

Use Old Dutch for a Clean, Bright Bathroom



Porcelain, enamel, marble shining with their original lustre and beauty! Dirt and stain gone! Room and fixtures hygienically clean! It's Old Dutch that saves time and work; and does a thorough job.

Made in Canada

Jed and the New Year's Skates

Jed stood at the window, working on the straps of a pair of old skates. Now and then he glanced toward the park, where he could see a number of boys on the ice. He was aquiver with impatience to join them, but the skates must be repaired first. Because he had needed a new suit Christmas, he had told his mother that he could get along with his old skates this winter. And now, on New Year's Day, the matter looked doubtful.

"There!" he exclaimed frowningly, as a strap broke, "that settles it!" And at that moment Fred Vincent appeared at the back door and called out: "Want to use my skates this morning? I can't go to the park till afternoon, so you can have them all forenoon if you want them."

There was no question about Jed's wanting them. Five minutes after he dashed out of the little flat and rushed with headlong speed down the stairway, a pair of shining new skates swung over his shoulder.

As he opened the big hall door he saw coming toward him the little old lady who had just moved into the rooms across the hall. He paused and held the door open for her.

"Good morning!" she greeted him as she came up the steps. "Going skating?"

"Yes, I'm just starting to the park," Jed answered. He did hope this would end the conversation, but not so. "And I suppose these are your new Christmas skates," smiled the talkative stranger.

"They're new Christmas skates," laughed Jed, "but not mine. I've outgrown and outworn mine. My chum lent me these to use till noon." He hoped the hint in this last sentence was not too broad to be polite.

It was, however, evidently unnoticed. The little woman beamed more happily than ever. "And you will be home at noon?" she queried.

"Yes, of course." "Perhaps you would help me get a box down from a high shelf in the storeroom. Boys are always good at climbing."

"Why, certainly." "I'm going out to dinner at twelve, so if you will come in a little before that I'll be ever so much obliged."

"I'll be there," Jed was too grateful to see his new acquaintance turn toward the stairway to consider at the moment what his words meant. He recalled them as he hurried off to the park. "Before twelve!" he thought ruefully.

He forgot all about the matter, however, when he reached the park. There were only a few boys out compared with what there would be that afternoon. And at night the ice would be alive with moonlight skaters, but Jed, gliding swiftly over the ice, was too full of joy in the present to think of that.

Something else, however, was gliding by quite as swiftly as were the boys, and that was time. Jed could scarcely believe Ralph when he called out. "It's almost twelve."

"And I've got to be home by that time!" Jed Ralph.

"What for? Fred won't be here till one," cried Ralph.

"I know, but I promised." And Jed explained the situation.

"Oh, forget about it!" urged Ralph.

"I might have forgotten it if you hadn't reminded me," answered Jed, with an injured feeling. Now I've got to go."

"Just tell her you didn't get back in time," suggested Ralph. You can get the box down to-night. What's the difference?"

"Maybe she keeps her best dress in it or something else she wants to wear to-day," answered Jed. He took a few more turns on the ice meditating on the matter the while. It was certainly very trying. He had started out this morning with a fine new set of resolutions, and here at once was a temptation to break two or three of them. "Why was it always so?" he wondered.

At last he skated slowly up to the bank and began unbuckling the skates. Then, regardless of all urging, he started home. "She's a freak little woman to spoil my last holiday this way," he said to himself. She certainly did not look "freaky," however, as she met him at the door. "I was afraid you'd be late," she exclaimed, with her sunny smile. "We've just time now."

Jed mounted the tall ladder, brought down the box and pried open the lid. "I suppose they're in the very bottom," she laughed, as she hurriedly removed a variety of articles that made Jed open his eyes in surprise. There!" she at

Xmas Tree's Age

(By Carl Holliday.)

How old is the Christmas tree? Older than Christianity itself. Far back in the days when Egypt was one of the mighty nations of the world the people of that land used the palm tree for almost the same kind of festival at almost the same time of year as our Christmas. The palm puts forth a fresh shoot or sprig each month, and at the fetes or parties during the last week of the year each guest brought a palm "spray" with twelve shoots as a symbol of the closing of another twelvemonth.

In those old days the Egyptians were wide travellers, and thus it happened that the custom was carried into Italy, but here the fir tree was substituted for the palm, and its tips were decorated with tiny candles burning in honor of the great god of seed-sowing, Saturn. And strange to say, this ceremony, called the Saturnalia, occurred at the winter solstice toward the close of the third week of December.

And how about the present? There arose the custom of exchanging on certain days, known as the Siggilaria, figures of wax or candy, such as we find on modern Christmas trees, and these were sometimes tied on the trees in garlands or festoons. Then there was another occasion, the Juvenalia, when everybody tried for one time during the year to act young, and old men and old women romped with the children, and nobody dared "stand on his dignity." It was exactly like the rollicking good old-fashioned families still have on Christmas night.

At length the idea of the tree passed on into France and Germany and Denmark, where for centuries the primitive tribes had hung either living animals or wooden images on them on the pine trees as sacrifices to the gods, and naturally these people very readily accepted the idea of the Christmas tree with its gifts and candles. But, curiously enough, one sometimes sees to-day in Holland, Germany, and Denmark a wooden pyramid instead of the tree—perhaps a reminder of the annual ceremonies of long centuries ago among the pyramids of Egypt.—Evening Post, New York.

Saying "Thank You"

(By Mary S. Stover.)

When I was a very small child I remember noticing how our chickens lifted their heads in drinking. Mother told me then about a little boy who thought this was the chickens' way of saying grace. The pretty fancy stuck in my mind, and I have often recalled it while watching the chickens at feeding time or when I have sat near some little pool where wild birds come to drink. I also think of it when I see a meadow lark or a brown thrasher mount to some free top or fence to pour out a flood of melody.

It does look as if the birds are saying "Thank you" to God and I feel like giving thanks with them. It doubles my enjoyment of a glorious sunset or the view of snow topped mountains or some other great outdoor picture if I lift my head and whisper a hearty "Thank you."

I believe that God would be glad to have more children utter their thanks while enjoying the beauties of which Paul tells us that "God giveth us all things richly to enjoy." Why should not He like a word of appreciation just as you and I do? At least, it gives us a big, happy feeling inside to say it.

Begin now the habit of saying "Thank you" to God. It will make you a finer, better boy or girl; it will open your eyes to much that you would otherwise miss in life, so that the less you think that you have to give thanks for the more important it may be for you to try. You are never going to be able to thank God enough, but if you only try, it is sure to show you how really rich you are.—American Messenger.

CHRISTMAS A TIME OF SERVICE AND LOVE

The sustaining quality of Christmas, as it casts its influence, in the form of delightful memories, over the rest of the year, is generally recognized. Many can say as Temple Scott, "Leave us Christmas and we can well afford to let go almost all the other ties that bind memory's strands to the supporting posts of life. In the ministrations of the delight of children we keep our own hearts young; we drink again of the springs of life so that a new thrill of divine influence passes from them to us. Our wrinkles are smoothed, out by the placidity of our feelings, our frowns are unknit and become the lines of laughter."

The Second Edition

(By Mary S. Stover.)

Seems like I'm livin' over all the childhood that I knew, An' doing all the reckless things that once I used to do For that little chap beside me with the tousled shock of hair That is always into trouble an' his mother's greatest care As the image of his daddy, in his every act I see The living, moving picture of the boy I used to be.

People say that he's just like me an' I guess it must be true For he's simply doin' over all the things I used to do. You'll find him gayly swingin' from the top branch of a tree Or tight-rope walkin' fence tops with his two arms waivin' free An' he's never really happy till he's wallowed in the dirt.

The women folks all wonder where he gets his heedless ways, But I know that they are rooted in my by-gone yesterdays An' I see in every action what his mother cannot know That he's simply livin' over all my life of long ago, An' they say that I should stop him when he risks his precious pate, An' change his wifful nature, but it's forty years too late.

Out of the Mouth of Babes

"Oh, papa," exclaimed little 5 year old Jimmy, pointing to a turkey gobbler strutting round a neighbor's yard, "look at that big red nosed chicken with a folding fan."

"It seems to me, Tommy," said a father to his small son, who was very forgetful, "that everything I say to you goes in one ear and out the other."

"Well," replied the youthful observer, "I guess that's what I've got two ears for."

Old Time Memory of a Mull Wedding

(From the "Oban Times.")

What I am about to relate took place in the early "fifties," just before the Crimean War; the exact year I am not very sure of, but all other details are just as fresh in my mind as if it had taken place a month ago.

The place was one of those remote parts on the West Coast of Scotland, in the South end of the Isle of Mull, called Croggan, and that king of composers of Gaelic songs who immortalized the Isle of Mull by his song, "An t-Eilean Mullaich, an t-Eilean aghmor," resided at the foot of Beinn Bhaireach with his high peaks overshadowing Glenforsa. That was the dwelling place of the Macphalls from time immemorial, the glen which is now desolate, with only a shepherd's house here and there. The contracting parties to the marriage were, "Dugan of the Glen" and "Peggy Deonach," to use the old familiar names.

The bridegroom was a strong, sturdy man with jet black curly hair falling in ringlets over his shoulders; he looked a perfect specimen of the Macphalls of Glenforsa. The bride, "Peggy Deonach" was a perfect type of a Highland lassie, fairly tall and as straight as an arrow, strongly built but not over fleshy; she was the belle of the country, and a prize well worth taking home. Preparations had been made for days for the wedding; all the neighbors brought of their best for the feast; the boat went across the Oban to get all necessary things and Lachan Dhu was getting his pipes in order for a week before hand.

C. N. R. Employees To Make a Stand

SYDNEY, Dec. 23.—On and after December 28th employees of the Canadian National Railways will refuse to handle freight of any kind originating on or destined for properties of the Dominion Steel Corporation and Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co., until these corporations consent to submit the present difficulties with striking railwaymen formerly employed in their yards to the Board of arbitration.

DEMPSEY ARRIVES HOME

SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 19.—Jack Dempsey, champion heavyweight boxer, arrived home today to spend the holidays with his mother. He will referee the main bout at a testimonial to be given here to the late Walter L. Bratz, sport writer, December 27.

HUGH M'DOUGALL, Victor Harbor, S. Australia.

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