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309 Water St.

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

MAYFLOWER AND PROFITEERING

For the first time in my life this spring I had the pleasure of being in Mayflower country just at the Mayflower season. Always hither to I have been just too late or just too early. "You should have seen them two weeks ago," my dear, or "Can't you plan to stay a week more, they will be wonderful then."

Have You Ever Picked Mayflowers? I had begun to fancy that the Mayflower miracle must be a myth but I

know now that it isn't. I have experienced the thrill that comes when one sees a single little blossom peeping up under last year's dead leaves, falls on one's knee beside it, pushes aside the leaves and finds one marvelous pink cluster after another hiding its heavenly freshness and fragrance under the dead leaves—pink stars in the green moss, dewy pink stars, fraught with a fragrance that is the distilled essence of Spring. That is what Mayflowers are and if you think that is hyperbole and mixed metaphor and fancy writing, just wait until you have been Mayflowering in the very height of the Mayflower season, and see if it doesn't get you that way, too.

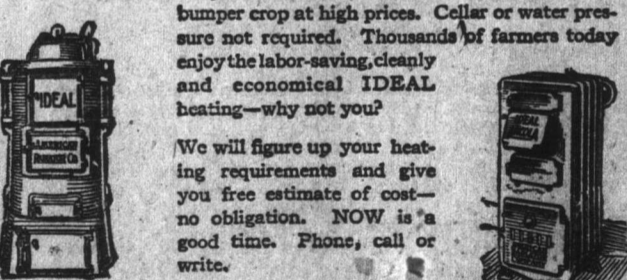
In the course of an hour spent wandering from one Mayflower mine to another I gathered a vast amount

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An aching time—the oddest, chilliest part of the day—the whole house can be as cozy as a June day with IDEAL heating.

Easily put in OLD or NEW Houses, Farm or City Why don't you enjoy this wonderful comfort, which is so economical? Spend part of your improvement money for IDEAL heating. It is the safest and most beneficial investment you can make. It means as much to you as a bumper crop at high prices. Celler or water pressure not required. Thousands of farmers today enjoy the labor-saving, clean and economical IDEAL heating—why not you?



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Edstrom & O'Grady,
66 Prescott Street.
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And thereby hangs my tale for all this enthusiasm is the prelude to a tale with a very common-place moral to it.

Why the Cost?

As I carried my armful, triumphantly toward home I said to my companion, "Just think. All these in an hour. And to think of those measly little bunches you buy on the street for 25 cents and sometimes 50 cents. Those boys that sell them must make a lot of money. Why this armful would make 20 such bunches and I picked it in an hour."

Now that was said as I wended my way home with an armful of flowers. An hour and a half later I had something different to say.

I had just barely finished stripping those Mayflowers of superfluous leaves and tying them up in bunches. And thus arranged, instead of in their former careless profusion, they only made half a dozen bunches instead of 20 such as the boys sell. And it had taken me an hour and a half to do it besides the hour spent in picking.

"What I said now was 'I don't wonder that the boys charge 25 cents for a small bunch. I guess they are worth it.'"

I wonder if we wouldn't have a different angle on a good many things that seem like profiteering to us if we knew more about the cost of production and marketing.

The "Kickers" Have Never Picked Mayflowers.

I have heard people rave about the charges for food and say that such and such an article must bring 300 per cent. profit to the hotel man or restaurateur when in their reckoning they allowed not one cent for rent, service, advertising and other overhead costs.

A woman, who has scientifically studied the business of running a hotel told me that when making a price on a banquet if one is to make a reasonable profit the food cost should not exceed 40 per cent. Yet anyone who knew nothing about it would probably expect food to be by far the largest item.

Doubtless there is such a thing as profiteering, but there are also people who unjustly charge it because they have never picked and tied up Mayflowers. Do you know what I mean?

The Smallest Republic.

The Republic of San Marino, tucked away in the hills of north-eastern Italy, has an area of thirty-eight square miles and a population of not quite 11,000. The capital city of San Marino is perched on the mountain-top, and is approached by only one steep, almost precipitous road.

For sixteen centuries San Marino has maintained its independence, although Italy entirely surrounds it. The story of the founding of the republic goes back to the fourth century, when two stone-cutters—Marino and Leo—crossed the Adriatic from Dalmatia, in order that they might bring help to the enslaved Christians whom a pagan emperor was employing to build the walls of Rimini.

When the walls of Rimini were finished the two retired to the tops of the neighbouring peaks, taking with them a little band of followers, and there they found sufficient to satisfy their frugal wants, and practised their religion in peace. Each built a little church, and the fame of the two communities, ever ready to welcome the tired and oppressed, spread so that a wealthy Roman matron, the owner of the mountain on which Marino had set up his little colony, when she embraced Christianity, gave it to Marino.

When he died Marino left injunctions to his followers to regard ever as the two great essentials of life, peace and liberty, an injunction they have obeyed ever to the present day.

Though, officially, San Marino was neutral, she was represented in the Italian Army by eleven of her sons, and the little people maintained a finely-equipped hospital at the Italian front, replacing with gallant enthusiasm the one that was wiped out in 1917.

Eat Mrs. Stewart's Home-made Bread.—april 8, 6mo

Lefebvre Says He Eats Anything He Takes a Fancy To

It Only Took Three Bottles Of Tanlac To Restore Him Says Quebec Citizen.

"My advice to anybody who needs an all round building up is to give Tanlac a trial," said Ernest Lefebvre, 159 St. Denis St., Quebec, recently. "Three bottles of Tanlac is all it took to fix me up and I have been feeling fine ever since. But I had been in pretty bad shape and was all run-down. I couldn't eat much of anything, wasn't able to work to any satisfaction and just felt bad and no account all the time. My strength gave me so much trouble that nothing seemed to set well with me and I would blast all up with gas and have the worst sort of pains and cramps. I was bothered greatly with shortness of breath and was so nervous and restless all the time I couldn't half sleep. In fact, I went to bed tired, got up tired and felt weak and tired all through the day."

"But it's right the other way round with me now for Tanlac has put new life and strength in me and I am feeling just like I have been wanting to feel. My appetite is the finest kind and eat anything. Nothing I eat hurts me and I sleep good and sound. To put it in a few words I'm in the best of health and am glad to give this statement and tell others of my experience with Tanlac."

LONG AGO.

When I was young the women were great spreading gowns that swept the floor and gathered and draped and left and right, an eye-sore and a crime; the women's dresses do not sweep the refuse and the garbage heap as in the saintly time. When I was young a damsel wept if peradventure, when she stepped, her ankles she displayed; she knew the gossip all would hear, and naughty maid, and now such modesty is lost; the ideas are a frost, a rumpack and a jest; the well turned ankle is a sight that gives artistic souls delight, and soothes the savage breast. When I was young the woman laced until she had an insect's waist, a fragile thing to view; you'd think that if a zephyr came and caught her fairly on the frame, she'd surely break in two. And how the ladies in our grad have waist like Mrs. Venus had, an armful, more or less; and, I am told, they do not feel the armor plate of bone and steel that used to cause distress. And so, although we yip and Bray about the fashions of the day, and say they make us sore, although the modern styles we curse, it may be that old times were worse than those we now deplore.

The head of the Matson Beer said "I do not believe it at all. Women like the styles of to-day above all because they are comfortable. I do not expect any great change. Skirts cannot get a little longer. They cannot get shorter. But corsets belong to antiquity. Tell Poirot to put them in a museum. He can't put them on modern women."

Paris, June 4.—Paul Poirot, the dressmaker, has caused consternation along the Rue de La Paix, by declaring his belief that women will again wear corsets. He predicts a return to the styles of long ago.

"A woman's body needs to be shaped anyhow," he said. "If women are to wear again the robes of the time of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., they must wear corsets."

Taking for granted that the Paris dressmakers collectively can fix women's styles, it must be noted that there is disagreement with Mr. Poirot. Jacques Worth, head of another famous house, was much aroused when he heard what Poirot had said.

"Corsets," he exclaimed, "heavy galling of Louis XIV.; let us be reasonable. In the past twenty years there have been revolutions in the lives of the women. The automobile, sports, the modern dances, and the war. The fashions of the eighteenth century are ravishing and we may go back to them, but first you must abolish automobiles, feminine sports and the fox trot, to say nothing of the shimmy. No, Poirot is crazy."

Agrees With Objection. The head of the Maison Paquin agrees with M. Worth. "Women now-

days scarcely wear corsets at all," he said. "They are revenging themselves for the trouble and torture of so many years—the torture of iron armorplate. The sporting tendency of women to-day will not permit a return to that cruel and horrible instrument."

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An Eventful Voyage.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC WITH A SCRATCH CREW.

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