

house—flowers, gardens, bees, poultry, dairy work, and so forth. Then there were the professional working farmers and gardeners, apt to be isolated, each of them "ploughing her own lonely furrow." A definite link would be of infinite use—would widen sympathies and give the consciousness of friendship and support, and would bring the benefits of co-operation.

Miss Helen Colt pointed out that through co-operation market problems could be considered, and flower shows, and dealing with fellow members for country produce would be possible, and that they might do something substantial towards solving the breakfast table problem of perennial interest—the problem of the new laid egg! There was also the interest of openings for women in the Colonies. Before a Club whose pride it was to possess the Circle of United Empire—it was not necessary to press this point. Agriculture and Horticulture were also indissolubly bound up with definite scientific knowledge and the whole scientific side of life. There was a tremendous field for women of leisure and scientific education—to open up—to undertake research work and make experiments. In the fascinating branch of fertilization and cross-breeding—the eugenics of plant and animal life—women might excel. A department which was greatly on the increase was the teaching of gardening and nature study in schools and colleges.

The highest branch of the purely æsthetic side of gardening—that of design—could be stimulated, and taste could be educated in the fine tradition of garden design in England which was only just beginning to recover from a period of decadence.

## THE SEVENTH MARCHIONESS OF RIVIÈRE.

### A PSYCHICAL INTERLUDE.

(Continued from page 56.)

#### THE PASSION OF DOMICILE.

In the century past there had lived at Carillon a great arborist, hence the Garden of Gardens, in which were to be found, in great magnificence, rare and beautiful trees. What could be more exquisite than the pure white feathery bloom of the giant acacia, or, more imperial, than the silver shaft of the tulip tree, crowned with glossy emerald green foliage and bell-shaped gold and crimson blossoms? Near by were the sweet-scented walnuts, the purple and silver beeches, the avenue of fan-leaved chestnuts, and upstanding pungent firs. In the pastures the stately oaks and elms, and flowering limes, and, by the river, shimmering willow. Of shrubs their name was legion. Thus embowered, what wonder a Garden of Gardens, set in brilliant green sward, carefully spudded by Papa and Mama.

There were all sorts of delightful surprises in this wonderful garden—mossy grass and gravel paths, with clipped yew and laurel hedges, pergolas and arbours shaded with delicate

noisette and damask-scented roses, vines, hops, bryony, and other riotous climbers, through which one caught glimpses of rustic gates, of the tapering church spire, the mill on the hill. The blossoming orchard, with its violet carpet (poor, poor Eve, sighed Andrea) and the red-walled garden, so bounteously productive, where one might cull scented herbs and lavender and other delights for the making of simples, or for blending together, with which to fill the *famille-rose* jars. Of the flowers which grew in that garden who shall tell? Kent was uncommon wise about them. Indeed, there was little that grew there of rare value which sooner or later was not to be found modestly sprouting in his cottage patch. How came it there?

"There are them as sez," the village idiot remarked oracularly, "mebbe it was the birds o' the air."

But Mrs. Kent knew better, and in the spring-time might be heard to observe "to them as jeered" when a patch of royal blue gentianella put forth its delicate trumpets, or the scent of pink mezureum could not be disguised, "as Kent he just had a way with him as no flowers could resist—they knowed who loved 'em, and so they grewed."

Any way, Kent's little garden had been known upon more than one occasion to provide bulbs, slips and cuttings of rare flowers which by some mysterious process (the mice, for sure) had entirely disappeared from the Garden of Gardens. Upon these occasions the generosity of Kent was grandiose, whilst Andrea was all smiles and dimples as she accepted with becoming gratitude a bit of her own.

Mama loved colour and order, and potted and bedded out; but Papa was all for herbaceous borders, where, with few limitations, the flowers grew as they pleased, and in so doing they pleased to be gregariously resplendent.

Everyone believed that the blooms just swooned with pain when rudely snipped off the parent plant, so few flowers were cut, and Mama took special pride in her gold baskets filled with ferns and flowers to be found in every parlour.

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Now, when from your youth up you have been domiciled in a secluded spot, where you knew each tree and shrub and plant and weed, where it had been your happy fate to spend long, long hours of solitude, where you had enjoyed brilliant imagining of impossible events, where you had found sympathy with joy, and sweet solace for grief, is it possible for ever after to suppress the passion of domicile? Question the exile, and his bloodstock from generation to generation. Ah! the twinge of the heartstrings—and alas! for the heart which responds not to memory or instinct so sacred!

Thus with the passing of Mama it became a filial duty to change nothing. The bulb glasses and the gold baskets must be bright as of yore, so with the rolling of lawns, and the spudding of weeds. As the months passed, so the earth

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