

COTTAGE
GARDENING
IN
QUEENSLAND

Fifth Edition

BY

HENRY TRELOAR
REDRUTH COTTAGE, NORTH WARD,
TOWNSVILLE



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**COTTAGE
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IN
QUEENSLAND**

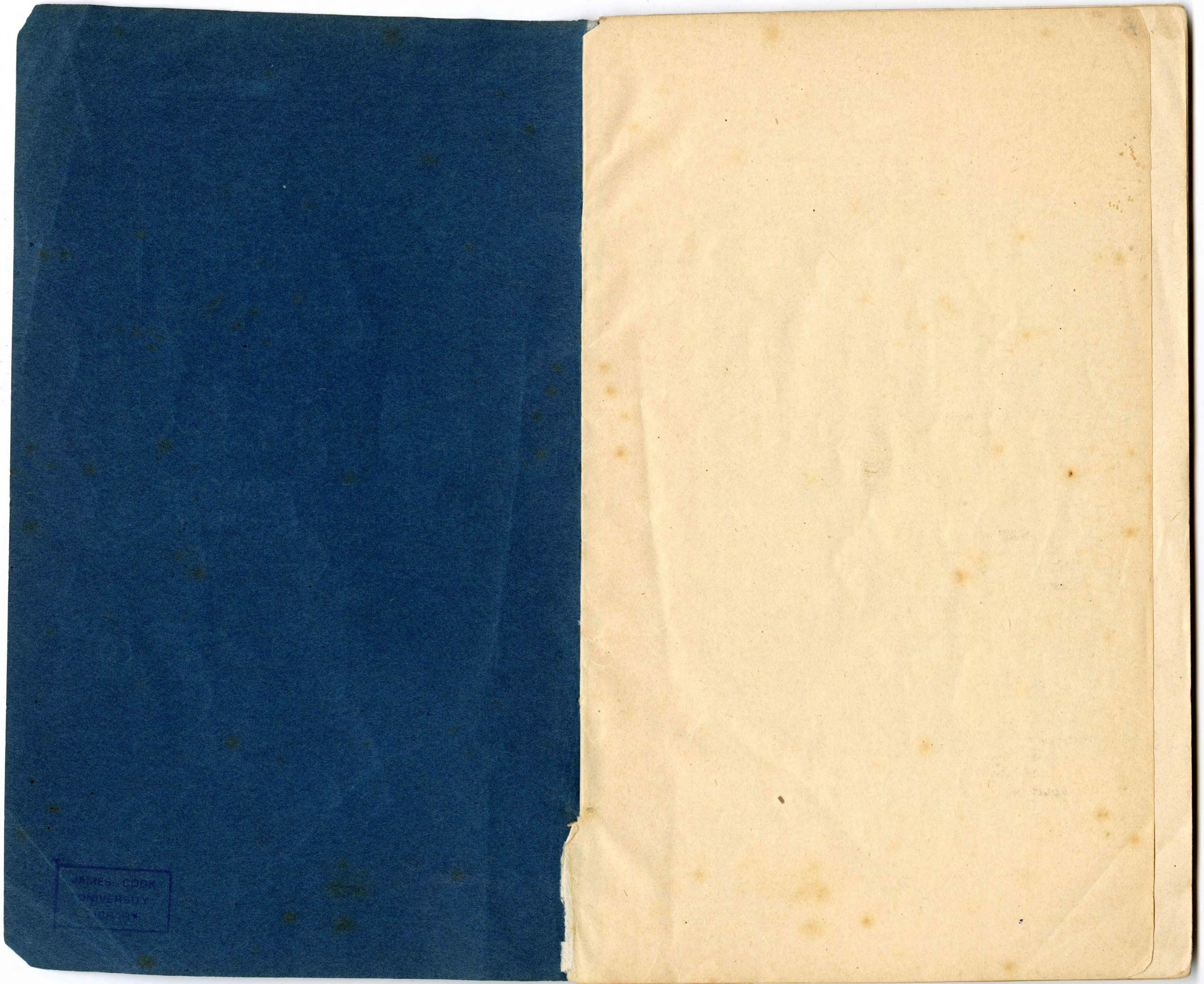
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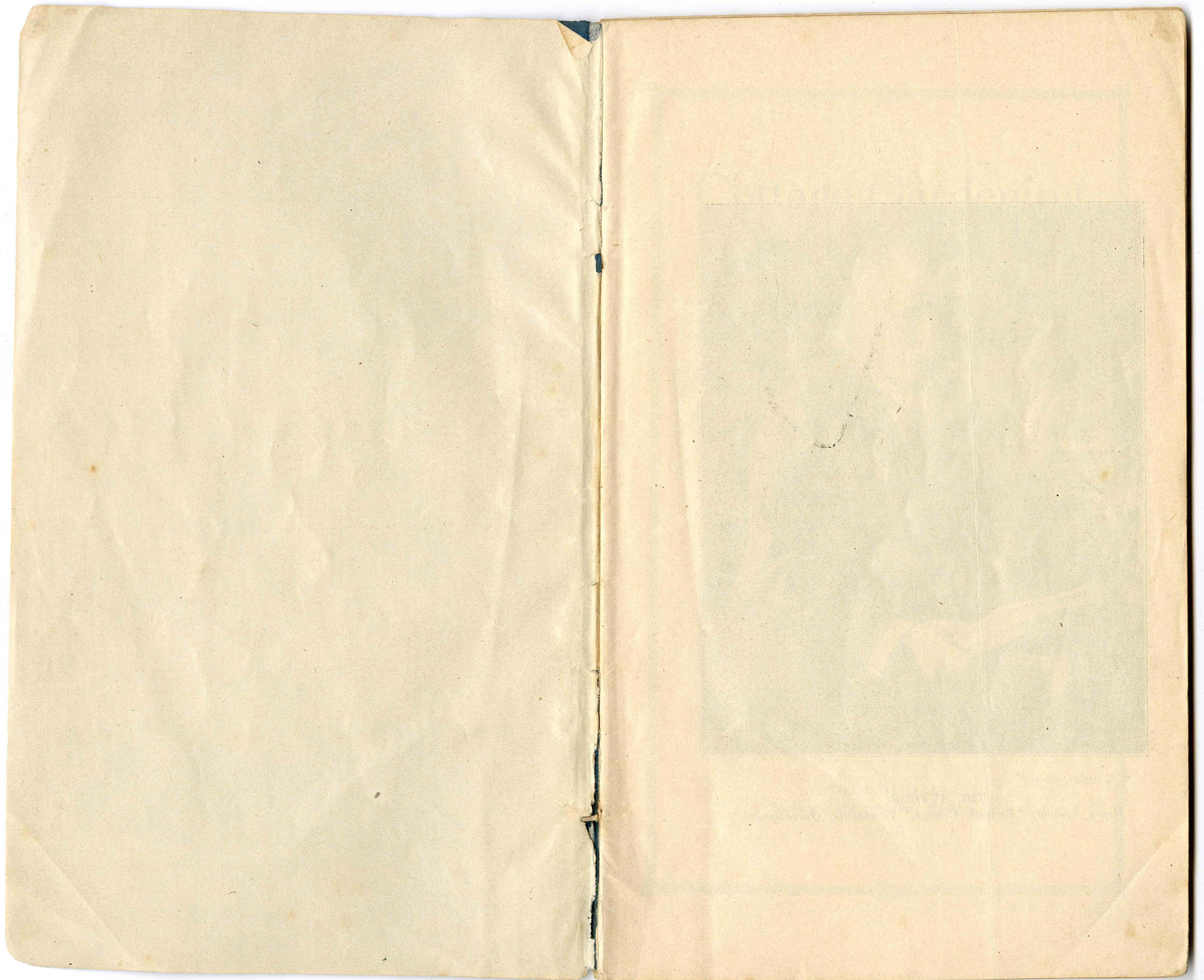
HENRY TRELOAR
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S. A. Doblo, Photo.

THE AUTHOR:

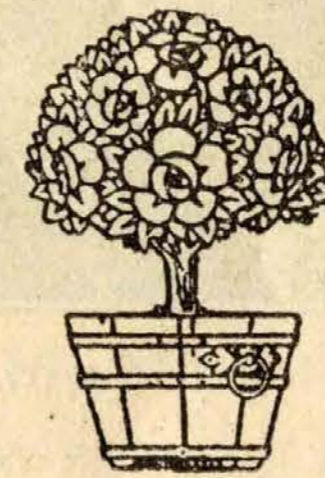
Henry Treloar, "Redruth Cottage," Townsville, Queensland.

Cottage Gardening in Queensland

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HENRY TRELOAR

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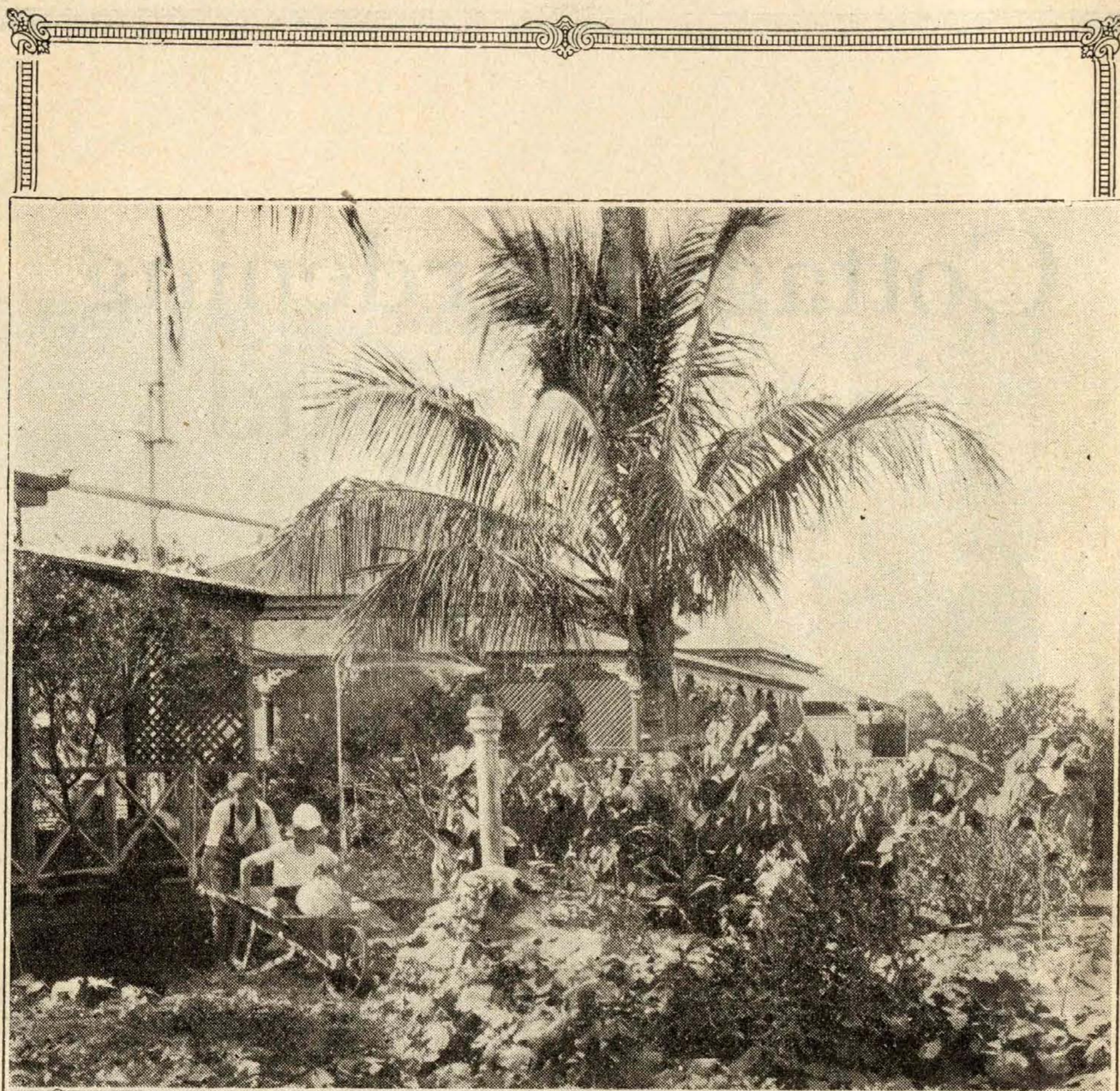


Fifth Edition

GEORGE H. BARKER

Bookseller and Publisher, Brisbane, Q.

1920



W. E. Perroux, Photo.

“SPELL-O!”

“Redruth Cottage” Garden

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PREFACE.

In presenting the present (or Fifth) Edition of “Cottage Gardening in Queensland,” regard has been had to the necessity of keeping to ever simpler instructions, in ever plainer language, that the veriest tyro may read and grasp without the least difficulty.

The Fifth Edition aims to cover more ground than did the Fourth, and makes a feature of the use of the more-concentrated fertilizers, giving formulæ for various crops, with minute details for their application. Every formula appearing has been carefully experimented with for years past, and has given consistently satisfactory results.

Many experiments were discontinued, as being impracticable, or too costly to justify the expense in general use.

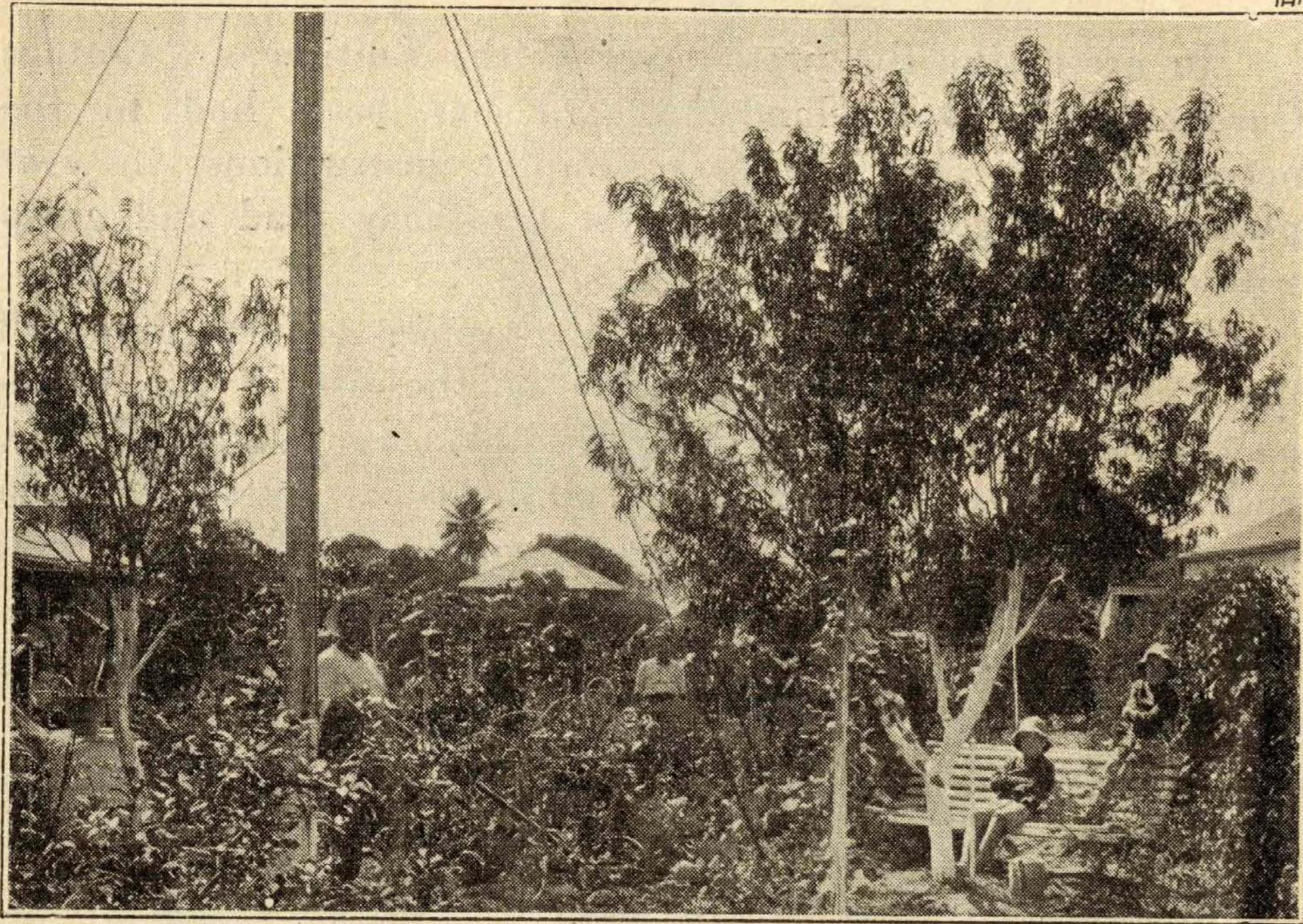
Only those that were uniformly successful were retained and used in the preparation of the Fifth Edition.

Other experiments are being conducted, some of the highest commercial importance; but the results will not be ready for inclusion in the present edition.

In launching this publication there is but one motive. Be clear on this issue: the motive is *not* to make the book a financial success. The only motive actuating the writer—whose “Cottage Gardening” has been read and approved by thousands—is the desire that harassed householders may, by improved methods of cultivation, and cutting out the element of needless failure, produce more and better kitchen garden stuff in these days of outrageous prices of every commodity that figures on the tables of well-nigh distracted citizens. Not the alien pedlar of vegetables; not the butcher will afford relief; not the baker; not the grocer. No; the remedy is largely in your own hands: you with your family can cut down the bills by working on the lines suggested, and live better, be healthier, and live longer by reason of the healthful atmosphere your energy has created.

That success may crown the efforts of such in this fascinating and instructive art—the Art of Kitchen Gardening—is the sincere wish of

THE AUTHOR.



W. E. Perroux, photo.

*Working Between the
Crops*

“Redruth Cottage” Garden

INTRODUCTORY



If it be true that the camera cannot lie, merely recording truthful shadowgraphs, may one express the hope that it has made amends for one's shortcomings? Might not an unlettered writer gladly avail himself of the curb it affords in portraying some of the possibilities of a quarter-acre lot? As a third of this area is occupied with trellising, the resources are far from exhausted. Remembering that the photos were taken during a drought-stricken period, due allowance might be made under this head. What of the hundreds of thousands of such areas in Sunny Queensland overrun with noxious weeds—an eternal menace to the thrifty chap? Is the quarter-acre under review more pregnant with possibilities than kindred areas less intensely cultivated?

A “hard-pan” was pulverised with dynamite; manure added in alarming quantities; ashes applied with lavish hand; humus accumulated; lime provided; mulching supplied with monotonous regularity. Acquaintance had to be made with implements; friendship established with plants; confidence encouraged with every breathing leaf or injured root. Do not the illustrations refute the time-honoured lie: “You have to buy vegetables from the Chinaman”?

Fellow-Queenslanders, rely on your own resources. You—that is, *we*—through our patronage of German goods, equipped many a German army corps to spill our brave boys' life-blood. There's no blinking the dreadful fact.

What of the Chinese in our midst, hoarding our yellow gold, to transfer it to the Flowery Land? Wake up, Queensland, that we—

“May husband yet the golden grain—
Who flung it to the winds like rain.”

*SAY WE DECIDE TO GROW THE BEST—THE VERY
BEST—AND NOTHING BUT THE BEST!*

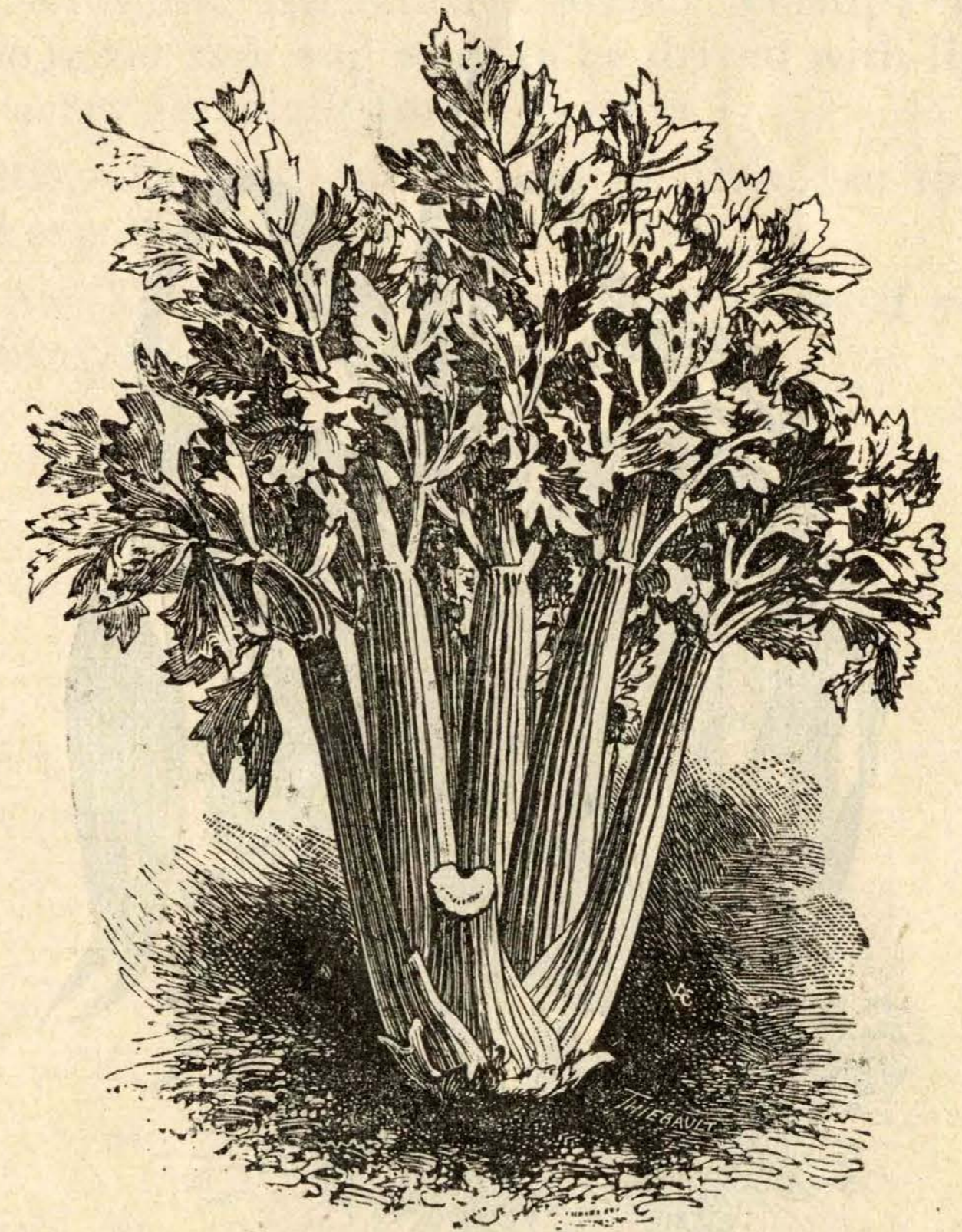
Well start with Beans—the BRUNNING PERFECT BUSH—
Most prolific.

BEETROOT.—Egyptian Turnip-rooted. Earliest in cultivation.

CABBAGE.—Henderson's Succession, Brunning's All-head.

CARROTS.—Early Short Horn. Intermediate. The soil *must*
be fine with no rank manure.

CAPE GOOSEBERRY.—Delightful things for Jams and
Preserves.



CELERY.—White Plume; a glorious vegetable.

CUCUMBER.—Short Prickly, hard to beat. New Siberian, Early and very good; heavy cropper. Apple-shaped, a dandy little chap very easily digested, free cropper. African, bright orange when ripe; eaten as a vegetable while green and as fruit when ripe. Add sugar.

CHOKO.—A little aristocrat, pale yellow, also green and dainty. Trellis them. Bake round the joint.

KOHL RABI.—The "large purple" leaves nothing to be desired. It partakes of the flavour of the turnip and the cabbage. Very pretty growing, as the bulb grows out of the soil and the leaves are quaintly placed.

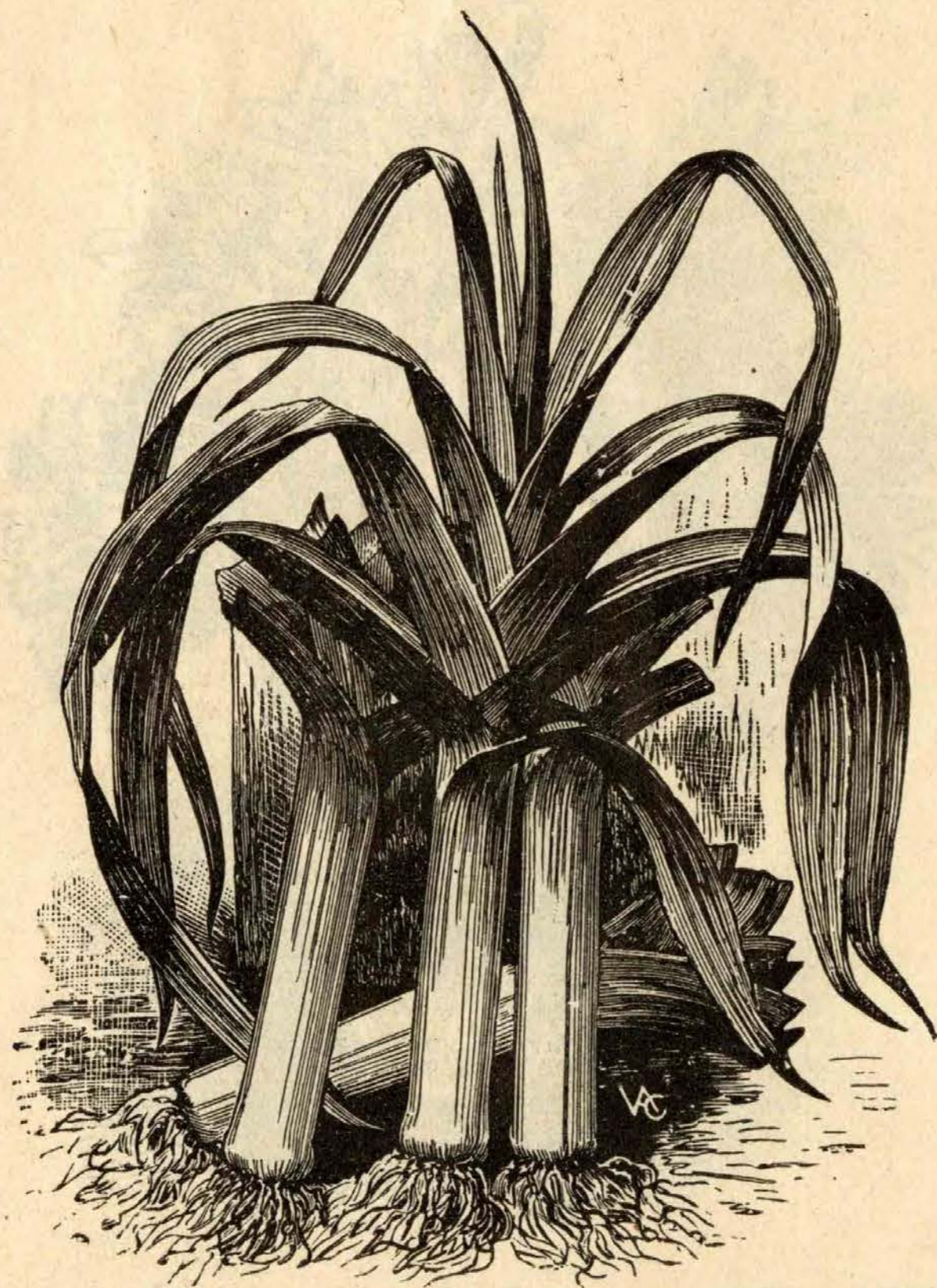
LETTUCE.—Say Iceberg and Neapolitan. Force along with liquid manure; *must* be grown quickly.

ROCKMELONS.—Jenny Lind and Rocky Ford leave nothing to be desired. Delightful fruit, the netting on the Rocky Ford being very beautiful. Flavor excellent.

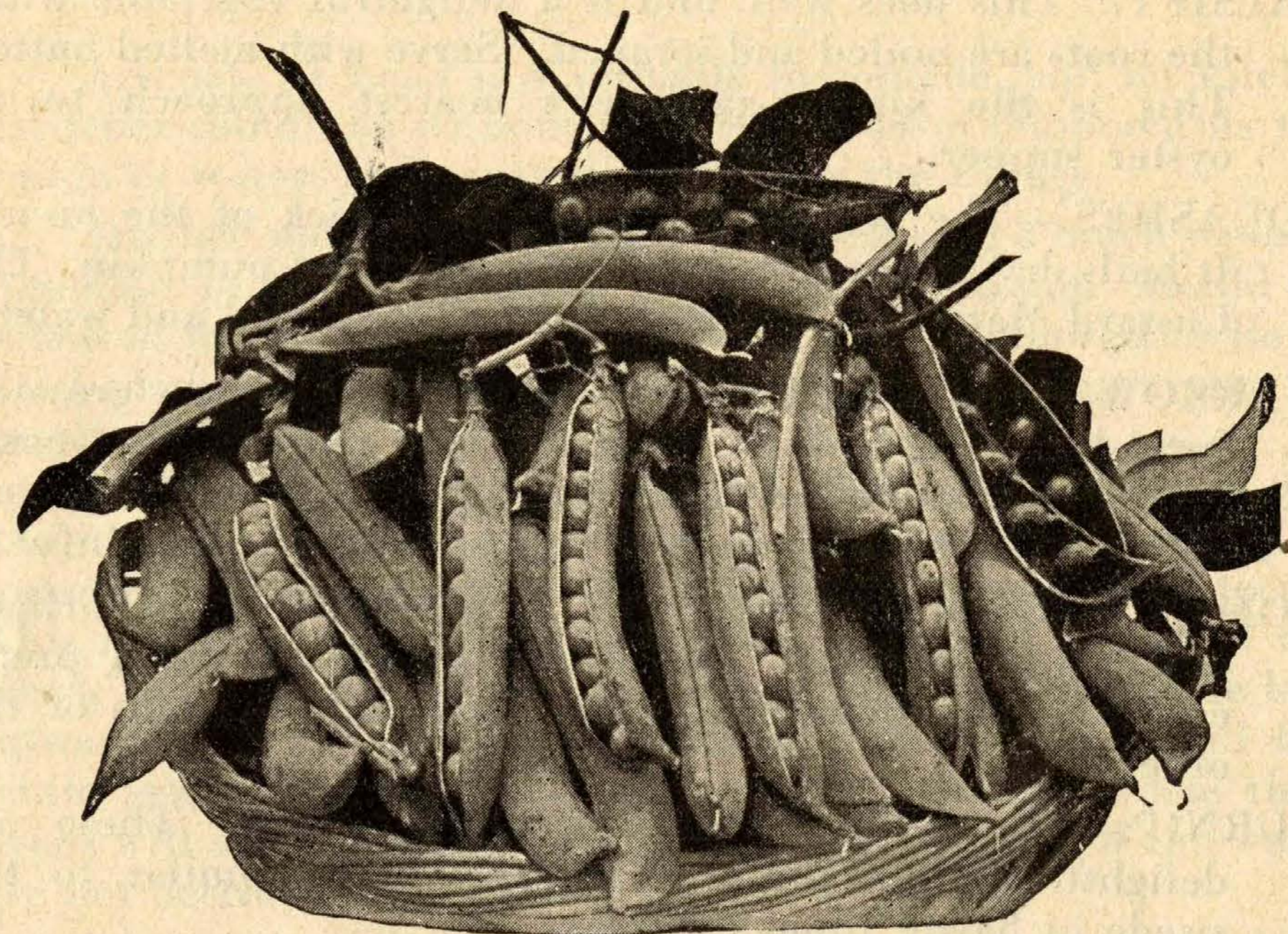
WATER MELONS.—The Cuban Queen first; Kleckley Sweets runner-up; Black Spanish, handsome inside and out.

MUSTARD.—Sow thickly, and cut when a couple of inches high. Excellent for sandwiches. Force the growth quickly.

PUMPKINS.—Ironbark and Turk's Cap. It is advisable to inoculate here (Townsville).



LEEK.—The "Lion" is a good doer; no need to go past him.



PEAS.—Yorkshire Hero and Daisy. Do not pod regularly in our hot climate; rather slow, but delicious.

PARSNIP.—The Student. Seeds do not germinate regularly, but give good results in cool seasons.

RADISH.—French Breakfasts; Mixed Turnip; Long Scarlet. These never fail, and want to be driven with liquid manure. Sow every fortnight for succession.

RHUBARB.—Do well during cold weather, but the crowns will not keep through the summer heat.

ROSELLA.—The last word in productiveness if you give them anything like fair conditions.



SPINACH.—The Prickly Spinach does well from August to April. About April the grubs are very troublesome, and the Spinach looks very dejected.

Blocks—H. Brunning, Ltd.

SALSIFY.—This does well, and is a delightful vegetable when the roots are boiled and scraped. Serve with melted butter. This is the kitchen-gardener's nearest approach to an oyster supper.

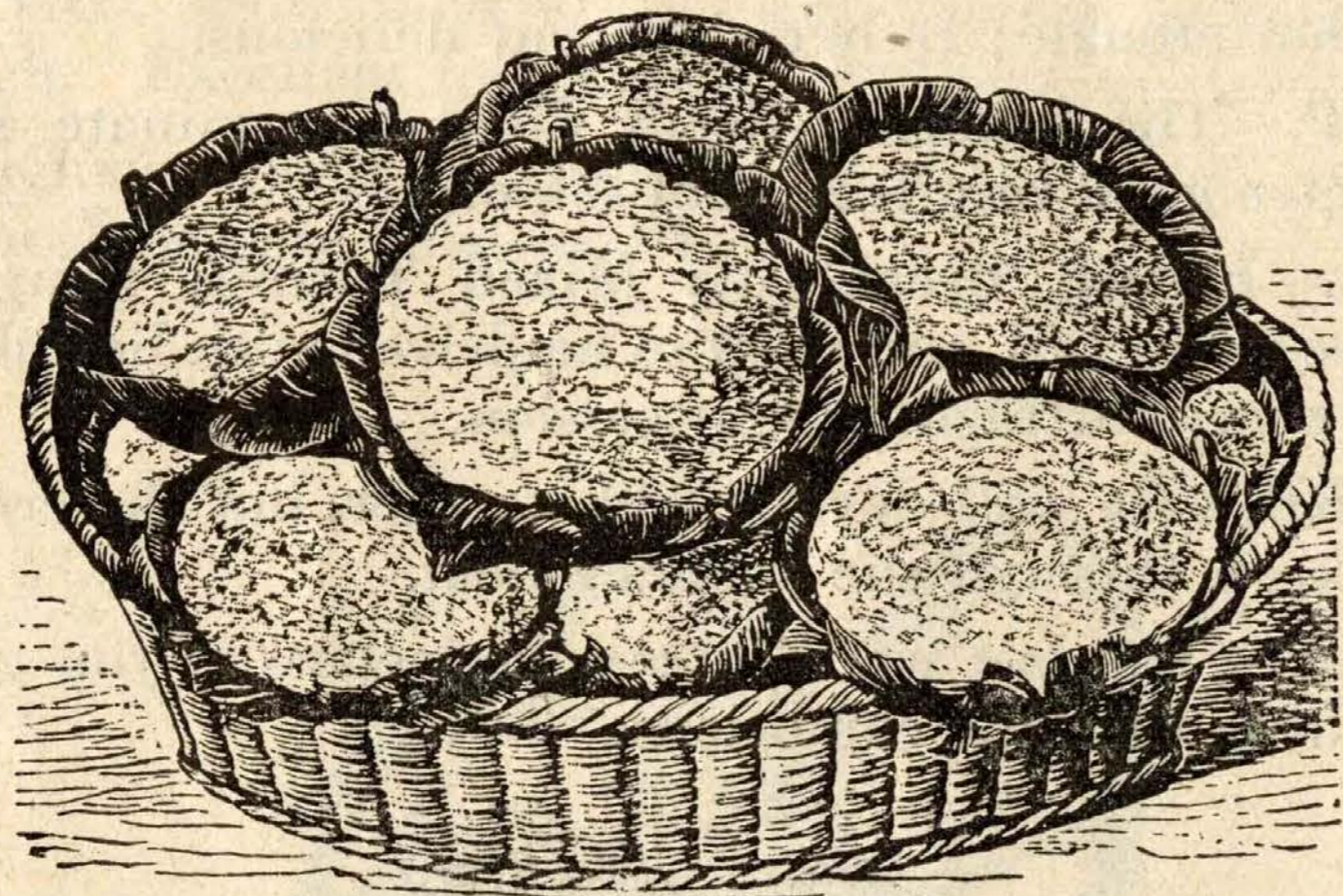
SQUASHES.—The Wartyed-Hubbard is the pick of the bunch. It boils dry and mealy, and is as good as any pumpkin. The Custard Marrow is disappointing. It is insipid and watery.

MARROW.—The Long Cream is an excellent line to grow; it furnishes a fine body for what the cook calls "Mock-Goose"—a marrow stuffed with rump steam, onions and seasoning, and baked a rich brown. Served red-hot it is delightful.

TOMATO.—Grow Burwood Prize, Trucker's Favorite, Earliana and Golden Queen. The Golden Queen affords a pretty contrast, its yellow blending prettily with the reds of the others.

TURNIP.—The White Stone and Orange Jelly. These are delightful kinds, the Orange Jelly being similar to the swede in flavor, though milder.

SWEDES.—Laing's Garden is a good doer in the North.



So we've decided *what* to grow, and we have been told *how* to grow them. Yet there is *this* to remember:—

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS. All weeds harbouring vermin must be destroyed—*must!* Insect pests increase with bewildering rapidity. To combat these, Lime should be freely sprinkled over the foliage and *under* it. It must be done thoroughly.

SOAP-SUDS MUST NEVER BE WASTED.—The pests have a horror of washing and washing-up water, especially if it is mixed with a strong Tobacco solution. Washing-up water is especially valuable on account of the greasiness, which makes the Tobacco solution cling to the leaves. Nicotine is the active principle in the Tobacco, and is very deadly to leaf-devouring insects.

Arsenate of Lead is a valuable insecticide, and no kitchen gardener should be without it. Use two level teaspoonfuls to a gallon of water, and spray directly over the foliage.

Any bed not occupied should be dosed with a much stronger Arsenate of Lead solution. Decaying vegetation should be removed to the compost pit. It must not be allowed to lie on the beds, as it affords sanctuary for vermin and aggravates the pest trouble.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED!—Whatever methods you adopt, some pests will outwit you, but they will be a negligible quantity. Destroy Fat Hen (Wild Spinach) as soon as detected. This is a notorious vermin harbourer. Examine a stem of this weed, and you will detect a number of punctures from the base upwards. In close proximity to these punctures, you will find white grubs in various stages of growth. In due course these grubs will emerge in the form of destructive moths, if the weeds are not destroyed.

Liming the foliage, sprinkling with the Arsenate of Lead solution, and using the washing-up water with the Tobacco solution, will play havoc with the insect pests, and will destroy their eggs wholesale.

WORKING AMONG THE BEDS with scratching tools of all descriptions is responsible for much destruction of the larvæ of the pests. Be persistent, be thorough, be regular, be methodical, and you will sing that hymn with more gusto—"To him that o'ercometh. . . ."

* * * * *

WHAT OF THE SEASONINGS?—Have you the Thyme? Are you Sage? How goes the Mint? Sweet is the Lavender.

THE MODEL KITCHEN-GARDEN IS NOT COMPLETE without a few roots of the herbs. Just a root or two of each and you're sure of a smile from the Cook. Happy the man the Cook smiles on.

Nor are they at all hard to grow. The finest of soil in the seed-pan, steamed as is explained, and kept moist till they germinate. Any fair soil will suit them, but keep them free from weeds. When in full flower, cut in the heat of the day, and dry in a brisk oven, putting away later in air-tight vessels.

SERVE UP THE PARSLEY SANDWICHES.—Parsley is very slow of germination, and steamed soil should be used in the Seed-pan. Keep moist, and if the seeds are tardy, do not disturb the soil. The seeds will make good, but it must be in their own style. Time and patience kills the Devil. Destroy all plants with single leaves—that is the *plain* leaf.

To pick the Parsley draw off a leaf at a time with a side-pull. Do not cut the bush. Mince for sandwiches, and mix with pepper, salt and butter. This is called "green butter," and the sandwiches are delightful.

ALWAYS GROW A FEW CHILLIES to flavour the vinegar, and to give zest to the Chutney. Grand tonic for the fowls.

* * * * *

THE FRENCH BEAN FLY.—This is a little black chap that takes a lot of beating. Time was when it was thought that this was accomplished, but, alas, for human hopes.

Damp hardwood saw-dust, moth-balls, Spirits of Turpentine, Tobacco and Resin-wash, Arsenate of Lead, Soapsuds and Carbide were tried in turn, and with a measure of success. From ninety-five to as low as forty per cent. was the reward of one's labour.

THE REMEDY IS YET TO BE FOUND to combat this insidious pest, that deposits its eggs in the tender stem of the French Bean where it junctions with the soil. About the time the blossoms form, the eggs are hatched out, and a number of little white grubs tunnel upwards through the cellular tissues of the plant, which droops and dies in a brief space. It is doubtful if any one insect causes as much loss to the kitchen-gardener as this little pest, which is no larger than a grain of rice.

EXPERIMENTS ARE STILL PROCEEDING, and hopes run high, despite previous partial failures. May not one be a cheery optimist among surroundings that are delightful. Even as the prospector delves on, hoping ever, may not the kitchen-gardener take heart of grace and hope on?

* * * * *

THE KITCHEN GARDENER SHOULD PROVIDE: A strong Spade, Digging Fork, Shovel, Chipping Hoe, Dutch Hoe, strong Rake, Hand-Plow, small Watering Can with fine Rose, large Watering Can with very coarse Rose, a Sieve or two, Hand Fork and Trowel, a few yards of Hessian, a few Onion or Corn Sacks, a bundle of White Labelling Sticks, an Indelible Pencil, a large Slate and Pencil, a Hank of Soft Twine, a Coil of Trellising Wire, Garden Line, a Dipper or two, a few opened Kerosene Tins, with Handles, a range of Red Garden Pots, a good Syringe, a Stump-cap or two, some Lime, Bonedust, Superphosphate, Sulphate of Potash, Sulphate of Ammonia, Dried Blood, Soot, Tobacco-dust, and a Wheelbarrow.

THESE SHOULD BE HOUSED IN A WEATHERPROOF SHED in a central position in the garden. It should be roomy enough to hold all that is necessary to the proper conduct of the garden. Racks will hold the tools, and a serviceable bench should be installed. The space beneath the bench will be handy for useful odds and ends. On the wall behind the bench, each packet of Garden Seed should be tacked with a drawing-pin, so that the stock can be seen instantly. Seeds are very messy if placed in drawers or boxes.

RAPID-GROWING CLIMBERS LIKE THE GUADABEAN, CHOKO, POOR-MAN'S BEAN, &c., will soon render it an attractive feature. It should contain a fruit-ripening safe with gauze front and handy shelves. Make it insect-proof. Provide a lock for the door. A shed so equipped will simplify the work of the garden and be a capital investment.

DONT'S THAT WILL HELP YOU :

- Don't start before you are ready.
- Don't shirk what you should do.
- Don't blunder through life.
- Don't go about with your eyes shut.
- Don't rob yourself of results.
- Let us—(s)pray.
- Let us talk it over.
- Let us get at the root of things.
- Let us strive to get results.
- Let us garden intelligently.
- Let us . . . hasten . . . slowly.
- We are speaking of . . . Seeds.
- We are speaking of . . . Soil.
- We are speaking of . . . results.

SHALL WE START AT THE BEGINNING— THE SEED PAN?

Any vessel two inches deep with *round* holes in the bottom—not slashes—they close up and prevent the water escaping. Cover the bottom of this pan with coarse rubble for drainage. Over this, place one inch of finely riddled Compost, in which sharp sand has been freely mixed. Next thoroughly damp the lot, and place in the hot oven for an hour, so that the steam will kill the weed-seeds. When it is quite cold, sow the seeds very sparingly, and press over so slightly under the surface. The least sprinkling of Superphosphate should be dusted over the surface, and a wet bag placed over the Seed-pan. The bag must be kept moist. On the first sign of germination, remove the bag after the heat of the day. You will have no weeds to complain of, if you adopt this simple method. While you have been attending to the Seed-pan, a Seedling-box will have been provided.

THE SEEDLING-BOX SHOULD BE LONG, NARROW AND SHALLOW.—A useful size is 6 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 6 inches deep. The bottom of this (Seedling-box) will be pierced freely with three-quarter inch holes for drainage. Into

this box, riddle a four-inch layer of thoroughly rotted dung, with a liberal helping of bonedust, or bonemeal, thoroughly worked into the dung. Top this off with a couple of inches of finely-riddled compost, in which is mixed a nice sprinkling of bonedust. Next, cover the lot with wet bags, and give a thorough soaking.

KEEP THE BAGS DAMP FOR A FORTNIGHT, or until the tender seedlings in the Seed-pan are ready to go into the Seedling-box, which is the second, and a very important stage in the growth of the plant. When the seedlings in the Seed-pan are about two inches high, remove the damp bags from the Seedling-box, choosing the heat of the day, so that the sun will scorch off the weeds thus forced into growth. After the sun has played on the Seedling-box for a time, thoroughly stir the surface. Making rows of holes, four inches apart every way, by jabbing the index finger as far as the second joint, place one seedling in every hole, and gently draw the earth around the stem—a seedling to a hole.

WATER THE SEEDLING-BOX WITH A VERY FINE ROSE.—The seedlings must be transplanted in the cool of the evening.

* * * * *

PREPARE THE GARDEN BED.—While the Seed-pan and Seedling-box were being prepared, you have taken the precaution of preparing the garden bed for the reception of the seedlings, when they are ready to go on their own. That means you started to prepare the garden-bed a full month before you intended to put anything into it. In preparing it, work the soil very finely, apply rotted dung in large quantities, and incorporate a liberal helping of bonedust in the soil.

WATER THIS BED REGULARLY as though it were really full of plants. You will thus force the weed-seeds into germination, and turn them over, in the heat of the day, as soon as they show. When the plants in the Seedling-box are growing thriftily, and meeting one another, transplant to the garden bed. This should have been thoroughly soaked a few hours previously, after a final scratching of the surface to get rid of any tardy weed-seeds that may be germinating.

You're a busy man; that's why you have to be thorough. The method, painstakingly outlined, is the busy man's method; it is the *only* method to follow.

WHAT OF THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE?—Thousands of pounds are wasted every year through sowing seeds in weed-infested land. It isn't only the seeds you lose; you lose time—time is the very essence of things in gardening. You lose money; you lose crops; you lose the respect of the passer-by who looks over your fence, and you lose faith in yourself. When a man does this he is a loser, indeed.

YOU'RE A BUSY MAN? Aye, the man who sows seed in land that is corrupt with weed-seeds will *ever* be a busy man, but he will reap little but vexation of spirit.

THE RULES OF THE GAME.—When you join a Sport's Club you learn the rules of the game.

That displays intelligence—a desire to become proficient. Earth's most potential game—the Garden—is it less worthy?

ADAM AND EVE STARTED BUSINESS IN A GARDEN, yet their non-success has not deterred the Sons of Adam, nor the Daughters of Eve—and their name is legion. Why not learn the rules of this fascinating game? *Knowledge is Power.*

MEMORIZE THESE—

Capillarity of the soil.

The delights of trenching.

The fragrance of liquid manure.

The charm of mulching.

The mysteries of Nitrification.

The Cut-worm's depredations.

The curse of the Wire-worm.

The Hygroscopic power of the soil.

The virtues of green-manuring.

The glory of Compost.

The invigoration of the Handplow.

THE NATURE OF BLACK-SPOT, and Rosette of the Tomato.

The treatment of Oidium.

The Pimply-rot disease.

Why Squashes turn black, and rot away.

Why Cucumbers fail, and the remedy.

The need for Clean Cultivation and destruction of pests.

The use of Dynamite, and the family of boys.

Learn the value of Brawn, and the infinitely higher value of Brain.

Then—by easy stages—The value of Observation.

The sinuous course of the Slug.

The fecundity of the Aphides.

The Aroma of Resin-Wash.

The hurry-up of Superphosphate.

The untold joy of Anticipation.

The nature of Organic Matter.

We started with Humus, and ended up with Organic Matter.

THAT IS THE KEY TO SUCCESS.—Humus is decayed Organic Matter. Organic Matter is a matter from organized bodies—that is bodies having Organs—leaves, hair, bark, blood, bone, flesh and so on. Inorganic matter is featured in stone, metals—minerals in general.

As to the others:

- MULCHING: Covering surface soil with litter (holds moisture).
- NITRIFICATION: The work of Nitrifying Bacteria. Supplies nitrogen.
- CUTWORMS: Destructive leaf-eating caterpillars. Beware.
- HYGROSCOPIC POWER: The soil's power of attracting water vapours.
- GREEN MANURING: Digging in green crop—legumes for preference.
- TOP-DRESSING: Spreading broken manure between crops. Beneficial.
- CAPILLARITY: Power to attract water upwards in the soil.
- IRRIGATION: Fertilizes by depositing salts in solution.
- TRENCHING: Digging two spades deep without lifting subsoil.
- COMPOST HEAP: Saving Organic matter to decay and form Humus.
- HAND-PLOW: Man-plow that does delightful work, little exertion.
- LIQUID MANURE: Animal droppings (for choice), soaked in water.
- SLUGS: Destructive (night) visitors, nibbling surface crops.
- APHIDES: Shed a destructive white powder and finally kill crops.

* * * * *

DON'T SHY—

It's all very simple.
 The words, unfamiliar to-day,
 Will be commonplace to-morrow
 —and enlarge your vision.
 They mean what they say,
 And say what they mean.
 Think in terms of Agriculture,
 Make a study of Horticulture.
 Learn the processes of nature
 —and your own capacity.
 Luther Burbank started small;
 Edison was a newsboy;
 —They've both made 100 per cent. good.
 Repeat the things that puzzle you;
 Talk them over with HER.
 Experiment with fertilizers,

Wrestle with the hand-plow
 —and ever-recurring problems;
 (Go to sleep on them),
 Think of them on rising,
 —and take them between meals.
 Let them dominate you for a month.
 —You'll dominate them for life.
 You will live longer,
 And grow in wisdom
 —the Peer of Solomon.

Every time you enter into the spirit of the thing your mental horizon will be visibly enlarged.

LET US MEDITATE ON:

The needs of the plant.
 Why light is necessary,
 and rational treatment.
 Why warmth is congenial
 and air in abundance.
 Why moisture is imperative,
 and the soil of fine texture,
 —with good Capillary Attraction.
 Why plant-food is given,
 and stimulants supplied.

REMEMBER:

The plant has lungs,
 and lives and breathes.
 It has roots.
 and root-hairs.
 It imbibes water
 and extracts its solids.
 Its blood is the sap,
 Its bark the skin.
 Its leaves are its lungs.
 It has digestive organs.
 —Is sensitive to heat and cold.

GUARD WELL THIS DELICATE ORGANISM.

* * * * *

NOW ACCUSTOM YOURSELF TO THINKING OF THESE:

The quick-acting manures;
 The slow-acting manures.
 Why humus is essential.
 The chemical composition of the plant.
 Why the soil must be cultivated.
 The value of fine Tilth.
 How to avoid hard-pan.
 The relation of texture to moisture.

Why soils grow sick.
 What "Toxic Poisoning" means.
 Why rotation is necessary.
 Why leafy crops follow root-crops.
 What soluble plant-food is—and insoluble.
 Why plants should be forced.
 Why evaporation should be checked.
 The distance apart plants should be.
 The use of insecticides.
 The danger of rank manures.
 The stupidity of doing without manure.
 The delight of intensive cultivation.
 Your right to the last ounce of flesh.
 The folly of letting crops dwindle.
 The utmost capacity of your plot.
 The incentive you give to others.
 The sweet intoxication of success.

* * * * *

BRIEF, TERSE, TRUE:

PLANTS CALL FOR THREE KINDS OF MANURE.—(1) Nitrogenous; (2) Phosphatic; (3) Potash. Combinations of these three are complete manures.

MANURES CONTAINING NITROGEN ARE:—Dried Blood, Soot, Sulphate of Ammonia, Nitrate of Soda, &c.

PHOSPHATIC MANURES ARE:—Bone-meal, Bone-ash, Basic Slag, Superphosphate, Rock Phosphate.

POTASH MANURES ARE:—Wood Ashes, Potassium Chloride, Potassium Oxide, Sulphate of Potash.

Thus a manure composed of Dried Blood, Bone-meal and Wood Ashes is a *complete* manure.

Added to a bulk of rotted dung, such manures furnish all the plant requires.

Ever heard of "Long" Manure?—"Long" means fresh, unfermented, not decomposed. Burns crops. Hot.

What of "Short" Manure?—"Short" means rotted, decomposed—does not generate heat. Beneficial.

Where does Lime come in?—"Burnt Lime" warms, sweetens and mellows the soil, makes cultivation easier, liberates plant-food, binds sandy soils, loosens clay soils, kills fungus, assists Nitrification, corrects acidity, and makes soil friable.

How about Slaked Lime.—Air-slaked lime is always beneficial—milder in action than above.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

As the popularity of the booklet "Cottage Gardening in Queensland" increases, so, in like measure, do the questions submitted to the writer. Their constant reiteration bespeaks a wide interest.

A few are appended, with answers attached, with more to follow.

Question:—HOW CAN I SAVE MY CABBAGE FROM THE CATERPILLARS?

Answer: An ounce of Paris Green to a pound of lime. Dust foliage through coarse muslin. Or sprinkle with weak dilute solution of Phenyle—a teaspoon to a gallon of water. Or dust the wet leaves with flour through muslin.

Question:—WHAT IS EATING MY RADISHES OFF LEVEL WITH THE GROUND?

Answer: Slugs; they feed at night. Lime the ground over the crop.

Question:—HOW CAN I GET RID OF THE SLUGS?

Answer: Place wet bags among the beds, and allow them to remain two or three days. The slugs will go under the bags for moisture. In the heat of the day—that is after the bags have been left unmoved for a few days—remove the bags and sprinkle soil and bags liberally with lime. This will destroy both slugs and their eggs.

Question:—WHY ARE MY SILVER BEET STANDING STILL?

Answer: The soil is not rich enough. Apply Superphosphate and water with liquid manure—such as fowl manure.

* * * * *

MAKE SLEEPING PARTNERS OF THESE: Lime—Burnt, Air Slaked, Carbonate of—that is Unburned or Mild; Kainit, Gypsum (Sulphate of Lime); Bone-dust, Bone-meal, Bone-ash, Dissolved Bones, Superphosphate, Vitriolized Bones—Bones in every form (if in a fine state of division); Dried Blood, Desicated Meat—even the defunct hen. Gather all the Ashes (wood), Animal Droppings, Fowl Manure, &c.

Invest a pound or two in: Sulphate of Ammonia, Nitrate of Soda, Sulphate of Potash, Basic Slag. Pick up the old plaster from demolished stone buildings. Use Sulphate of Ammonia early in the plant's growth—cut it off when the plant has a real "go" on. Same with Nitrate of Soda.

Force the young plants with Superphosphate—especially root-crops (Turnips, Beetroot, Swedes, &c.).

Bone-meal is slower acting, but more sustaining. Thus in applying rapid manures, such as Sulphate of Ammonia, Superphosphate, &c., always feed heavily with Bonemeal, though less heavily with Bonedust.

GO ON YOUR OWN HOOK.—Experiment with a few rows of plants. Give No. 1 Sulphate of Ammonia, with a little Superphosphate and Wood Ashes. Give No. 2 Dried Blood, Superphosphate, and Sulphate of Potash. Give No. 3 Bone-meal and Wood Ashes only.

Experiment, make mistakes, burn your plants, but—experiment. You may lose here and there a plant, a row—perhaps *a Season*—but if you are built of the right stuff, you will not lose your temper, and, if you do, never fear but you will find it again.

* * * * *

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NITRIFYING POWER OF LEGUMINOUS CROPS ?

Think in terms of Root-Nodules.
Dwell on the Bean and Pea family.
Ask yourself how they differ.
How they affect the soil.
Why they are called Legumes.
What varieties the family comprises.
The kind of soil they prefer.
If YOUR soil conforms to their standard.
What their nodules imprison.
Where they get it from.
What manures benefit them.
How much you should apply.
If you should dig them in.
If they furnish green manure.
If they are beneficial to the soil.
If they are subject to pests.
If they have a soft spot for lime.
If the leaves contain what the Nodules do.
And the Stems the same.
If they rob the Soil—or improve it.

NEVER FORGET.—Leguminous crops have no peers as soil renovators. Their leaves, stems and roots assimilate the free nitrogen of the air, and that they leave the soil better and richer than they found it. The digging in of a Leguminous crop is of immense benefit to the succeeding crop. Manure heavily for this purpose.

* * * * *

ALL AMONG THE LOVE APPLES.—Go among the Tomato vines, watch carefully for diseases, and learn what diseases they are. A black spot at the blossom end of the fruit—it may be as small as a pea, or as large as a shilling—but it is known as Black Rot.

BURN ALL AFFECTED FRUIT AS SOON AS DETECTED.—It frequently happens that isolated fruits are

affected, the bulk being immune. Should the subsequent fruit show the spot, it is advisable to burn the vines. Plant a different crop in the ground.

DO NOT CONFUSE BLACK ROT WITH PIMPLY ROT.—This is also a fungoid disease. It may affect any part of the fruit. The brown discoloration remains bright and glossy, but, later, the diseased patch sinks to a lower level than the healthy tissue surrounding it, and the fruit is a mass of corruption. Burn all affected fruit on the first indication of the disease.

ROSETTE OF THE TOMATO IS EASILY DETECTED.—The plant may thrive for a time before this disease manifests itself. It is impossible to mistake it. Leaves, stems and fruit assume a brown tint, and rapidly abort. Plants affected with Rosette are a sorry spectacle. Destroy all such plants, lime the ground and sow or plant to a different crop.

THE CUTWORM IS A CURSE TO TOMATO GROWERS.—Use Arsenate of Lead—two level teaspoons to a gallon of water. Spray this solution on while the leaves are dry. These caterpillars eat the young and half-ripe fruit, and do enormous damage. If a puncture is detected, it is better to sacrifice the fruit without delay. To try to save it is to be disappointed. If pierced it will assuredly rot before ripening. The Cutworm is the sorest trial we have in growing tomatoes.

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MORE QUESTIONS ASKED AND ANSWERS GIVEN.

Question:—WHY DO MY SWEET POTATOES RUN TO VINE WITHOUT CROPPING ?

Answer: They do best on virgin soil rich in humus. Manure liberally with rotted dung; pinch back the vines two or three times. Do not let the vines root as they run. Water occasionally.

Question:—WHEN SHOULD I PLANT ENGLISH POTATOES ? DO I PLANT THEM WHOLE ?

Answer: April and May. Under a couple of inches plant whole, larger tubers should be divided, choosing "eyes" that are well developed. Potash manures give best results.

Question:—HOW ARE CHOKOES GROWN ?

Answer: A whole Choko is planted in rich soil. Bone-dust is very acceptable, also a little Superphosphate to promote quick growth. As it grows, trellis, and water regularly. As Chokos form, be liberal with liquid manure—animal droppings for preference. Gather before they are fully ripe.

Question:—WHEN SHOULD I SOW SPINACH ?

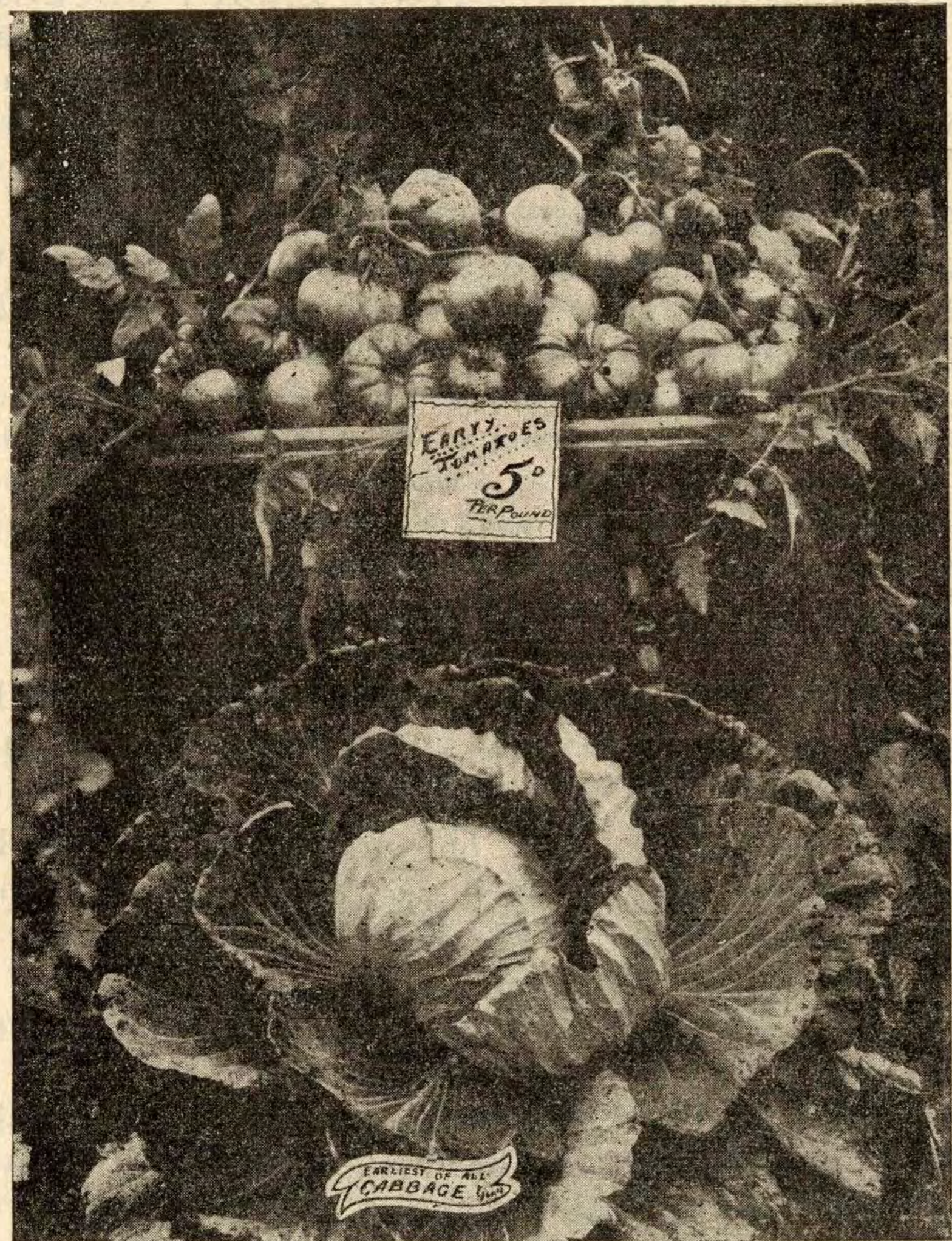
Answer: During all the hot months. Delights in Bone-dust, Superphosphate. It is a gross feeder, and requires to be deeply watered,

Question:—SHOULD I CUT PARSLEY ?

Answer: No; pull it away from the stem with a side-pull, so that it comes away with a "heel."

Question:—WHY ARE MY CUCUMBERS DWINDLING ?

Answer: The soil is too tight and poor; it must be rich and springy. Force them along with weak liquid-manure. As Cucumbers form, water deeply and give a top dressing of rotted dung and repeat the liquid manure at short intervals—every other day, say.



Palatable.

Question:—WHY ARE MY TOMATO VINES SHRIVELLING ? THEY LOOK BRONZED, AND THE LEAVES ARE PINCHED, HARD AND DULL ?

Answer: Your Tomatoes are affected with Rosette of the Tomato; they will not recover. Burn them and lime the ground thoroughly. Do not plant fresh Tomatoes in the same place for a year.

Question:—WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF MY TOMATOES GETTING A BLACK SPOT ON THE BLOSSOM END OF THE FRUIT ?

Answer: They are suffering from Black Spot, and you should burn the affected fruit as soon as detected. Over-watering and over-stimulating, with bad drainage is a frequent cause of Black Spot. Correct the drainage, and use lime freely over foliage. Keep the vines off the ground. Let the air in by removing useless growths.

QUESTION:—WHY DO MY TOMATOES FORM A GREEN VELVETY SERIES OF RINGS ON THE SIDE OF THE FRUIT ?

Answer: They are affected with Pimply Rot; this is a fungoid disease, and all affected fruit should be burned. Look to the drainage, and lift the vines from the ground so that a current of air may pass through them. The haulm must not be kept too damp, as this induces mustiness and fungoid diseases.

Question:—DO TOMATOES WANT VERY RICH SOIL ?

Answer: Yes, in the early stages of growth—soil in real good heart. As the first fruits form, mulch heavily with rich manure, and water copiously. Keep all laterals pinched out. When a few clusters of fruit have set, stop the main stems. Do not expose the fruit to the direct rays of the sun; leave sufficient shade for the fruit.

Question:—WILL IT IMPROVE MY TOMATOES TO PRUNE THEM ?

Answer: Yes, pruning increases the vigor of the vine, lets in light, warmth and air, and minimises the cut-worm trouble. While you are pruning you can locate the destructive pests, thereby saving a large proportion of the crop from destruction.

Question:—WHAT ARE THE BEST TOMATOES TO GROW ?

Answer: Largely a matter of fancy. Say Burwood Prize, Trucker's Favorite, Earliana. Ponderosa is the largest, but the former are my choice in the order named.

Question:—AT WHAT STAGE SHOULD I LIQUID-MANURE MY TOMATOES ?

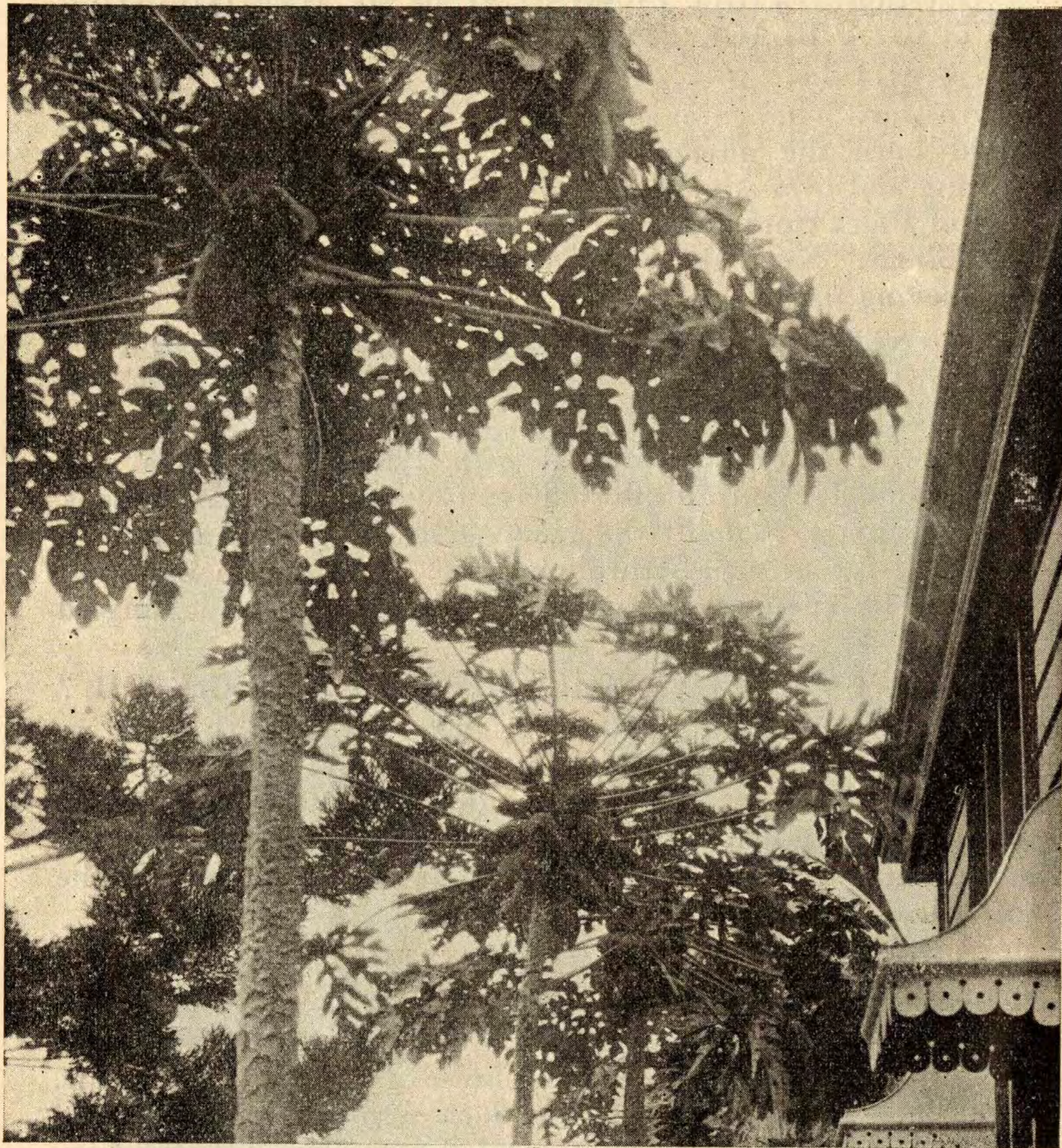
Answer: When the first few clusters are nicely set; irrigate deeply while the fruit are swelling.

Question:—HOW WILL CAULIFLOWERS DO HERE ? (Townsville).

Answer: Cauliflowers must have cold. They will not head—in evenly in warm districts—they "button."

Question:—WHY ARE MY BEETROOT SPLITTING ?

Answer: You have over-watered them.



Favorites.

Question: WHY DID MY PAWPAWS DIE IN THE WET SEASON?

Answer: Clay. They cannot stand wet feet unless the drainage is good. You are too near the salt-pan.

Question:—WHAT IS EATING MY MARROW VINES?

Answer: The pumpkin beetle—a little yellow chap like a split pea, with black spots on his back.

Question:—HOW CAN I GET RID OF THE PUMPKIN BEETLE?

Answer: Dust the foliage while it is wet with air-slaked lime. It must be done thoroughly, and from time to time as necessary.

Question:—DO CARROTS WANT VERY RICH SOIL?

Answer: Carrots do best on soil that has borne a leafy crop, such as Spinach, Cabbage, &c. The preceding crop will

have taken the rankness out of the manure, and have smothered the weeds. Fresh manure will cause weed-trouble, and make the Carrots "fork."

Question:—WHY DO MY BROAD BEANS FAIL TO SET?

Answer: They require liming very heavily; they are often induced to crop by this means. Nip off the tops.

Question:—SHOULD I THIN MY EGG-FRUIT?

Answer: Yes, four to six to a bush is enough; they will be big and bonny—something to be proud of. Thin out useless growth also.

Question:—WHAT CAUSES THE LARGE HOLES IN THE LEAVES OF MY EGG-PLANTS?

Answer: Slugs.

Question: HOW SHOULD I GROW CELERY?

Answer: In the richest of trenches 10 inches deep. Flood regularly, and draw the earth round them as they reach the top of the trench. The earth must not be allowed to get into the crowns of the plants. Liquid-manure frequently with animal droppings.

Question:—WHAT SOIL DO LEEKS REQUIRE?

Answer: They are gross feeders and require soil of great richness and fine texture. They respond to liquid manuring with great readiness. The ground can hardly be too rich.

Question:—WHAT CAUSES THE HARD LUMPS IN MY PAWPAW FRUIT?

Answer: Inoculation with such things as the Loofa (vegetable sponge). If such are growing near you try to destroy them.

Question:—WHAT MAKES MY PUMPKIN LEAVES LOOK WHITE AND FROSTY, THEN TURN BROWN AND DIE?

Answer: The trouble is caused by a fungoid disease called Oidium. It is really a mildew. Humid days aggravate the trouble. If badly infested burn the vines, lime the ground, and sow another crop for the time being. If slightly affected blow flowers of sulphur over the foliage. Catch it in the early stages.

Question:—WHAT CAUSES MY SQUASHES TO BLACKEN AT THE BLOSSOM AND ROT AWAY?

Answer: This is caused by a fungus much as in the case of Black-spot of the tomato. Destroy all infected squashes by burning, and endeavour to locate the trouble in the very earliest—the blossom stage.

A fairly wide range of question; such are of daily occurrence.

THINGS ARE GOING SWIMMINGLY—Well begun is half-done—axiom old as the everlasting hills. But what of tasks foredoomed to failure? Yet come—

“With me along some strip of herbage strown,
That just divides the desert from the sown.”

THE POET VISUALISES A THEME—the Desert—sand, barren, arid, desolate. A contrast indeed to the Sown—fat, rich, fertile, clothed with vegetation. He conjures up sweet visions of beautiful flowers. Tools, seeds, water—even soil is indicated, for does he not say “the sown”?

But few could find time to study the origin of the soil—how the processes of nature (eruptions, heat, frost, invisible gases) assist in the creation of that on which we all subsist.

YET WE ARE CURIOUS—a term that connotes interest.

Hey, Presto; Mt. Marlow—an extinct volcano. See, here is an old crater—stained, rust-dyed, mossy. Lowly vegetation abounds—mosses and lichens. Furzy growth obtrude; shrubs lodge in fissures, nourished from small seams of soil. See, they have arrested certain debris—plant-food for future development.

That discoloration marks the action of invisible gases (Oxygen and Carbonic Acid).

DISLodge A FLAKE OF ROCK. Where the seam started, it is stained, with a “mossy” feel. Freshly broken it is harsh, crystalline, and sparkles.

HOW THEN DO THESE GASES ACT? Combining, they eat into the rock. By infinitely slow degrees it crumbles, becoming receptive to lowly plant-life. Acid secretions in the roots, assisted by the sun’s rays; expansion and contraction due to sudden changes of temperature, and fed on the ever-decaying vegetation, with the chemical and mechanical action of the swelling roots of shrubs and trees, cause further inroads, producing ever soil more fertile, to sustain higher forms of vegetable life.

LOOK, HERE IS A GORGE, DIPPING SEAWARD. Note the vigor of the vegetation. Not moss, nor furze, nor shrubs, but trees, robust, well fed, happy. What has happened. During long periods of time gases corroded, the sun scorched, frosts burst, and mosses and lichens attacked the rock. The powdering and crumbling exposed larger surfaces to the action of the corroding agents. Rains washed the debris to the lower levels, depositing it.

SEE THE “DRIFT?”

At the foot of the gorge there is a depression—it forms a catchment for the decaying “organic matter.”

Berries were blown, wafted, dropped or washed, moisture fell in the form of dew or rain, and germination took place.

Thus with Nature—restoration to the soil of that which the soil produced. But with cultivated plants—grown to sustain life—conditions are changed. The plant is removed, the soil robbed.

IF THIS ROBBERY IS NOT MADE GOOD CROPS WILL DWINDLE AND FAIL. Men of science have made a study of plant-life, and by experiments with the growing plant, and careful analysis of its structure, and of the ash, have learnt

that plants consist largely of organic and “inorganic” matter. When we speak of organic matter we have this in our minds: Organs of life—of things that have breathed. Inorganic matter is matter that has no Organs—minerals, metals, and so forth.

ORGANIC MATTER—HUMUS—IS RICH IN PLANT FOODS. But that we style Inorganic is inactive, in that any plant-food remains in a dormant state. But, with the addition of a plentiful supply of humus, this inactivity is less marked, for the inorganic constituents in the soil become slowly available as plant-food.

While it is not necessary that we should aspire to the learning of the analytical chemist, it is well we should have an intelligent idea of the nature and functions of the requisite plant-foods, in order that we may wrest from the soil the very best it has to give.

WHY NOT FOLLOW NATURE’S PLAN?

It is abundantly evident that a liberal return to the soil of that which the soil produced (nature’s plan) is a wise and necessary move. But, as in the case of plants consumed this course is impracticable, it behoves us to substitute humus, without which no soil is fertile. This is most convenient to hand in the form of horse or cow manure, which when “composted” with refuse vegetable matter, and the sweepings from the fowlhouse—turned occasionally, to ensure a good fermentation—makes an ideal and perfect manure for the use of plants, perfect in that it contains all the Organic and inorganic matter necessary to plant-life.

NOW, HUMUS IS INDISPENSABLE—up to a certain point it is wholly good, in excess it develops an injurious acid.

It is most beneficial in that it acts as a sponge, serving to retain moisture in the soil, while a wonderful process known as “nitrification,”—in which active bacteria exercise a subtle change in the humus in the soil—a change so subtle that it is but little understood—enhances the value of the matter as plant-food.

It is well to have due regard to the similarity of plant to animal life for this reason: Improper feeding of either will cause derangement of the organs of assimilation, and so surely as nature resents errors in dietary matters in the animal kingdom, the no less fine organism of the growing plant will suffer in like manner from a like cause.

If we have but learnt this self-evident truth, one task, at least, was not foredoomed to failure.

* * * * *

THE MIRACLE OF A SEED.

“And look—a thousand Blossoms with the day
Woke—and a thousand scattered into clay.”

A seed. Small, hard, Black. Let’s magnify it. See, it’s a mass of pores. It’s scarred at the side. Small—yet it contains

a germ. It contains food for the germ also. Let's put it in fine earth. How those greedy little mouths suck the water in. Time flies. The seed swells. It bursts. A white shoot breaks through the "scar," like the tip of a chicken's beak as it breaks through the shell. Moisture, warmth, air. The germ lives. The seed has "germinated." Now, water alone could not have done this. Let's puzzle it out. The seed held a germ, and food for the germ. But this food the germ cannot use because it consists of "starch," and water cannot dissolve it. You remember that beautiful hymn:—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

And in this "mysterious way" a new substance is formed in the seed—"Diastase." Now, diastase is a solvent of starch, which it converts into "sugar and gum." The plant has a "sweet tooth" and readily feeds on the converted substance. Ah, the little shoot has broken through. It looks for sunlight and air. But what of the under-side of the seed? See, tiny rootlets pierce the earth. As the top shoot grows, so they increase in size. Night and day they pump up food for the sustenance of the top shoot. Yellow merges into green; a leaf unfolds, a second, third, and so on. A fine "runner" appears. It sways in the wind. Ah, it has caught hold. It climbs. See how it curls. The leaves grow strong and hardy, rank in their depth of green. Drink, drink, food, food, they cry.

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HAPHAZARD WON'T DO. Is it quite clear what crops should go through the Seed-pan, Seedling-box, and finally the Garden-bed stages? We have read of the undoubted advantages of those successive stages.

THE FOLLOWING SHOULD BE SO TREATED:—Beet-root, Cabbage, Cape Gooseberry, Celery, Kohl Rabi, Leek, Lettuce, Rhubarb, Spinach, Tomato, Swede Turnip and Silver Beet.

This does not say that they will not do if sown directly into the garden beds, but it is the busy man's way, because it is the easiest and surest way.

CROPS THAT SHOULD BE SOWN IN THE BEDS COMPRISE:—Beans, Carrots, Cucumber, Rockmelon, Watermelon, Mustard, Pumpkin, Peas, Parsnip, Radish, Rosella, Salsify, Squash, Marrows and Turnip.

Of these, Carrots should be sown thinly, in rows a foot apart, and thinned out to a few inches apart.

Cucumbers are sown on hills about four feet apart, and three strong plants left to each hill. They may be transplanted if taken with a large ball of earth.

Rockmelons receive the same treatment as Cucumbers. They should be watered deeply while the vines are running, but this should be cut off when the fruit are swelling.

Watermelons require to be in hills about ten feet apart, in rich soil. Thin to three strong plants to each hill.

Pumpkins require free-range in well enriched soil.

Peas are sown rather thinly in good soil, in the cooler months.

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TOUCHING ON SOIL.

Didn't come up! Tisn't likely. Simply couldn't. Look at the unsightly lumps. Big as a house. They couldn't emulate Sampson. They hadn't the strength. The clods were too heavy. You're got to do on top what the dynamite did underneath. Pulverize it, make it fine as flour. Not very coarse? No. Well, have a look at those seeds of the Nicotina. Not very coarse either, are they. When you put them in among that rubbly old soil they fell over the precipices. When you watered them you drove them out of sight. No, no, the seeds *weren't* bad. The seeds were tip-top. The soil wasn't fine enough. Compared with the Nicotina seeds the ground was as an ant to an elephant. You've got to alter all that and take back all you said about the seedsman. He didn't *have* you. The ants were very small and the elephants very big. You've got to correct all that. **IMPROVE THE PHYSICAL CONDITION OF THE SOIL** till you hardly recognise it as a bit of your own quarter-acre. Over and over does the trick, then over and over again till you lose count. Bit of superphosphate? Yes, yes, but where's your compost. That's the style. Organic matter always conduces to increased bacterial activity, rendering artificial fertilizers infinitely more efficacious. You've got iittle friends by the million waiting to work for you. They're that fine you can't see them, but they're never weary in well-doing. They're all round you in teeming millions. Let them do their share. Harmful? Not they. They're part of a glorious plan in the economy of Nature. Some are harmful? Yes, yes, but you can't call these little chaps harmful when they're positively clamouring to be allowed to help you. Give them a chance among the compost and see how they improve the effect of the concentrated manures from which you hope so much, and which will not disappoint you.

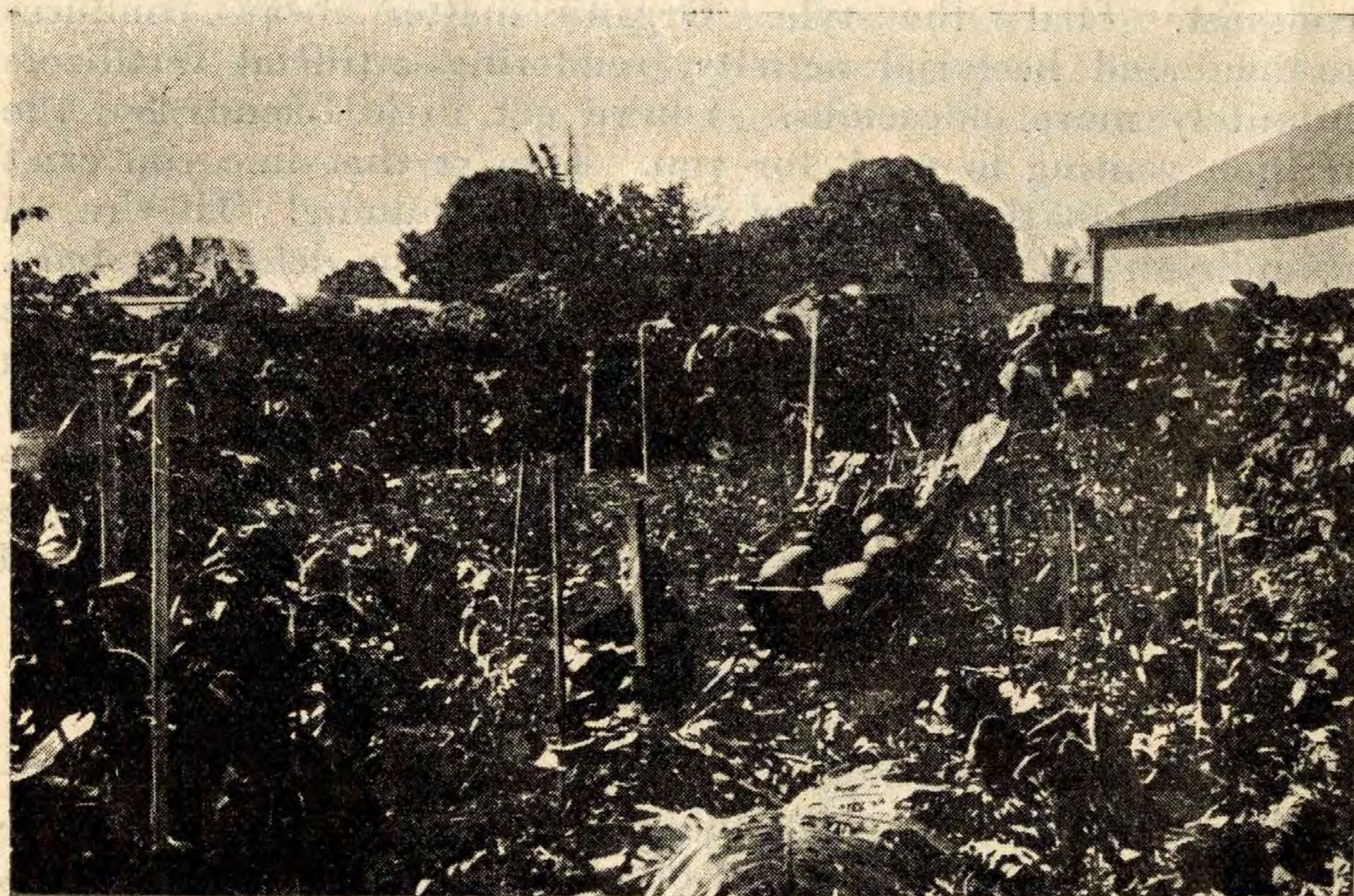
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With cynical disregard of our text—Cottage Gardening—a further digression is imminent. Not that the matter is unimportant. Being important, our "canniness" is appealed to. We are mostly "Scotch."

IT IS THE 16 PERCHER, THE 32-ER—even the extreme quarter-acre man—the thrifty chap (male or female), whose interest we invoke. The 16—32-er has the six to eight family, the whole-hogger (the quarter-acre man) is the three to four



The Larder.



"Intensive" Use of the Odd Corners.

chap; the occasional half-acre gent goes none, one, or two—a pigeon-pair at most. With fewer mouths to feed, he has more ground to feed them on. That's good. But his family dies out.

HIS LAND IS CUT UP FOR CLOSER SETTLEMENT—pocket handkerchief lots. That's bad, but the area—not extensive—the six to eight-ers cultivation becomes intensive. That's good. Its merits should be extolled. The three-four-six-eight chap has it all his own way—labor gratis, more domestic refuse, more ashes (plants adore ashes) more energy. He has more to live for.

"INTENSIVE" USES UP ALL THE ODD CORNERS. It wastes nothing. It composts everything. Follow suit.

Burrow out a hole—big as a ship's tank—in a handy corner of the garden. Heave in defunct "Tom," singular or plural—plural is better, kitchen refuse of all kinds, newspapers (every time), straw, shavings, fibre, ashes, egg-shells, rags, lawn, hedge and tree clippings, sweepings—refuse of every description.

KEEP ALL MOIST WITH HOUSE SLOPS, adding stable manure in season and out of season. Make it a grave for "goners"—dead chooks, kids (four-legged), puppies, kittens—kind of baby-farm.

As the refuse happens along, compost it. Do not confuse the term "Compost Pit" with the "Rubbish Pit." Exclude all tins, bottles, jars, etc.—things which will not "disintegrate."

YOU BURN CASE TIMBER? THAT'S GOOD. It's full of rusty nails? That's better. That adds "Oxide of Iron" to the heap of organic matter. Plants like oxide of iron—it improves their constitution—it provides a tonic. Plants (like men) need a tonic, not as often, perhaps, but men are reasoning animals without reason.

Quarterly, make a hole in the compost, and explode $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. of blasting powder beneath it. Powder shoots upwards, "turning" the contents, and a new fermentation—a new *rot*—takes place, for air is admitted into the too compact mass. Your neighbour will probably recover (mine did), while anathematizing you as a silly lunatic.

Spent carbide, old mortar, sulphur, gypsum—all should find their way into the all-redeeming pit.

GYPSUM ARRESTS THE VOLATILE AMMONIA—a most valuable constituent. Scoop out a second pit, in which more compost can be rotting while No. 1 is being used. Compost judiciously "turned" (hand or explosion), will be ready under two years.

It is not proposed that you should lose two years' crops, for cruder methods may be used—for the time, at least.

START THE COMPOST PIT TO-DAY. Waste nothing, and do it as a habit—systematically. This is the "Humus"

we spoke of. All those half-shins and sheep's heads you used for soup. What of the bones? Burn them, and heave the ashes into the pit. No longer unsightly (or dangerous) they provide plant-food, readily available, for your "garden truck."

YOU CAN GROW VEGETABLES WITHOUT COMPOST, mediocre in quality, and nothing to write home about as to quantity.

But you're an "intensive,"—don't forget that. Most 3-4-6-8-ers are "intensive." With numerous olive branches, but trifling "bribes" suffice to keep up a constant supply of manure.

A ROW OR TWO OF PEA-NUTS (all boys love pea-nuts), will spur said boys on to fresh endeavours, and the "pit" is never satisfied. The man with one or two children is much less fortunate, especially those with none or one.

The solitary scion of a noble house is apt to put the acid on Dad, on the ancient plea that "Dad started work; let Dad go on." All considered, the man with three to seven children has the best end of the stick, and the family gives no promise of "dying out."

THE ONLY CHILD IS PUNY, PEEVISH, PAMPERED, SICKLY. Larger families are full of rugged health. Dad is no monopolist. He lets them share in the good things going—but he sees to it that they keep them going. That row or two of pea-nuts helps Dad fine. "You'll be eating them soon," he says, "but they do look hungry-like; another barrow or two of manure, my son, and." But "my son" is wheeling a protesting barrow towards the 'bus stables, with a brave "do or die" expression, while Dad chuckles audibly, "Bless them nuts, they are worth their weight in yellow gold." But the barrow was emptied into the celery trench.

AYE, THINGS ARE GOING SWIMMINGLY. We've learnt lots of things we knew before, and we've avoided the text we should have followed slavishly.

But, now we're equipped with an easily exhaustible fund of information, and an almost inexhaustible compost pit—two, that is, there should be something doing.

For one thing, we might cultivate Dad's artlessness in the interests of the rising generation, for you will remember his progeny—olive branches we called them—is full of rugged health—tribute to Dad's perception and acumen.

You will remember, too, that the pit is never satisfied—never full, and change the old order of things.

BRIBERY SAVOURS OF CORRUPTION, but your boys will exonerate you from all blame if you conceal the barb. Dad always did that, and Dad never wanted for manure, or the friendship of his victims. The boys always had a soft spot in their hearts for Dad, for he cultivated their friendship while he cultivated their peanuts.

GOOD—IT CUTS LIKE CHEESE. How black it has gone. You've a little gold-mine in that compost pit. Looks more like a *coal-mine*? Well, that's alright, too. Coal is Carbon, and Carbon is gold. Just a roundabout way of arriving at a conclusion jumped at. Intensive *has* to jump at things.

AND YOU KEPT THE GROUND TURNED OVER? That's fine. Buried all the weeds a foot deep? Why, you're an agriculturist without knowing it—a living apostle of the green-manuring system.

There was fat-hen, pig and asthma weed, summer grass, 'tater-tops and every blessed plague under the sun. Buried the lot. Can't get rid of the 'tater-tops. Can't nohow. Don't try. Let them grow and turn them in. Licks everything (but compost) into a cocked hat. Nothing can lick compost, nothing but a he-goat or a she-cow. Wife threw corned-beef water over the compost once. A bally goat licked the compost, fine. Jumped the fence to do it, too.

GOING STRONG ON TOMATOES FOR A START? Wife very fond of tomatoes? Burwood Prince, Trucker's Favourite, Earliana, Ponderosa, Honor Bright. Good, good, you sly old fox, you've got the best.

Tellings. Knew a man named Jones (next door but one). Boasted he could lick creation in the tomato-growing line. Didn't crack to be Creation, but reckoned to give Jones a go for it. Jones had eight inches of shiny shovel. Great faith he had in it, too. Pinned my faith on little things like pea-sausages, with longish tails and shiny thimbles stuck into them. We started off together—shovel versus pea-sausages. Shovel put in good work—shinier than ever. Little things with long tails vigorous also. Rival vines flourished fine. Few weeks later Jones' vines took on a wilted appearance. They looked sad and dejected. Fruit formed right enough, and developed velvety-green cushions. They went rotten and spread the mycellium and spores of horrible fungoid diseases to corrupt his ground for years ahead. Eight inches of steel didn't improve anything.

IT DIDN'T STIR THE SUBSOIL EVEN 8 INCHES DEEP. It didn't improve the drainage, capillarity, tilth, crop—or Jones' temper. It didn't even lick creation. The little things with long tails had it all their own way. Leaves didn't curl; there was no sign of tomato-wilt, ripe-rot, or any loathsome fungoid disease. The vines were perfectly healthy, the fruit perfectly clean, the crops perfectly satisfactory—a happy and pleasing trinity of good things.

DO YOU WANT TO BE LIKE JONES? Those little affairs cost 5/-. Dear Tomatoes? No chance. Best five bob I ever spent. Each hole cost three-pence—Dynamite 1d., Detonator 1d., Fuse 1d. They multiplied the crop of tomatoes by five, at least. They subsoiled the patch for five to seven years for,

five to seven years crops—less than 1/- a year. They gave me a fine headache, but there was no charge made for that. Who would look a gift horse in the mouth? Superphosphate helped the compost along fine.

SAY, SHAKE IT UP—LIGHT'S FAILING. Too late this time; but next trip give the shovel the go-by. It gives you corns on the hands. Now half-a-bushel of your coal-mine to each hole. Don't forget the Superphosphate. On the flat? Rubbish. Keep them off the ground. Suckers? Pinch them out. Laterals (Side-shoots in the axils of the leaves). Pinch them out. Leaves on ends of bunches of blooms? Pinch them out. Terminal fruits? (furthest from stems and dwarfed). Pinch them out. Irregular-shaped fruits? Pinch them out. Save only top-notchers; and leave all deformities to someone else—Jones, for instance.

TOO FAR APART? NO HOPE. You'll sneak a crop of radishes off this bed, Lettuce off No. 2, French Beans off No. 3, Beetroot and Kohl Rabi off No. 4, Eschallots off No. 5. Plant them between the Tomatoes, first dressing the bed with compost.

DON'T DEPEND ON WATER—IT'S TOO RAW. Any Scotchman will tell you that. Give them slops. It makes them tender and it shakes them up fine. Off with those silly laterals—they're the drones in your hive. Shift them, and let the light into the fruit and vegetables. Shift them all the time and every time, and drive the energy right into the tomatoes. Nip off the ends of those leaves. That's the ticket. The fruit wants all the energy. Nip out everything that doesn't spell fruit, and *big* fruit at that.

YOU HAVEN'T AN INCH OF GROUND TO SPARE. That's what "Intensive" means. If you can't get the uttermost out of your ground move up—down, that is—to the half-acre plane—the none, one, two pigeon-pair house, and become "extensive." Don't do anything of the sort. Sweep under the fowl's perches. A gallon of that stuff to a carbide drum of water. Brew two or three days. High. Let them have it for breakfast, dinner and tea, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Keep it up to strength from the stock-pot. Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays give them pure Adam's Ale—pure, that is, as the well serves it up to you. Give them plenty of it. Throw sifted ashes among them as often as you can get them, **LIME OVER THE FOLIAGE AND UNDER THE FOLIAGE.** Run the Dutch hoe between them as long as possible, and see to it that you thin out and use the crops as soon as fit. This gives the others every encouragement to excel. Put Beetroot, Kohl Rabi, Lettuce, and Eschallots 1 2 3 4 5 to the *width* of the bed, and use numbers 2 and 4 first, leaving 1 3 and 5 equal distant, with ample room. **KEEP THE POT GOING, AND SWEEP UNDER THE**

PERCHES with all the zeal of the truly Intensive. More rag, soft. Tie the vines up loosely, or you'll lose those 10-12-14 ounces. Given you had used dynamite they would have gone like this: 18-20-22-24 ozs. Loop them up, as snug as a bug in a rug. Ponderosas? Glorious fruit. Is the tomato a fruit? Shall we call it a condimental fruit? Ah, just a suspicion of pink. Pick them quickly, or you'll take from the value of your crop. Haven't you robbed yourself of enough already by neglecting to use dynamite.

GIVE THE YOUNGSTERS A CHANCE—THE GREEN-HORNS. Never allow them to ripen on the vines, or you'll impair the vigor. Say, didn't it occur to you that vigor is a valuable asset—always? Vigor is an asset among the "Intensive"—the three to eight children class. Tomatoes are among *that* class, but they are ultraintensive—extraordinary prolific. They always have big families.

Dynamite would have increased a fine crop to one of superlative merit. All we, like sheep, have gone astray, but see to it that you give dynamite the preference over the shovel next trip. Lucky for you you went heaps deeper than Jones, but dynamite goes heaps deeper than you would ever care to go. Take it into partnership—just that and the boys.

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EVER CATCH A WEASEL ASLEEP? "Intensive" must live up to it. Take a bed—say Eschallots—that are maturing. As they are pulled for use be careful to remove them at intervals that will allow of, say, a Cucumber Vine, Egg Plant, or Cape Gooseberry bush being transplanted for succession. Renew the soil at that spot, apply bone-dust and a sprinkling of Sulphate of Ammonia to the hole. By the time the Eschallots are consumed the succession crop will be occupying the ground and approaching fruition.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE SPINACH BED about the time it begins to look dejected; remove here and there a plant, and slip in a Bush Marrow, a Choko, etc., *some* succession crop that will be developing as the former crop is going off. Only take the precaution of renewing the soil where you place the new crop. Add rotted dung and stimulants. Working on these lines—the only lines a busy man can afford to work on—increases your area, without increasing your toil—that is what "intensive" means.

THE SEEDLING BOX AND THE SEEDLING BED will always provide the necessary plants to fill the blanks.

Yet there is *this* to remember: You've got to look, think and live, a month ahead, if you want to keep your title.

That's where the kitchen-garden sharpens you up; you simply get to hate to be caught napping—you've just *got* to live a full month ahead.

YES, YES, ROOT THEM OUT. YOU CAN'T FOOL YOURSELF, that Oleanders and those old briars are belt-tighteners. Makings of a fine little patch, too. And you've brains, time, ambition, energy, four—three-four—that is, lusty youngsters, and a quarter-acre. There's no doubt about the brains. Tear the rubbish out—root and branch. Butter's up. BREAD'S UP, BEEF'S UP, and—best of all—the Sun's nearly up, though the Son is loth to get up. Develop your resources. Lucky to have them. Hard work? Tut-tut. Keep you from getting sour on the stomach. Takes garden-truck to correct acidity. The barrow's a fine incentive to the recreation of eating. Blazes, Don't waste the ashes. Chip, chip, chip. Bless the smoke. Place looks clearer already. Hoe, hoe, young man. Chip, chip, chip. Fine little patch. Bribe the kids. Get the sons up. Throw them a sprat or two. You're sure of the mackerel. Let them look after the manure department. Watch the compost-pits yourself. Dad started work, but dynamite does it ever so much better.



TICKLISH STUFF? YES, YES, BUT VIGOROUS. Afraid? No fear. Take a hint or two. Keep fuse and detonators dry. Clean-cut fuse straight across. Leave no sawdust in detonator. Insert fuse in detonator gently. See that fuse and "fulminate" meet. Crimp detonator to fuse gently. Do so at hollow edge of detonator. Do not drop detonators on anything hard. Respect them. Open cartridge at one end. Pierce dynamite with pen-holder. Insert detonator (fuse attached). Allow detonator to project half an inch. TIE FIRMLY TO PREVENT WITHDRAWAL. Drill holes in ground 27-30 inches deep. Make them one inch in diameter. Lower cartridge (fuse attached) in hole. See that it touches bottom. Pour in 6 inches of sand. Tamp with that

old wooden rammer. Now, more sand. Tamp harder. PUT MORE POWER INTO IT. Tip-top. Hole's full? Let six inches of fuse project. Make slanting cut in end. Rub in a pinch of dynamite. That's the ticket. Light fuse. Git. Holes six feet apart. Struck a hard-pan, eh? Well, give her three—say four plugs to a hole. Drop them in separately. Press each firmly with the rammer. Now, one plug more, with fuse and detonator attached. Tamp away. Harder. LET HER GO. How the earth shakes. No, no, very little upheaval. Just a little "boil." But the best work was put in deeper down. What good have you *done*? You've done lots of good. You've destroyed heaps of rubbishy plants that never brought you in a shilling, and you've made the boys take an interest in your work.

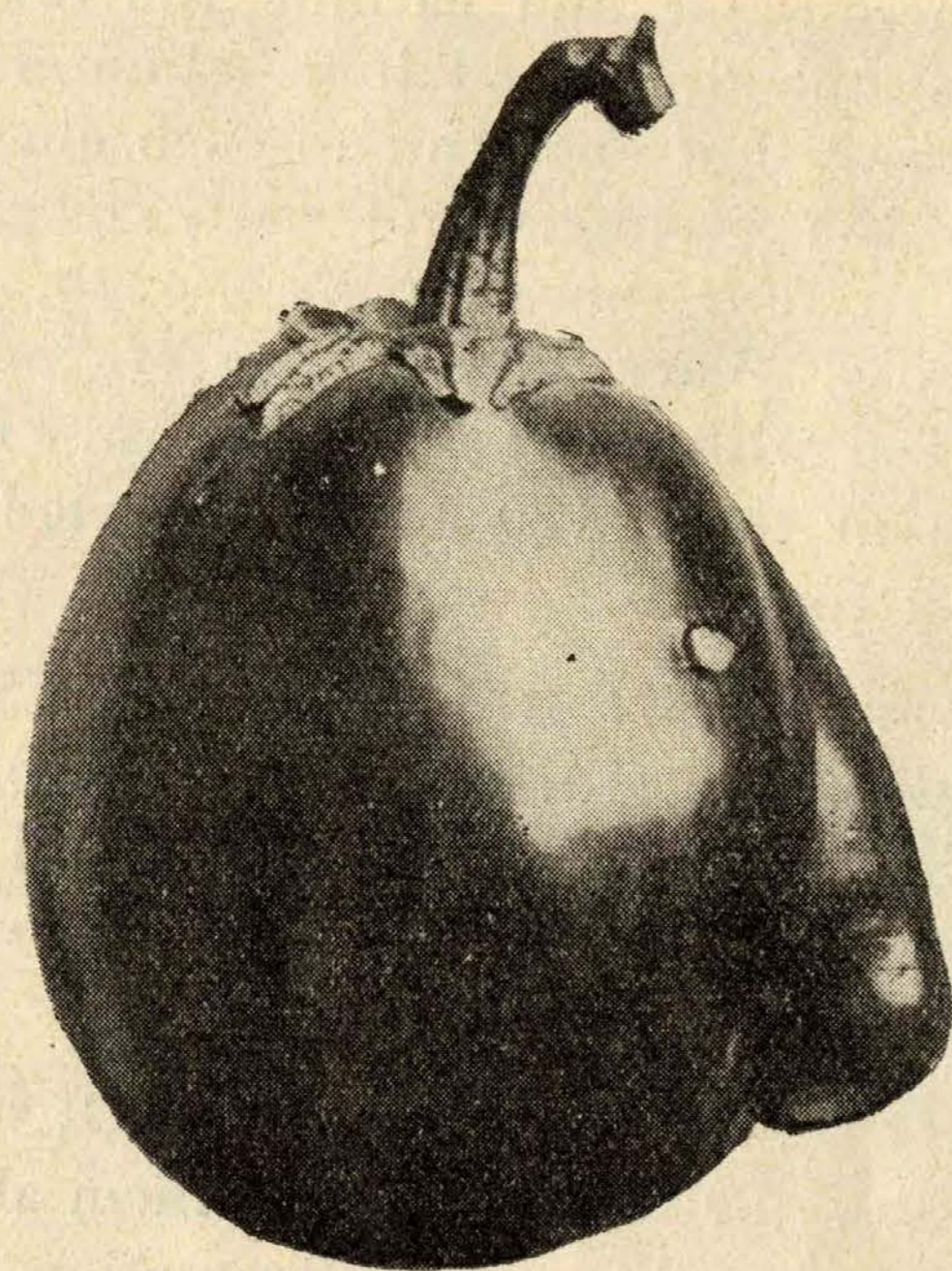
BOYS CAN'T RESIST FIREWORKS. Get them interested in a thing and you've got a heap of power in the alliance you form with them. Make it a kind of partnership affair. Let them share and share alike. Guess they'll *eat* the things, and you must let them help you *produce* them. Fair's fair, and you have no right to be selfish in one thing more than another. What *good* have you done? Well, I'll tell you, but you mustn't repeat it. You've improved the tilth (fine state of division of your soil), and the capillarity. In doing this you have stirred the subsoil deeply, releasing plant-food that was dormant, and impaction (the pressing together too firmly of the soil) is a thing of the past. The land is sweetened, mellowed and permanently improved.

KEEP THE OLD BARROW GOING. Give the hoe no rest—see that it keeps shiny. Tilth is your aim—on the surface and under the surface. Water the patch to spring the weed-seeds, and turn them over at daylight. Kill them before they're born. Up with the Lark, to bed before midnight.

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EGG-PLANT? GOOD. WONDERFUL THINGS EGG-FRUIT. Cut butcher's bill in half, easy. New York Purple? That's the which-way. No use growing rubbish. Intensive grows the best. Same's Tomatoes—four feet apart. Great fun growing Egg-fruit. Science? Yes, yes, all the better for a bit of brains. Compost. A bushel to a hole. They're vigorous feeders—make it one-and-a-half. Be just to them, they'll be generous to you. Laterals? Pinch them out. Suckers? Pinch them out. Leaves growing at extremity of bunch of blooms? Pinch them out. Same's Tomatoes, same in every way except trellis.

EGG-FRUIT GROW EXTRAORDINARILY LARGE. Special mention and "highly commended" at the Townsville Show. Heavy demand for seeds. All coming my way.



Freak Egg Fruit.

AH, FREAK? NATIVE BEAR. EYES, NOSE, SCAR FOR MOUTH. Funny quaint, pretty. Photo. taken for record. Another—Real Hebrew. Nose glorious feature—thick, wide, pendulous, half to three-quarter Roman. Profile displeasing, heavy, uncouth to base jaw. Double chin. Gourmand. Imbibes liquid manure, fowl or pea-nut, as Germans imbibe their national lager—fairly hogs it. A third—A study in anatomy. Subject too delicate to dilate upon. Perfect, nevertheless. Fascinating. Not selling any seeds off *that* bush. No desire to perpetuate race of freaks. 7.30 'bus. Turn off sprinkler. Turn on gas-ring. Bath, dress, business, reflection.

SAME CULTURAL METHODS AS TOMATOES.

HARKING BACK TO EGG-FRUIT—the best vegetable we grow. Comparative strangers, we shun them. Yet they must assert themselves, these aggressive "Jack Johnsons," from sheer merit. "Cut meat-bill in half"—not a "figure of speech," merely. Rich, easily digestible, adaptable, delectable, either fried, broiled, stewed, boiled, baked, curried, stuffed, hashed or mashed. Mildly aperient—delightful as food and medicine. But "Britisher" loves cabbage. Steamed in ship's hold, sweated in, or under Johnnie, the alien's bunk, he demands cabbage.

HIS DEMANDS ARE IMPERIOUS, AND MUST BE SATISFIED. Unwholesome, tough, leathery, fermented, in-

digestible, Britisher must have it. His Sunday-dinner cabbage should be the product of his toil. First Earlies (10 weeks), Winningstadts (12 weeks), Successions (14-16 weeks)—each have their own pleasing characteristics, as they have their own advocates. Seeds cost 3d. and 6d. a packet.

LABOUR NOTHING; MANURE LESS; ASHES STILL LESS, while domestic waste-water is perhaps sufficient for garden needs. No prohibitive outlay, surely. Work permanent beds deeply. Large quantities manure can't make them too rich. When plants are a few inches high, transplant First Earlies 14 to 16 inches apart, each way; Winningstadts, 20 to 22 inches apart; Successions, 27 to 30 inches apart. Showery? Good. Lettuce between cabbage, always. Don't plant 100 cabbages at one time if a score is ample. With lettuce, be prodigal. They keep cabbage clean, mature early, and what the family can't eat the fowls can.

NO SECRETS ABOUT GROWING CABBAGE. Just buck in and stick at it. Keep them growing; liquid manure seven days a week; top-dressing with fowl manure, superphosphate, bone-dust, but particularly mulch beds heavily with stable manure or compost. Ashes and lime on wet leaves, crowns, especially. Keep soil loose, bed never dry, and remove lettuce early.

CABBAGE LOVE ELBOW-ROOM. Lime freely in muggy weather—insects are very destructive. If young crowns are eaten replant. Destroy wastrels and replace with vigorous plants from seed-bed. Sunny, open situation, shade after 4 p.m.—shade of the house and so on. Near maturity—three to four weeks before—cut off slops, curtail water. If head scalds, place outer leaf on top; if it splits, stop watering. Never grow second crop cabbage on same bed, for succession. No secrets; no "Royal Road" to success in growing them. That's all there is to it.

Each variety of plants consumes different soil constituents. Practise Rotation. Root-crops follow leafy plants. Beetroot, Carrots, or Parsnips, follow Lettuce, Cabbage, Spinach, and so on. Root-crops may well follow Cabbage, which takes the rankness out of the manure.

RANK MANURE DISTORTS ROOT CROPS—makes them go "whiskery," tasteless and insipid. The spent Cabbage-bed is worked deeply, and free from plaguey weeds, and rich enough for most root-crops.

* * * * *

INTERMEDIATE CARROTS. THAT IS GOOD. Sow in rows 12 inches apart; sow thinly, and thin out as they grow. Use the thinnings for soups and stews. Give the crop plenty of room. Liquid manure will help them along when they get going nicely. Overcrowding means that you are robbing yourself; that is not "Intensive's" aim. Keep the crowns from

becoming exposed—exposure means green, uninviting carrots. **SNEAK A CROP OF RADISHES BETWEEN THE CARROTS;** sow them very thinly, so that they may not crowd the Carrots. Grow the red and white turnip-rooted, as well as the French Breakfasts, and the long Scarlet, that you may have a pretty contrast for the table.

FROM TOMATOES TO EGG-FRUIT—NOT A LONG STEP, by the way, Cabbage to Lettuce, Lettuce to Radishes—why you can almost smell the Eschallots the esculents conjure up. Make the bed nice and rich, cut off a third of the tops of the Cloves, and plant them nine inches apart every way. Liquid manure will force them along as soon as they start to make a show. Cut up a quantity—any quantity—very finely, and throw them into the soup, the moment you serve it up. Mix freely with mashed potatoes, using most of the green, as well as all the bulbs. There is no excuse for being out of this delicious crop as they may be grown the whole year round.

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NOT SATISFIED? WELL! WHAT OF THE ENGLISH POTATO?

The soil must be loose
—and free, and friable.
They are gross feeders,
The love wood-ashes.
Thrive on a "complete manure."
Trench 12 inches deep.
Thrown in rotted dung,
—and ashes galore.

Now:

Top off with fine soil.
Mix Dried Blood, 4 lbs.
Superphosphate, 4 lbs.
Sulphate of Potash, 1 lb.
Apply 1½ oz. to each plant.

Or Pumpkins:

Mix: Dried Blood, 2¼ lbs.
Superphosphate, 2 lbs.
Sulphate of Potash, ¾ lbs.
Apply 1½ oz. to each plant.

Then Tomatoes:

Mix: Sulphate of Ammonia, 1½ lbs.
Superphosphate, 2¼ lbs.
Sulphate of Potash, 1¼ lbs.
1 oz. to each vine.

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TOUCHING ON ROTATION.

Cabbage making no headway? Your own fault. How's that? You didn't "Rotate." What do I mean by "Rotate?"

Let's ask Webster. Rotate: To turn round. . . . Vague? Yes, yes, not quite clear. It means this: To turn round, kneel down, stand up, and buck in. Be serious? Rather. It's a serious thing. It means that plants of a certain order must be followed by plants of a different order. For instance: Cabbages consume certain plant-foods to their liking. All the Cabbage tribe—the Brassica family—is partial to the same plant-foods.

WHERE DID YOU HAVE THE CABBAGE BED LAST YEAR? Same place. Ah, thought so. Making no headway? H'mph. Hardly. You didn't Rotate, man. You turned round, knelt down, stood up—you even bucked in—but you didn't "Rotate." Say, there's nothing left to the Cabbage's liking. They gobbled up all they cared for while it was there, and now they're sulky. Don't you hear them saying defiantly: If you don't feed us we won't feed you?

YOU SHOULD HAVE PUT BEET-ROOT, Carrots, or Potatoes in the old Cabbage bed, and vice-versa. What difference would that make? Just this: The difference that makes all the difference—the difference between a glorious success and ignominious failure.

As certain orders of plants feed on certain plant-foods, so certain pests prey on certain orders of plants. In time those certain pests (insect and fungoid) take the upper hand. That's one reason why you must rotate. Rotation conserves manure; uses the land to better advantage, checks pests, keeps the land clean, gives better crops.

BROADLY—ROOT-CROPS FOLLOW LEAF-CROPS, and deep-rooted plants should follow surface-rooters. Be watchful, Intensive.

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WHO SAID CABBAGE?

We all did!

Mix:

Bonedust, 4½ lbs.

Sulphate of Potash, ½ lb.

Apply 1 oz. to each plant just after transplanting. Then —AS THE HEADS START TO FORM

Mix:

Sulphate of Ammonia, ½ lb.

Superphosphate, ¾ lb.

Sulphate of Potash, ½ lb.

Apply about ¾ oz. to each plant—scratch it in.

Once more—TURNIPS (AND RADISHES).

Mix:

Sulphate of Ammonia, ¾ lb.

Superphosphate, 3¼ lbs.

Sulphate of Potash, ½ lb.

Apply 1 oz. to each square yard.

AND ESCHALLOTS—

Mix:

Dried Blood, $1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.Bonedust, $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.Superphosphate, $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.Sulphate of Potash, $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.

Apply $1\frac{3}{4}$ ozs. to each square yard when planting. During growth top-dress with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Sulphate of Ammonia (mixed with fine soil) to each square yard.

CRUDE METHODS WILL DO for applying suds and coarse preparations—as animal droppings in liquid-manure-form—to the growing plants. In a watering can with a rose—no matter how coarse—the particles will cause infinite trouble by choking the holes. Laundry and washing-up water are notorious for causing trouble in this respect.

CAST THE ROSE ASIDE. Get a jam-tin—the one pound size—and see that the lid is cut about two-thirds of the way round. The remaining third will act as a hinge. In the bottom of this tin, make a round hole, just so large that the top of the spout will enter the bottom of the jam tin. Force the tin down, as you would the rose, with the hinged part downwards.

NEARLY SHUT THE LID OF THE TIN, allowing the “gape” to face upwards. In use the water will strike the obstructing lid, and rise in a fine film, which will fall gently on the plants, in a radius of eighteen inches. This happy arrangement will give no trouble, and costs nothing. Users of coarse liquid manure will find it a happy inspiration. Replace with the rose, as clear liquids are used. The Spout must enter the BOTTOM OF THE TIN, SO THAT THE TOP OF THE SPOUT will come near the hinged lid which will scatter the water.

VERY DIFFERENT TREATMENT is required for the arsenical preparations. Atomising sprays or syringes must be used, so that the veriest mist is applied to the surface of the leaves. Arsenate of Lead is the safest preparation; this will not burn the foliage. Apply while the leaves are dry.

TOUCHING FURTHER ON ROTATION.

You found the second crop of cabbage failed in land previously so cropped. You remember you were chaffed because you didn't “rotate.” Let's go a little deeper. The roots of plants throw out certain substances which poison the land for a subsequent crop of the same order. Humus nullifies the toxic effect of these substances, which are strongly caustic in action. Compost is the ideal humus—the soot, lime, gypsum, ashes, leaves, etc. The excretions of the roots of plants diminish the fertility of a soil by impregnating it with alkaline matters. Humus counteracts the toxic effects produced by the action of bacteria on the organic matters in the soil. The substances excreted by the roots of the Cabbage poisoned the

ground for the second crop of cabbage. When you sowed Carrots for succession the crop was O.K. When you followed Carrots with French Beans in the old Cabbage bed it made your backache picking 'em. There are worse things than backache brought on by this means.

YOU'LL ALWAYS PRACTISE ROTATION IN FUTURE? That's the way. Say, don't forget the compost is all the better for a few ounces of highly-concentrated fertilizer. Sulphate of Ammonia? Yes, yes, and Nitrate of Soda, and Superphosphate. Remember this: Nitrogenous manures for leaf and stem growth, Phosphoric Acid for roots and seeds; Potash for vim, vigor and vitality, plumpness, fullness and flavour; Lime for the chemical property of correcting acidity of the soil, liberating dormant plant-foods, and to decompose organic matter, and for its mechanical property of improving the texture of the soil, while rendering it more mellow, and sweetening it.

THAT ROW OF PEANUTS comes fairly within the range of the kitchen-garden.

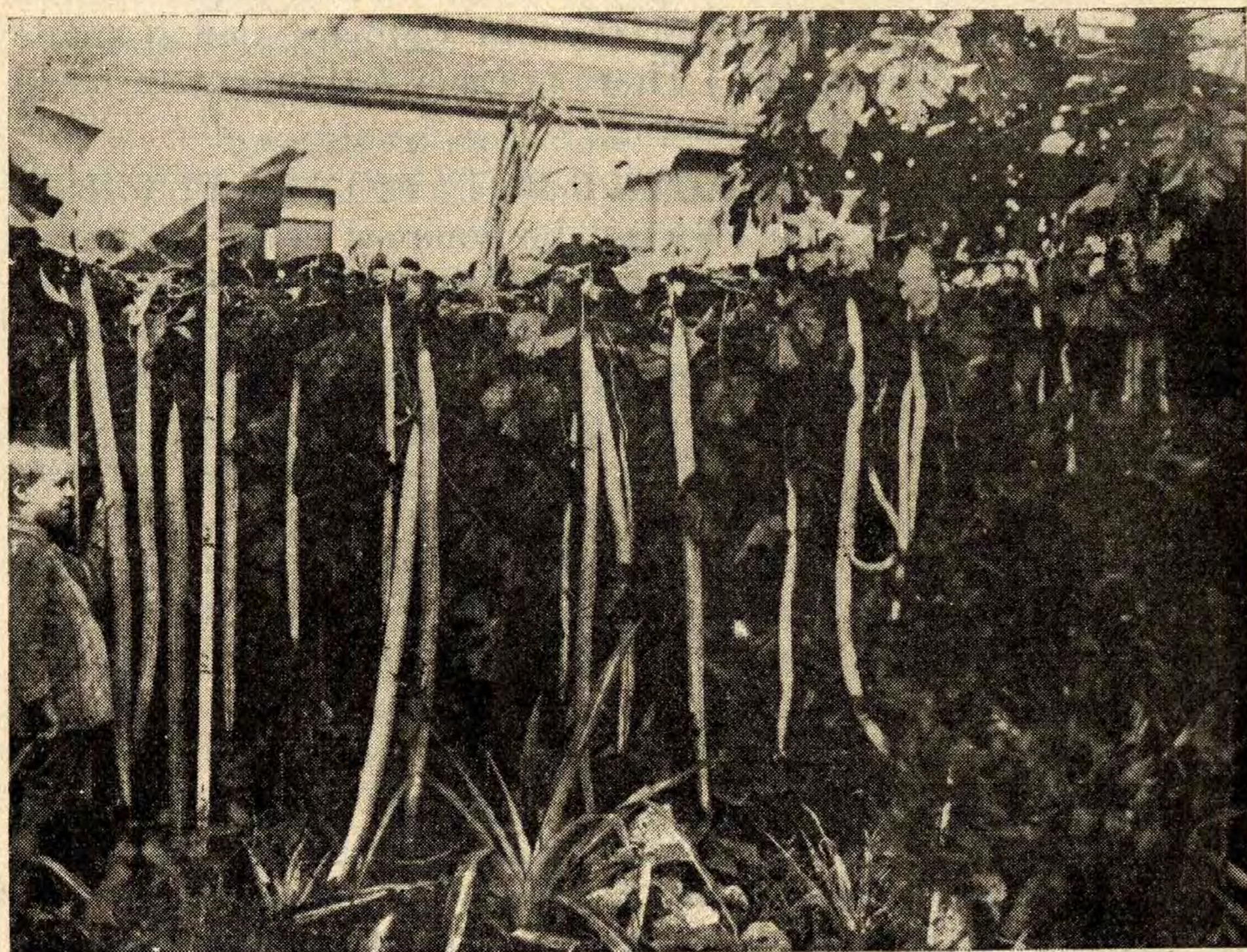
Peanuts differ from most crops, in that the soil—though better worked deeply in the first instance—thereby opening the capillaries—should be trodden quite firm before the nuts are sown, that the crop may not be induced to bury too deeply for harvesting. Cultivate four inches deep for this crop, though the surface soil can hardly be too fine. A good dressing of bone-dust, with Superphosphate and Sulphate of Ammonia, will promote vigor.

REMOVE THE SHELLS, AND SOW THE NUTS three inches deep, fifteen inches apart, in rows thirty inches apart.

Give the ground a thorough soaking, and keep the weeds down, by scarifying the surface while the vines are young.

SPRINKLE WITH TOBACCO-WATER AND SOAP-SUDS to keep the mealy-bug in check. As the nuts form—which may be known by roots along the branches seeking the moist earth—on entering which they swell and form the nuts—liquid manure should be given at intervals of a fortnight, until the vines begin to show lack of energy, and incline to turn brown. Allow the nuts to ripen without further care. When the vines have withered, the nuts may be turned up with a fork, first loosening the soil, that they may adhere to the bushes when removed from the soil. Do this with care, and but few nuts will remain behind, though it is inevitable that some few will—in fact, Peanuts are never quite eradicated from the soil. The bushes, with nuts adhering, must be exposed to the sun for a few days, that there may be no mustiness to spoil the flavour.

Place a quantity on the sheath of a quick oven, and bake till crisp, leaving the door open in the final stages of the roasting.



Guava Beans.



Home Made Preserves.

EAT WITH SALT, WHILE THEY ARE CRISP—there is no more nourishing food. There is one thing to remember in growing Peanuts: Reckoning that the crop will take six months to mature, sow them that they will not ripen during the wet season, or germination will take place, and love's labour be lost.

EVER HEARD OF THE INDIAN MELON—that little aristocrat, known variously as the Cookra, Bamie, or Cobra? Sow from August to November—inclusive. The seeds resemble those of the Cucumber, and germinate readily. The soil must be rich, and the vines watered deeply, until the fruits form.

Cylindrical in shape, and five to seven inches long, they are wonderfully prolific. When the fruits are swelling nicely, cut off the water entirely—let them ripen of their own accord.

ON THE FIRST SIGN OF YELLOWNESS, BE WATCHFUL—it is an indication of ripening, and you may shortly expect to see the fruit split from end to end. The flesh thus exposed is of a rich creamy tint, and crystalline, the seed portion being apricot in color.

If not gathered before they split, they soon soil, and lose their appetising appearance—the ants being particularly troublesome.

ALLOW THEM TO RIPEN IN AN INSECT-PROOF SAFE, and the skin will peel as thin as tissue-paper. With icing sugar there is no more delicious fruit in the world, the flesh biting like a mellow apple—not at all like the firm fleshiness of the rock melon.

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PRE-SUPPOSE A QUARTER-ACRE MAN WITH THREE TO FOUR CHILDREN. Always approachable—often irapproachable, for

“The errors we commit in youth—
Deemed rightly Crime in Middle-Age.”

have been lived down, three to four is face to face with the stern realities of life—Butcher, Baker, Grocer. Estimable fellows, philanthropic, too, imbued with get-rich-quick principles.

Three to four is a means to that end.

LOOK OVER THE BILLS—economy's day is at hand. Earth, Sea, Sky, warns you. See to it you rise to the occasion. Score out “extras,” doubtfuls, possible doubtfuls. Memorise them.

Quarter-acre means much that figures on the bills—pickles, sauces, condiments, onions, potatoes, beans, jam, preserve, fruit—so on.

Hadn't thought of it? Get thinking. Paw-paws provide jam, preserve, fruit, sauce, pickles, ointment. So with other

items on the bills. Quarter-acre grows potatoes, leeks, eschallots, beans, peas, cabbage, lettuce—vegetables of every, and fruit of many kinds.

DON'T BE A MEANS TO AN END FOR B.B.G.

Penny saved, penny gained. Lots of things in bills spell more'n pennies—more'n shillings. Substitute Egg-Fruit for meat. It is more appetising and wholesome; hashed vegetables with butter for breakfast, three or four times a week, and acceptable the few odd days as well. Salads will minimise beef and bread consumption.

IMPROVE THE HEALTH AND BEAUTY OF THE FAMILY. No roseate picture of coming Millenium, but hard fact. It's merely a fragmentary portion of what your allotment stands for.

What can we grow in this mystic State? Well, mostly all the useful vegetables to perfection.

And what of the Pawpaw, Granadilla, Passion-fruit, Custard Apples, Sour Sop, Banana, Pineapple, Loquat, Kumquat, Peach, Monstera?

YOU WANT TO DWELL ON EACH WORD IN THE LIST, fragrant with the sunkist breath of the Tropics, to realize your good fortune in the matter of delectable delicacies. Is the list exhausted?

What of the Pomegranate, Fig, Jack-fruit, Cherry Guava, Gooseberry Guava, Common Guava, Brazilian Cherry, The Cocoanut.

MIX THE FLESH OF THE PAWPAW WITH THE GRANADILLA, Banana with Fig—almost any combination you like, and partake of the quintessence of luxuriousness.

THEY STAND OUT ON THEIR OWN. Give heed, ye Southerners, and list, ye of the Sunny North: Nature is lavish. She provides food fit for the Gods, asking only that we tickle the earth to response.

Impelling but a modicum of toil of the most pleasurable kind, as open sesame to her vast treasure-house, she provides all the elements for success—seed, warmth, moisture, soil, with all the terms imply.

A PAW-PAW SEED IN 7 TO 10 DAYS IT GERMINATES. A little care, a little attention, a little patience, a little anticipation, a little faith—a little waiting, and all is well. Is not the reward commensurate with the human emotions from birth of germ to maturity of fruit? And what a reward—a hundred, thousand—nay, ten-thousand-fold. But what of the pleasure of watching the growth?

ONE LITTLE SEED—ONE GRAIN OF SHOT. But what of the hundred-weight of fruit "whose seed is in itself? What acres might that seed sow, to perpetuate for fastidious Queenslanders the incomparable fruit? So with the Paw-paw, so with

the Granadilla, so with tropical fruits in general—all equally susceptible to the kindly impulses of the attentive husbandman.

I HOLD NO BRIEF FOR QUEENSLAND. Wiser heads, more fertile brains, more facile pens might well fail to do justice to a theme so glorious.

But to the Giver of All Good Things—bright sunshine, tropic radiance, superabundant splendour, rampant cultivation, luscious fruits transcending the imagination I admit my limitations.

HALF-SPEED AHEAD.—Recountal of blessings of the mystic tropics—may they not start a train of thought?

Hence, Forgive us our trespasses.

But to glibly touch on such matters is not enough.



BISEXUAL PAWPAW.

Ideal conditions for growth: Free, sandy loam made rich with humus; gravelly sub-soil. Clay is Fatal.

Transplant when a few inches high. If transplanted when knee-high the plants are apt to crook-neck.

Mulch heavily with litter of any kind. Sprinkle lime over the litter as the slugs are very destructive.

If fruit touch thin out odd ones when quite small. This will allow the remainder to expand.

Avoid breaking the leaves or wounding the trunk as this causes bleeding and impairs the tree's vitality.

DESTROY ALL MALE TREES AS SOON AS DETECTED.

During gusty weather it is advisable to lop off several of the large leaves, so that the tree may offer less resistance to the wind. Plant 12 feet apart, and manure liberally with well-rotted dung.

Water deeply and give liquid manure as the fruit begin to swell. Remove fruit on the first sign of ripening. If you can't find time to do it the flying fox will.

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THERE'S SOMETHING IRRESISTIBLE ABOUT THE PASSION-FRUIT. North Queensland holds no monopoly of the little brother of the Granadilla. Said little brother is a marvel of adaptability and productiveness.

Years ago it was the wont of certain feathered vagabonds to play fast and loose with the writer's passion-fruit. Empty-handed they came, full-clawed they departed.

A not-far-distant tree they sought, in which to eat the tasty morsels. The empty shells they rejected; but *were* they empty? Ere the wet season had departed passion-vines had clothed their trysting-place with luxuriant and rampant life.

IT WAS AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY CORNER, enriched with mould, and big with possibilities.

Green fruit swelled, then frowned, sullen, foreboding—purple in their sombre armour. But they were very vulnerable.

Possibly those birds were working on behalf of the rightful owner. To give them the benefit of any doubt—the essence of British fairplay—the gun was put away pending more legitimate use.

Strangely when the pilferers would fly away, satiated with the good things, the Dollar-Birds would fly to the topmost branches of the abandoned tree.

WAS IT AN OMEN—did it portend “Dollars accumulating here?”

* * * * *

THE GRANADILLA.—Rich soil, plenty moisture, perfect drainage (dynamite brand) and the Granadilla is happy.

With cold feet (eight inches shovel legacy), the Granadilla can present a sorry spectacle.

Two plugs, one detonator, three feet of fuse—surely you wouldn't grudge them to a “paying guest.” And Granadillas pay well. Too near the house? No fear. It won't hurt the house. Boom. Tip top. No cold feet, rheumatism, colds or chills.

DYNAMITE MAY NOT BE A “CURE FOR ALL DISEASES,” but that Granadilla's a beauty.

When leader reaches top wire pinch it out. Create laterals. Tie firmly to the wire at close intervals.

The months slip by. The old trellis is completely covered. Monday, three inches—what a God-send—three inches of glori-

ous rain. Watch that vine. Friday, buds aglore. Large and small, and still they come. Sunday, What delicious perfume.

WHAT A POSITIVELY GLORIOUS BLOOM. A Granadilla flower? Lovely, entrancing, superb. But its beauty is ephemeral.

Aye, inoculate it. (See “Cottage Gardening in Queensland”).

How heavily it is pollinated. What a radiant cluster of blooms. Will they never end? Inoculate quickly, while they are “receptive.” Wednesday—Saturday. What a shame. The faded flowers are falling everywhere. Ah, a young Granadilla, two, three, four, five, eight, twelve, fifteen, twenty. How shiny they are—how delicately pale. Big as a hen-egg. Why, here's one “shrivelling”—another—OH, IT'S TOO BAD.

How they grow—those fifteen lovely fruit—from hen-egg to goose-egg, from goose-egg to emu-egg, from emu-egg to—Say, guess, you're not sorry *now* that a paltry five shrivelled. It gave the others more chance.

THAT'S NATURE'S WAY WITH GRANADILLAS. From Emu-egg to boy's football, from boy's football to— Ah, they show signs of ripening. Up with that notice—

“Beware of the Flying-Fox.”

Now, if foxes like one fruit better than another it is the Granadilla. Nor are they singular in appreciation.

Resourceful ever, resentful never, one waits philosophically

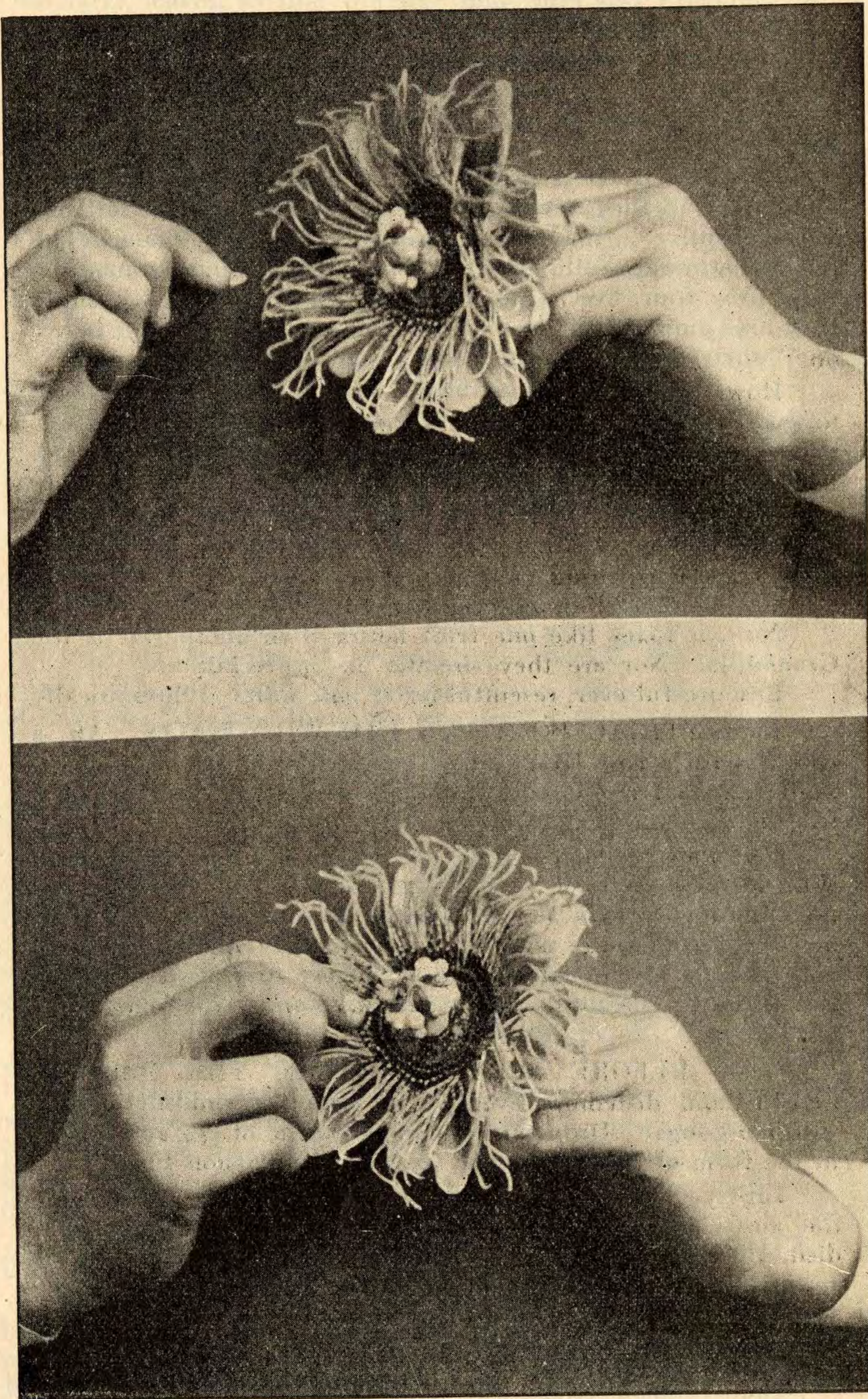
EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM WHO WAITS. Ah, a ripe Papaw, a ripe Granadilla, six ripe Passion Fruit, a sharp knife, and a large mixing-bowl furnish all the elements of a tragedy.

Peel Pawpaw thinly, rejecting seeds. Cut into small cubes. Whittle away flesh of peeled Granadilla (giant species), and mix thoroughly with Pawpaw, using glass salad servers. Next break bag containing seeds of the Granadilla, mixing the seed, with the flesh, and add a cup of sugar, stirring thoroughly. Put all in two glass salad bowls and place on ice for four or five hours.

JUST BEFORE SERVING, BREAK THE PASSION FRUIT, and distribute evenly over salad, sprinkling lightly with icing-sugar. Drop snow (whipped white of egg and sugar) in the form of peaks over the seeds of the Passion Fruit.

Eighty-seven to ninety-five degrees of solar heat increases the gusto of appreciative connoisseurs for the unaccustomed dish, the ingredients for which are readily available to all residents of the radiant and bountiful Tropics who are prepared to tickle the soil to a ready response.

MOISTURE, WARMTH, LIGHT, AIR—all are at hand, waiting for the diligent touch of ubiquitous man to turn a judicious admixture of all, with a yielding and fertile soil, to

Granadilla Flower.*Applying the Pollen.*

rich and pleasing account. Quarter-acre stands for full and plenty, if "three to four" but woo with diligence, and levy tribute to his perseverance and skill.

THERE'S A WEALTH OF GRANADILLA VINES at "Redruth Cottage," a wealth of fruit also, and a wealth of fragrant blossoms during showery weather. Sometimes when inoculating the latter, a shock has been received, while manipulating the gorgeous flowers, to find one's hand in contact with a snake—nay, the shed skin of a reptile of that species. One particularly aggressive-looking specimen caused a real Palpitation. Bright and lustrous, palpably but recently shed, the shining head stood revealed with uncanny prominence, at the moment the pollen was being applied.

An involuntary shudder greeted the apparition. Not infrequently have such skins been discovered, for the most part dull and lack lustre, yet the honours remain with the glossy-headed specimen, who certainly did cause an agitation, and disturbed one's equilibrium.

NOR WERE THEY ALWAYS REJECTED GARMENTS that were discovered—sometimes the owner was at home. Acetylene burning brightly overhead, a qualm was caused by a seeming injury to a branch of an old favourite—the Cyprus Pine. Inspection naturally followed, the fingers coming into contact with the scales of a moving snake, rather paler than the branch over which he hung. To appreciate the sensation, one must enjoy the experience—honours stand evenly divided with him of the cast-off garment.

YET ANOTHER EXPERIENCE BEFELL. A rustling of leaves in the Sour-sop tree had an ominous sound. It was mid-day—the leaves were very dry. Investigation revealed a green specimen, long and thin, intensely bright, with lighter underparts. A long clothes-prop was requisitioned, but this the reptile used to reach the ground, scurrying over the hands of the excited holder, and making tracks for the dividing fence. Turning suddenly, he darted between the legs of his antagonist and a vigorous hornpipe resulted. Things were very mixed, the prop vainly beating the ground ten feet away, when a good Samaritan came to the rescue, and the handsome creature bit the dust.

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HANDSOME FEATURES ARE REFLECTED IN the Frosted Apple, or Snow Preserving Melon, which has this advantage: The seeds are contained in the centre of the fruit, and do not run right through the flesh, as in the case of the green-seeded variety of preserving melons—a great advantage in jam and preserve-making, as the seeds are removed without any trouble.

The skin of this fruit assumes a handsome frosted appearance, very pleasing to the eye, and it an altogether charming addition to the well-stocked larder.

* * * * *

ALICE, WHERE ART THOU? Ah, flooding the Strawberry bed, eh? That's the ticket—no doubt they do look fine, but you ought to put them to bed on nice clean straw—that's the style, my girl; good investment that pump; put a little more grease on the handle—elbow grease—that's the way. The Marguerite variety, eh?—pretty as a picture, and sweet as a nut; what handsome foliage, how clean they are, how vigorous.

STICK TO THE STRAWBERRY BEDS, ALICE—they may stick to you, yet. Many a girl started growing a few strawberries by way of a treat—adversity came—the bread-winner was taken away; the Strawberry beds increased in number, as the pump increased in importance. Strawberry growing had CEASED TO BE A HOBBY—the sex of the bread-winner had changed.

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IT IS HARD FOR THEE TO KICK AGAINST THE PRICKS of the African Cucumber. Strange, indeed, is this fruit, and hardy to a degree. The seeds germinate readily, and the vines make marvellous growth. As the young fruits form, they are covered with prickles, not unlike rose thorns. They swell rapidly, the thorns becoming very hard and sharp, so that peeling the Cucumbers without gloves is a painful operation. Full of seeds, no white is displayed, they are excellent eating. If allowed to ripen they become much larger, the skin assuming a bright orange colour, and the flesh and seeds may be eaten with sugar, as one would eat a passion-fruit. Drought has little effect on this variety of Cucumbers, which is most prolific.

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WE ONCE DISCOVERED A VAGRANT—Indian Gherkin Vine is an obscure corner of the garden. This is a dapper little gentleman, with a very prickly skin, who looks very comfortable in a bottle of mixed mustard pickles, and is generally yanked out first—he certainly has his admirers.

Confounded with a Paddy-Melon—one of those bitter-as-gall, round-as-a-tennis-ball little chaps, that grow along the sea-front around Kissing Point, in sand that scorches the soles off your boots, the little vagrant was ignored.

By some mischance a barrow of manure was dumped right on top of him and his fate was sealed. A shower fell, and another vine poked his nose through the manure. It fought with the weeds—full of the lust of life, and soon became top-dog. Interest was now awakened, and a quart of bonedust thrown to the stranger. Little we thought of the injunction

“Cast thy bread upon the waters”—but it was a literal application. The response was magical. The vine grew and matted to such an extent that it covered a circular patch, ten feet across, with a wealth of vine a foot deep.

AN ENORMOUS CROP FORMED, and every third or fourth day, an ordinary ten-inch bucket was filled with the handsome little fruit. The vines were rolled back, as one rolls a fibre mattress for removal, revealing gherkins in unbelievable numbers. Gather as we would, the little vagrant ever responded nor was his natural strength abated. Picked while yet the seed was soft, others rapidly replaced them, affording a striking object-lesson on the treatment that appealed to the fastidious taste of the stranger that came unasked, and bade us partake of his engaging hospitality.

* * * * *

PROVIDING MUSIC FOR THE FLYING FOX. Surely a busy man could be better occupied—and yet it proved a profitable investment. Custard Apples proved irresistible to the vampire of the night, such was his appreciation of cultural methods that produced such glorious specimens.

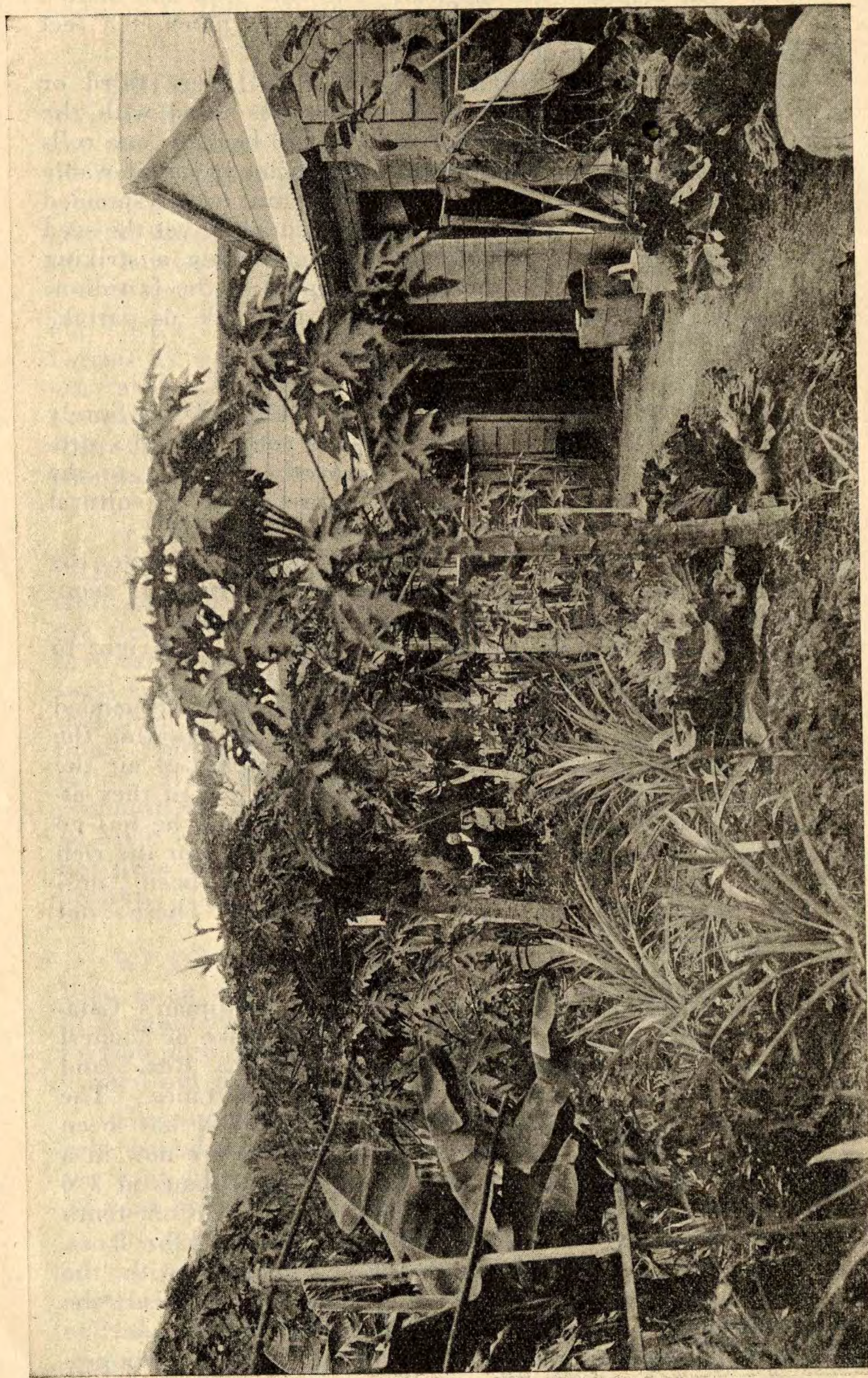
SWEAR-WORDS WERE TRIED IN VAIN, while the marauder simply laughed at the scarecrows—hideous monstrosities in cast-off, and crowned with ancient helmets.

It was then that the tinkling of glass asserted its right to assist in the entertainment of the hideous visitors.

WIND-BELLS WERE CONSTRUCTED, and suspended from the branches of the trees, the least breeze agitating the clinking devices, and when there was not a breath of air the visitors themselves supplied the deficiency, the instant they attempted to settle down to supper. It may be that he has no ear for music—he may even have lost his appetite for the rich fruit, yet the fact remains that not one fruit has been “misappropriated” since the music was supplied. “There's not to reason why.”

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THE GRAFTED CUSTARD APPLE. Seedsmen's Catalogue. Fairy tale. Red pages between white spoke of “Latest Novelties”—Roses, Chrysanthemums, Begonia Rex, and Custard Apples. Something to eat was of importance. The legend ran—“Until recently this wonderful variety has been confined to one or two private gardens. But we are now in a position to supply a limited number of grafted plants at 3/6 each. The wonderful fruit contains but one-sixth to one-tenth of the seeds of the ordinary variety, and average 4 lbs. 8 ozs. in weight.” Comparative seedlessness, combined with the weight, was a pleasing feature. The eight didn't appeal; the humble four did. Risked two, planted them 30 feet apart to improve—perhaps transpose the 4 lbs. 8 ozs. to the more imposing 8 lbs. 4 ozs. average,



Intensive Cultivation.

FOUR PLUGS TO A HOLE—HEADACHE GRATIS. Trees blossomed second year. No fruit. Too young. Third year, same result—still too young we agreed. Fourth year—more blossoms, but no fruit. We cut back sharp, and root-pruned during growing season. More blossoms, but no fruit.

Fifth year, let them R.I.P. (with and without capitals). Same result, absence of result, that is—and absence of 4 lbs. 8 ozs. “Myths,” eight ounces would suffice now, we would willingly forego odd 4 lbs.

COMPARATIVE SEEDLESSNESS IS STILL UNQUESTIONED.

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SEEDLING CUSTARD APPLES.—Cut back (knee high) leaving the bare stem. Let three “eyes” develop on different sides stem, two to three inches apart. A year hence (in winter) shorten the three resultant branches to 10 inches from stem. Let but two eyes develop from the extremity of each branch, pointing outwards.

Two years hence, in the winter, shorten in the, now, six branches to 18 to 24 inches from previous cuts. Let but two eyes develop on each of the six branches. Three years hence you will have a shapely tree with twelve branches, and sturdy to a degree. Thereafter cut out crossing branches, and any shoots that tend to crowd the centre of the tree. If inclined to ramble cut to eyes pointing inwards.

ROOT-PRUNE WITH A SHARP SPADE IN A SEMI-CIRCLE. five to seven feet from the trunk—to the North one year, to the South next. When dormant (Winter), spray with resin-wash. Water deeply while the fruit is forming.

RIPENING IS DIFFICULT TO DETECT. Watch the channels between the nobs of the skin for a tendency to partition. Lay the ripening fruit in single rows on shallow trays. Add the luscious flesh to your Pawpaw-Granadilla-Passion-fruit salad and revel in the sweet intoxication. That’s what the tropics offer as a set-off against an exaggerated tendency to enervation.

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AND WHAT OF THE SOUR-SOP. Epithets are often hurled at this delighted fruit, which possesses a rich sub-acid flavour. Its piquancy knows no rival. Many Queenslanders condemn them, and why? They have never tasted them. True they may have bought a mealy-bug-infested specimen from a bland-eyed Celestial.

AS WELL COMPARE A HALF-RIPE PERSIMMON, or an unripe Sugar Banana, with a perfect specimen of their class, as the acrid travesty in Johnnie’s window, with the saccharine-distended embodiment of sweet contentment. But they’re not

to be had in a day; they've a lot to contend with—ants, mealy-bug, aphids, and a certain connoisseur in dainty things, whose depredations bespeak his appreciation. He didn't take the Celestial's alleged Sour-sop—that was repugnant to him? Being a connoisseur, he relinquished all claim to *that* in your favour.

PONDER THAT WORD; DWELL ON ITS MEANING, speak to Webster about it. Webster says it means "A Critical Judge."

He may be a vampire, a ghoul, a thief—a curse, even, but you've got to be fair, and Webster is frequently right, you must admit. The Flying-Fox is certainly what the Dictionary man says he is—A Critical Judge—where the Sour-sop is concerned.

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THE BANANA.

Quarter-acre plodder cares for the growth and well-being of the Banana, from his standpoint—a narrow one if he were not observant.

The Banana needs deep tillage, fine tilth, moisture, and liberal feeding. Limit the number of suckers, and promptly remove spent stems and bases. We favour dynamite—four plugs to a hole—charges 27 to 30 inches deep.

Remove the sub-soil, and replace with compost. Plant suckers in centre of hole and mulch.

THE GROWTH WILL TELL FLATTERING TALES—if you bath daily.

SURELY YOU WOULDN'T HAVE STUNTED PLANTS, and the neighbours whispering. Wait 12 months. Ah, the purple flower bract. How it tears the top of the stem asunder. Upright, rigid, erect. Then it droops. Purple shields unfold revealing flowers. They curl and fall, revealing fruit. These come in the form of "hands." Large at top, they dwindle to the still unfolding shields. As fruit swells, remove dead flowers to prevent infection, and to enhance the beauty and value of bunch. When the latter gives evidence of developing no further hands, remove the bract. Meanwhile suckers will have appeared. Allow but two to develop, choosing them at different stages of growth. When maturity approaches—fulness of fruit and loss of rankness—remove the bunch. Hang in cool shade.

OUT WITH THE "SPENT" STEM AND BASE. Don't court disaster from fungoid or insect pests, with corruption of your ground for a decade.

DON'T PROVIDE SANCTUARY FOR UNDESIRABLES. Avoid bruising roots of suckers—use a sharp spade. Fill cavity with fine soil or compost. That's where *Musa Cav.* thrives.

Neglect to remove "spent stems and bases" ruined the banana plantations of North Queensland, causing canker and other nameless evils.

Start off with clean stock, and see to it you keep them clean. You can't afford to go on different lines.

TAKE THE CAVENDISH BANANA INTO YOUR CONFIDENCE. Establish an intimacy with it. Speak to each root and stem, each leaf and opening bunch. I'm hurt, says one. I'm unhappy, says another. I want elbow-room, says a third. A drink, says a fourth. More food, says a fifth. That's why you must be sociable to them. That's why you must take an interest in them, and be concerned for them.

A CAVENDISH BANANA SPOKE TWO YEARS AGO: I'm unhappy, it said. We tried not to hear. I'm sick, it pleaded a week later. We remained deaf. I'm going to die, it said—and it was so. Our concern came too late. We held an autopsy and discovered this: The base of the root had become embedded in a short length of 2 inch gas-pipe—part of an old demolished trellis, and tull of a foul-smelling liquid, heavily impregnated with coal-gas. We removed the piping, and placed a new sucker in the hole, picking a large bunch in a few months. We don't try not to hear, now. We are no longer deaf to complaints; every Cavendish is a personal and intimate friend, and we are always glad to extend a helping hand on the first intimation of the plant's unhappiness. A close intimacy has been established—and success.

THE PINEAPPLE. SMOOTH-LEAVED CAYENNE.

Fifty suckers, 7/6, cheap! Tear off the bottom leaves—leave the shank clean. Up and down with that little "fire-fly" plough. That's the style. Flood the trenches. Good. A little further apart. Three feet. Steady. That'll do. No nasty pricks on the "Cayenne." Makes them all the better to work between. Flood the suckers now.

KEEP THE WEEDS DOWN AND YOUR TEMPERATURE UP. Water occasionally. Time, patience and Cayennes. Making a bit of show? Good—can't beat the rain. Keep the hoe busy—no, no, the "Dutch"—the push-hoe. A blossom? Pretty, too. Pack the lad off to 'bus stable. Grand load, Son. Dad's proud of you. Now *one more* for the second row. That's the way—better than the first. Only *one more*, and there's a ticket for the pictures to-night.

BETTER THAN EVER. RAKE IT IN, SON. That'll do. Not a dead-head in the lot. A crown to every pine. Big as a boy's peg-top. Get a pen-knife, a little sharper. Just the thing. Gently, now. Cut them out—just the very heart of the crowns. Good. That stops the growth of the top and adds "corelessness" to the other virtues of the Cayenne.

TURN THE HOSE INTO THEM FOR AN HOUR. SWELL? Rather. See them grow. Dutch-hoe tired? No fear. It wasn't designed to get tired. How shiny the blade is. Brighter than a table knife. Break off those little chaps—one top's enough for any chap, and too many for some. Don't

forget they take feeding. Steady, now—they're suckers. No call to break them off yet.

LET THEM "CLUMP" A BIT—you'll want them for a follow-on crop bye and bye. Too many—two to a plant, that's enough. Off with the others, now. Hot? Rather. See that pine? Well, he says it's hot, too. Can't you hear him asking for a hat? He's getting sun-struck and scalded, and fermented, and unfit for food. His temperature's up. He's overheated. Shake it up—a wisp of straw will do, or a sheet of paper, or a bit of bag—any kind of a hat so long as you're quick. See that ugly brown patch on his cheek? That's where 98 degrees of solar heat struck him.

NO, NO—DON'T EAT HIM. He'll make you sick. Let him cool down on a heap, and give him to the fowls.

It's a long way to Tipperary? Good. Your heart's right there? ROT Your heart's right here, along o' the pines. You love them—not because they're big and bonny, yellow, rich, sweet and juicy, but because they are living and breathing, pulsating, speaking, throbbing, confiding—for the same reason as you love a lassie—you simply have to.

AH, THAT ONE'S SPEAKING. No, no—next but one. That's him. Listen. They bother me, he says, petulantly. Ask him what's wrong. My feet, he says, plain as day. See, the debris is piled at his base—soft and light. Can't you see it, man—or *won't* you see it? That debris is a blanket. That's where the mealy-bugs camp. That's their "gunya." The ants tuck them in to keep them comfy. But the pines can't stand them.

HOSE THE RUBBISH AWAY. Kerosene emulsion. Good. But they'll never be thrifty till they're clean. Grow but 50 perfectly, and you'll apply the same methods commercially.

WHERE YOU SCORE.

Fruit Salads—so vague the term, each may prescribe for himself. One charming conception is the happy blending of the cream of the Custard Apple with that of the Sour Sop, with discs of ripe, yet firm, Cavendish Banana, and the flesh of a "winey" pineapple, slightly over-ripe. The least sprinkling of sugar—if any.

NO EMBELLISHMENT IS NECESSARY. Before partaking of fruit salads in general, and the variety under review in particular, a fragrant mouth is necessary—clean teeth thoroughly, and do not sully the mouth with a previous course. Make a midsummer's day meal of the delightful combination, pausing, to analyze grateful sensations of seductiveness and sweet contentment.

NOT FOR GROSS MOUTHS, CALLOUSED WITH TOBACCO, or insensitive through neglect, the elusive flavors of the delicate blend.

Approach the dainty repast fragrant of mouth, tranquil of thought, appreciative of palate, critical of judgment, and become a votary of tropical fruits, so ardent in their advocacy, so eloquent in their cause, so charmed with the choice delicatessen, that you will ever sing their praises with joyful thanksgiving.

WITHOUT END ARE THE COMBINATIONS POSSIBLE with fruit-salads in the Tropics, each new addition imparting its own pleasing characteristics, while partaking of combined flavours too elusive for analysis, too grateful to cloy, too seductive to vainly plead their glorious cause.

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IT WAS A DAY OF REJOICING when the Loquat figured in the Garden. Every pleasure has its pain, nearly every rose its thorn, and a disastrous heat-wave took him at a disadvantage. The blood verily boiled in his veins—he sickened even unto death. Queensland was in resentful mood, testing Clement Wragge's inclement theory—the "Sunspot" brand.

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COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD. A risk was incurred in installing three long-legged Peach trees. The choice fell on: The Remlet, Beauty of Booroodabin, and the Flat China. Drastic pruning marked their installation, nor was the Resin-wash spared.

THERE'S A SUBTLE CHARM ABOUT the Remlet Peach. Carmine and Sulphur, flushed with the roseate hue of early dawn—dawn in the Tropics.

"For, lo, the Hunter of the East has caught
The "Remlet's" glory in a noose of light."

BEAUTY OF BOOROODABIN PEACH. Apricot kissed with shell-pink and warm with maiden's blush. The day is brighter for a glimpse of the lovely fruit.

FLAT CHINA PEACH. Cream shot with rosy eye at top of the flattened sphere. Was not the trifling outlay more than justified?

The Remlet incarnadines the cheek, still you remain unperturbed.

The Beauty of Booroodabin is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. It's all the name implies.

The climate heightens the effect, for the fruit partakes of tropic richness and fulness of form, colour, flavour and lusciousness.

The Flat China Peach soils your shirt-front, but you remain tranquil—almost forgiving.

Whittle the timber away—the buggy-whips—drastic—that's the word when you prune Peaches.

AND WHAT OF THAT WONDERFUL FRUIT—THE MONSTERA DELICIOSO? By no means the least dainty, if least known, or grown, tropical fruits is this. To watch the birth of a new leaf affords exquisite pleasure. Thickening of the terminal leaf-stem presages the event. It parts. The delicately-pale roll unfolds, suggesting irreparable deprivations of insects.

Elongated piercings, many several inches in length, mar the entire surface of the opening leaf. Painfully deliberate, it expands to the caressing air, unfolding fresh beauties of form and tint, the extremities assuming ever darker shades, the tightly-compressed mid-rib a positive glory of unsullied purity, so delicately, so chastely, so ethereally pale, a breath might well injure the super-sensitive organism. Travail over, labour ended.

A LOVELY THING BROUGHT FORTH TO BIRTH. Each passing hour accentuates the deepening green, expands the glowing leaf, enlarges the strange piercings. What can their function be? Does not the area of the leaf—a full yard in depth—suggest the necessity of provision for expansion without injury—contraction without damage?

May not the remarkable feature well be nature's provision? Equally, may not solar heat, falling on the diminished surface, exhibit less tendency to "scald" the glorious foliage?

DO NOT PIERCINGS ADMIT LIGHT AND AIR to the divine fruit, while serving to minimise the danger of accumulating water over the enormous area of the truly regal leaf? Standing by the Monstera, meditating. The wind is gusty, snappy, and fitful. Cucurbits curl like cork-screws, revealing the undersides of the leaves. The Monstera Delicioso sways slightly, and subsides softly, as the wind passes through the piercings, without injury to the foliage. Is that the solution? Let us accept the incidence as one of nature's mysterious ways, not given to man to fathom, though he presume to speculate. Deliberate in all, is not anticipation heightened while the pleasure of tasting is deferred—it would appear, unduly.

Nor did the radiant plant—its beauty, its peculiarities—compensate for the absence of fruit—so punctilious is arbitrary man.

For how many years has the Monstera Delicioso cheered the eye with its magnificent foliage, new leaves coming forth to birth with pleasing regularity, old ones expiring.

"As Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
Abode his wonted hour—and went his way."

TARDY FOR TEN LONG YEARS, at last the reward was forthcoming. Yet thirteen weary months the core-like fruit refused to ripen—and then—but the flavours were too ravish-

ing for pen, too complex for analysis, too piquant and elusive to cloy. Did not perfume permeate flavour, almost subduing it—flavour permeate perfume, claiming the ascendancy?

* * * * *
THE PINE WAS THERE; THE BANANA, THE CUSTARD APPLE—but were they? Seductive, elusive, that which lends not itself to the process? Is not the whole tintured with the suspicion of pepper?

A FRUIT-SALAD IN ITSELF—that, at least, is non-contentious, and it has this advantage, that it is concise and true.

It is yet one other advantage the Queenslander may enjoy over less-favoured mortals who shiver in inhospitable climes.

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BEAUTY WITH UTILITY—Not for small gardens scented groves of prolific Loquats and sun-kissed Kumquats. Rather a solitary specimen of each, for charming contrasts of leafage and fruitage. Yet what delights the names conjure up. Gift of a friend, tenderly nursed, while yet they drooped, sick, aye, even unto death.

WAS NOT QUEENSLAND IN A RESENTFUL MOOD? Yet did the Peaches thrive, flushed of cheek, big, bright and bonny. Leaves might murmur, branches show distress, yet, chastened and mellowed through the fiery ordeal, the glorious fruit emerged scathless, with colour heightened and flavour undeniably improved.

But what of the Monstera? Beautiful leaves became visibly distressed. Tenacious of life, a brave front was shown against overwhelming odds.

REFLECTED HEAT WAS GUARDED AGAINST BY COPIOUS MULCHING. Water was supplied, with marked benefit. But the odds were too great. The leaves complained bitterly. Coconut leaves were sacrificed to provide shelter, saving the life of the Monstera. But the ordeal became almost unbearable, when North Queensland relented—the crisis was past. True, the leaves turned brown for a wide margin—a strange and grotesque embroidery edging, but the birth of a series of new leaves compensated for the injury.

YET—WAS THE TENDER NURSLING SPARED TO FRUCTIFY. Did not the ordeal of fire cement the bonds of friendship for our mutual pleasure and recompense?

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THERE'S A RADIANT WEALTH OF BIGNONIA VENUSTA VINES covering the dividing fences, sweetly draping them, and a mass of overhead trellising, with a rich mantle of lustrous leaves, over an area of more than three thousand square feet at "Redruth Cottage." From August to November, glorious racemes of Orange-fire-coloured florage completely hide the glistening leaves, a veritable blaze of molten gold, a transcendently beautiful picture, bathed in

the radiant sunshine of our wonderful tropic skies. The golden glory of the flowering period of this marvellously profuse flowering vine, compensates for the absence of other blooms in the garden, indeed no embellishment is necessary, where florage on such a lavish scale runs riot on every hand.

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THERE'S A DEEP LOVE FOR THE 23 ROSE TREES that flourish exceedingly well, under the tender care of a loving hand. The whitest rose in the world is there—the NIPHETOS, the Kaiserine Augusta Victoria, Marie Van Houte, Kent, Lady Brisbane, Edward Mawley, Star of Queensland, Professor Ganiviat, Alexander Hill Gray, Penelope, Renee Marie de Italie, Francois Dubriel, Betty Berkley, Orleans, Madame de Watterville and Alexandra. Mrs. J. B. Camp and Penelope are duplicated, and one especial favourite appears in three places. The assortment, though not large, affords exquisite pleasure in the number and beauty of the blooms gathered daily, by the loving hand of the attentive housewife, who claims that portion of the garden, in which her darlings develop, and give that touch of refinement to the table of the appreciative kitchen-gardener.

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THE POMEGRANATE! IS IT NOT A LICENSE FOR LAPSES into Poesy? Look up the Song of Solomon. Solomon had a good flow of language. Had he not a theme, also, after his own heart?

“Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet . . . thy temples like a piece of Pomegranate within thy locks. Thy plants are like an orchard of Pomegranates, with pleasant fruit. I went down into the garden . . . to see whether . . . the Pomegranate budded . . . Let us get up early . . . to see whether the tender Grape appear, and the Pomegranate bud-deth . . . I would cause thee to drink of the spiced wine of the juice of my Pomegranates.

COME BACK TO EARTH. What a radiant glory such a tree can impart to the garden in full leafage, fruitage and blossom.

“I sometimes think there never blows so red
The Rose, as where some buried Caesar bled.”

But was our Omar sober? Had not the ruby vintage befogged speech and reason? Why did he thus depose the blossoming Pomegranate? Well may some buried Caesar have bled where it hath crimsoned. Shall the flaming blossoms rival—in purity of tone and softness of colour—the transcendent glory of the ripening fruit?—sunkist dimples that defy the platitudes of poesy. Yet—open. Strings of pearls stand revealed, rosy pink, chastely, lustrously beautiful.

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THE BOUGAINVILLEA MIGHT ALMOST SEEM SUPER-FLUOUS with such a wealth of Bignonia Venusta. Yet, so crude was the construction of the various out-houses, that they simply cried out for something to hide their nakedness—and the Bougainvillea cost but a shilling. Looking back over a long lapse of years we ever decide that the shilling was *not* mis-spent. The stripling became wickedly aggressive, and self-assertive almost to repugnancy, the thorns antagonistic to a degree. Yet we took him in hand, the result being a conquest of mind over matter. Reluctantly he conformed to our wishes, while struggling ever to take possession of the next allotment, and lifting the iron from the rafters and perloins from sheer cussedness. Yet how delightful the shade, how cool, how delicious, how beloved of the flock of about a hundred and fifty appreciative snowy white fowls, which never grew weary in well-doing beneath its grateful shade. During the flowering period, June to November, the glorious vine has no rival in floriferousness, no equal in attractiveness, and no peer in the magnificence of its florage.

THREE DISTINCT SHADES APPEAR, in fine radations from rudigore to magenta, to the richest of rich cerise, on the expanse of vine that incarnadines eight hundred square feet of otherwise unsightly roofing, and imparts a radiant glory that attracts the universal admiration of all to whom the privilege of viewing it is accorded, and their name is legion. Such an aggressive vine courts publicity.

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THERE IS YET ONE MORE DELIGHTFUL CREEPER that furnishes rich contrasts of leafage and florage and incidentally hides an unsightly fence that gave us no cause for pride, until we installed the Antigna, with its rich tints of exquisite loveliness.

This vine is commonly called The Maiden's Blush, yet one may be pardoned to express a doubt as to *all* maidens blushing in these days of fast and furious living. Still, the blush of this lovely vine is entrancing, and well worthy of emulation by *any* maiden.

Certainly the sprays, so lavish in number, so chastely sweet, as they catch the glint of a fervent sun, and so becomingly suffused with ever-varying shades of the richest of fleecy, fleeting pink, might well typify the “blush that *should* the maiden's cheek suffuse.” Would that we could say, broadly, *doth* instead of *should*.

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THE GRAPE—bracketed so often in the “Song of Solomon” with the Pomegranate “whether the

Vine flourisheth, the tender Grape appear, and the Pomegranate buddeth." Lauded so consistently by that large Infidel.

"The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two and Seventy Jarring Sects confute;
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute."

WHO SO BOLD AS TO GAINSAY THE QUATRAIN ?

"Ah, my Beloved fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears."

Who that hath temerity to dispute the truth of the
couplet ?

True worshipper of Bacchus, our Omar—o'er prone to
look upon the wine when it was Red.

LET US TAKE OUR PLEASURES MORE SIMPLY, lest
we worship too ardently the God of Wine.

"Divorce not barren reason from our bed

Nor take the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse."

See to it that the vine flourisheth, and the tender grape will
surely appear.

EXPLODE THE GROUND—THREE OR FOUR PLUGS
TO A HOLE—holes six to eight feet apart. Fill with fine com-
post. Plant "cuttings" upright, 18 inches long. Leave one
eye exposed. Allow but one "cane" to develop. When it
reaches top of trellis (or stake) pinch out top. Remove all first
laterals (side-shoots) that appear. Allow second laterals to
develop fruit-spurs for next season.

When leaves fall (July-August) cut back laterals to one
or two eyes from leader. Bend latter (in form of arch) and tie
firmly to bottom wire. There will be much tension. Next
paint leaders and fruit-spurs with a solution of Sulphuric Acid
(one part of acid to nine of water)—by measure. Use a gentle
upward movement, taking care not to injure the eyes on fruit
spurs. See how the bark peels back—how rusty it looks. And
those little yellow things. Scale ? How quickly the solution
put them out of their misery.

NOW, CLEAR THE THROAT OF THE VINE by remov-
ing the earth round the neck six to eight inches deep. Cut away
those useless roots. Let the vine depend on the deeper, cooler
roots. Avoid the danger of surface-rooting. Now, more solu-
tion. Dab it on the base, and round the exposed parts of the
stem. Leave the throat exposed. Work the surface soil, and
give each vine two to three quarts of meat-works fertilizer.

As they spring in late August apply a few handfuls of
Superphosphate.

MULCH WITH ANIMAL DROPPINGS AND WATER
DEEPLY. Allow *one* cane to develop on each spur. Pinch
out, as they reach top wire. Remove first laterals. Sulphur
vines every seven days (in growing season) while the dew is
on the leaves.

Pinch out all useless timber, allowing merely sufficient
leafage to protect the fruit from the sun. Sulphur the leaves,
blossoms, berries and canes. Remove injured berries, and
those apt to pinch. When the crop is set, use liquid manure
freely once a week.

APPLY SUPERPHOSPHATE THREE TO FOUR WEEKS
AFTER BERRIES FORM. Keep berries swelling by watering
deeply. When they "turn" cut off the water. Should Bower
Birds, Minahs, or Silver-Eyes be troublesome, provide cheese-
cloth bags for the ripening bunches. Sulphur to the last, and
do it thoroughly, forcing it in with sulphur-bellows.

NO INSIDE KNOWLEDGE IS REVEALED in the tending
of the vine. Methods applied to an absurdly small area of
Muscatels and Hamburgs—with a view of providing an agree-
able change in the hot months—proved successful. Black
Muscatels justified their choice, with large bunches of tempting
berries. Broad at top, they taper gently, ending in a single
berry of rich translucence and exquisite sweetness.

BLACK HAMBURGS SWELL MORE RAPIDLY, and the
bunches take the shape of a small cucumber, the large berries
being so tightly wedged as to be impossible of detachment,
whole. Both varieties ripen uniformly, and yield heavy crops,
rich in form, colour and attractiveness.

The dewy-like dust on Black Hamburgs is positively
entrancing. Served on one of its own glorious leaves, a well-
grown bunch is an aesthetic and epicurean treat.

THE SCOURGE OF THE VITICULTURIST—PHYL-
LOXERA—is, happily, absent; the only disease to be guarded
against is the insidious, though easily-combated, Oidium, or
Mildew of the Vine, for which Sulphur is the specific remedy.

TREAT VINES DURING DORMANCY WITH THE SUL-
PHURIC ACID SOLUTION, control wild growths, root-prune,
divert the blood of the vine into the berries, avoid the evil of
excessive leafage, don't over-tax the strength of the canes, and
you will surely find that the Vine flourisheth, and the tender
Grape will as surely appear.

"Better be merry with the fruitful grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit."

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ORANGES AND LEMONS—The Belles of the Garden.

Young Trees—Mix:

Bonedust, 28lbs.

Superphosphate, 8lbs.

Sulphate of Potash, 12lbs.

Dig in thoroughly 4lbs. to each tree.

CITRUS TREES (IN FULL BEARING)—Mix:

Superphosphate, 20lbs.
Sulphate of Ammonia, 8lbs.
Sulphate of Potash, 8lbs.

Apply 7 or 8lbs. to each tree.

AND THE GRAPE VINE—Mix:

Sulphate of Ammonia, 12lbs.
Sulphate of Potash, 8lbs.
Superphosphate, 8lbs.
Gypsum, 12lbs.

Apply at the rate of 2ozs. per square yard throughout the vineyard. If lime is deficient in soil, take the precaution of supplying the deficiency some time before applying the fertilizer specified above.

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KING SOLOMON AND OMAR KHAYAM.

Has not the "Song of Solomon" exhausted the theme of the pomegranate, with the rich eloquence of its soft cadences?

To that which is sublime, is it not meet that we should lend a list'ning ear? So glorious the perfect flower, so radiant the ripening fruit, might we not "get up early to see the fruits of the valley; . . . to see whether the Vine flourisheth and the Pomegranate buddeth?" All the love brought to bear on the glorious fruit, is reflected in like manner on the "tender Grape"—"to see whether the Vine flourisheth, and the tender Grape appear."

NOT SINGULAR IN ADMIRATION was the peaceable Solomon for "the Daughter of the Vine." Hath not our Omar extolled its virtues, aye, even to the exclusion of all else?

So, he enthuses:

"Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my body whence the Life has died,
And in a winding-sheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side."

Then (communing within himself)—

"And lately by the Tavern door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape,
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it, and 'twas—the Grape."

Again (with resignation)—

"And when the Angel of the Darker Draught
Draws up to Thee—take that, and do not shrink."

Sound philosophy, truly. Yet how much more delightful present enjoyment of Black Muscatels and Black Hamburgs than the unravelling of "the Master-Knot of Human Death and Fate."

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NOR IS THE FIG TO ESCAPE SCATHLESS—so lavish, so delectable, it courts publicity. Would that Gardeners cultivate the acquaintance, to their mutual advantage. Even as you sit "in the shade of your own Fig Tree," the frowning fruit seeks to woo you.

IS THE COLOUR SO REPULSIVE—the Taint of Blood so loathsome—that you repel it? Yet think. Is not the Fig extolled in the Scriptures? Subject the beautiful tree to the tyranny of shameful neglect—unpruned, unkempt, untended. Almost thou persuadest me to become more fruitful, says the Fig. And it is so. Care for the handsome tree—nurture, tend, prune—love it. Almost thou persuadest me to give of my very best, says the Fig. And it is so. And *what* a Best. A truce to qualms of colour—forget the repulsion, the aversion, the Taint of Blood.

RIGHT TO YOUR HAND, THEY HANG, those beautiful fruit, for the tree is low-headed—a wise and necessary precaution.

"Here with much food for thought beneath the bough,
A bursting Fig, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness were Paradise enow."

Cultivation of the easiest, anticipations of the pleasantest, realizations of the most delightful—that's what the Fig stands for. Heavy, lowering, dark, with gradations of colour from wine to purple, purple to almost coal-black, the flesh of the Fig harmonizes well with the skin, and is rich, luscious and appetising, but you want to emphasize the words to glean the depth of their meaning.

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DO TROPICAL FRUITS CLOY? Is the list to be curtailed? Is the Jack Fruit to be ignored? Not that, not that. The ripe Jack Fruit *will not* be ignored. Aggressive, assertive, it commands attention, The-hand-to-nose-kind. "Pass to Wind'ard," it says.

Captain Cook, the intrepid, might well have attributed his tribulations among the treacherous reefs in the vicinity of the Endeavour River, to the noisome odour of the Jack Fruit, though he forbore to malign it. May it not be that the gesticulations of appreciative blacks induced him to partake of the delightful morsel?

And, does not the giant tree stand to this day, producing fruits of wonderful size and penetration? Twenty pounds of fruit saturated with custard-like pulp of extraordinary sweetness, and marvellous richness—was it not worth all the discomforts of the bilious-attack? With what temerity we parted the scaly skin, standing well to wind'ard—not for us to disregard its warning. Separating the ropy mass, the hidden treasure stood revealed.

AND WHAT TREASURES THE FRUIT CONTAINED—custard so seductive, of taste so ravishing, of perfume so aromatic, of richness so intoxicatingly sweet, that strength overcame weakness. Was not the result revealed before?

Would that the opportunity might again present itself, so glorious the treat, so agreeable the sensation, so fragrant the perfume-impregnated and ravishing morsel.

Pleasant memories fondly linger over the first—the delightful introduction—to the Jack Fruit of Endeavour River fame.

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GUAVA (KINDS).

THE CHERRY GUAVA. To add pleasing variety to the menu, an outlay of a shilling was deemed justifiable, the decision going in favour of the Cherry Guava. The risk taken, patience, like virtue, brought its own reward, a sorry specimen, truly. He hung his head shamefacedly, enduring reproaches with evident anguish. Rain fell. His spirits revived. He even smiled—a sickly reflection of his new owner's. Sadly neglected during the rainy season, he made the best of a bad job. Seeking to be wooed by virtue of a solitary blossom, "Look," he said. How coaxingly he pleaded. I came, I saw—he conquered. "A Stake," he pleaded. A stake at stake, I pondered. And, verily, there was much at stake—though little to stake. With "a stake in the country," his demeanour changed.

HE HELD HIS HEAD ERECT. No longer apologetic, he became painfully self-conscious. That blossom was lonely. It invited comparison of its charms, and suffered by comparison. It drooped and fell. A fruit—ugly, repulsive, green and hard, took its place.

THE NEW BLOSSOMS WERE EVER SO MUCH PRETTIER. Yet they, too fell into disrepute. They developed into fruit—unlovely, uninviting. Bonedust was applied and much mulching. Branches formed, and bowed to earth. Rain fell. The leaves were lustrous and beautiful. The fruit swelled, turned ghastly, and yet more repellent. Then a flush came into their cheeks—they blushed sweetly. The colour brightened. No longer transient, it banished care. The fruit was radiantly, gloriously, Cherry Red. Pretty as a picture, they justified the outlay of a shilling, Cherry-Pie adding pleasing variety to the bill of fare.

THE GOOSEBERRY GUAVA. A travesty even less-promising than the Cherry, he refused to be comforted. Resenting well-intentioned overtures, he drooped disconsolately, mourning as without hope. He became a chronic hunch-back. A new leaf appeared—a twig, a second—third. As many branches formed, willow-like and drooping. Blossoms relieved leafage; fruit replaced blossoms. Rains dispelled langour. Bees

haunted fresh blossoms, jostling with utter disregard to the proprieties. Fruit changed from uninviting green to tempting yellow—dullness to brightness.

A DELICATE FRAGRANCE GREETED THE NOSTRILS. Still they remained on the tree, pleasing the eye, diffusing their grateful aroma. Yet they increased in comeliness, while diminishing in number.

"Our visitor," too, never wearied of admiring them. Big and brown, with an inquisitive eye, and actuated by an unhallowed purpose (as it transpired) he chose the flag-pole as his point of vantage.

STILL, HIS INTEGRITY WAS UNDOUBTED—he was ever a welcome guest. Had he not the reputation of constructing a masterpiece in the way of "bowers," and spending peaceful days in quiet enjoyment thereof? That lapse was his undoing. Purloining a dainty, and disposing of it with a celerity that bespoke long practise and keen appreciation, his reputation for strict integrity was hopelessly shattered.

BLACK MUSCATELS, WE KNEW, HE WAS DISTINCTLY PARTIAL TO, yet we thwarted his design at the cost of but one glorious bunch. Ah, here was salvation. Remove the temptation of odoriferous Gooseberries—leave but the green.

Though we sometimes miss "our visitor," even to this distant day, the Gooseberry Pie compensates in a measure for the loss, as the request goes round—"Pass the Sifted Sugar, please."

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THE BRAZILIAN CHERRY. Headed low—as all trees should be—not alone in the cyclone-belt, the Brazilian Cherry is a handsome tree. Small leaves, lustrously beautiful, glisten sweetly in the bright sunshine, on slender twigs of coppery hue. Seedlings make rapid growth under congenial (Tropical) conditions, and quickly show quartered fruit of a delicate shade of green. Swelling rapidly to the size of a shilling—almost as thick as wide—they show charming gradations of color, from palest green to pale yellow, to rosy-orange, and ripen a rich Cherry Red, the "quarterings" being pronounced and comely.

WELL-NOURISHED, A WEALTH OF FRUIT GREETS THE EYE, full of charm as to form and colour, the glistening cherries affording a pleasing contrast to the sheen of satin-like leaves.

To taste an unripe fruit is to analyse the word "Acrid," and parse it with "Acrimony," punctuating expletives and forceful adjectives with semi-colons, colons, and periods.

In the case of a ripe fruit—fallen from the tree, for preference—you purse your lips, make a wry grimace, click your tongue, half swallow, stand in vague indecision, repeat impressions.

PARSE THE WORD "LIKING" WITH "BRAZILIAN CHERRIES," analyzing your sensations, and punctuating them with dulcet and sibilant sounds, that bespeak further diligent search for hidden treasures in the shape of "windfalls," with a view of speedily encompassing their destruction. Parsing and analysis—once your pet aversion—will appear in a new and better light if for Subject, Predicate, Object and Extension, you frame laudatory sentences, extolling the quaintness, the piquancy, and the irresistible flavours of the Brazilian Cherry.

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QUITE A HOST OF VISITORS seek the seclusion of the garden at "Redruth Cottage ; how welcome they are, you may judge.

With pleasing regularity a pretty little creature, in black dress-suit, and immaculate linen, assures us that he is indeed a pretty little creature, as though the point required straining. None more welcome than this restless little fellow, not swifter of wing than of bill, who catches the small white butterflies that frequent the trees, and find sanctuary—poor, comfortless sanctuary, alas, in the interior of the bright and active little visitor—the Willie Wagtail—the Fan-tailed Fly-Catcher. Each such insect is caught to the accompaniment of a staccato click, a note of appreciation we share with Willie.

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HOW DIFFERENT IS THE LITTLE BLUE-HEADED DOVE—a far more constant visitor we have also taken into partnership, for reasons that are obvious. At all times and seasons, on gravelled paths or among the cultivation, does this gentle visitor, cooing soft and caressing meantime, pack the weed-seeds into an already distended crop.

With what gentleness they woo, bowing the head with frequency, and with what delight they expose ever a fresh surface to the atomizing spray of the sprinkler during watering operations.

First one wing is raised, exposing the delicate under-tints, while the drops fall dewy and refreshing on the lustrous plumage. Then is the other wing raised, while the little body snuggles on the wet earth, and in silent rapture enjoys the exhilaration the bath affords. How gently they woo, and when the wooing has been consummated, how fragile, how scanty, how mean the little semblance of a nest they build, always among the Bignonia Venusta, merely a few criss-cross sticks—no lining, no packing, no canopy, just the sticks and the procreative eggs beneath the expectant parent.

Exposed to sun and rain, and the dangers of Sparrow-hawks and prowling cats, with evil intent, how often do the dear little mites escaping these dangers, bring forth their progeny, but to fall to Mother Earth, the fall encompassing their death?

We read of protective coloration—see example of it by the thousand; we are told that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and we cannot gainsay it—and yet, and yet.

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A CHARMING LITTLE RESIDENCE WAS FOUND in the Honeysuckle Vine. It was deemed sacrilege to touch the structure, yet we peeped within the downy apartment. How softly the eggs gleamed, during that brief inspection, two little miracles, awaiting warmth for incubation. Ah, the parent returns, visibly perturbed, yet quickly reconciled on our withdrawal. With bronze-green back, and rich canary body, with long curved beak of exquisite fineness, the honey-sucker entered as we departed, to perform the functions of that parenthood that were doomed to disappointment, despite intense watchfulness on our part. The futility of watching the youngest-born!

He stole up to see the "teeney-weeney-dear-little-dotty-little eggs;" seeing led to touching—and they were very fragile. Nobody cared to discuss the matter for a few days—we were very attached to the architect, and we—were—very—quiet.

* * * * *

HE WAS VERY SERIOUS—life was a serious matter with him. We often watched him with a smile; without moving an eye-lid, he would perch on the trellis for an unconscionable time, serious as a judge of the Arbitration Court, just dozing.

Perhaps the flat head, with the inordinately long beak would move, pointing earthward, A plunge, and he would return to his perch—but not alone. Lustrously blue, his back would shine, contrasting prettily with his white shirt-front. A struggling worm; it might be a wee frog, a lizard would writhe vainly. Yet the misery would not be prolonged, as the King-fisher scored *one*. Two and three would follow—if he had his way—and he had a nasty knack of having his way.

* * * * *

SOMETIMES HIS BIG BROTHER WOULD HAPPEN ALONG. How quaintly would his head be cocked aside, his big horny beak always earthward—his swoop none the less so. Mice never went astray—he always had a spare room for a stray mouse, yet, when he forgot himself—as he sometimes did—and took out a mortgage on a stray chicken's life.

Well—to err is mortal—to forgive, etc.,

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IT'S A FINE SPECIMEN OF A PINE TREE just a few feet from the fence beloved of the Jackass, and a vantage point for his little brother.

Yet had this pair no monopoly of the handsome tree, whose horizontal arms, rising in tiers a few feet apart, proved attractive to a colony of little feathered twitterers, the boys called Catties. Leave it at *that*—Ornithology being a neglected study.

A load of cases contained a quantity of "Wood-wool"—extremely fine pine shavings, clean and white. Nor were the Catties slow to accept the invitation that was never offered.

A thousand rapid descents, a thousand rapid flights upward, a thousand strands of wood-wool, and in a little while we counted seventy-five little white nests, conspicuous by the sharp contrast with the vivid green of the tree. That colony shows no signs of dying out.

THE BUTCHER-BIRD, THE MAGPIE, THE GENTLEMANLY LITTLE PEE-WEE—the Thrush, the Australian Canary, the Silver-eye, the Bullfinch, all paid us visits in turn, the Minah being a little too familiar.

No objection was raised to him commandeering the disused pigeon-loft, and, within certain limits, the shelter, the smoky shelter—of the smoke-cap of the kitchen range, yet, when he became raucous, and made the place hideous, fighting with his relations, the handle of the pump not being easily detachable, we usually fell back on the hoe to settle the unseemly argument.

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THE COCOANUT. ROOM WAS VERY PRECIOUS. Fifty feet apart. It looked absurd. Second wet-season over—spectacles readjusted. After the fourth it looked almost mean. Many years has umbrageous foliage waved 'neath caressing breeze, or lashed in spiteful gust.

WIND-THRASHED LEAVES, TORN TO SHREDS, have created the illusion, during gentle zephyrs, of dripping water, leading to many a fruitless quest for leaking taps. Glistening like polished sabre-blades, the glint of sunlight has transformed them into shining cutlasses, quivering with the intensity of cut and thrust. Frou-frouing over the iron roof, those glorious leaves have crooned sad lullabies o'er man and child.

A SHIELD PIERCES ITS SWATHES, emerging in the form of a gradually enlarging boomerang. Swaddling folds are rent as the sheath distends, tenacious of its golden-green treasure, pistillate and staminiferous to prodigality. How jealously the turned-turtle-canoe-like sheath guards the fertilizing pollen from scald of sun and drench of rain as men shelter 'neath an upturned boat.

HOW SHYLY THE STAMENS OPEN UP, the parting sheath revealing embryoplastic fruits in wonderful profusion, till

"That which husbanded the golden grain
Hath flung it to the winds like rain."

SOFT AND RICH, THE CARPET THEY FORM, the rejects of petals and sepals, where Honey Suckers forgather,

with pleasant twittering, dulcet and soothing. How distressingly the embryos are shed, dwindling, till but few remain. Not *all* the fruit is shed. Successive sheaths—lanceolate and aggressive—develop ever larger numbers of pistillate and staminate flowers. The tree, becoming stronger, nourishes an ever-increasing number of nuts, golden-brown, sap-distended, liquor-producing, and thirst-quenching.

NOT FOR MIDDLE AGE THE RELISH OF THE BOY for the ripe nut, impacted wisdoms, holey and exacting; imperfect molars, cavernous and hollow—do they not impose limitations?

Not alone for palm-like foliage and crooning lullabies was the risk incurred, long years before.

MORE SORDID REASONS—substitution for Oil-Cake as food for fowls—was a large—perhaps the controlling factor that led to the sacrifice of promising weeping-figs, to make room for Beauty with Utility. A cleft nut—hinged at back—forming two white cups—how the White Leghorns foregather. Pick, pick, pick—all but the shell and husk. And they ask for another.

Maize at 14/6 per bushel; Cocoanuts for the pulling; how would *you* decide a business proposition?

I KEEP A FEW FOWLS, SAYS JONES—next door but One. Foolish! How's that? says Jones. Ought to make them keep *you*. Keep *me*? says Jones, bristling. Yes, yes, you *keep* the fowls, the fowls *keep* the merchant, and—but Jones was off. Rich food (Cocoanut) means rich manure—rich crops—sweep under the perches, Jones.

* * * * *

IS THE LIST EXHAUSTED?

What of the Date-Palm, Litchi, Mulberry, Breadfruit, Jujube, Lime, Lemon, Orange, Mandarin, Citron, Pomelo, Cape Plum?

What of the Rockmelon, Watermelon, Cookra, African Cucumber, Strawberry, the Cape Gooseberry? Is it enough?

QUEENSLAND ADMITS NO LIMITATIONS. What fails on the Seaboard excels on the Tableland.

Cairns has her specialities: Port Douglas is not lagging; Cooktown is famous for her Jack-fruit. Is not Townsville "The Queen City of the North?" What of Atherton, Mareeba, Herberton, Chillagoe, Kuranda, Mossman, Mourilvan, Cardwell, Innisfail, Ayr, Bowen, Proserpine, Mackay, Bundaberg, Maryborough, Gympie, Toowoomba, Warwick, Stanthorpe, Roma, Helidon, Ipswich and —(not all in their order of merit)—Brisbane. There is no vegetable; there is no flower; there is no fruit in which some portion of Queensland does not excel.

And just one word for the North. A truce to those who disparage us.

WE IMPOSE OUR OWN LIMITATIONS. Cease to think it a penalty, requiring a "Tropical Allowance Sop" to reside in North Queensland—a foolish fancy foolishly fostered by fool-hardy fossils.

CIVIL SERVANTS LAUGH UP THEIR SLEEVES as they pocket the kudos raked in under the head of "Tropical Allowance."

Realize the privilege of residence in the land of radiant sunshine, glorious sunrises, gorgeous sunsets, wonderful cloud-effects, salubrious climate, adequate rainfall, abundance of tropical fruits, remarkable longevity (a death was recorded this week, age 91) and low death-rate.

* * * * *

NEARLY OUT OF THE WOOD !

A pleasing theme, the merest edge of the outer fringe of which is barely touched upon, is to be laid aside.

Innocent of any mercenary motive—rather the promptings of an inner pleading—gave parentage to the effort.

Save that of creating in indulgent readers a train of fructuous thought, no motive prompted the step.

That interest, once aroused, might be sustained, free rein was given to vagaries of thought and expression, in the hope that the mood of the moment might fructify, in soil mellowed and sweetened by kindred associations, rich crops of fruit that never cloy.

Radiantly, gloriously beautiful, despite ravage of man, and devastation of frolicsome winds that willy-nilly everywhere, Queensland extends to heart and pen a ready tolerance to a measure of levity, given, its rivets the attention its absence would fail to secure.

If crude phrases and ideas, crudely strung together, cause chance-readers—a chance-reader even—to bring a newer and better conception to bear on what ignorance and inane prejudice has treated harshly; if crudities of thought and expression but establish and maintain the incontestable fact that Divine Queensland is lavish in all that makes life brighter, loftier, better—consequently Happier, the effort—undertaken with serious misgivings and much trepidation—will not have been doomed to ignominious failure.

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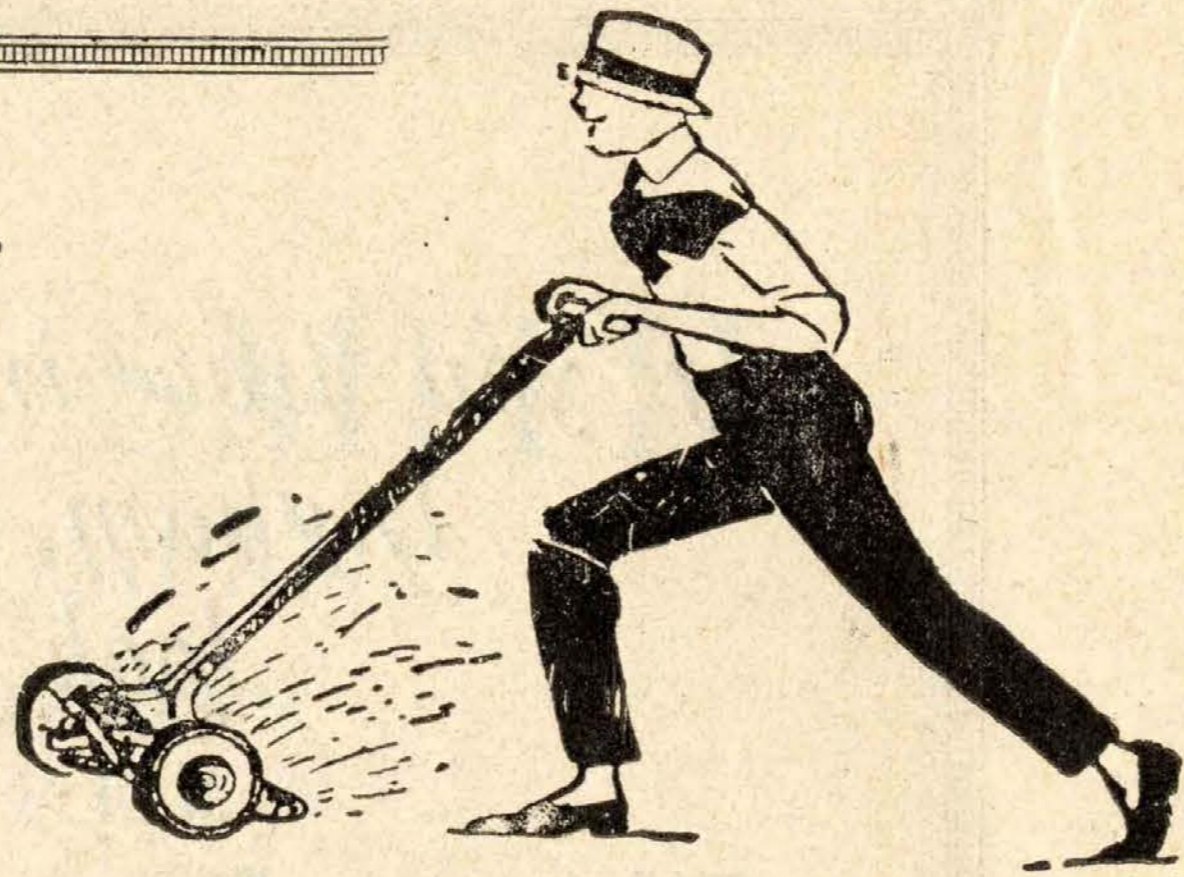
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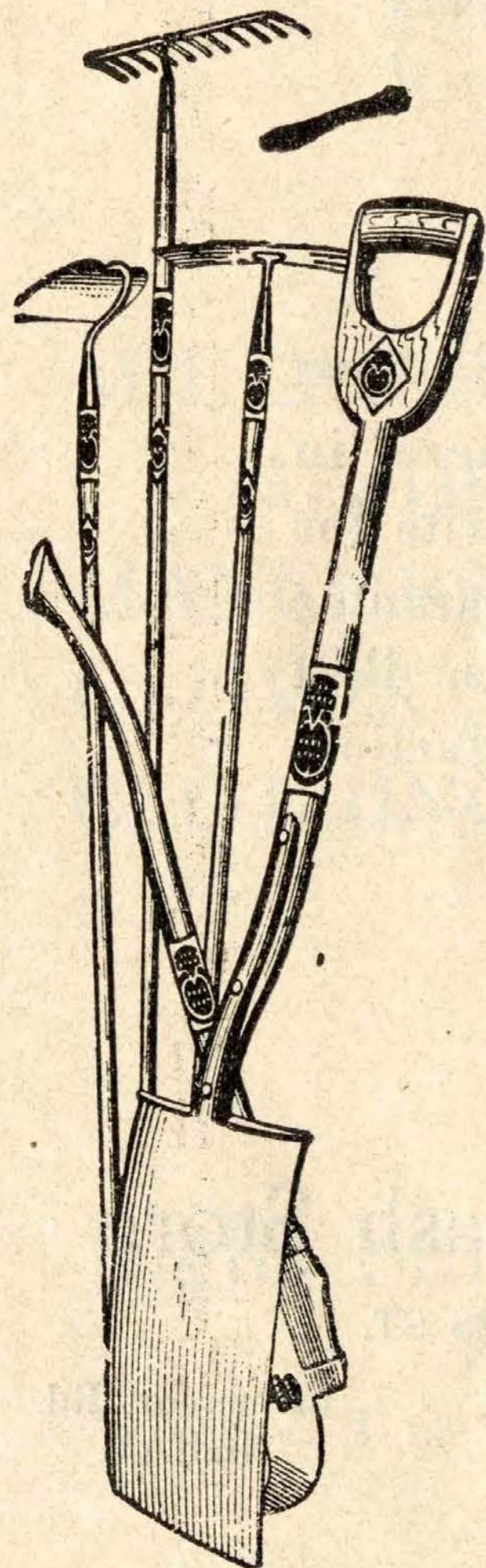
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