SEE THAT LINE

It's the wash.

outearly, done

quickly, cleanly,

white.

with power to clean with-

out too hard rubbing, with-

out injury to fabrics.

SURPRISE

is the name. don't forget it.

Pure Soap didit

SURPRISE SOAP

Ye angels that the shepherds greet. Shout forth your tidings glad and sweet; Fill every soul, which cares annoy, With heaven's own and greatest Jay; Point men unto that brightest gem, The lustrous star of Bethiehem— "Tis Christmas tide!

Ye busy people, far and wide, Lay all your worldly cares aside; Join ye the shepherds, go and seek The Babe laid in the manger meek. There is no boon outside of Him, Before whose star the sun grows dim— "Tis Christmas tide!

Ye sufferers on earth below, Enslaved by mankind's ancient foe, That groan beneath his cruel chains, Whose soul and body writhe in pains— Take heart, your foe you now may scorn A Saviour unto you is born— 'Tis Christmas-tide!

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Subduing every staful lust, Who fear and love, believe and trust, A Helper comes, your toils to share, Your home in heaven to prepare— "Tis Christmas tide!

Mysterious love, so deep and great, Win thou our souls and drive out hate, And conquer fear, and let thy might Set all our human wrongs aright; Heal thou our wounds and every smart, And let thy bits fill every heart.— "Tis Christmas-tide!

Oh blessed Saviour, from Thy throne, Shou stoop t, poor sinners to atone And wast a man, as low as we. May every soul now welcome Thee, And by Thy bumble recompense. And live to Thee in love intense!— The Christmas tide!

-E. F. L. Gauss, in the New World.

### FATHER SALVATOR'S CHRIST-MAS.

Margaret Kenna in the Catholic World.

A Beggar at the door!
"Come in," said Father Salvator. It was almost dark and the snow was

falling. Only a moment before he had looked out upon the world, and through his mind had flashed those words of Faber: "There are good angels around us, graces are raining down upon us, great and small, and inspirations are falling upon us as swiftly and silently as snow-flakes"— and as he looked he

saw the beggar. The man came in and, glancing calmly at his rags, said: "Could you give me an old coat?"
"Could I give you an old coat?"

When a question was asked bim Father Salvator always repeated it, twisting his lips to one side and blink-ing his black eyes. He did it just for fun. It was so comical to watch the face of the questioner, who could not guess what the answer would ba. this time the question echoed itself on his lips and the blinking of his eyes was involuntary.
"I guess not," said the beggar.

"Yes, I can," murmured Father Salvatr. "I've got a coat—a very nice coat. See, it hangs there."

It did hang there, just home from the tailor's Little Tommy, Father Salvator's joy and sorrow, mischievous little red-headed boy, had just been hurried off to the shop to bring it home. Had Mr. Bonway, the tailor, known that Father Salvator was invited out to dine, that he had mended it so nicely. making a new coat out of an old one He could not efface the marks of age and weather on the shoulders of the coat, but he had put on a new collar of gros grain silk and brushed the bread crumbs and marshmallow powder from

the deep pockets.
"Tell Father Salvator I want no more candy and crumbs," he had said gruffly to little Tommy. And little Tommy had given the message. "Oa," said Father Salvator, "I must feed my birds and my babies!" He walked over now and took the

"I'd rather not take it," said the

man, moved by something in the touch of the priest's hands upon the coat.

You must take it, my good man To morrow will be Christmas, and I could not bear to think that any one was wandering around our little town in need, as the Mother of my Lord wandered about Bethlehem." What will you do?'

Father Salvator smiled. In his long experience he had given many coats was the first time a beggar had asked him what he would do. He pointed to the fire.

'I can sit here and toast my toes and when the goose lays her golden egg I can buy a new one."

He drew the coat well over the man's cold shoulders. "Good-night, sir; thank you," he

said as he went out. Father Salvator watched him from the window. It was dark, but he could see the black figure in the snow. Then looking up, he saw the stars. To him there was a new wonder tonight in their silent shining. seemed the trembling notes of the Gloria the angels were waiting to sing. As each note rang out in heaven star would flash and fall in the twi light of dawn, and there would be peace on earth to men of good will '

At the last moment, Christmas after noon, Father Salvator sent little Tommy with a note to Mrs. Kendrick, to say he could not come to dinner.

Then he stood in his room, looking at the smoky walls, the frosted window panes, the dusty books. He was dis appointed -that was a secret that, at least, he could not keep from himself. He wondered if he could go without an No; he remembered that his teeth had chattered just crossing the street to the church, and now he saw the snow blowing along the garden like sheets on wash day. On a little table stood his Christmas gifts.

Purely ornamental they were—the parish knew he always gave the useful ones away. There were books of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results. ful ones away. There were books of premark and bottles of premark and bottles of premark and flow-ers. A bunch of red roses from one, ers. A bunch of red roses from one, ers. It is a complete extinguisher.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials by the nobility and it was quickly adopted by the nobility and well-to do citizens. Also in other English cities it is fre-

and a branch of lilies from another; and they were very sweet to him when one considered that Mrs. Kendrick was the one and Agnes la Garde the other! He took a lily in his chilly fingers, and peered at it through dusty spec-

tacles.
"A lily is not an overcoat," he said

sadly.
"Be sure to bring your flute," Mrs. Kendrick had written. "The major is coming, and we shall have some music." And he had even gone so far as to take the flute down yesterday and dust it with an old silk handkerchief. He took it up now and put it to his lips, but the Christmas anthem which shivered out upon the silence was dolorous indeed.
"You poor little flute, I am sorry

for you," murmured Father Salvator.
"You love gay tunes and light hearts at Christmas. You are used to the yule log and holly, and you have not been wont to scorn a little drink of eggnog-and to think that to night you will not see your dear old friend the major's flute. What a jolly little thing the major's flute is! You would almost think it had white curls and red cheeks and a well rounded waistcoat, like the major! Well, is not imitation the subtlest flattery?

"Are you like me? Do you play my wrinkles, and my fierce black curls, and my heart ache sometimes? Poor little flute!" He laid it down and rubbed his eyes.

The door was thrown open and Mrs. Kendrick appeared, with an army of invaders behind her. In self defence, father Salvator had to rub his eyes a little more. Mrs. Kendrick shook her finger playfully.

"Which was it, your shoes or your

coat?" she asked. "My coat," he answered, startled

out of his usual reserve. Mr. McCaffrey appeared, holding up

a coat and a pair of shoes.
"We knew it was one or the other,"

said Mrs. McCaffrey.
For a moment, then, they all stood silent. It was an invincible little regi ment-Mrs. Kendrick, with her lovely brown eyes bent reproachfully on the guilty one; Mrs. McCaffrey, smiling her happy smile, which seemed never to have known a refusal; Mr. McCaffrey, who was very grave when he felt gay and very gay when others felt grave; and Rory McCartby and Agnes la Garde, "seen and not heard," but always to be found in the face of the

"The major is waiting," said Mrs McCaffrey, as Rory held the coat for

Father Salvator.

"Follow the Little Corporal," said
Mrs. Kendrick; and Mrs. McCaffrey
was proud of Mr. McCaffrey's resem blance to Napoleon, if he was not. So Father Salvator, dazed and happy

was carried away like a king. marched along the snowy streets with his noble guard. "Merry Christmas, Father!" the

ladies said as they passed. "Christmas gift, boss!" said the

darkies. Little children in sleighs shook branches of holly at him.

"Now aren't you glad you came?" said Napoleon, twinkling his mischievous gray eyes.

said Father Salvator very "Yes," said Father Salvator very softly, "but it is not the coat which

"Is it the love?" murmured Mrs. McCaffrey

And Father Salvator only smiled.

### Empty Stockings.

Oh, mothers in homes that are happy Where Christmas comes laden with cheer, Where the children are dreaming already Of the merriest day in the year,

s you gather your darlings around y And tell them the "story of old," demember the homes that are dreary! Remember the hearts that are cold!

And thanking the love that has dowered you With all that is dearest and best, Give freely, that from your abundance Some bare little life may be blessed!

Oh, go where the stockings hang empty, Where Christmas is paught but a name Where Christmas is naught but a name, And give—for the love of the Christ child! 'Twas to seek such as these that He came -Ellen Manly in Christmas Ladies' Home Journal.

How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies does Christmas time awaken! Many of the hearts that throbbed so gaily then have ceased to beat; many of the looks that shone so brightly then have ceased to glow : the hands we grasped have grown cold; the eyes we sought have hid their lustre in the grave and yet the old house, the room, the voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstances connected with those happy meetings, crowd upon our minds at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday! Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childhood days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his wonth : that can transport the sailor and the traveller, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home !- Charles Dickens: Pickwick Papers.

Grace Ella Alton, Hartland, N. B., Cured of Eczema,

Gured of Eczema.

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### LEGENDS OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Nearly every Christian nation claims the honor of having given to the world the custom of the Christmas tree. Yet its origin is so obscure that no man may rightly say whence or when the beautiful usage began. A Scandinavian myth of great antiquity speaks of a "service tree" sprung from the blood drenched soil where two lovers had been killed by violence in their innecence. At cartain nights in the innocence. At certain nights in the Christmas season mysterious lights were seen flaming in its branches, that no wind could extinguish.

The French have their legend as In a romance of the thirteenth century the hero finds a gigantic tree whose branches are covered with burning candles, some standing erect, the others upside down, and on the top the vision of a child, with a halo around his curly head. The knight asked the Pope for an explanation, who declared that the tree undoubtedly represented mankind, the child the Saviour, and the candles good and bad human

Wolfram von Eichenbach, the fam ous minstrel, sings of a prevailing custom of welcoming guests with branches ornamented with burning

BEAUTIFUL GERMAN LEGEND. The most beautiful legend is of German origin and comes from that bor der land of history between pagan and Christian days:

" 'Hearken, ye sons of the forest! No blood shall flow this night save that which pity has drawn from a mother', For this is the birth night o the White Christ, the Son of the All Father, the Saviour of mankind' Fairer is He than Baldur the Beauti ful, greater than Olin the Wise, kinder than Freya the Good. Since He has come sacrifice is ended. The dark Thor on whom ye have vainly called, is dead. Deep in the shades of Niffelheim he is lost forever. And now on this Christ night ye shall begin to live. This Blood tree shall darken your land no more. In the name of the Lord I will destroy it.

"He grasped the broad axe from the hand of Gregor, and, striding to the oak, began to hew against it. Then the sole wonder in Winifrid's life came to pass. For, as the bright blade circled above his head, and the flakes of wood flew from the deepening gash in the body of the tree, a whirling wind passed over the forest. It gripped the oak from its foundations. Backward it fell like a tower, groaning as it split asunder in four pieces. But just be hind it, and unharmed by the ruin, stood a young fir tree, pointing a green spire toward the stars.

"Winifrid let the axe drop, and turned to speak to the people.

"'This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree to night. It is the wood of peace, fo houses are built of the fir. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are ever green. See how it points upward to heaven. Let this be called the tree of the Christ-child; gather about it, not in the wild wood, but in your own homes; there it will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts and rites of kindness.

"So they took the tree from its place and carried it in joyful procession to the edge of the glade and laid it on one of the sledges. The horse tossed his of the sledges. The horse tossed his head and drew bravely at his load, as if the new burden had lightened it. When they came to the village Alvoid bade them open the doors of his great hall and set the tree in the midst of

### IN HISTORY.

Historically the Christma only be traced back to the sixteenth century. During the Middle Ages it suddenly appears in Strassburg. A valuable authentic manuscript of 1608 by a Strassburg burgher, now in a private collection in Friedberg, Hes en, describes the holidays very much as we are used to celebrate them. The manuscript of a book entitled "The Milk of Catechism," by the Strassburg theologian Danhauer, mentions the same subject in a similar way. During the next two hundred years the Christmas tree could only be met along the Rhine, when suddenly, at the be ginning of this century, the habit spread all over Germany, and fifty years later had conquered the world Tae first description of a Christmas tree in modern literature is to be found in "The Nutcracker," a fairy

tale by Fougue and Hoffmann. In 1830 the Christmas tree was in troduced by Queen Caroline into

Munich. At the same time it beat its path through Bohemia into Hungary, where it became fashionable among

the Magyar aristocracy. BROUGHT TO THE TUILERIES.

In 1840 the Duchess Helena of Oreans brought it to the Tuileries, but it took many years before it became popular in France. Empress Eugenie also patronized it, but by the middle class it was still considered an intruder of Alsatian origin. In 1860 the German residents of Paris could procure a Christmas tree but with the greatest difficulty. However, nine years later they were regularly sold in the market. In 1870 the German army celebrated Christmas in the city of Notre Dame, and to day Paris uses 50,000 trees each year, of which only about the fourth part are bought by Swiss, Germans or Alsatians. The French plant the entire tree, with its root in a tub, so as to be able to preserve the tree until New Year, when it is "plundered."

Also London became acquainted with the habit through the royal pal-The Prince Consort brought it to

quently met with, though in a different manner. Immediately after dinner a little fir tree is handed around the table, with a present of the host to each

custom was entirely unknown in Scandinavia, though they used to ornament their thresholds with fir tree branches. every branch of the Christmas tree. which is known to them almost as long

has become a universal custom. -York Herald.

### A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

Paul Tyson, a young medical student took home with him last Christmas eve, a book written by an author who pro fessed to doubt Christianity. The young man read its pages until long past midnight, and then laid down the book with a sharp doubt stabbing his heart

"What if this author is right? What if there is no Saviour, no merci

ful Father in heaven?" He fell asleep, but seemed to retain the consciousness that his doubt was true. There was no God, no Christ. no future life, and the world knew it

He dreamed that he rose and went out into the street. The churches were tumbling into ruin, or had been turned into halls for pleasure-seekers or for riotous gatherings. Mechanically he made his way to the hospital in which he attended the free clinics but it was closed. He met one of the physicians, a man whose grave, benignant manner and lotty character he had always reverenced.

"All the asylums, hospitals, free schools and other charitable institutions are closed," he said. "Why should the rich care for the poor, or any man put out a hand to help an other? That was the doctrine said to have been taught by Christ. There is no Christ now. Our motto is, 'Every man for himself!'"

Paul saw that the man had been drinking heavily.

"Why should I not drink?" the old physician demanded, answering the suspicion in the younger man's face 'It is pleasure to me. Why should I not indulge myself?"

"Because vice must be hateful to a man like you, and virtue dear. "Ah, you forget! There is no vice and no virtue. There is no God to make laws, or to make one action right and another wrong.

Paul dreamed that he walked down the street. At every turn he found proof that men no longer believed in right and wrong. A filthy bully drag-ged a delicate woman from her car-

riage and drove away in it. A stout young fellow, reeling out of a saloon, was met by his gray-haired mother, who threw her arms about him, begging him to come home. He struck her to the ground and went on his way. The crowd passed by, heed less of the white head lying at their

Little children passed him, scream ing out blaschemous words. God and Christ whose teachings had demanded reverence to parents, decency and purity in human lives, and there was no longer a God, no Christianity in the world.

Paul thought in his dream that he hurried horror stricken to his home. There, at least, would be peace and comfort. He found a strange woman with a bold, sensual face in his mother's place by the fire. His father me him. The marks of fierce, ungoverned passion were on his tace.

"I found that I preferred another woman to your mother, and I sent her away. The marriage of one man to one woman is a Christian institution," he said. "I do not accept it. It he said. makes no difference, however, in your mother's case, she died a few days after she left me.

"Then she at least is happy!" cried her son. "She was a saint. Thank God, she is with Him!"
"Thank God,' you say!" exclaimed the father. "There is no God! There is no future life! Your mother is but a lump of decaying matter! Go and enjoy yourself in any way you choose, for you, too, at the end will be as she

Was it true, then, that the Christ, the heaven that his mother believed in, were lies? The Christ that had lifted this modern world out of brutality, that had filled countless myriads of struggling souls with strength; and made their lives pure, had been a lie-

Paul started up from his dream,

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guest. Scotch and Irish children know but little of the enjoyment a Christmas

tree is sure to bring.

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as to the Strassburgers.

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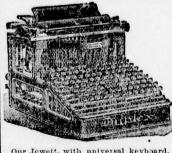
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cold with a sweat of honor. The sun was shining on the snow-covered roofs, from every church spire came the glad sound of Christmas bells. In the streets were happy children, their versions from Anglicanism to Cathoarms loaded with gifts. In every face, even of the lowest and most vicious, was the sign of a great thought, which the day had brought, that of the God-Man who came on earth to redeem man

kind. There was a tap at the door. he heard the pealing of an anthem in the neighboring cathedral. "Glory to God in the highest," they

sang, will." 'peace on earth to men of good FASTEST TYPEWRITER

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