

# Old Dutch Cleanser

Many uses and full directions on Large Sifter-Can 10¢



## HAROLD'S KODAK MONEY

Harold Judson shook his bank up and down and listened to the jingle of the coins, then he turned the key, opened the little door, and poured a small heap of money on the table. He counted the pennies, nickels and dimes, and placed them in piles.

"I have four dollars toward my kodak, mother," he said at last.

"If you continue to save carefully, you may be able to buy a kodak before next summer is over," said Mrs. Judson, encouragingly.

Harold looked at the piles of money in silence for a moment. "I—I thought I might spend some of it," he said slowly, with a little break in his voice.

"I thought you wanted a kodak more than you wanted anything else," replied Mrs. Judson, in surprise.

"I do, but I wouldn't spend this money on myself," explained Harold.

"Whom do you wish to spend it on?" his mother asked, as she dropped her sewing into her lap.

"Well, you see," and Harold sat up very straight in his chair. "when I hauled the washing over to Mrs. Dent in my wagon, she asked me to come in while she got an apron that she had left out of the basket last week. You know, John Dent has been sick a long time, and the doctor was there. He said that John must have one or two eggs a day to help give him strength. Mrs. Dent said she could not afford to buy eggs," he explained.

"So John will have to do without them, will he?" Mrs. Judson was anxious to hear Harold's reply.

"I thought I might spend some of my kodak money for eggs," he said. "It would be selfish to save all this money for a kodak when John would get better faster if he had eggs to eat.

Don't you think it would be selfish, mother?" he insisted.

"I think it would, my son," was the answer.

"I saw Mr. Johnson up town, and he said he would let me have a dozen eggs a week, and he would bring them in on Saturdays when he brought yours. He said he would let me have them for twenty-five cents a dozen, because I told him why I wanted them. I'll telephone him right away to bring a dozen to-morrow."

The next afternoon Harold took the eggs to Mrs. Dent, and when he returned home there was a soft, happy light in his eyes.

"Mrs. Dent was so glad that she cried, mother," he reported. "She cooked an egg for John while I was there, and he said it made him feel better right away."

The remainder of the winter and all through the weeks of spring Harold Judson took a dozen eggs to John Dent every Saturday. The white, pinched look had gradually left John's face, his thin cheeks grew full, and a pink tinge came into them.

Dr. Fuller said I needn't buy any more eggs," Harold told his mother one Saturday. "He said my eggs did John more good than all his medicine. I am so glad I didn't save my money for a kodak, for it helped a little sick boy to get well and strong."

"I am so glad you were so unselfish, my boy," Mrs. Judson said. "I hope you will always be as willing to help another as you were this time," she added.

"I hope so, too, mother," Harold said earnestly.—The Child's Gem.

## THE CROCODILE'S FRIEND

A man was once traveling in the country where the big crocodile lives. There he saw a wonderful sight, which few men have seen.

One day, as he was rowing along a pretty river, he noticed a long way off a large crocodile, twelve or fifteen feet long. It was lying asleep under a bank, which was about ten feet high, right near the edge of the river. He did not want to scare the crocodile, so he stopped rowing when he was still some distance away. Then he looked carefully at the place, so as to make sure he could find the exact spot again.

Getting out of his boat, he walked from the shore and went way around on land, so as not to arouse the animal from his nap. At last he tiptoed quietly along the bank just above the creature's head. Stooping down, he peeped over the bank, and there lay the crocodile only ten feet below him.

As the man watched him, he noticed a bird near him called the zic-zac. It is a cousin of the plover, as large as a pigeon, and grayish in colour. Up and down the bird was walking, keeping near the crocodile's nose. Suddenly the zic-zac saw the man, but did not fly away, as most birds would have done. Much to the stranger's surprise, it jumped up from the ground about a foot and screamed, "Zic-zac! zic-zac!" as loudly as it could, knocking itself against the crocodile's face two or three times. It seemed to think that the creature was in danger, and ought to be warned.

The noise and the taps against his face aroused the big animal, and he started up. He saw the man on the bank above looking at him, and so, jumping into the air, he dashed into the water. His huge body made such a splash that it scattered the mud all over the poor traveler. In an instant more the crocodile was out of sight.

The traveler waited awhile to see whether the animal would return; but at last gave him up and went back to his boat. He never forget that big, ugly crocodile and his true little friend. What-To-Do.

## THE WILD STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE

Katie lifted her head and mother tied the blue sun-bonnet strings snugly under her chin.

"You're going to make the short-cake while I'm gone just the same as you did yesterday, aren't you, mother?" asked Katie.

"Yes. And we'll have a lovely fat cake for supper," declared mother as she hooked the screen door on the inside after Katie had gone out.

The basket which Katie carried in her hand held more than a quart, and she ran across the field until she came to the pasture bars. It was easy enough to lie down and roll under those, and then Katie was right where the wild strawberries grew so plentiful in the short pasture grass.

Yesterday she had come here with the same basket, meaning to fill it full so they could have wild strawberry short-cake for supper. But the berries smelled so good that Katie picked first one and then another and put them in her mouth, and she kept right on putting so many there that the basket didn't get full at all.

After awhile she had heard mother calling to her, and then when Katie had looked in the basket she was so ashamed of the few little berries in it that she turned them out on the ground and ran home.

And when Katie got home she found something which made her still more ashamed than the poor berries in the bottom of the basket had done. She found that her mother had the cake all made and was waiting to hull the wild strawberries and put them between the layers. It made Katie feel very sorry that her basket was not full when she saw how mother had trusted her.

"I thought every minute I'd begin filling the basket," she said.

But there was not time before supper to go back to the pasture and pick

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the berries, so mother had managed with a few cultivated ones she had in the ice-box, and said Katie might try again some other day.

So this afternoon Katie had come to the pasture again. The berries smelled just as tempting as they did yesterday, but she did not put a single one of them in her mouth.

Mother came and unhooked the screen door when Katie called. She took the basket and set it on the kitchen table.

"Those are splendid ones!" said mother.

"I didn't eat a single berry!" declared Katie.

"It is a good way, dear, to work busily when the time is to work, and play with all your heart when your time is to play. Now, while you're washing the stain from your fingers I'm going to hull a saucer of these berries for you to eat right off, and there's a bit of whipped cream in the ice-box to put on them, and a plate of warm cookies!"

"I guess I'm hungry!" laughed Katie. "And there isn't anything better than strawberries and cream and cookies!"—Ruby Holmes Martyn.

## Starting the Day Right

Do you begin the day with a "grouch"? Are you tired in the mornings? Do you fail to benefit by the restorative influence of sleep, which should make good the energy and vitality consumed by the day's work?

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