

## Your Ideal Cracker

Think of all the good kinds of crackers you ever tasted. The creamy whiteness of the first—the lightness of the second—the crispness of another—the appetising appearance of another—the delicious eating of the fifth. Then see how we've combined all these five points into one cracker.

### Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

Conjure up your ideal—your perfect cracker—and you'll find it in Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas.



**She Stoops to Conquer**  
She usually has to—but with a New Century Washing Machine she will gain an easier victory sitting.

You cannot afford to deprive your wife of so valuable an aid when it can be had for \$3.50. Thoroughly cleanses a tubful of clothes in five minutes, and without injury.

Have your dealer show it to you or write us for booklet. THE DOWSWELL MFG. CO. LTD., HAMILTON, ONT.

### \$4.50 SPRING SUITS

We make ladies suits. Our leader is a cheviot suit in black, navy, grey, dark red, fawn, seal brown and myrtle green. The cloth is wool. It is a \$15 tailored suit. We the manufacturers offer it to you at the factory price \$4.50. We sell hundreds of these suits. The model is the latest spring style. The jacket has a tight fitting back with half tight fitting front, with belt at waist line. It is lined in mercerized satin. The skirt is seven gored with double tuck at each seam tailor stitched in silk, faced with canvas, and bound with velvet. It is elaborately trimmed with buttons. Skirt or coat alone \$2.50. Any suit may be returned if not entirely satisfactory and money refunded \$3 to \$4.50 in stock.

**Shirt waist suits.** \$4.50 a tailored waist in spring style supplied instead of a coat if preferred.

**Shirt waist suits** from lustre or mohair, any shade, made in latest spring style waist and skirt \$4.50.

**Skirts** alone from any of the goods \$2.50 like model.

**Waists.** Spring styles, any shade China Silk \$2.25, best taffeta all shades \$2.35, lustre all shades \$1.50, velvet \$2.00, white lawn \$1.00 insertion trimmed. All waists are new styles, large puff at shoulder tucked sleeve from cuff up to elbow, box pleat down front, clusters of tucks on each side of box pleat, tucked back. Tucks may be fine or wide as desired, the waists are elaborately trimmed with buttons. Send to-day. Add 15c postage for waists.

**Raincoats.** \$7.00 for \$12 kind. Crayonette all shades.

**Jackets.** Like model shown or box style in cloth like suits \$2.50. Black taffeta silk \$3.50, Black china silk \$4.00, Black velvet \$3.95. Beautifully made.

**Southcott Suit Co., LONDON, CAN.**  
14 Market Lane.

**Shirt-waist Suits \$3.75** (of waist and skirt)—any color, union linen, spring style waist, with wide tucks down each side of wide box pleat in centre, which is trimmed with a row of fine insertion, large puff at top of sleeve. Skirt is 7-gore, tucks down each seam to knee, where skirt flares; strip of fine insertion down front of skirt to match waist. An attractive summer suit worth \$7. Only \$3.75, factory price. Money returned if unsatisfactory.

**I WOULD LIKE EVERY WOMAN** to write for our New Styles and Samples of \$4.50 to \$12 Suits in cloth, silk, linen and lustre; also raincoats, skirts and waists. Shirt waist suits in lawn, linen, etc. \$2.50 up. Manager SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Can. Dept. 2

### Things of Real Value.

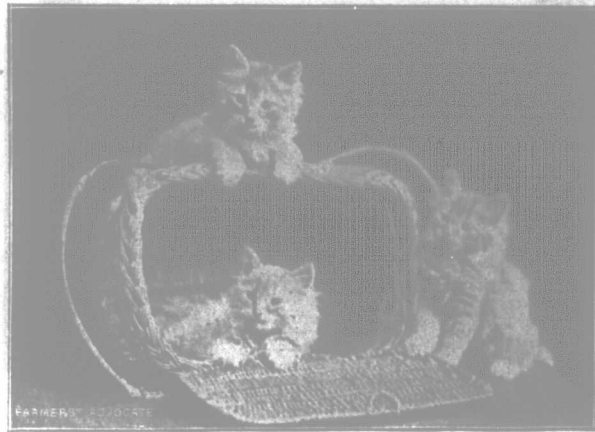
No soldier on service entangleth himself in the affairs of this life; that he may please Him who enrolled Him as a soldier.—2 Tim. ii. 4 (R. V.).

Let us lay aside every weight.—Heb. xii. 1.

Learn to make the most of life,  
Lose no happy day;  
Time will never bring thee back  
Chances swept away.  
Leave no tender word unsaid,  
Love while love shall last;  
The mill can never grind  
With the water that is past."

No one has time to do everything. Life is a rush with most of us, and we are all like soldiers on the march who have no right to burden themselves with a lot of baggage, like racers who "lay aside every weight"—even the slight weight of unnecessary clothing. We must let some things go past us, so the question for each of us is to find out the things of real value and make the most of them. It is folly to waste time and strength in hoarding fairy gold which will turn to withered leaves when we look at it in the light of death. Someone has remarked that we are too often like children who have been spending a day in the woods, and who try to drag home all the things that have charmed them there. The perishable flowers and ferns wither and fade in the hot little hands; the colored pebbles and trailing vines are heavy to carry, and seem like rubbish even in the eyes of the weary children themselves when they are seen in the fair beauty of the well-ordered home. The children are cross and irritable because they have tired themselves over things utterly worthless. So we may waste a vast amount of time and energy in accumulating things which never can be valuable enough to be admitted within the walls of our eternal Home, and, at the same time, we may be passing carelessly by real, lasting treasures. Take one example which is not very uncommon: A busy, bustling mother—a good housewife like Martha—works from morning to night cleaning, cooking, sewing. She has no time to cultivate her mind or soul; all her attention is concentrated on the outside of things. She has not a moment to spare in studying the characters of her children, entering into their pleasures and little cares with ready sympathy. She has "no time" to train their souls, because she thinks their bodies are of more real consequence and must be attended to first. Her children are well fed, well dressed, and sent regularly to school, but their mother—the one person in all the world who has in her hands an almost divine power of moulding their souls for all eternity—is to them little more than a housekeeper, dress-maker and general servant. Home which should exert a magical influence over their whole lives, is only a tidy boarding-house, where sunshine is rigidly excluded for fear of flies or faded carpets, and no happy childish untidiness or wholesome litter of boyish pets and hobbies can be tolerated. The influences for good, which might have blessed generation after generation to all eternity, have been recklessly, foolishly let slip—for what? Can it really be possible that houses, furniture, grand clothes, are valued more than these lasting things? It is a matter of vital importance that we should make no mistake in our estimate of the relative value of things, because we can generally obtain what we set our hearts on. One who

thinks wealth the one thing to be desired, and who throws all his powers into the acquisition of it, will generally find what he is seeking for. One who really hungers and thirsts after righteousness must grow steadily nearer to God, because he will not fail to make use of every possible means of grace. Don't let us be like the four-year-old boy who told his mother that he was really very sorry, but he "really hadn't time to say his prayers." Probably he thought his pursuits were of far more importance, or he would have "made time." Why, we might as well say we haven't time to eat. Prayer is not a luxury for holidays and Sundays; it is an absolute necessity, unless we are prepared to let our souls die of starvation. Surely we don't need to stand face to face with death before we understand that it can never profit a man to gain the whole world if he must give his own soul in exchange for it. Even if there were no life after death, it would be a great mistake to value visible, material things more than invisible and spiritual realities. I don't believe any of us really do, in our heart of hearts. A shabby little house or an ugly frame church may be more beautiful and dearer in our eyes than the grandest palace or cathedral. And why? Is it not because it is really the "soul" even of such material things as these that we care for? I sometimes



Family Pets.

wonder whether the "many mansions" are being prepared, furnished, made homelike, with the "souls" of the old furniture which childish associations make dear. That may seem to you a wild and fantastic idea, but is not love in its very nature "deathless"? And it is a fact that we all do cherish some affection for material objects for the sake of old associations. Will death kill this instinct, which seems to be a common heritage of our human nature? If not, then surely there must be some satisfaction for it in the life beyond. God would hardly plant such an instinct in our nature unless He intended to fulfil it in some way.

No one is really a materialist. People may think they are reaching out for gold, but really they are seeking happiness—happiness which they fancy wealth can buy. But let us not rush blindly after a will-o'-the-wisp when, by aiming rightly, we may secure a real and lasting happiness.

A sea captain once told a missionary that it was useless to talk about religion to him, for his one aim and object in life was "whales." He said: "I care for nothing but whales, and I dream of nothing all night but whales. If you should open my heart I think you would find the shape of a small sperm whale there." We may smile at

such a strange ambition—for we probably are not particularly interested in whales—but let us see to it that our aim and object in life can never be classed in the same low grade with his.

Some things have a real, intrinsic value, while others only appear to be valuable. The traveller in the desert, who was starving, and found a bag lying on the sand, was terribly disappointed when he opened it, hoping to find that it contained dates or figs. He threw it down, exclaiming despairingly: "Nothing but money!" I saw in the paper one day an account of a prospector in the Black Hills who had hunted gold for 17 years, and had at last struck a ledge of great richness. He had ten minutes of excited delight over his find, and then fell dead—killed by obtaining his heart's desire. This is not a fancy illustration, but an actual fact. What did it profit him?

Some who say they are "too poor" to lay up treasure in heaven, can spend money freely on things they really consider of value. Money given to God is evidently, in their opinion, "wasted," though, of course, they would never dream of saying so. They show plainly that they consider it unwise to invest money in such an impractical fashion; at least until they have bought everything they can possibly want for themselves, and have also laid aside a good sum for a rainy day. It is a question of appreciation of values. Of course, people who think money is better spent on luxuries and finery for themselves, rather than on necessities for others, will spend it in that way. Where one's heart is, one's treasures will surely be. Watkinson is not far wrong when he says that "we are naturally the slaves of the best, the biggest, the brightest that we know, and nothing can emancipate us from the dominion of the present but to see, to taste, to follow the far grander conceptions of a godly life." The things that seem of most consequence in our eyes will be the things we shall find time and money for. Those who make an idol of "work"—for its own sake—will never have time for little kindnesses and kindly sympathy. They may find out, too late, that they are only looked upon as useful machines

by the people for whom they have worked. They have been too busy to be companionable or to cultivate friendship, have thrown away the most valuable things for the sake of a reputation for industry, and they suddenly find themselves heart-hungry for affection. Hearts will surely assert themselves sooner or later, and they can never satisfy their hunger with such material things as gold or fame, grand clothes or well-ordered houses.

"What if you are in a hurry,  
And your business a pressing load,  
Would you pass by a suffering brother  
Fainting beside the road?  
For the help that you might give him  
By only crossing the way,  
To carry a bit of sunshine  
To brighten his cloudy day!"

HOPE.

### Our Ideals.

Men take the pure ideals of their lives  
And lock them safe away,  
And never dream that things so beautiful  
Are fit for every day.  
So counterfeiters pass current in their lives,  
And stones they give for bread,  
And starvingly and fearfully they walk  
Through life amongst the dead,  
Though never yet was pure ideal  
Too fair for us to make our real.

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