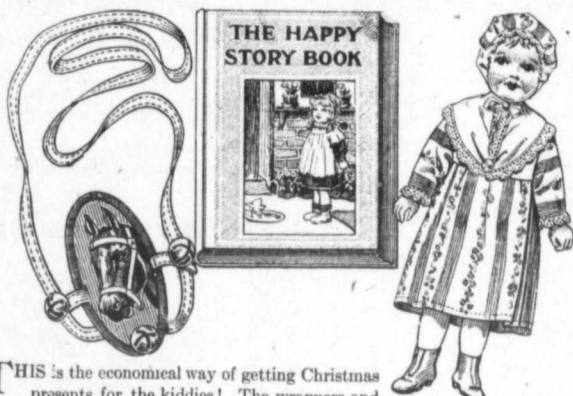


# FREE PREMIUMS

## For Christmas

Given away with wrappers from cakes of ROYAL CROWN SOAP



THIS is the economical way of getting Christmas presents for the kiddies! The wrappers and coupons cost you nothing, save them—and delight the kiddies with these valuable Prizes.

### The Happy Story Book

100 pages of wonderful stories and over 100 illustrations. All bound with heavy cardboard with colored front. Free for 25 wrappers and 25c. cash.

### Toy Reins

In white, glossy waterproof material, red striped and strongly stitched. 3 tinkling bells and the picture of a horse 6 1/4 inches deep x 3 inches wide upon front. A splendid toy. Free for 25 wrappers and 10c. cash.

### A Royal Doll

Beautifully dressed in flowered and striped gingham with hat to match tied with blue silk ribbon. Beautiful rosy cheeks, red lips, blue eyes. 15 inches high. Free for 100 wrappers and \$1.00 cash.

All Premiums mailed Post Paid.

Many other useful and beautiful premiums. Write us for our Big Premium Catalogue. Sent free upon request.

### Three Popular Games

Ludo, Parchesi, Up and Downs. Excellent games for children or grown-ups. Free for 25 wrappers and 25c. cash.

### Fairy Story Books

Jolly Story Book  
Three Little Pigs  
The Night Before Christmas  
Bunny Brown Adventure  
The Three Bears  
Peter Rabbit  
Mother Goose  
Children's Bedtime Book  
Little Brown Squirrel  
Children's Own Mother Goose  
Children's A.B.C.  
Mother Lover Melodies  
Teddy and Trots  
Little Small Red Hen  
Little Red Riding Hood  
John Brown Bear  
Pussy Willow  
Three Bears  
Peter Piggy  
Animal Fels  
Cinderella

Any Book Free for 25 Wrappers and 10c. cash.

The Royal  
Crown Soaps  
Ltd.

654 Main St.  
Winnipeg.



COUPON  
Kindly send me by return the premium marked above for which I enclose the coupon from the wrapper.  
Also send me the Big Free Premium Catalogue.  
Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_

was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had someone to live for; someone I must not disappoint."

"All that I have ever accomplished in life," declared Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, "I owe to my mother."

"To the man who has had a mother, all women are sacred for her sake," said Jean Paul Richter.

The testimony of great men in acknowledgment of the boundless debt they owe to their mothers would make a record stretching from the dawn of history to today. Few men, indeed, become great who do not owe their greatness to a mother's love and inspiration.

How often we hear people in every walk of life say, "I never could have done

this thing but for my mother. She believed in me, encouraged me, when others saw nothing in me."

"A kiss from my mother made me a painter," said Benjamin West.

A distinguished man of to-day says: "I never could have reached my present position had I not known that my mother expected me to reach it. From a child she made me feel that this was the position she expected me to fill; and her faith spurred me on and gave me the power to attain it."

It is a strange fact that our mothers, the molders of the world, should get so little credit and should be so seldom mentioned among the world's achievers. The world sees only the successful son; the

mother is but a rung in the ladder upon which he has climbed. Her name or face is never seen in the papers; only her son is lauded and held up to our admiration. Yet it was that sweet, pathetic figure in the background that made his success possible.

Many a man is enjoying a fame which is really due to a self-effacing, sacrificing mother. People hurrah for the governor, or mayor, but the real secret of his success is often tucked away in that little unknown, unappreciated, unheralded mother. His education and his chance to rise may have been due to her sacrifices.

The very atmosphere that radiates from and surrounds the mother is the

inspiration and constitutes the holy of holies of family life.

"In my mother's presence," said a prominent man, "I become for the time transformed into another person."

How many of us have felt the truth of his statement! How ashamed we feel when we meet her eyes, that we have ever harbored an unholy thought, or dishonorable suggestion! It seems impossible to do wrong while under that magic influence. What revengeful plans, what thoughts of hatred and jealousy, have been scattered to the four winds while in the mother's presence! Her children go out from communion with her resolved to be better men, nobler women, truer citizens.

The greatest heroine in the world is the mother. No one else makes such sacrifices, or endures anything like the suffering that she unconsciously endures for her children.

I know a mother who has brought up a large family of children under conditions which, I believe, no man living could possibly have survived. She had a lazy, worthless husband with no ambition, no force of character; a man extremely selfish and exacting, who not only did practically nothing to help his wife carry her terrible burden, but also insisted upon her waiting upon him by inches.

They were too poor to afford a servant, and the good-for-nothing husband would not lift a finger to help his wife if he could avoid it; yet he was cross, crabbed and abusive if meals were not on time, and if they were lacking in any respect, or if the children annoyed him or interfered with his comfort. Although the mother worked like a slave to keep her little family together and to make a living for them, her husband would never even look after the children while she was working, if he could sneak out of it. When the children were sick, he would retire without the slightest concern, and leave the jaded mother, who had worked all day like a galley slave, to nurse them. This man never seemed to think that his wife needed much sleep or rest, a vacation, holiday, or any change; he seldom took her anywhere, and was never known to bring her home a flower or a nickel's worth of anything. He thought that anything was good enough for his wife. She made her clothes over and over again, until they were worn out, but he always had to have a natty suit, which his wife must keep pressed. He insisted upon having his tobacco and toddy, and would always take the best of everything for himself, no matter who else went without.

Yet, in spite of the never-ending drudgery, the lack of comforts and conveniences in her home, and the fact that her health was never good; no matter how much her rest was broken by attendance upon the sick children, or how ill she might be, this woman never complained. She was always cheerful, always ready to give a helping hand and an encouraging word, even to her ungrateful husband. Calm, patient, and reassuring, she never failed to furnish the balm for the hurts of all her family. This woman saw her beauty fade, and the ugly lines of care, anxiety, and suffering come into her face. She saw no prospects of relief from care for herself in the future; nothing but increasing poverty; homelessness, and not a cent in the savings-bank. Yet she never complained. No one heard her denounce her shiftless husband, the real cause of all her sufferings. She literally gave up her life for her family, until there was nothing left but the ashes of a burdened-out existence, nothing but the shell of a once enchantingly beautiful and noble woman.

Ah, this is heroism—to see all the dreams of girlhood fade away, nearly everything of value go out of the life, and yet to bear up under it all with a sublime courage, heavenly patience, superb dignity, a wonderful mental poise and optimism. If this is not heroism, there is none on this earth.

What is the giving of one's life in battle or in a wreck at sea to save another, in comparison with the perpetual sacrifice of a living death lasting for half a century or more? How the world's heroes dwindle in comparison with the mother heroine!