

AN EASTER HAT

One day in March Martha Camm decided not to have an Easter hat. A dull yellowish light from a muddy sky fell impartially on Martha's little unpainted house, with its stony yard and scraggy pear tree, and on the Judson house across the street which had just received a fresh coat of white paint with green trimmings. In her tiny living room Martha was watering a window box in which white buds were showing amid green spears; through the window she could see Lucretia Judson in the yard across the street removing the straw jackets from her four-year-old roses.

"Lucretia will have ten times as many blooms this year as she had last," Martha said aloud wistfully. "No one will see my zinnias!"

Martha's stony half acre would not produce roses without deep fertilizing, and deep fertilizing meant hiring a man, and that was as far beyond Martha as the moon. She owned the little unpainted house in which she had lived alone the seven years since death had loosed the last of her family ties, but her meagre income barely clothed and fed her, and she had no strength to work and earn money.

People going by the little unpainted house in summer had not guessed that from behind its shutters Martha watched hungrily to see whether they noticed her zinnias. Her thin drab face was transfigured when they stopped; there was a look on it like a hurt child's when they hurried on. And they had not noticed that at Christmas and Easter services Martha never took her eyes from the hyacinths or narcissi she had grown in a window box for the pulpit vases. They did not know that the gift of flowers to the world made a very passion of joy surge in Martha's breast because it was the only thing she could give to justify to herself her existence.

"There's nothing I can do now to be a mite of use in the world!" she had reflected the day after her brother Stephen's funeral. "As long as Stephen lived it was different, I could make his toast to just the right brownness and see that his lamp and slippers were exactly where he liked to find 'em when he got in from work; but now there's nothing I can do for anyone. With my weak lungs I can't earn, and I haven't a speck more than what will feed and clothe me. The place will get to be an eyesore with the house needing paint I can't ever give it. In this stony yard I can't have any flowers except common ones that will grow without deep digging—now that Stephen's gone."

That spring, when she sat by the window and saw the scraggy pear tree outside putting forth its meagre bloom, she could not help thinking, "I'm like it—barely able to keep myself alive, with nothing over. There's nothing I can do for anyone!"

Then one day in August a woman leading a child had passed by, and the child had pointed its stubby finger at the zinnias and exclaimed, "Prittee!" And the woman had stopped and agreed, "Yes, they are pretty! So bright and cheerful!"

Martha listened eagerly had planned to plant more zinnias, that fall she had put hyacinth and narcissi bulbs into a window box, and at Christmas and Easter services she had sat in church for the first time since Stephen's death with the erect bearing of one who has a share in the world's business. Out of that passionate desire to be of use to her fellows had grown Martha's custom of wearing an Easter hat. "I'm glad I'm alive, now that I've found I can do something of use in the world," she had reasoned, "and if we're glad we ought to show it!"

She had really never had an Easter hat since her brother's death. For six seasons she had worn the same drab straw toque trimmed with durable silk loops; but every spring she made the toque into an Easter hat by changing the angle of the loops. On her way to the post office in late March or early April she would notice that little pools over sunken bricks in the pavement reflected a rosy gold sky, and passing the old Peyton garden she would see a yellow crocus pushing through the drifted dead leaves. Then she would cross the square and sure enough, in Fanny Pirtle's little show window was evidence that Fanny had returned from the city with her spring stock! For the next quarter of an hour Martha would stand before the little show window and try to decide how best to make an Easter hat out of her old toque.

"They're wearing the trimming on the left side, a little tilted toward the back," she would notice; or, "The general effect is a mite flatter this year!"

In a day or two she would take from the wardrobe the pasteboard box in which she had put away the old toque and would set cheerfully to work. This dull March afternoon, when the yellowish light fell impartially on her house with its stony yard and scraggy pear tree and on the newly painted Judson house across the street, was the one that Martha had set apart for the retrimming of the toque. But she stood by the window box with her watering pot suspended, watching the woman across the street remove the straw coverings from the four-year-old roses. Then she said aloud again,

"Lucretia will have ten times as many blooms this summer as she had last." She bent eagerly over the window box and began to part the spears with her thin fingers. "One, two, four,

GILLET'S 100% PURE FLAKE LYE

This famous household cleaner and disinfectant is now made in *Crystal Flakes* instead of powder. It is the best household lye on the market. Use it for cleaning and disinfecting sinks, closets, drains, etc.; destroying vermin; softening water; making soap; cleaning floors, greasy pots and pans, etc.; removing paint, etc.

Avoid inferior and dangerous substitutes. Get the genuine article in cans as reproduced below.



nine, twelve, twenty. I do believe there'll be more than a hundred, for all Easter's falling so early this year. There'll be two big vases full! I'll get right to work on my hat."

She set down the watering pot and put on her thimble. "It's downright lucky the hats in Fanny's window are all trimmed high. My hat will look brand-new, with the trimming set so flat last year."

But she did not trim the toque. A knock sounded on the door, and she opened to her next door neighbor, Lizzie Foster, who had come to borrow a pinch of soda.

"I reckon spring's about here," remarked Lizzie after she had received the soda from Martha's hand and according to social ethics, which forbade "borrowing and running," had seated herself for a chat. "I see Lucretia's unjacketing her roses. How they've grown since fall! I reckon there'll be more than ten times as many blooms on 'em this summer as last."

"Yes, I reckon there will," Martha looked tenderly at her window box. Lizzie looked that way, too. "Law, Martha," she said, "your narcissi is budding early! I believe there'll be ten dozen blooms by Easter. Speaking of flowers, isn't it wonderful that our little house of worship is to be decorated equal to a city church?"

"Decorated like a city church?" "Why, haven't you heard?" The woman that bought the old McHenry place was at the Ladies' Aid for the first time Saturday. It seems she's got money, plenty of it, and said she intended to keep the pulpit vases supplied with handsome hot-house flowers all the year round. And for Easter she's ordered Bermuda lilies."

After Lizzie had gone Martha sat looking out the window; she noticed that the scraggy pear tree was not budding.

"I don't blame you," she said in a flat, tired voice. "We're alike; our best isn't worth doing."

Then she got up and put away the hat-box without opening it.

A warm rain fell that night, and during the next five days the tender green patches in yards and fields spread rapidly. Peach trees turned from pinky purple to rose; elms looked as if they had wisps of frailest green gauze caught in their topmost branches.

On the Sunday morning before Easter Martha stood at her window and saw that every tree within range of her eyes had put forth buds or leaves or blossoms—every one except the scraggy pear tree.

"I don't blame you for being tired

of doing your best when it was so little it was no use to anyone," Martha began, then suddenly she stopped. The bare pear tree standing in the midst of the glory of the spring, had an unaccountable effect on the scene. "Surely it can't be that its few blooms are missed in the midst of all this!" she thought. Then a smile irradiated her thin face.

Martha Camm, she said to herself, "you've been a goose! You've been so busy sulking over how little good you could add to the world by doing your best that you forgot how much harm you could work by not doing it. You may not have much cheering effect on people with your zinnias and narcissi alongside of Lucretia's roses and that new woman's Bermuda lilies, but sulking and giving up you'd have a mighty depressing influence on 'em. In a world full of busy people you'd be like the pear tree; you'd spoil the picture."

She looked at the clock. "Seven already! I'd better hurry and straighten up my house. After dinner there'll be narcissi to cut and carry to the church, and I must get back in time to trim my Easter hat."

On Easter morning Martha ate her breakfast in a flood of gold that poured through the kitchen window. After she had washed away her plate and cup, she put on her neatly polished worn boots, pinned the retrimmed toque over her smoothly brushed hair, and set out for church.

Coming out of church after service the minister's sister from New York, who was visiting him at the parsonage, turned to him eagerly and said: "O Dick, such a satisfying service it was! Your sermon was fine, and the music so sweetly simple, and some one had put a vase of narcissi among the lilies and the incense from it was heavenly. And, Dick, there was a perfect darling of a little old woman in third pew on the left aisle. She was without a single new thing about her, but she was the springiest person in church. Who was she?"

THE BUDGET AT A GLANCE

Reductions of thirty millions in net debt announced.

Tax reductions estimated at twenty-four millions.

No change in the income taxes.

General rate of sales tax cut from 6 to 5 per cent.

Duties reduced on agricultural implements, manufacturers of these to receive reduction in turn on raw materials, pig iron, bar iron and steel being free, when imported by these manufacturers.

Duties reduced on implements of fruit industry, dairy industry and poultry industry.

Coking industry to be helped by reduction in duty on coal-washing machinery and on coke-making machinery.

Other mining machinery given reduced duties in some cases.

Lumbering industry, lower duties on machinery.

Fishing industry aided by putting all marlin, deep sea fish hooks and fish nets on the free list and reducing the sales tax on rubber boots.

Breadstuffs and provisions—Sales Tax removed from cereals, salted meats, etc., and reduced on biscuits and canned vegetables and fruits.

Boots and shoes—Sales Tax cut in two.

Woolens—Materials used by manufacturers to be exempt from Sales Tax.

Sales Tax—List of exemptions largely extended. New articles exempted include insulin, milk foods, scientific and text books, cream separators, and other agricultural implements, and binder twine.

Sales Tax—Removed from materials used in manufacture of agricultural implements and from materials used in manufacture of implements of other industries on which duties are reduced.

Sales Tax—Exemption is abolished on factories manufacturing less than \$10,000 worth of products per annum.

Rum imported under license to be denatured for use in industrial arts put on free list under preference and subject to tax of sixty cents a gallon under other tariffs.

"FEEL IT HEAL"
Mentholatum
COLDS · CHAPPED HANDS · BURNS

DRECO

The Wonder Kidney
Liver & Stomach Tonic
as Nationally Advertised

Sold by
A. V. RAND, Wolfville,
and by a good druggist everywhere

LADIES' NEW SPRING COATS

I have a complete range—900, no two alike. Prices range from \$9.00 up.

LADIES' NEW SPRING SUITS

A new lot just opened—350—no two alike, prices \$13.50 up. See them at once.

CHILDREN'S SPORT AND SPRING COATS

\$7.50, sizes 2 to 14 years. Prices \$2.95 up.

CROWN TAILORING CO. UNDELIVERED SUITS

Look men here is your chance, look them over, prices \$15.00 up.

ENGLISH GABERDINE AND SPORT COATS

\$9.75 up, a good assortment at STEPHENS.

New Fur Neckpieces, Stoles and Chokers in Squirrel, Fox, Fitch, etc.

W. A. STEPHENS,

WINDSOR, N. S.

British preference.—Provisions made for extending these rates to the products of countries, for which mandate under the League of Nations is held by a British country to which the preference applies.

Tariff changes and changes in the Sales Tax to go into effect on April 11; removal of exemption of small manufacturers from Sales Tax not to take effect until July 1 next.

Minard's Liniment for Corns.

EASTER MORNING

When he arose
The watchers saw the scars that told
How he suffered on the cross. Upon his brow
There still remained wounds that bruised
Him so.
And told of all His agony and woe.
O resurrection miracle! The night
Of that low grave was conquered when
The light
Of Easter morning broke.

As he arose,
So may I rise in victory today.
Breaking the bars of sorrow all away;
Leaving the sackcloth of my tearful
tomb.
To life indeed; and like a lily bloom.
Of triumphing, of gladness over strife.
My soul must know the resurrection life.
When Easter morning breaks.

A splendid assortment of birthday
Cards, including some very pretty book-
lets, at THE ACADIAN store

Wonderful Tea!

Users of KING COLE Orange Pekoe are frequently heard to remark: "It's really wonderful tea." This is not particularly in reference to its outstanding quality although that is necessarily included, but is due to the wonderful way it "spends." For KING COLE Orange Pekoe is a rich liquoring tea as well as a deliciously flavorful one. Skillful blending combines these two great tea qualities for your enjoyment.

"The Extra in Choice Tea."



You need not hide skin defects—now

Millions know this simple way to avoid them—to keep skin lovely, youthful

Do not make the mistake of attempting to cover or hide skin defects. It can never succeed. And there is a better way—which millions know:

This simple method to avoid them—to keep the youthful radiance and clearness of schoolgirl complexion.

For a week do this
Cleanse the skin regularly, au-

thorities say, to keep your complexion lovely, radiant, youthful. But beware of harsh cleansing methods. They injure skin.

Wash thoroughly with Palmolive Soap—each night before retiring. Rub the creamy, foamy lather well into the tiny pores. Rinse—and repeat the washing. Then rinse again.

Then—if skin is dry—apply a little cold cream. That is all. Skin so cared for is not injured by cosmetics, by wind and sun, or by dirt.

The simple, correct way

You cannot find a more effective beauty treatment. Because Palmolive Soap is blended of rare palm and olive oils—famous for mild but thorough cleansing qualities since the days of Cleopatra. And it is inexpensive. Enjoy it for the bath also.

But be sure you get Palmolive—which is never sold unwrapped. All dealers have it. Get some and follow this simple method for one week. Results will delight you, even in that short time.



Volume and
efficiency
produce 25c
quality for
10c

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF
CANADA, LIMITED

Winnipeg Toronto Montreal

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give
Nature's green color to Palmolive soap.

Saving Snow-bound Deer from Starvation



How they brought the deer in.

WHEN winter comes and with it the deepest snows of the season the dwellers in the north country often have opportunities to perform humanitarian acts towards the animals that roam the woods. It is only now and then that the winter proves too severe for the furry folk. Cold weather they can pretty well stand and when the snow is heaviest there are always spots in the depths of the forest where it is not too deep to move and places where an energetic and resourceful deer can dig down to the food that lies underneath.

But sometimes the deer are caught in the open by a heavy fall that makes the going hard and if the way to safety is long the deer becomes exhausted and likely victims of starvation.

That was the case when these photographs were taken near St. John's, a pleasant little summer and

Above—Too exhausted to escape.

Below—Quite happy after rescue.

winter resort that lies among the Laurentian hills on the Canadian Pacific Railway north of Montreal. During the stay of a party of visitors there for the winter sports, word was brought in by a guide that two deer were stranded four or five miles away on the shore of Lake Oulmet. A rescue party at once set out with snow-shoes and toboggans and when they arrived on the scene they found the deer too exhausted to make any serious attempt to es-

cape. Gently, but firmly their feet were tied with strips of sackcloth to prevent injury through struggling. They were laid on the toboggans and hauled back to the hotel where their introduction to a big hay stack, and a shed to sleep in quite reconciled them to their troubles. In an astonishingly short time they became used to being with human beings and they apparently find their new home has many advantages over their older and wilder state.