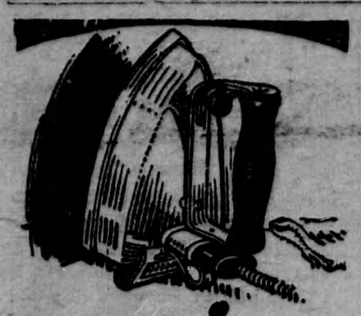

easier ironing

The labor of lifting your iron about a hundred and fifty times in the course of an ordinary ironing is the equivalent of raising nearly half a ton. The Hotpoint Iron never needs to be lifted at all, but simply tips back on its specially-constructed heel rest. This is one of the Four Features that make Hotpoint Ironing "the easier way".

Ask your dealer.

THE Hotpoint IRON

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

H-27-B

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."

go see something new this summer

Xcursions

via the Santa Fe to the scenic regions of the Far West.

California—Colorado New Mexico—Arizona Rockies, Grand Canyon National Park, Yosemite and the Big Trees and other National Parks.

Mail this coupon to me

G. G. Robertson, T. P. A.
F. T. Hendry, G. A., Santa Fe Ry.
404 Transportation Building
Detroit, Mich.
Or See Local Agent

849

Would like information regarding summer trip to .....

There will be.....persons in the party.
Also mail descriptive travel folders.

Name.....

City and State.....

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 fails, 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 facetious 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 inscrutable 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 it makes them live, for I think it scarce does that at all, but leaves them to linger on as spiced . . . rose-leaves in a bowl, inanimate, 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 food that makes its appearance as the climax of everything; the supper of two well-dressed dishes that dissapates the gloom of the prison; the delightful forty pounds distributed among the captives, and the still more delightful "coarser provisions" scattered among the populace.

Soul of Goldsmith.

If the tone is the great thing, this comes, doubtless, to saying that the Vicar himself is, and that the book has flourished through having so much of him. It is he who is the success of his story; he is always kept true, is what we call to-day "sustained," without becoming pompous or hollow. The especial beauty of this is surely that it contains something of the very soul of Goldsmith. It is the most natural imagination of the unspotted that any production, perhaps, offers, and the exhibition of the man himself—by which I mean of the author—combines with his instinctive taste to make the classicism for which we praise him. These two things, the frankness of his sweetness and the beautiful ease of his speech, melt together—with no other aid, as I have hinted, worth mentioning—to form his style. I am afraid I cannot go further than this in the way of speculation as to how a classic is grown. In the open air is perhaps the most we can say. Goldsmith's style is the flower of what I have called his amenity, and his amenity the making of that independence of almost everything by which The Vicar has triumphed.—Henry James, in an Introduction to "The Vicar of Wakefield."

How Crabs Change Shells.

The process by which a hardshell crab 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 meaty portion has become too large and fat for the old coat.

How he ever manages to get his soft mass out of a hard shell without losing most of his slender legs no one knows, probably the crab himself does not even wonder how it all happens.

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 that, but the crab is a wonder in another way.

If his claw, for inctance, 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.

New Apparel.

Now wintry winds are banished from the sky,
Gay laughs the blushing face of flowery spring;
Now lays the land her duskier raiment by
And dons her grass-green vest, for signal why
Young plants may choose themselves apparelling.
—Meleager, in "The Greek Anthology."

If you are a slave, you may write your own emancipation proclamation. Freedom from bad habits beats any other kind of freedom.—Howe's Monthly.

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

A MEDICINE THAT GIVES STRENGTH

New Health Comes to Those Who Build Up Their Blood by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a strengthening medicine. Surely and effectively they build up the blood, invigorate the appetite, tone up the digestion, give brightness to the eye, color to the cheeks and lips, and quickness to the step. These pills have direct action on the blood, making it a health-bearing stream; thus no part of the body can escape their beneficial action. Weak men and women, boys and girls find new health and strength through the use of this world-renowned blood builder. Mr. N. H. Langville, C.N.R. agent at New Germany, N.S., says:—"In November, 1924, I had a severe illness which left me in a very run-down condition. I got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and derived great benefit from them. My appetite improved, and a gain in weight which is now normal I owe to the use of these pills. I can therefore recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a fine tonic."

Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for anaemia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness. Take them as a tonic if you are not in the best physical condition and cultivate a resistance that will keep you well and strong. Get a box from the nearest drug store or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Ties That Bind.

Because a man in Australia remembers the home of his boyhood, a curfew bell in Blandford, Dorsetshire, England, which has rung every evening for 800 years, will not now be silenced, according to cable dispatches. Another tangible result of the "intangible" ties which bind together the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations!

When you get that tired, lay-me-down-and-die feeling take 15 to 30 drops of Seigel's Syrup in a glass of water. Does the trick and safely. You'll feel like new.

A Waterproof Bag.

A bag made of brightly-colored cretonne, lined with waterproof material, in which to carry one's toilet necessaries when going to and from the bath on board ship or on a train, can be made easily and cheaply from a yard of cretonne, cut in two circles, with a strip let in at both sides to give space. The interior should be made of mackintosh, with bands of the same material attached. The whole is fastened to two thin pieces of pine board covered with either cretonne or gold braid. The handles are two rings similarly covered.

Minard's Liniment King of Pain.

Defeat new-forges the chosen among men: it sorts out the people: it winnows out those who are purest and strongest, and makes them purer and stronger. But it hastens the downfall of the rest, or cuts short their flight. In that way it separates the mass of the people, who slumber or fall by the way, from the chosen few who go marching on.—Romain Roland.

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, frowsy shops, those old marine, Limehousy 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 exquisiteness. What wonder of adaptation, what ingenuity, what activity, there is behind one forget-me-not bloom!

Wordsworth tells how he gathered mountain waifs and strays for his little garden at Grasmere. Its flowers were friends he had met along many a solitary way. That is 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 explose a wild, unspoiled 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 brinn. 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. Thre were gooseberry bushes and raspberry canes all untrained and wild box trees also, with, of course, nettels 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 monath"—the "length month," signifying the lengthening of the days.

TORONTO OFFERS BEST MARKET FOR
Poultry, Butter, Eggs
We Offer Toronto's Best Prices.
LINES, LIMITED
St. Lawrence Market Toronto 2

RED ROSE TEA
"is good tea"

People who want the very best use Red Rose Orange Pekoe Tea

75

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 saintlike name, St. Mary's Bay can cut 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. Approaching 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.

Use
SIMONDS SAWS
BECAUSE guaranteed to cut 10% more timber in same time, with less labor than any other saw.
SIMONDS CANADA SAW CO. LTD.
MONTREAL
VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B., TORONTO
F

SPRAINS.
Apply Minard's at once. It draws out inflammation, soothes the muscles and ligaments.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Can You Solve This?
DIERFLAG
The above letters when properly arranged form the name of a late President. Everyone sending in the correct solution will be awarded a beautiful lot, size 20 x 100 feet, FREE and clear of all encumbrances, located in one of our subdivisions between New York and Atlantic City. This offer expires July 15, 1926.
Maxim Development Corp. 110-40th St., Dept. 1200 **New York City**

Classified Advertisements.

ELECTRIC MOTORS BOUGHT AND SOLD. Milton, Frederick St., Toronto.

WANT TO HEAR FROM OWNER OF GOOD farm for sale. Ewart Macpherson, 806 Fourth West, Moose Jaw, Sask.

Success.

S—taunch friendships all along our way
U—nselfish love that never knows dismay.
C—ourage for the trials on every side,
C—onscience acting as our daily guide.
E—arnest effort for our every task,
S—trength to "carry-on" is all we ask.
S—uccess means more than Fortune's mask.

—Maude L. Morrison.

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. C

Cuticura Talcum Is Cooling And Comforting

Daily use of this pure, fragrant, antiseptic Talcum Powder helps to overcome heavy perspiration and is soothing and refreshing to the skin.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Stenhouse Ltd) Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 &50 50c. Talcum 25c.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.