

## Young People



## Lux-bathed from head to foot—

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Her dainty, lace and crepe-de chine frock looks like new, yet it is four years old—thanks to the unique cleansing power of the creamy Lux suds.

Her undergarments—her gossamer silk stockings—even her white kid slippers have again and again been washed with Lux—each time they look like new.



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# LUX

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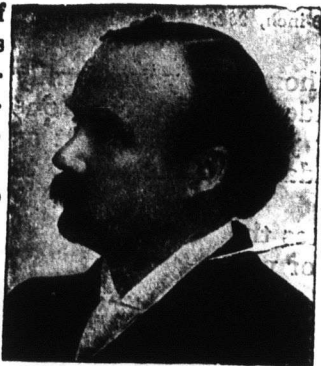
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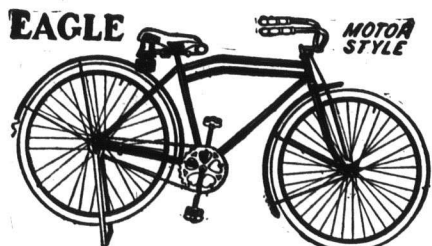
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### THE TREE OF HAPPINESS

Written for The Western Home Monthly  
by Theodora Horton

Once upon a time there was a good and wise king, but he and his subjects were in great trouble; they were waging a terrible war in a distant country, and the old men, women, and children were left at home and grew discontented and miserable.

The king was sorry when he heard of their unhappiness and made haste to send them a message of hope. "There is in my kingdom," ran the message "a beautiful tree called the tree of Happiness, and its branches are laden with fruit sufficient to supply all the people in my kingdom. I command all my subjects to search for this tree until they find it, and to pluck from it its golden fruit that there may be no longer discontent and unhappiness in my land."

Now when the proclamation was published in every town and village of the land, all the people were anxious to begin the search at once, and each one was determined if possible to gain the honour of discovering the tree. One little girl named Dulcie made up her mind to set out at once on this wonderful quest. Like the rest of the king's subjects she thought what a grand thing it would be if she could be the one to win the distinction of finding this wondrous tree; but like all the rest of the people she misunderstood in part the great king's meaning, for it was necessary that each would search for the tree, and also that each should find it for himself. Those who were fortunate to discover the tree

and do not waste any more time here."

Dulcie turned away rather sadly and retraced her steps to the shining gate; she turned a regretful gaze at the gardens as she left them and trudged down the dusty high road.

When she next turned aside it was into a thick wood in which were growing many different kinds of trees. She found the walking rough and difficult; the wood was full of searchers for the tree. Many of the tall trees bore tempting looking fruit, but it grew very high up on the branches and few were able to reach them. "Oh dear!" sighed Dulcie aloud, "I don't think I shall ever be able to pick the fruit if I find the tree of Happiness."

"You will not find it here," said a voice at her side; "This is the forest of ambition. I have been watching these people for many days, but none of them have found it yet."

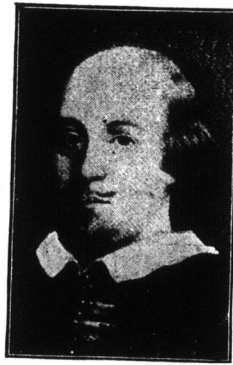
Dulcie turned again to the high road; she felt tired and disappointed; the search was proving far more difficult than she had anticipated. Just then she heard a call for help, and looking round saw a little boy struggling in the ditch at the side of the road. He had evidently slipped as he was walking along and fallen into the mud, and now kept slipping back as he tried to get out. Dulcie ran to help him and kindly did her best to brush the mud from his clothes. While she was doing so she told him of her vain search. "You have not much farther to go," he said, "before you find it, you are on the right road." That was all she could get from him but it cheered and helped her, and she went on more briskly.

### Shakespeare's Anniversary

(April 23)

Written for The Western Home Monthly  
By C. M. Watson

Sublimest Shakespeare, Prophet, Poets' King,  
How sweetly still doth thy memory cling  
As once again this day we think of thee,  
The Bard of Avon's Anniversary.  
Dear child of memory! Long may thy Fame  
Be a triumphant witness to thy name,  
Whose influence was so preponderant  
And built for thee a lasting monument.  
Dead? Thou art not dead! Thy works of words will  
Live and thy spirit lit with love of Truth still  
Remains with us, which time will ever foster,  
For death is but servant, not the master.  
Burn brightly thou imperishable flame,  
And England ne'er will forget Shakespeare's name.



Portrait of Shakespeare

soonest could point out the way to their friends, but it was the duty and privilege of each to pluck the fruit for himself.

Dulcie set off one bright morning, her heart filled with hope and determined to carry on the search until she succeeded. She had traveled some way upon her journey when she came upon some beautiful gates that glittered in the sun like gold. Through them she could see lovely gardens and a splendid mansion standing back amongst the trees. What gay gardens! thought the child longingly, surely this would be a likely place in which to find the tree. She timidly tried the fastening of the gate and finding it opened easily, she walked up the smooth drive, gazing with admiring eyes on the lovely trees and flowers that bordered it. For many hours she traversed the winding paths and green lawns, but though there were innumerable fruit trees of every description, she could not find one bearing the golden fruit for which she was searching. Many were strolling round in the gardens, whether on the same quest as herself she could not tell; at last seeing an old man, who looked as if he might be a gardener, she ventured to ask if he knew whether the tree of Happiness was to be found in those gay gardens.

The old man slowly shook his head: "I have been here since I was a boy," he said, "but I have never seen it." "These gardens belong to my Lord Mammon and are called the gardens of Pleasure. I do not think you will find the one real tree here, though there are many that appear to some to be like it. Take my advice

By and by she came to a turn in the road and saw a little girl sitting crying. At her feet was an empty school satchel, and the contents were strewn around her. Dulcie saw in a minute what was the trouble, the strap of her satchel had broken, and she began quickly to pick up the books and pencils trying meanwhile to comfort the little girl. "See, they are all right," she said, "and I have something in my pocket with which I can mend your satchel." Soon she had everything in its place, and the little girl went on her way comforted.

"I am afraid it will be a long time before I find the tree, if I keep stopping like this," Dulcie thought as she went quickly on her way. She had not gone far however, before she saw a man sitting on the roadside. As she drew near he called out to her, "Can you help me along, little girl? I am lame and have just broken my crutch. I think if you will let me lean on your shoulder I could get home." Dulcie stopped at once and helped him. "I have not far to go and I hope I shall not tire you." It seemed a long tramp to Dulcie before she reached the man's cottage. She was just saying good-bye to him at his door when she saw growing close to the roadside a beautiful tree from the branches of which hung abundance of golden fruit. "Oh, sir," she said turning to the lame man, "can you tell me if that is the tree of Happiness?" "Yes," he replied smiling, "that is the wonderful tree. People search the whole world for it and they do not know that it grows by the side of this road for anyone to pick who will." "Oh, tell me the name of this

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