The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery—Their Care and Cultivation

Pansies.

COLORS IN ANNUALS

By L. M. BENNINGTON.

For summer flowering, annuals are very satisfactory, blooming profusely through the entire season, while the cost of a seed packet is but a trifle.

Good taste dictates the system of planting large bunches of single species together rather than the old way of mixing a dozen varieties in as many square feet.

It is the same plan that places a dozen carnations or roses in a vase rather than the heterogenous collection in the old-fashioned bouquet. Mass your flowers if you would secure the best effect.

The old calliopsis, "lady's breastpin" they used to call it, is a handsome plant, its long slender stems rendering it extremely useful for cutting, and the shades of gold and brown harmonizing nicely.

A mass of it next to the shrubbery in the background gives a most pleasing effect.

Some handsome forms of single dahlia may be secured by planting a packet of the seeds in pots early in the spring and transplanting the young seedlings to the garden as soon as danger from frost is over.

The colors of some are very fine and to one liking the single flowers the plan is a good one of getting a variety at a small price; but unless started very early these seedlings rarely mature tubers that will keep through the winter, though they commence flowering almost as soon as the plants are started from the tubers.

The chrysanthemum-flowered asters are much more pleasing, both grown in masses and for cutting, than the quilled bouquet sorts. If but two kinds are chosen, let them be lavender and white with rose as a third choice.

When ordering seeds there is a strong temptation to order mixed packets, yet if the very finest specimens are expected, the surer way is to single out one or two of the choicest colors.

These are made up from the best individuals, while the mixed packets are what the name implies, though in many instances highly satisfactory.

With pansies for spring, sweet peas for summer, and asters for autumn, one may be sure of having an abundance of the most beautiful cut flowers for all occasions.

Water the Gloxinia.

WORK-A-DAY NOTES

By L. M. BENNINGTON.

If the season is a dry one some of the plants in the garden will have to be watered if you want flowers from them. Especially is this true of gloxinia.

Use enough water to penetrate all the soil in which their roots grow, and see that it is kept moist.

Watering today and neglecting for a week to come isn't the proper thing. Save the suds from wash day for this purpose. The snap in the water will benefit the plants.

Be sure to supply substantial supports for your dahlias. If this is not done you will likely find them broken some morning after a sudden wind or a hard rainstorm. The stakes should be at least four feet tall—allow an extra foot and a half for insertion in the ground and they should be at least an inch through, and of good sound wood. Paint them a dull green and they will not be unpleasantly obtrusive. Tie the stalks to them with broad strips of cloth instead of strings. The latter will cut into the tender branches when they are whipped by the wind.

DO NOT OMIT THE SHRUBS

By JULIE ADAMS POWELL.

One corner of my garden shaded from the hot sun is devoted to herbs. If you have never had a herb bed this is a good time to plant one. I am going to add several herbs to mine this year and I give the list of those most useful. In some cases it is best to buy the plants, and such I note.

Three sage plants.
Three clumps of chives.
Two lavender plants.
Six roots of mint.
One package summery savory.
One package thyme.
One package winter savory.
Two plants of tarragon.
One package dill for flavoring.

Queen Who Carries Bundles.

The Norwegians contrive to make life agreeable for the royal family by allowing them to go about the countryside or through the streets of the capital as freely as ordinary citizens. Queen Maud revels in her new liberty.

"I find it so nice to be able to go out shopping without any fuss," she said, and told me that she could go into a shop in Christiana without anybody taking any notice of her, buy what she wants, and leave, with her parcels tucked under her arm, to walk back to her palace."—H. R. H., Infanta Eulalia, in the Century.

Discourtesy Rebuked.

A Confederate general was once captured by Major General Hancock. Under guard he was led up to Hancock's tent. With the instincts of a true gentleman General Hancock stepped from his tent and extended his right hand to the Confederate prisoner. "No, sir," said the Confederate, "under these circumstances I decline to shake hands with you." Hancock, who towered about three feet above his prisoner, looked at him a moment, then said: "Under any other circumstances I should not offer you my hand."—Exchange.

Old Mark's Stratagem

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright, 1910, by W. G. Chapman.)

"And I wish you joy of him," repeated Mrs. Philip Adams, pursing her lips and looking angrily at Lucy Smith.

It had always irritated the wealthy farmer's wife that her cousin, the wife of ne'er-do-well Frank Smith, should have offered a home to their mutual uncle, Mark Evans.

Mark Evans had owned a prosperous farm of his own a few years before, but when his wife died, the old man of eighty was unable to keep it up. At eighty-two his niece, Mrs. Adams, fearing that the depreciating property would leave her only a trivial legacy, persuaded the old man to sell out.

"Pay the money over to me and Phil," she said, and we'll take care of you for the rest of your days."

The old man did so, but the farm realized less than a thousand dollars. The Adams family was furious.

"If I'd known the old skinflint wasn't worth more than that, I'd have seen myself swished before I'd have got stung for a home," said Philip.

"What's he done with all his money? He used to be rich," said his wife. "However, he won't last long."

But he did last. Old Mark flourished amazingly, and at eighty-four he was as vigorous as many a man of half his age. In vain his niece watched for signs of breakdown.

"We can't go on feeding the useless old cuss for ever," muttered her husband. "If it wasn't for what the neighbors would say, I'd turn him away to the poorhouse. He's stung us fair."

Old Mark heard that. He had resigned himself without complaint to the attic room, to a separate table where he received the scraps that fell from the family's leavings. He had borne the taunts of the ill-bred Adams children. But it stung him to the quick to be a burden, to be accused of dishonesty.

"My niece Lucy Smith wants me to spend a week with her," he announced the next day. 'Guess I'll pay her a visit."

"Guess you'll pay the fare, too," sneered Philip Adams.

However, Lucy had paid the fare, and the old man duly departed. The week's stay had extended to a year, and Old Mark was still there, an honored guest.

"Yes, I wish you joy of him," repeated Mrs. Adams, who had gone to

"But I Don't Play No Favorites," He Said.

pay her cousin a visit. "Eats his head off, don't he?"

"He has a good appetite," admitted Lucy. "We like to see uncle eat."

"Humph! Well, it's more than I do," answered her cousin. "And don't you think we're going to take him back, after the way he's acted to us, because we ain't."

"Frank and I have offered Uncle Mark a home for the rest of his days," answered Lucy quietly.

That was true, and the old man was welcome. No longer living upon grudging charity, he sat at the table with his relatives. The best bedroom in the house had been offered him. However, Old Mark would not take that, but he was certainly more comfortably accommodated than before.

One thing had always distressed Lucy. Old Mark insisted on going out to work.

It might seem that a man of eighty-four is incapable of active labor. But Old Mark, though he had not been able to keep up his farm, had by no means lost his muscular activity. As labor was scarce in the neighborhood, the farmers, incredulous at first when the old man offered his services, were glad enough to allow him to dig in their gardens at a dollar a day. Besides that the old man did odd chores.

"He must be making a mint of money, Lucy," said her husband jocularly.

"It's all coming to Frank and you," Old Mark would say, when they reproached him. "I got to do something to earn my keep, seeing as Nicholas has got my farm and I've got nothing to pay you with."

"But it isn't necessary to pay a penny, uncle," Lucy would say, half crying. "People will think we make you work for us."

"I guess not," answered Old Mark. "I tell 'em that I'm doing it against your wishes. But it's all coming to you."

That sounded well enough, but nobody had seen any of Mark's money. The postmistress stated that the old man had bought money orders recently. But to whom was he sending his money? To a bank?

"Pshaw, Lucy, let the old fellow have his way," said Frank. "If it makes him happy and he feels less under an obligation to us, it doesn't do him any harm."

"But I'm eighty-five next month, and I ain't going to do a stitch of work after I'm eighty-five," said Mark, chuckling.

Indeed, Mark's industry afforded the farmer and his wife less time for meditation than formerly. The season had been poor, the crops had not ripened—it was the wet summer of a few years ago; finally, the price of corn had gone shooting down. The struggle of the "ne'er-do-well" Frank Smith had long excited the derision of his relatives. He seemed an incapable farmer, and they knew nothing of the crushing mortgage and of the difficulty with which each interest day was met.

At last Frank and Lucy had to face the prospect of selling out and moving to the city. "We'll take Old Mark," they said.

Old Mark, learning of his relatives' difficulties, did not appear greatly concerned. "It's life," he said. "That's all. It happened to me. I guess I can go to the poorhouse."

"You certainly will not go to the poorhouse so long as I can work," said Frank.

At last the farm was advertised for sale. Nobody was surprised, but several people were pleased. The Adams family were very pleased.

"And he thought he could feed an extra useless mouth," sneered Philip.

"It serves that woman right," said his wife, "for trying to reproach us with not looking after Mark. Why don't you buy the farm, Philip? It'll trample them into the dust. And I'd like to know what they'll do with Old Mark then."

"I'm going to bid for it," answered Philip shrewdly. "If it goes for a song, I'll take it."

The day of the sale arrived. Frank and Lucy, very subdued, but bravely meeting the inquisitive gaze of the neighbors, sat by the auctioneer.

"What bids for this property?" snapped the auctioneer. "Fifty acres of first-class farming land—"

"Ho! Ho!" roared a voice from among the audience. It was Philip Adams, who chuckled and nudged his wife. "That's good, ain't it?" he said.

"A house and barn in fair condition, an orchard with fruit trees in bearing, chicken houses and two hundred hens. What bids?"

"Ten dollars!" shouted Adams exuberantly.

"Be sensible, gentlemen," pleaded the auctioneer. "One-third cash and the remainder on mortgage. What offers?"

"Five hundred dollars," said a bald-headed city clerk, who was trying to get back to the land.

"Six hundred," said Adams.

They ran the price up to twelve hundred dollars, at which the city clerk dropped out. Frank watched the scene in humiliation. Lucy, impassive, regarded the sneering face of Philip, as he wrestled with another bidder at fourteen hundred.

"At fourteen hundred," said the auctioneer, nodding to Philip. "Going—going—"

"Fifteen!" snapped Old Mark, standing up as sprysly as a young man.

"Eh?" grunted the auctioneer. "Where's your money?"

Old Mark advanced to the auctioneer's desk and slapped down an enormous wallet choking with bills. The auctioneer peered inside. He saw several hundreds.

"He can't bid—he's too old!" shouted Philip wrathfully.

"There ain't no age limit," said the auctioneer. "Any higher offer?"

"I tell you he's a faker, and I stand by what I bid, and I take the farm," shouted Philip in a rage.

"At fifteen. Going—gone! It's yours," said the auctioneer to Mark. "One-third cash and—"

"I'll pay the whole fifteen hundred," answered Old Mark, counting out the money.

It was done. Mark owned the farm, and Lucy and Frank found themselves one on each side of him in the open. Round them gathered a curious crowd, including Jane and Philip Adams. The situation was preposterous—incredible.

Hush! Old Mark was speaking.

"You see, my dears, you were kind to an old man," he said. "You thought I hadn't no money, but there was my life insurance, which I took out fifty years ago last Wednesday. Four thousand dollars it were, and cost me something over a hundred a year. I had the premiums put by when I sold the farm, but I got a little short, so I had to work a bit to make up the last year's. But I cashed in Wednesday, and I've still got a tidy sum over. It's my farm now, and you and Lucy are going to work it till I die, and then it goes to you."

He turned toward the stupefied Adamses.

"But I don't play no favorites," he said. "You and Jane is welcome to be my guests whenever you want to—only, of course seeing as I gave you my other farm, this one'll be Lucy's."

His Jaw a Rib.

Some marvelous surgical operations have been performed in the military hospitals of Europe since the war began, but none so epoch making in the world of surgery as one recently successfully executed at the American Ambulance (military hospital), Paris.

A soldier was brought in with the right half of his lower jaw shot away. Three inches of his ribs were taken from another man badly wounded in the side, and the piece of rib transplanted to the head of the first soldier in the place of his missing jaw. The operation was entirely successful.

One Monograph Lost to Literature.

"The other day," said Berry M. Aull, Chiggerbite's popular undertaker, "I sat down to write a monograph on the Futility of Everything. It was a great thought—it thrilled me. But mine is a sternly logical mind. The more the truth of my great theme came home to me, the more clear it became that I would have to give up writing the monograph. For writing also is futile."—Kansas City Star.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock.

DETROIT—Cattle: Receipts, 1,515; market dull; best dry-fed, $8@8.50; best handy weight grass butcher steers, $7@7.75; mixed steers and heifers (grassers), $7@7.50; handy light butchers (grassers), $6.50@7; light butchers (grassers), $6@6.50; best cows, $6@6.25; butcher cows, $5@5.50; common cows, $4@4.50; canners, $3@4; best heavy bulls, $6@6.25; bologna bulls, 15.25@5.75.

Veal calves: Receipts, 557; market strong and 25c higher; best, $10.50@11; others, $7@10.

Sheep and lambs: Receipts, 986; market strong; best lambs, $10.50@11; fair lambs, $7.50@8.50; light to common lambs, $6@7; yearlings, $7@8; fair to good sheep, $4.25@5.25; culls and common, $3@4.

Hogs: Receipts, 4,924; market 10@15c higher; all grades, $7.90@7.95.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle, Receipts, 2,875; market 25c higher; choice to prime shipping steers, $9.40@9.65; fair to good, $8.75@9.25;; plain and coarse, $8@8.50; choice butcher steers, $8.50@9; fair to good, $8@8.25; light common, $6.75@7; yearlings, $8.50@9.50; prime fat heifers, $7.75@8.50; best handy butcher heifers, $7.50@7.75; common to good, $6.50@7.25; best fat cows, $6.75@7.25; good butchering cows, $6@6.50; medium to good, $5.50@6; cutters, $4.50@5.20; canners, $4@4.25; best heavy bulls, $6.75@7.25; good butchering bulls, $6.50@7; light bulls, $5.50@6.

Hogs—Receipts, 1,600; market 10@15c lower; heavy, $8@8.10; mixed and yorkers, $8.15@8.25; pigs, $8.25@8.35.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,000; market 50c higher; top lambs, $11@11.25; yearlings, $8@9; wethers, $6.75@7.25; ewes, $5.25@6; cull sheep, $3@4.

Calves—Receipts, 1,400; market strong; tops, $10.50@11; fair to good, $9.50@10; grassers, $4@6.

Grains, Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat: Cash No. 2 red, $1.25; July opened with a drop of 1-4c at $1.05 1-4 and advanced to $1.07; September opened at $1.03 3-4 and advanced to $1.04 1-2; No. 1 white, $1.22.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 77c; No. 3 yellow 2 cars at 78c; No. 4 yellow, 76 1-2c.

Oats—Standard, 51@51 1-2c; No. 3 white, 50 1-2@51c; No. 4 white, 49@50c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, $1.12; August, 93c.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, $2.90; July, $2.85.

Clover seed—Prime spot, $8.20; October, $8.60; prime alsike, $8.50.

Timothy—Prime spot, $3.20.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, $18.50@19; standard timothy, $17.50@18; No. 2 timothy, $16.50@17; light mixed, $17.50@18; No. 1 mixed, $16@16.50; No. 1 clover, $14@14.50; No. 2 clover, $12@13; rye straw, $8@8.50; wheat and oat straw, $7@7.50 per ton.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 pounds, jobbing lots: Best patent, $6.30; second patent, $6; straight, $5.90; spring patent, $6.50; rye flour, $4.40 per barrel.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, $25; standard middlings, $25; fine middlings, $32; coarse cornmeal, $33; cracked corn, $32; corn and oat chop, $30 per ton.

General Markets.

Cherries—Sour, $2@2.25 per bu.

Gooseberries—$2@2.25 per bu.

Blackberries—$3.50@3.75 per 24-quart case.

Huckleberries—$4@4.25 per 24-quart case.

Raspberries—Red, $7@7.50 per 24-quart case; black, $3.50@3.75 per 24-quart case.

Peaches—Southern, 75@80c per 4-basket crate; Oklahoma, 75@80c per 4-basket flat.

Strawberries—Shipped in, $1@1.25 per 16-quart case; home-grown, $2.50@3 per bushel.

Apples—Ben Davis, $3.50@3.75; Baldwin, $5.75@6 per barrel; western apples, $2@2.25 per box; new, $1.60@1.75 per box.

New Cabbage—$1.25@1.50 per crate.

Green Corn—$5.50 per barrel and 60c per dozen.

Lettuce—Head, $1.25; leaf, 25@30c per bushel.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 11 1-2@12c per pound; common, 10@11c.

Maple Sugar—New, 14@15c per lb.; syrup, $1@1.10 per gal.

Celery—Florida, $2@3.25 per crate; Michigan, 15@20c per dozen.

Onions—Texas Bermudas, $1.25 for yellow and $1.25 for white per crate.

Honey—Choice to fancy new white comb, 14@15c; amber, 8@9; extracted, 5@6c per lb.

Live Poultry—Broilers, 25@27c; hens, 14 1-2@15c; old hens, 12c; ducks, 16@16 1-2c; geese, 10@11c; turkeys, 17@18c per lb.

New Potatoes—Texas Triumphs, 65c per bu; Bermuda, $4@4.50 per bbl and $2 per bu; Virginia Cobblers, $2@2.25 per bbl.

Cheese—Wholesale lots: Michigan flats, 14@14 4c; New York flats, 15 1-2@16c; brick, 14 1-4@14 3-4c; limburger, 2-lb packages, 14 1-2c; 1-lb packages 11 1-2@15c; imported Swiss, 31c; domestic Swiss, 19@21c; long horns, 15c; daisies, 15c per lb.

Old Potatoes—Carlots, 15c per bu in sacks, from store, 20@25c per bu.

Tomatoes—Mississippi, 90c@$1 per four-basket crate; hothouse, 10@12½c per lb.

Hides—No. 1 cured, 18c; No. 1 green, 16c; No. 1 cured bulls, 13c; No. 1 green veal kip, 16c; No. 1 cured murrain, 14c; No. 1 green murrain, 12c; No. 1 cured calf, 18c; No. 1 green calf, 17c; No. 1 horsehides, $3.50; No. 2 horsehides, $2.50; No. 2 hides 1c and No. 2 kip and calf 1 1-2c lower than the above; sheepskins, as to amount of wool, 25c@$1.50.

The General Says:

You can buy the most durable roofing in the world at a price that is reasonable if you insist on

Certain-teed

Roofing

Your local hardware or lumber dealer can supply you with Certain-teed Roofing, guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years according to the thickness. Don't accept a substitute.

GENERAL ROOFING MFG. CO.

Grand Prize at Panama-Pacific Exposition Awarded to Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

The Grand Prize (or superiority of Cocoa and Chocolate preparations) has been awarded to Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.'s Dorchester, Mass., U.S.A., Chocolate. This prize was received in Highest Awards at the leading expositions in Europe and America. Adv.

A Saving.

"I see you're laying out a tennis court in your yard. I didn't know you played the game."

"I don't, but you see I won't have to mow that part of the lawn after I take the turf off."

Canadian Wheat to Feed the World

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The war's fearful devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and there is an unusual demand for Canadian wheat. Canada's invitation to every industrious American is therefore especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves while helping her to raise immense wheat crops.

You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and other lands can be bought at remarkably low prices. Think of the money you can make with wheat at its present high prices, where for some time it is likely to continue. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley and Flax.

Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

M. V. McInnes,
176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agent

RULES OF UP-TO-DATE ZOO

Compiled for the Benefit of Visitors Who Without Proper Guidance Might Get Into Trouble.

All persons are prohibited from playing with the animals. If you are a monkey, don't recognize your friends at the zoo. Fraternizing with animals is considered a serious offense, no matter if the animal shows more intelligence than the one trying to torment him.

It shall be unlawful to stroke the whiskers of Caesar, the maid lion, or to pull the tails of any of the lions at any time. Visitors must not interfere with the food that is given the lions or put their hands into the mouths of the beasts.

Making eyes at the baboons and shaking hands with the monkeys are not permitted at any time. Visitors must not pull the horns of the buffalo or strike the ears of the ostrich. Children are warned not to ride on the backs of the deer.

Violations of these park regulations will be punished by solitary confinement in the dog pound for six months. —Springfield News.

See U. S. A. First.

Blanch—She's going to travel.

Beulah—So? Going to Europe?

"Oh, no, she's going to travel in this country."

"I see. She believes in safety first."

A woman diets for fat, a man for his stomach or some other organ.

Unexpected Chicken.

A stranger, arriving in a small town, hailed a passing resident and inquired:

"Can you direct me to a place where they take boarders?"

"Hemmundhaws keeps 'em," the man replied.

"Fair to middlin'?"

"Have chicken very often for dinner?"

"Reg'lar and unexpected."

"What do you mean by regular and unexpected?"

"They have chicken reg'lar every Sunday."

I see.

"And they also have it when an automobile unexpectedly kills one in the road."—Judge.

All His Fault.

One witness in a recent police court case was an old Irish woman.

Immediately the prisoner's lawyer asked her a question she began talking, and talked and talked and talked.

"Stop! Stop!" ordered the magistrate, hammering on his desk.

But the old woman still talked on.

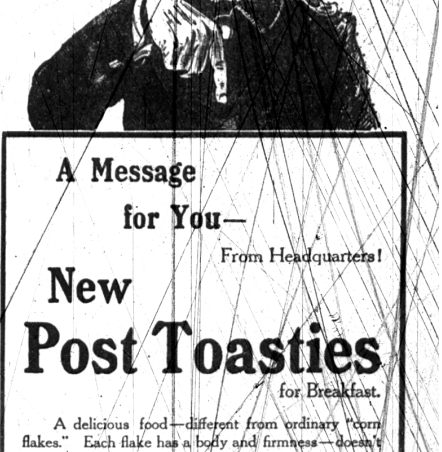
"Here, you in the witness box, do be quiet!" thundered the magistrate again. "Oh, do stop for a minute!"

And the old woman still went on.

Then the magistrate turned angrily on the lawyer.

"Look here, Mr. A——," he shouted, "you started her—now stop her!"

A really busy man never knows how much he weighs.



A Message for You—
From Headquarters!

New Post Toasties
for Breakfast.

A delicious food—different from ordinary "corn flakes." Each flake has a body and firmness—doesn't mush down, but keeps crisp when cream is added.

New Post Toasties are the tender meats of white Indian Corn, skilfully cooked, daintily seasoned, and toasted to an appetizing golden-brown. They come to you oven-fresh, in tight-sealed, wax-wrapped packages—ready to eat with cream, milk or fruit.

New Post Toasties
—the Superior Corn Flakes

Your grocer has them now.