

GENE STRATTON-PORTER ON THE HOME

**If You Would Be Happy—
You Must Make a Garden!**

**Famous Lady of the Limberlost Says
a Garden Is the Frame For the
Picture of Every Home.**

By GENE STRATTON-PORTER.
Famous Author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," etc.

Everyone agrees that a frame is essential to a picture. In the same degree, a garden is one of the component parts, one of the chief essentials, the frame enhancing the beauty of a real home.

It is very lovely if this frame can compromise a lawn having trees, flowering shrubs, vines and bushes, with a combination flower and vegetable garden at the back.

Of course, there is no limit to the amount of pains and expense that may be used in the making of a garden. Those who can afford it seem to derive great joy from calling in landscape gardeners and nurserymen, and surrounding their homes with small parks.

But the real garden, which is a vital part of a real home, is planned by the master and the mistress of the house.

Every inch of space is utilized. The most loving care should be given to the trees, vines and bushes that are set, in order that a continuity of flowers, colorful leaves or berries may be had throughout the season.

People having the space greatly appreciate a few fruit-trees. Those who have not must content themselves with shrubs and bushes, and one good forest tree for shade.

No Job for the Lazy.
The essential thing is that, working and planning together, a man and a woman shall take a piece of barren soil and so cover it with a thick mat of grass set with trees and bushes as to be an expression of their individuality, their artistic taste, their eye for color.

No lazy man can or will make a garden. People must be willing to work for the treasures of color and beauty and fragrance they wish to evolve. They must dig the soil deep and fertilize it well.

When a man plants, if he wants his growing things really to thrive, he must dig big holes, loosen the soil at the bottom, straighten out the thread roots of the trees and bushes he is setting, turn the tips downward, work the soil around them, moisten it to exclude air, and cut back the tops and rub off buds until his heart rebels, so that the root system may become well established before it is asked to spend strength on leaf and flower.

The chief joy of a garden lies in making things live, making them grow abundantly and flower beautifully.

Nervous Tortures
Irritation By Day and Sleeplessness At Night the Result.

There is no torture more intolerable than nervousness. The sufferer starts at every noise, is shaky and depressed. The least thing produces a feeling of irritation, and nights are often sleepless. Often, although in a completely exhausted condition, the patient is unable to sit or lie still. The nerves are in this jaded condition because they are being starved by poor, watery blood, and to restore them to a normal condition the blood must be made rich, red and pure. For this purpose, no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act directly on the blood. They bring to it the elements necessary to enrich and purify it, thus bringing new health and strength to run-down, nerve-worn people. There is no doubt about this. Thousands have testified to the blood-improving, nerve-restoring qualities of these pills. Among these is Mrs. Aubrey Caldwell, Melancon, N. S., who says: "I was badly run down and my nerves were in a terrible condition. I would start at the least sound, and often faint away. I could not sleep at night, and only those who have been in a similar condition can tell what I suffered. At my mother's request I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking them for several months I am surprised at my present condition of good health. My nerves are as sound as ever. I can sleep well and eat well, and have no more fainting spells. I can only say that cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too much for what they have done for me."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer, or by mail, at 50 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.—Adv.

Vaseline
CARBOLATED
PETROLEUM JELLY
No skin break too small for notice.

Be very wary of cuts, scratches and skin abrasions, no matter how slight. "Vaseline" Carbolated Petroleum Jelly—applied at once—lessens the possibility of infection.

It comes in bottles—at all drug stores and general stores.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY
(Incorporated)
380 Chabot Ave., Montreal.
Every "Vaseline" product is recommended everywhere because of its absolute purity and effectiveness.

Gene Stratton-Porter Says:



If you would be happy, make a garden.

No lazy man can or will make a garden.

I do not see any trees advertised by the florists that I find more beautiful than oak, elm, beech, maple, linden.

It seems to me that the logical thing, the happy thing, to do is to take the common things that we find around us.

I have had from life no greater joy than walking through the woods surrounding Limberlost Cabin.

It is important that each child should be given at least a small space where he may dig in the dirt to his heart's content and test his skill in setting growing things for which he cares.

and of growing things around a home. It is refining and an uplifting influence if they be taught early in life to admire the beauty of flower form and flower color, the wonder of reproduction in its various forms; if they be shown how and why some plants must be in the shade, some must have their heads in the sun and their feet in a damp place.

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Large Spending Unnecessary.
It is not necessary to expend large sums of money on a garden.

Anyone who loves flowers, and wishes to have them, may make a beginning in a modest way, and, by offering of what he has in excess, he may awaken a spirit of generosity in his neighbors, so that he soon accumulates as large a collection as is desirable.

I think it is deplorable that many people in the country feel that they cannot have an attractive door yard and flowers in the garden because they cannot afford nursery specimens. Personally, I do not love the great, overgrown, gorgeous, nursery productions as I do the delicately leaved and daintily flowered wildlings lifting up their heads beside the road, through the woods, around the swamps.

During the past eight years I have set, by actual count, very close to fifteen thousand trees, shrubs, vines, bushes and flowers in the grounds immediately surrounding Limberlost Cabin, every one of which (with the aid of my car and a corps of men) I brought in from the surrounding swamps, forests and highways. I have knelt personally to tuck in the toes of practically every one of them.

I do not see any trees advertised by the florists that I find more beautiful than oak, elm, beech, maple, linden, dogwood, tulip poplar, mountain

ash, redbud, many of the cornels, haws and osiers.

Witch-hazel in full bloom is an exquisite sight at an unusual time.

The old wild sweet briar is of unsurpassed loveliness.

The alders are a mist of lace, and those having the red berries are especially beautiful from a decorative standpoint.

The northern holly is a flaming wonder in the fall.

Throwing Away Beauty.
There are dozens of dainty, delicate vines having beautiful leaves and appealing flower and fruit clusters.

When it comes to the flowers and ferns of deep wood that may be utilized in a cool and shaded location, the list is long and surpassingly lovely.

And there is the joy of planning work so that time may be had to take a lunch and spend a day lifting and bringing in specimens.

I have had many country women say to me that they could not afford to buy flowers and shrubs with which to ornament their door yards; and I have pointed out the fact that I was spending my time, employing men and using large sums of money to remove to my premises and encourage to grow there the things that they were digging up and throwing away.

I recall one farmer to whom I spoke beside a road one morning.

I asked him if he thought the owner of a piece of land would care if I took up the roots of bitter-sweet growing where a rail fence had been removed.

"Well, now, since Henry's paying three dollars a day to have that 'tarnal stuff grubbed out, I don't reckon he would object much if you took it out for nothing."

So I took out "the 'tarnal stuff for nothing"—roots of bitter-sweet which I set beside a fence running between my orchard and the meadow back of it.

Those roots were matured and were set five years ago. Today that fence is a green hedge in spring in the fall a golden wonder. All winter its gorgeous, bloody berry clusters lift above the snow and lighten the dark days; while I cut great boxes of it to send to my friends in the city, where for months it hangs in wreaths and festoons of brilliancy.

Living Among Flowers.

It seems to me that the logical thing, the happy thing to do is to take the common things that we find around us, and demand of them that they yield us pleasure.

Personally, I have had from life no greater joy than walking through the woods surrounding Limberlost Cabin in May, where it is impossible to step off beaten paths without setting foot on white or blue violets, snow foot, spring beauties, blue-eyed Marys, adder tongue lilies, and all the little, earthy, delicate flowers of spring; later the trillium lilies, stary campion and the bluebells, dogwoods and the redbuds, the golden orchid slippers and the white, pink-toed ones.

All these wonderful things, that have cost me only the labor of bringing them to my grounds, have paid me with the exquisite joy I find in loving them and living among them.

If any city dweller who has a car will consent to drive slowly and keep his eyes well open, he will sooner or later find the wood where these things are growing, and if he has a space in which to put them that approximate in moisture, light, air and fertility the places from which he takes them, he may have a wonderful reward merely for the joy of finding what he would like to have and loving it into consenting to his environment.

The Real Home Has a Garden.
I cannot visualize any kind of building, no matter how stately nor how humble, as a real home unless the father and mother and the least child of the children are all interested in making things grow and bloom and vine around it.

It is difficult to set down in print an exact summary of what the growing of a garden does to anyone—the lessons it teaches in care, in patience, in persistence; and there are no words in which to express adequately the spiritual purging and refining the mental and moral uplift that result from just loving beautiful things into living for and with you.

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EXPECT STORMY TIME IN CHOOSING LEADER

East Elgin U. F. O. Experiencing Difficulty in Selection of Candidate.

Special to The Advertiser.
St. Thomas, May 11.—Even prominent United Farmers and East Elgin admit that trouble appears to be brewing in that riding in connection with the selection of a candidate to carry the party's standard in the coming election, and there is a feeling that the storm will break on the afternoon of Saturday, May 12, when the nomination convention will be held in the Aylmer Town Hall.

There are two distinct factions in East Elgin, those who are supporting Malcolm McVicar, the present U. F. O. representative, for re-nomination, and those who are backing W. F. Smith of Sparta, a man who has been prominently identified with the organization almost from the outset. One of these men will get the nomination, The Advertiser was assured today, and just what may develop is not known, although it is feared that there may be a breaking away.

Mr. Smith is looked upon as the strongest man for the candidature. Both Mr. Smith and Mr. McVicar were present at the organization meeting held in Aylmer last evening, and both delivered short addresses. Each man had a strong following at the meeting, but no clashes occurred, although the atmosphere was charged with possibilities at times.

The meeting was exceptionally well attended, every district in the riding being well represented. Mr. McVicar advocated deferring the nomination convention as long as possible, and then engaging in a short, whirlwind campaign. He felt that such was the course preferable to a long, weary campaign.

All those who attended were unanimous that the U. F. O. should have a candidate in the field. The withdrawal in favor of the Liberal candidate, J. C. Danice, ex-M.L.A., was not even suggested.

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Decides Against Father Seeking Custody of Child

Appellate Court Dismisses Appeal of Benjamin Steacy, Elmsley Directing Girl To Remain With Aunt.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, May 11.—The appellate division today dismissed the appeal of Benjamin Steacy of Elmsley Township from the decision of Mr. Justice Giesbrecht that his 8-year-old daughter Julia should remain with her maternal aunt for a couple of years. The father had applied for custody of the little girl.

While his first wife was upon her death-bed, Steacy had promised that their little daughter should be brought up as a Roman Catholic. He has since married again, his second wife being a Methodist.

The appellate court holds that while a father may not divest himself of his obligations, he may deprive himself of his rights by his conduct and his agreements. Chief Justice R. J. Meredith dissents from the judgment and asks whether lifelong heartache and the loss of the child's affection sought to ease his wife's dying moments. Such a promise, he declares, is not binding in law.

RETIREES FROM C. N. R.

Special to The Advertiser.
Stratford, May 11.—John Whitlock is retiring from the local C. N. R. shops after 35 years' service. He was given a club bag by his fellow employees of the painting department.



Let Mother Hear your Voice

By Long Distance

Whatever else you may forget, remember that May 13th is Mother's Day.

Like water to thirsty plants in a season of drought—the tones of your voice will bring new life and energy to a heart whose happiness depends largely on your thoughtfulness and remembrance.

Send Mother the gift of your voice!

C. H. BEARD, Manager.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station

Old Dutch
Contains no lye or acids. Soft and flaky won't scratch.
A little goes a long way.
MADE IN CANADA

Other Fellows Were Athletes I Was a Weakling

Pale And Scrawny With Flabby Muscles—A Physical Failure—Today I Have Outdistanced Them All And Have Muscles Like Iron Because I Have Learned The Secret Of The Difference Between Strong And Weak Men

Life, all depend upon the strength and nature of the millions of cells that compose your body and brain—that the physical strength of these cells depends absolutely on the food you eat, that is, the material with which they are built. Just like a house that is built of boards and mud is no so strong as one built of stone and iron. The most important element in building strong, forceful cells is peculiar form of iron found in the husks of grains and the peels and skins of certain fruits and vegetables, but modern methods of cooking throw these important things away so that today probably not one person in twenty has 100 per cent iron in his body. I at once tried mixing a little of this peculiar form of iron with my daily food to help build strong, iron-like cells. I am already astonished at the increase in my health, energy and endurance for know I have learned a vital secret of great physical power and strength. The above is a typical hypothetical case and it would seem that every man, no matter what his age, who wants to increase his strength and bodily powers, would be adding a little of this new form of iron to his diet. It has been widely prescribed by physicians everywhere. The new form of iron is comparatively inexpensive and may be obtained from your druggist under the name of Nuxated Iron, to be mixed with your food or dissolved in every package. Do not make a mistake and get one of the old forms of metallic iron instead of Nuxated Iron, which is totally different thing.



Dr. Sawbones has told the little Doo Dads that next Friday will be the last day of school. All Dooville is buzzing with excitement, for in the Wonderland of Doo, "the last day of school" is an event to be looked forward to and remembered for many, many days. On the last day of school, the fathers and mothers accompany the little Doo Dads. All come in their Sunday best, with faces red from much scrubbing. The little Doo Dads play games and sing songs and recite poems, and some get prizes and medals. Old Man Grouch told the Widow Malone that Doctor Sawbones was closing school because he had just received a big shipment of fine woollens and tweeds from which the costumes of the little Doo Dads are made. Old Man Grouch, however, is an ill-tempered, suspicious old busy body. The chances are that Doctor Sawbones ordered the woollens and tweeds so that the little Doo Dads could buy their new suits and look their very best for "The Last Day" exercises. Anyway, Doctor Sawbones owns the Dooville Tailor Shop, and evidently he is doing a rushing business. Just come in, are Mr. and Mrs. Theobald Henpeck, with five little Henpecks and the Henpeck pup. The polite little salesman seems as pleased as can be. Surely, each little Henpeck will have to have a new garment, and the smiling little salesman gets a commission on each suit he sells. What a queer lot of helpers Doctor Sawbones has! Surely, that is Nicholas Nutt in charge of the woollen counter—it is. With a great flourish, he has unrolled the great roll of new material, and the little

messenger with the big boxes was all but bowled over. As the selections are made by the customers, the roll of cloth is placed upon a rack and unrolled like a window shade. The little Doo Dad stands very straight against the cloth while Roly very quickly outlines his form with a paint brush. Almost before the customer has had time to put on his coat and smooth his hair, Poly with his sharp shears has finished cutting out the suit, and has it ready for the merry little journeyman. All day long the little journeyman sit and stitch and stitch. The little Mother Doo Dad, standing by the counter, is not quite sure that she is satisfied with the quality of the cloth in the suit she has had made for her little Doo Dad son, but the son is more interested in the little Doo Dad who is trying on his new suit in front of the mirror.

That little fitter is a rascal! Anyone can see that the suit is much too large for the little Doo Dad. The fitter, however, pulls up the slack behind and tries to make the little Doo Dad believe it is a perfect fit.

Old Grouchy Grouch decided that he would not buy a new suit, but would simply have his old one pressed. He was waiting inside the little booth while Sleepy Sam was pressing his garments. Of course, Old Sleepy had to have a nap, and now it looks as if Old Man Grouch would have to buy a new suit after all. My, but he is angry! Doctor Sawbones appears well pleased. He is wearing a new suit, made in his own shop, and the little Doo Dad and his dog just stand and look and admire his magnificence.

Miss Boissineau Tells How Cuticura Healed Pimples

"About three years ago I was bothered with pimples on my face. The pimples were hard and smarted, and my face was disfigured for a while. They sometimes caused me to be awake hours at a time as the irritation was so great."

"I tried different remedies, but without any relief. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after the first application I could see an improvement. I continued using them and was completely healed after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Miss Rose Boissineau, 12 Bellevue Ave., South Ste. Marie, Ont.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum the care of your skin.

Sample Book Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 244, P. O. Box 61, W. Harrison, N. J. Send 3¢ for Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum. Cuticura Soap shaves without soap.

"TIZ" FOR TENDER, SORE, TIRED FEET

The minute you put your feet in a "TIZ" bath you feel pain being drawn out and comfort just soaking in. How good your tired, swollen, burning feet feel. "TIZ" instantly draws out the poisonous exudations that puff up your feet and cause sore, inflamed, sweaty feet.

"TIZ" and only "TIZ" takes the pain and soreness out of corns, callouses and bunions. Get a box of "TIZ" at any drug or department store for a few cents. Your feet are never going to bother you any more. A whole year's foot comfort guaranteed.—Adv.