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THE Hotpoint IRON

Standard Hotpoint Iron \$5.50. Special Hotpoint Iron \$1 extra.

A Canadian General Electric Product

Sentence Sermons.

- The Quickest Way—To endanger a friendship is to borrow money from your friend.
- To get a promotion is to grow too big for your present job.
- To split a town is to start a controversy on religion.
- To wreck a home is to become secretive.
- To ruin a boy is to give him too much money he does not earn.
- To start a reform or a degeneration is to make it fashionable.
- To kill business is to start talk about hard times.



Would Soon Improve. Dad—"Look here, Dorothy, I don't like the way these youngsters are hugging you!"

Dot—"Don't you know, they're scarcely more than boys, daddy? They'll soon improve."



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GOLDSMITH'S GREAT STORY

It is a sign of the wonderful fortune of The Vicar of Wakefield that the properest occasions for speaking of it continue to present themselves. Everything has been said about it, and said again and again, but the book has long since diffused an indulgence that extends even to commentators. In the degree of its fortune, indeed, it seems almost single of its kind. Stretch the indulgence as we may, Goldsmith's story still falls, somehow, on its face, to account for its great position and its remarkable career. Read as one of the masterpieces by a person not acquainted with our literature, it might easily give an impression that this literature is not immense. It has been reproduced, at all events, in a thousand editions, and the end is not yet. All the arts of book-making and of editing, all the graces of typography and of illustration, have been lavished upon its text. Painters, playwrights, and musicians have again and again drawn upon it, and there is not a happy turn in it, not a fanciful figure nor a vivid image, that has not become familiar and famous. We point our phrases with its good things, and the fact that everybody knows them seems only to make them better.

The Tone is Exquisite. It is the spoiled child of our literature. We cling to it as to our most precious example that we, too, in prose, have achieved the last amiability. Thus it is that the book converts everything it contains into a happy case of exemption and fascination—a case of imperturbable and insurmountable classicism. It is a question of tone. The tone is exquisite, and that's the end of it. It takes us through all the little gaps and slips, through all the artless looseness of the Vicar's disasters and rescues, through his confused and unconvincing captivity and his wonderful accidents and recognitions. It makes these things amusing, makes them most human even when—for there is

no other way of putting it—they are most absurd. I will not say I like them live, for I think it scarce does that at all, but leaves them to linger on as spiced rose-leaves in a bowl, fragrant, fragrant, intensely present. There is not a small drollery at the end that does not work into the very texture that takes us: the punishment of the wicked seducer by being cut down to a single footman; the perpetual fool that makes its appearance as the climax of everything; the supper of two well-dressed dishes that dissipates the gloom of the prison; the delightful forty pounds distributed among the captives, and the still more delightful "coarser provisions" scattered among the populace.

How Crabs Change Shells. The process by which a hardshell turns into a softshell crab is one of the most interesting things known to fishermen.

The strange point is that the crab does not cast his hard shell in pieces, but takes the whole thing off at one time and not at fixed periods, but any time when the fixed portion has become too large and fat for the old coat.

When he gets too fat for his old coat he simply feeds up a little more than usual and crawls very close to shore and buries himself just under the sand or mud.

Then, by a very slow process, he squirms out of the shell and stays there in the sand until his thin skin has turned into a real shell.

His reason for hiding in the sand is to escape from the fishes, which even then hunt him out at high tide and, coming along suddenly, take a nip at his claws or legs, and very often get away with it.

It is probably for this reason that in the course of ages the crab has made himself able to grow a new claw or leg. If he happens to lose one that he needs. Not only this, but the crab is a wonder in another way.

If his claw, for instance, gets mashed or severely injured, the crab has the power to cast the maimed claw entirely away from his body and grow a new claw. This new claw will reproduce only from the second joint from the body.

If an accident takes his arm off at that point, well and good, he soon grows a new one. But if the accident severs his arm further away from the body, he will, within two minutes, give a little twist to his body and off will come the claw all the way to that wonderful second joint.

Many fishermen occasionally become brutal enough to hack a crab's claw with a knife and by a sudden stroke cut the claw in twain. They do this merely to watch the chab cast off the whole thing all the way up to the joint near the shoulder.

Sometimes a crab will do this casting in a few seconds, sometimes in the course of a couple of minutes, but he always does it sooner or later.

WE BUY FLEECE WOOL Harris Abattoir Co., Limited Strachan Ave., Toronto

Shops.

Oh, London has the bold shops, the silver and the gold shops, rich with all the treasures in the wide world found. Oh, there you'll find the fairest shops, the cheapest and the rarest shops, all ablaze with color on the pearl-grey ground! They deck themselves at daytime with the colors of the Maytime; They deck themselves at twilight with a glad and lyric glee; But oh—the fusty, frowzy shops, those old marine, Limehouse shops—Oh, they're the shops that most I love—the only shops for me! Thomas Burke, in "London Lamps."

THOUSANDS OF THANKFUL MOTHERS

Strongly Recommend Baby's Own Tablets to Their Friends.

Once a mother has used Baby's Own Tablets for her little ones she would use nothing else. The Tablets give such results that the mother has nothing but words of praise for them. Among the thousands of mothers throughout Canada who praise the Tablets is Mrs. David A. Anderson, New Glasgow, N.S., who writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my children, and from my experience I would not be without them. I would urge every other mother of young children to keep a box of the Tablets in the house." Baby's Own Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach; drive out constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers; and make teething easy. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Heaven's Own Blue.

The forget-me-nots at the foot of the garden, under the low wall, are just coming into bloom. They are one of Spring's loveliest gifts, whose coming we eagerly anticipate. All the miracle of Spring is in those slender green stems and those minute turquoise-colored flowers. On one of our walls hangs a copy of Leighton's "Return of Persephone," the lovely maid, supported by Mercury, ascending out of the dark underworld, being met by her mother, Ceres. But those few forget-me-nots under the low wall are greater than Leighton's picture. They are not a representation, they are the authentic happening itself. Every one of those blooms is a Persephone, beauty born out of the barren earth.

There is no scamped work in their minute existences. What wonder of adaptation, what ingenuity, what activity, there is behind one forget-me-not bloom!

Wordsworth tells how he gathered mountain waltz and strays for his little garden at Grasmere. Its flowers were friends he had met along many a solitary way. That he surely one of the best ways of making a garden, a garden of memories as well as of flowers. A day off had been taken to explore a wild, unpolished bit of river valley in the neighborhood—the home of the dipper and the kingfisher. Walking up stream a desolation was found that had evidently once been a garden. Someone had had a home there and a garden down by the river's brink. The home had disappeared, the walls were all broken down and the garden on which much care had once been spent had returned to a natural wildness. There were gooseberry bushes and rasp-berry canes all untrained and wild, box trees also, with, of course, nettles and grass and dock everywhere and ivy covering the old walls.

It was in that wild garden that the forget-me-nots were gathered. They recalled a vision of other forget-me-nots, treasured possessions of memory. Passing through the garden of an old Scottish hall, we came to the gardener's rubbish heap, which was tipped over one of the steeply buttressed sides of the garden. Nature herself had become gardener to some of these castaways. Nothing in the whole garden exceeded the careless beauty of those clustered forget-me-nots. For their own sake and for memory's sake some roots were transplanted. They flow now at the foot of the garden, under the low wall, bringing a bit of heaven's own blue into our little garden.

The Saxon name for March was the "lenet month"—the "length month," signifying the lengthening of the days.

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RED ROSE TEA

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Sandy Cove.

We wanted to go down the river, first thing, in a little power-boat, and cross St. Mary's Bay to see what was on that stretch of coast beyond us. Villages were ruddled on the other side, we knew by glancing at the map; and some one had said in Yarmouth that it was a pretty region over there. Yet when we got closer, and expressed our desire to a native down on the bridge, he smiled tolerantly and wanted to know why we were so anxious to see a town like Sandy Cove. "A dull little place" was the way he put it. "Nothin' doin' at all." It would have been folly to explain to him that that was the very reason we wanted to get there.

Despite its saltlike name, St. Mary's Bay cut out up capers. It is a saucy, choppy, naughty little stretch of blue water; but as we puffed across we liked it better and better. The town behind us looked enchanting in the morning sunlight.

Over the lovely light green hills we could see a church spire, graceful and immaculately white; and, below it, great blocks of granite came defiantly down to the very water's edge, with trees overhanging them. White seagulls soared above our heads and on our left a curving stretch of sandy beach invited us to bathe. Approach nearer, I shall never forget my first vision of that village, snug and quiet, as if it had purposely folded itself away in those hills, aloof from the clamor of the world.

The little town of Sandy Cove tucks itself away Between the warm Canadian hills beyond St. Mary's Bay; And there it dreams through lazy hours the whole long summer day.

The little town of Sandy Cove is beautiful and white. No railroad thunders at its heart; no windows flame too bright; No movies flash their garish signs, "A thrilling show to-night!"

But quietly the little town sleeps and nods and smiles. It lets the noisy world go by with all its ways and wiles. Content to watch from its high hills the distant Happy Isles.

Would I might dwell in Sandy Cove in peace and calm and say, "Good-by, fond, foolish, clamoring town! Good-by for many a day!"

And nestle in those sheltering arms beside St. Mary's Bay. —From "Ambling Through Acadia" by Charles Hanson Towne.

Use Minard's Liniment in the stables. Ivory Bracelets. Ivory bracelets, extremely thick and two or three inches wide, are a new fancy among fashionable women in London.

Grease stains on a stove should be wiped off immediately with newspaper. Before cleaning the stove, rub the stain with a cloth dipped in turpentine.

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Self-Poisoning Increasingly Common

Modern Living Habits Promote Self-Poisoning—Thousands are Victims. The average man or woman does not enjoy consistent good health. Loss of appetite, headaches, biliousness and a lack of enthusiasm for either work or play are constant complaints. Scientists have ascertained that such a condition is usually caused by self-poisoning resulting from constipation. Due to modern living habits, the natural secretion which promotes regular elimination by softening the bowel contents, is often deficient—especially among middle-aged people. The poison from waste matter remaining in the systems of people thus affected is the insidious enemy of good health. Such people need Nujol, because Nujol softens the waste matter and permits thorough and regular bowel elimination without overtaxing the intestinal muscles. It helps Nature help you. Ask your druggist for Nujol to-day—and remember, look for the name "Nujol" in red on both bottle label and package.

CARRIED WIFE TO BED

Suffered So She Could Not Walk. Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Minesing, Ontario. "I am a practical nurse and I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to suffering women. For three months I was almost helpless and could not sit at the table long enough to drink a cup of tea. Many a time my husband carried me to bed, I would be so weak. Then he read in the paper of a woman suffering as I did who got better after taking the Vegetable Compound, so he went and got it for me. When I had taken three bottles I was just like a new woman and have had splendid health ever since. When I feel any bearing-down pains I always take it; sometimes a half bottle or whatever I need. It is my only medicine and I have told many a one about it. Any one wanting to know more about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I will gladly write to her. I do all I can to recommend it for I feel I owe my life and strength to it." —Mrs. NEAL BOWSER, R. R. 1, Minesing, Ontario. Do you feel broken-down, nervous, and weak sometimes? Do you have this horrid feeling of fear which sometimes comes to women when they are not well? Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is excellent to take at such a time. It always helps, and if taken regularly and persistently will relieve this condition.

Cuticura Talcum Is Cooling And Comforting Daily use of this pure, fragrant, antiseptic Talcum Powder helps to overcome heavy perspiration and its soothing and refreshing to the skin. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: Cuticura Dept., "The National Lead Company," P.O. Box 260, St. Louis, Mo. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.