

MAKING THE PICNIC CHOWDER.  
As picnic impedimenta must, however be reduced to a minimum, only absolutely necessary utensils must be included. Besides dishes, are a couple of long cooking forks, a long-handled frying pan, a big tin coffee-pot and a folding stiff-wire rack of good size, with top and two sides, to be set up over the fire. On this the coffee pot and frying pan may be set, and on it chops or steak may be broiled. A narrow strip of hen wire, long enough to be held over the coals, also makes a splendid broiler.

So much for equipment.

Our very favorite main dish for a picnic is a chowder, made in a large kettle swung gypsy fashion between two poles over a fire. I must hasten to say, however, before proceeding with my chowder, that the style of picnic meal served depends entirely on whether a fire is possible. Some property owners refuse to allow fires to be built in their woods.

A fire should always be carefully and surely put out before one leaves it, and a bare space scraped around it. Not even the tiniest ember should be allowed to escape.

To make a picnic chowder, the fish should be cooked, boned and flaked beforehand, chilled, and carried in a wide-mouthed vacuum bottle or in a jar in the ice pail. A basket of potatoes, onions and a cube of pork, with seasoning and iced milk containing a liberal cube of butter, complete the chowder equipment.

I pare and slice my potatoes into a pail of water. The fire is made and the kettle heated. Then we try out two or three slices of finely diced fat salt pork until reduced to bits, stirring. Then we add about a quart or more of sliced potatoes, a cupful of diced onions, a liberal dash of pepper and salt, and just cover with water. Simmer, covered, until all is tender; add the flaked fish—a three-pound haddock—and a good quart or more of whole milk. Let it just come to a boil, add more seasoning if needed; and if you can thicken it a bit it is better. Serve with it an abundance of crackers. Clams, cooked, chilled and brought to the picnic on ice, may be substituted for the fish. Or a pint of cut-off corn or the same quantity of diced tomato, or both, makes a delicious chowder.

We greatly enjoy fresh sweet corn as picnic food, and try to always include it in season. Here also a fire is useful, but not essential, for last summer, when picnicking in a lovely spot where the owner was obdurate, we prepared at home a quart can of cut-off corn, cooked in six minutes in boiling, highly seasoned tomato, added a paper of butter, and carried it in a newspaper-wrapped jar. I assure you that it didn't go begging!

To prepare the corn, score down the middle of the rows, slice off tips of kernels, scrape out the pulp and cook in highly seasoned tomato which has been sweetened. Don't economize with the butter.

Potatoes Plus is another excellent hot dish for a picnic. This consists of diced cold boiled potatoes, browned in bacon fat, seasoned highly with salt, pepper, minced parsley and a bit of onion, with which two or three eggs are scrambled and mixed. This also makes a nice home dish; one egg will do for the quantity needed at breakfast.

Cheese Dreams make a tempting food for picnics. Prepare at home, making the sandwiches of buttered bread and sliced cheese, sprinkled with a bit of mustard. Brown over the picnic fire in some of the bacon fat. Naturally one mustn't plan too many fried things for the same picnic, but it is well to have a variety in mind.

PREPARING THE SALAD AT HOME.  
Slumgullion is a splendid picnic food. To make this delicious dish, mix a can of peas with a big bowl of cooked rice and add any congealed leftovers, such as hard-boiled eggs, cooked vegetables, and so forth. Moistening

it liberally with a can of vegetable soup. Add necessary seasonings, a good lump of butter, and heat. Serve piping hot, with stuffed eggs, cold meat or bacon.

Chops and steaks are both delicious at picnics, but they are expensive, and I hesitate to advocate them for ordinary fare. Ham has an especial lure at outdoor meals; buy it shaved instead of sliced, and brown it quickly. Stir some stewed tomato into the pan with a little of the ham fat, and when boiling scramble eggs in it.

With one or two hot dishes an ice-cold salad is attractive. We peel and chill tomatoes, slice cucumbers, wash and drain lettuce, shred sweet peppers, roll all in cheesecloth and lay in the ice pail with a jar of mayonnaise. Or we mix a delicate vegetable salad and pack, ice-cold, in a jar or wide-mouthed vacuum. Coffee is carried ground, mixed with a raw egg and cold water in the big tin picnic coffee-pot. At the picnic ground water is added, brought to a boil, cooked five minutes, settled, and served.

Here's a menu for a recent firesless picnic:

A big dish of spaghetti, tomato sauce and cheese, taken directly from the oven, wrapped in a towel and then in thick newspaper and set in a deep basket. Boiling hot coffee in a vacuum bottle. Stuffed eggs, beef loaf, tender long homemade rolls filled liberally with creamed chicken, tomato salad, sandwiches, and a hot mince pie, wrapped as was the spaghetti.

A picnic on the slopes of beautiful Monadnock, preceded by a long automobile ride, offered the following menu: Cold roast chicken, accompanied with currant jelly sandwiches, ice-cold vegetable salad in a vacuum, brown bread sandwiches with cheese. A really good apple pie, with cheese, can hardly be improved; or fresh doughnuts and cheese. Fruit and coffee, of course.

Don't make too dainty sandwiches for picnics. Don't trim off the crusts, and cut them a bit thicker than for a tea or reception, for at a picnic they constitute real food. Egg sandwiches—chopped hard-boiled eggs flavored with minced parsley, sweet pepper or stuffed olives, and very liberally moistened with mayonnaise—are great favorites with us; also those spread with broiled Hamburg steak put through the meat chopper and moistened with highly seasoned tomato sauce.

Cold roast or corned beef, or any left-over meat, may be used instead of the Hamburg. Ice-cold tomato sandwiches are hard to beat. Any sort of club sandwich is desirable and makes a substantial main course. Cold Welsh rabbit makes an unsurpassed sandwich filling, and I often make it especially for this purpose. Potato chips, vegetable salad, stuffed eggs, and, if possible, a transparent jar of hot corn and tomato. A dish of hot scalloped fish and potato with cheese sauce, are fine accompaniments for these hearty sandwiches.

Clean Eggs.  
Clean yards, clean litter and clean nests are the greatest aids in producing clean eggs.

If one keeps the yards free from material that will soil the hen's feet, the hen will enter the henhouse without carrying a lot of excess filth. By keeping the birds penned up during wet weather, this cleanliness may be controlled to a great extent. If a green crop can be maintained in the vicinity of the henhouse, the problem is greatly simplified.

The litter within the house should be replaced as rapidly as it becomes filth-laden or damp. Dry clean litter acts as a doormat for the hen before entering the nests. If wire is fastened on the lower side of the roosts, the hens will be prevented from walking on the droppings boards.

The nests should be cleaned often and filled with fresh clean nesting material. Wood wool or clean excelsior is excellent for this purpose. The nests should be of sufficient size to enable a hen to be comfortable. A nest about twelve inches wide by fifteen inches deep is usually large enough except for exceptionally large birds.

The nests should be placed so that they are darkened. This discourages the hen remaining on the nest longer than necessary, which often results in soiling the eggs.

Provide one nest for each four or five birds. This will prevent crowding, with the consequent soiling and breaking that usually occurs.

Gather the eggs often. To secure the highest class product, the eggs should remain in the nests no longer than is necessary. The eggs should be gathered at least twice daily during warm weather and once a day during cold weather. Do not allow the eggs to become overheated or frozen.

An ordinary cutter, such as will be found on almost every farm, comes in useful to cut long grass, vegetable tops, or other green food, in suitable lengths for fowls. The old corn stalks can be cut in half-inch lengths and used for scratching material.

A spray for mites that is ideal and lasting is a mixture of equal parts of crankcase oil and kerosene. Spray the roosts and nests liberally with it.

Yarmouth, N.S. ing in this district the season on June best experienced together some 16,500 sters were shipped Yarmouth to Boston with 9,652 last year. In addition America over 500,000 lbs. of fish are caught in this section totaling \$500,000.

Frederickton, N.B. wick's application powers of St. John's Falls, has been a national Joint Conference is now in a with its project of horsepower, and horsepower.

Montreal, Que. tion has been continued musician, Prof. C. besides being a maker of violins, with a medal and British Empire Medal, for a magnificent make, which he has Toronto, Ont. ber of Ontario fa to market their fish and under co-operation of the Weston was s dian Co-operative society. To May of 148,659 pounds

ALBERTA MI CARRY  
Edmonton Co Strike May Shipped

A despatch from says:—With the old agreement between operators and the operation at midnight was virtually put men's organization failure of negotia two parties to arrive for a new rate on

Tuesday afternoon work, the men in mines carried out their has been no opportunity to the holiday on the mines showed they ported for work and just when negotia place again. Operat as at this time of is very slack, an against continuing for one month to trial shipment as the particular share is being merely 4,000

The first word of strikers in mines from the Ottawa in The mine manager reported to the provin men had been assu proceeding to work. The men who have been asked when prompt action against the offende

Coblentz to be O British on Le

A despatch from Another was added of evacuation report Cologne areas. It reported, and is the British will occupy quarters after evacue

First reports state been chosen by the by the French, but the eral Staff insisted on presence of numerous in Wiesbaden was by Railroad Commission quarters there since French Belgian railro not related to plans establish headquarters

Another Historic Mansion on

A despatch from The impoverishment Britain's old nobility shed in the amount Dowager Duchess of husband died on May she the mansion in to the Dukes of Rutlan The duchess is res room lodge at the entrance until she finds a

"Paradise Regain Death of M

A despatch from The following is being culcated as an answer put to a student at Hamburg:

The professor of E asked the student: "Wh about Milton?" The "Milton was a famo who married, and then lost." His wife died wrote "Paradise Regain

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