



Quiz of the week

- 1) Hawthorn traditionally blooms in which month?
- 2) Billingsgate Market is famous for what type of food?
- 3) What does the acronym YOLO stand for?
- 4) Which Romantic poet was described as 'mad, bad and dangerous to know'?
- 5) What is the process by which sheep's wool is cleaned after shearing?

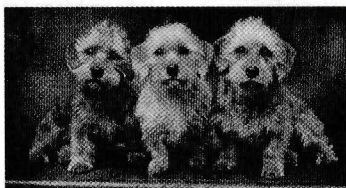
Word of the week

Vandemonianism (noun)

Rowdy conduct (like that of a convict)

100 years ago in COUNTRY LIFE

May 20, 1922



EVERY dog-lover has some favourite breed by which he swears, but the man or woman who has owned a Dandie Dinmont knows that in very truth there is no dog to match him. There are dogs faithful unto death—many a mongrel has been that—but the eyes of your Dandie will follow you to Eternity. His is an absorbing personality which you cannot evade—in this world or the next. It seems superfluous to call attention to his intelligence; most dogs are intelligent, but the Dandie responds with eloquent eyes to every syllable that you say to him. Is there anybody still unacquainted with the odd, short-legged, dome-headed little beggar; game as a pebble, faithful as a lover, fierce to strangers and staunch to friends? The Scottish Border is the recognised home of these quaint little goblin fellows.

1) May 2) Fish 3) You only live once
4) Lord Byron 5) Scouring
Riddle me this: The man is the riddle teller's son



Oh, the agony!

Agony aunt Mrs Hudson solves your dilemmas

On the ball

Our gardens back onto a field in which local children play come the summer months and the constant knocks on the door asking if they, or I, can retrieve their ball send me to distraction. They are perfectly polite, but I don't want them traipsing through the house and it's a long way for me to go each time—not to mention finding it when I get there. Is there a satisfactory solution?

C. S., Worcestershire

It's not often I receive letters complaining of perfectly polite children, but I do see where you're coming from. If you wish to become known as the scary person in the big house (I assume, as it comes with 'gardens'

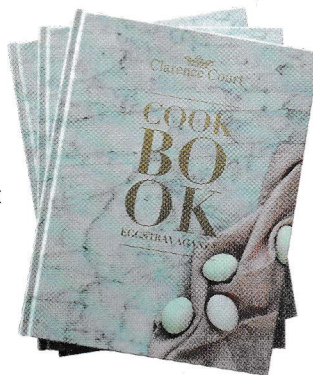
rather than 'a garden'), you could return the balls, but after first popping them, claiming they all landed with unfortunate accuracy in your meanest rose bush. I'd imagine the knocks will stop, eventually (but so might the Christmas cards).

A kinder solution would be to install a small gate somewhere providing access, removing the need for them to bother you, although this could result in small people traipsing through your borders or, indeed, to rather larger persons, with less innocent intentions, gaining access to your grounds. The answer is to play the generous benefactor (even if it's really for your benefit). Install a container on the playing field simply brimming with balls, thereby removing the need for errant ones to be immediately returned, then throw those back over as and when you stumble across them. *In need of advice? Email your problem to mrs.hudson@futurenet.com*

Time to buy

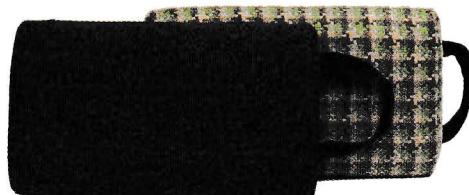
Cookbook:

Eggstravaganza,
£20, Clarence Court
(www.clarenceboutique.co.uk)



Orchid, £44.99,
Lego (01753 826000;
www.lego.com)

Tweed Garden Kneeler Pad,
£85 each, Acre & Holt (01373
229274; www.aceholt.co.uk)



A novel note

'On the back of the bike, the world softened and smeared. She stretched her arms out either side of her and grabbed palms full of solid air. The night was a thousand black butterfly wings beating against her skin'

Cleopatra and Frankenstein,
Coco Mellors



Riddle me this

Brothers and sisters
I have none, but this
man's father is my father's
son. Who is the man?