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Toronto

### October 16, 1913.

# AND KEEP THE HOUSE SPOT. LESSLY CLEAN WHEN YOU USE



## SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

"What is the secret of success" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window. "Never be led," said the Blue Pen-

cil.
"Be up-to-date," said the Calendar.
"Always keep cool," said the Ice.
"Do a driving business." said the

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer. "Make light of everything," said

THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN

'Never do anything off-hand,' said the Glove.

"Be snarp in all your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

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## THANKSGIVING IN THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

"Think," said the minister's little wife, "of eating eggs for a Thankssiving dinner!"

The Rev. Robert Kean smiled down into her wistful eyes.

"It is\_strange," her husband mused, "that somebody hasn't invited us to diener."

"Well, of course they don't dream how hard up we are," Mrs. Kean murmured, "and each one thinks the other has asked us."

In the days that followed no one would have imagined that the mind of the trim and smiling little minister's wife was constantly distracted by the problem of feeding four hungry people on a few dollars. "I can't have turkey," said little Mrs. Kean stoutly, "and that settles it."





But it was harder to deny the "kiddies."

"No, dears," the little mother said, "we can't have a feast this year. But we are going to be thankful just the same."

The children looked at her seriously. "I don't see anything to be thankful for," said Dudley, the big boy of twelve. "What can the Lord expect if he doesn't give us a turkey"—

"Oh, my dear!" was his mother's shocked reproof. But little Marion piped up, "I'm just going to be thankful and thankful and thankful and ask the Lord to send us the turkey anyhow."

Mrs. Kean told her husband of the comments. "Poor dears," she sighed; "they don't understand the blessedness of giving."

"There are some older people who don't understand," said her husband wearily. "Look at our neighbour next door. Never a penny does he give for the poor, and he has riches that he can't count."

But the old gentleman across the way was not worrying about the opinion of his neighbours.

"Mary," he said to the cook the night before Thanksgiving, "cook me an old-fashioned dinner to-morrow, turkey and all the fixings."

- But fate had decreed that no turkey and fixings should be served in , the house of the righ old gentleman, for Thanksgiving morning he suffer-

and on Thanksgiving! Why in the name of all that appetizing don't they have turkey?"

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"Yes, sir."

"Then carry it across the way, every bit of it."

A few minutes later a procession filed into the parson's flat.

"It's from the gentleman across the way," the cook explained tactfully as she stood in the hall. "He is ill, and there is no one to eat the dinner, and he thought you wouldn't mind."

There was really never such a dinner. The turkey was delicious, the pies perfect, and the little Keans brimmed over with happiness. But there was a deeper happiness than the mere joy of good eating in the heart of the Rev. Mr. Kean when, after a call next door, he came home to his wife.

"I have found a good neighbour," he said. "an old gentleman with a crusty manner and a heart of gold, and that's the best of my Thanksgiving, sweetheart."—Temple Bailey in Omaba World-Herald.

Nurse's Years of Experience



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ed an attack of gout that kept him tied to his bed, with strict orders from the doctor as to diet. No orders, however, having been given the cook, she proceeded to cook the dinner.

The aroma of it came up the stairway and tickled the nostrils of the rich old gentleman.

"Just my luck," he grumbled, "not to be able to eat it," and he sat up in bed to ring his little bell and to order all the doors shut to keep out the tantalizing smell.

The movement brought his eyes on a level with the window, and he looked straight across into the dining room of the minister's little flat.

Listlessly his eyes rested on the group; then suddenly he leaned forward and scanned the table. In front of the clergyman was a deep dish from which he was serving spoonfuls of some yellow substance.

"By the gods," murmured the old man, "it's eggs-scrambled eggs-

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