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By Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets  
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Itching and Burning Pimples Spread. Clothing Irritated, Used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, Well in Three Weeks.  
High River, Alta.—"My baby was a sufferer from an itching and a burning on chest and back. The trouble began with a fine small rash and got quite a size. The pimples spread until his whole chest and back were covered. Some of them festered and on some the top looked crust. He was fretful and cross and was always rubbing. His clothing irritated him. The trouble caused itching, burning and loss of sleep. His chest and back grew worse and worse; they were a mass of itching pimples. The trouble had lasted two or three weeks and we tried remedies but they failed. Cuticura Soap and Ointment afforded relief in about ten days. I washed the eruption with hot water and Cuticura Soap four times a day, then used the Cuticura Ointment and in three weeks he was well again. He owes it to Cuticura Soap and Ointment."  
(Signed) Mrs. Alice Walford, Nov. 1, 1912.  
For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-nails with shingles, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Soak hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment and wear soft handgloves or old, loose gloves during the night. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A.

**HAPPY NEW YEAR**

**On the Track of the New Year**

**N**EW YEAR'S was a long time in settling upon Jan. 1 as the proper time for its celebration. Even now, in Greece and Russia, where the Julian calendar is in force, New Year's does not arrive until twelve days after the year is well on its way in the rest of the civilized world.  
The ancient Egyptians and Persians began the new year at the autumnal equinox, Sept. 22, and the Greeks of Solon's time at the winter solstice, Dec. 21, but in the time of Pericles the date was changed to the summer solstice, June 21. The Romans began the year from the winter solstice until Caesar changed it to Jan. 1. With the Jews the new year began in September in civil affairs, but in their ecclesiastical reckoning the beginning of the year dates from the vernal equinox, March 22. And, as this is astronomically the beginning of spring, the date is a logical one, and that of the 25th of March (25 being a more fully rounded number) was accepted generally by Christian nations in medieval times as New Year's.  
In England Dec. 25 was New Year's until the time of William the Conqueror. His coronation happened to fall on Jan. 1, and accordingly the year was ordered to commence on that day. But the English gradually fell into union with the rest of Christendom and began the year on March 25. When in 1582 the Gregorian calendar was promulgated and definitely located New Year's on Jan. 1 most Catholic countries adopted it at once, but England did not acquiesce until 1752.  
In ancient Rome New Year's day was given up to feasting and frolic-making. Sacrificial fires burned continually on the altars of the twelve gods. All litigation and strife were suspended.



ALL NATIONS DRINK A NEW YEAR'S HEALTHY.

reconciliations took place. New Year's calls were made and New Year's gifts bestowed. There also originated the New Year's resolution, for every Roman resolved on New Year's day to so regulate his conduct that every word and act should be a happy augury for all the days of the ensuing year.  
On account of the orgies which marked the New Year's arrival not only among the Romans, but among the Teutonic races, the early Christians looked with scant favor upon the whole season. By the fifth century, however, Dec. 25 became the fixed festival of the Nativity, whereupon Jan. 1 assumed a special sacred character as the octave of Christmas day.  
The giving of gifts on New Year's day has been ascribed largely in Anglo-Saxon countries by the giving of Christmas gifts, but the custom still is retained in France. This custom was one of the most ancient and universally observed of New Year's day.  
The druids distributed branches of the sacred mistletoe. The Roman emperors exacted gifts, and so did the English rulers down to the time of Cromwell.  
The world over on New Year's it is a custom to drink to the health of one's friends.  
The custom of making New Year resolutions and "turning over a new leaf" is universal and, like political platforms, is as much honored in the breach as in the observance. But the temptation which surrounds frail human beings in this wicked world are many and insidious.  
What a menace to our comfort, What reproof to him that boasts, Those habits that, discarded, Haunt our presence still like ghosts!  
—Kansas City Star.  
Do you try to do those you are dimmed by?  
The race question is the same with human beings as with horses—which wins?

**Dicky's New Year**

**H**ow He Came to Attend the Grown Folks' Party.  
DICKY sprang ungracefully on the floor, and at times he looked upon the merrisizing legs of a chair that stood near him. His first impulse was to feel sorry for doing this, his second to look around and see if any one had noticed this little outburst of temper.  
It may be that the Christmas festivities of a few days before had been too much for him; but whatever it was Dicky was certainly cross and inclined to weep easily.  
However, neither his mother nor his Aunt Gertrude noticed how he kicked the chair nor the way he scowled upon the world in general from under his tawny curls. They were absorbed in their preparations for entertaining the guests of that evening, and for once Dicky was forgotten.  
"If I was going to have a party and invite all the people in the world I'd invite my own little boy, Dicky, too. I wouldn't leave him out," quoth Dicky out of the silence.  
"What's that?" asked his mother carelessly, absorbed in her own thoughts. "No, no, Dicky, this is a party for mother's and father's friends. You wouldn't enjoy it."  
"Oh, but I do want to come," persisted Dicky. "I've heard you all talking about it, and I want to see the new year come in the window."  
"What is the child talking about?" asked his aunt.  
"The new year, it's coming in the window, and I heard mother tell how you were all going to open it to welcome it in," replied Dicky, somewhat impatient at his aunt for not understanding so obvious a meaning.  
"Nothing will come in at the window, dear," said his mother gently. "It's just a pretty custom. There will not be anything for you to see, and you will be much happier upstairs in your nice warm bed."  
Dicky wept a little at the time, and when the hour came for bed under the stern eye of his father he rebelliously consented to be tucked in by his nurse, although not without further remonstrances. Finding them of no avail, he sobbed his woes into his pillow, while his father and mother went below to receive their guests.  
By making a brave resistance to the drowsiness that was stealing upon him Dicky managed to keep awake until the party had assembled in the parlor below. Then he crept out of bed and hung over the banisters, eagerly trying to catch sight of the brilliant people in the gathering. A man passed along the hall. Dicky thought it might be his father and scurried back to bed again on feet as his little bare feet would carry him. And then without more ado he soon fell asleep, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."  
Downstairs the hours passed merrily, and the old year drew to a happy close. First there were only fifteen minutes of it left; then there were only ten. Finally the old year had but five short periods, counting sixty seconds each, to live. The men and women gathered together showed nothing of the solemnity that underlies the merriment of all such gatherings. Four minutes, three minutes, two minutes—ah! They turned from the windows in surprise to see Dicky standing in the doorway.  
He was not dressed for the party, and his little nightgown afforded scant protection against the drafts of the lower room. He was not expected at the party, either, and the expression on his father's face suggested that he was not even welcome there. These considerations might have disturbed an adult guest, but they mattered little to Dicky.  
He did not look or speak to any one. Ordinarily his father's sternness would have sent him with a bending rush to the protection of his mother's arms. Turning neither to the right nor to the left, he went to the window, and, although his eyes were closed, his little hands unlocked the catch that fastened it and opened the great casements without a mistake or hesitation.  
His mother, choking back a cry, took a furred wrap and went to cover him. His father looked, half in fright, at his brother, who was standing near.  
"Be careful not to wake him suddenly," said Dr. Tom. "He's walking in his sleep!"  
He raised the child gently in his arms and held him in the full blaze of the great chandelier, but Dicky's closed eyelids never quivered as the light struck against them.  
When he opened his eyes he was amazed to find himself at the party after all, surrounded by men and women, who all said cheerfully, "A happy New Year to you, Dicky, dear!"  
He was too drowsy to be frightened, but as his father carried him back to bed the child heard the great bells of the city calling out to him:  
"A happy New Year, Dicky, dear, and many of them!"

**The Old Year And the New**

**I** WATCHED the old year fade, And with its dying light The gloom, at first a shade, Turned into darkest night. And then I said: "Tis gone The old year is no more, And memory's now alone Linger along the shore."  
I watched the old year die, And with its fading day There came the thought that by its death a brighter way Opens up, and all things bright, We'll have surcease at last From specters dark as night. They'll live, but in the past.  
THE OLD YEAR'S FLIGHT.  
I watched the old year's flight And then said, with a smile, "Ah, now the new year bright Will glide with us awhile! But ere my hopeful dreams Have realized one day Is dead and passed; it seems It starts but to decay."  
Thus all along the way Gravestones must mark the miles, An epitaph each day, A tomb of tears and smiles. So we begin the new ("Tis old ere we've begun) To find it's aging, too, With the first setting sun.  
But 'twill not always be, There'll come a living day, And all things new, and we Shall live in endless May. No gravestones then will mark The tombs where dead hopes lie, No nights of sorrow dark, Creep o'er our chanceless sky. —James Daniel Cleaton.

**NEW YEAR'S DAY.**  
THE dawn is gray and chilly With the frost, The old year's pulse now flutters, now is still, And all our twelvemonth's deeds, For good or ill, Pass into shadow, silent, one by one. While from the night wherein we wander, lost, The new year rises with the rising sun.  
A new year? Nay, 'tis but the same old year, The same remorseless round of sun and rain, Of seasons in their order, joy and pain— The old emotions playing upon strings That wax a little older, drawing near The final end of all remembered things.  
Earth ages, and the very mountains nod With years, and we who crawl upon their breast, Pass at the sliding sands' benign behest. Hate fades, greed fails, lust crumbles into dust, And there are left but love and faith and God, To whom a thousand years are as a day. —Reginald Wright Kniffman.

**A New Year Proposal.**  
"What resolutions have I vowed to keep the coming year? Come, sit beside me, maiden fair, and straightaway you shall hear I've pledged myself to choose one girl from out the throng so gay And love her with an honest love forever and for aye."  
"I'll work for her with brain and brawn, with all my might and main, Until I've won her everything that honesty can gain. I'll fill her life with all that's good till life itself is done, And while we train our minds and hearts we'll not neglect the fun."  
"Now, tell me, won't you, maiden fair, what you have vowed to do? For I've laid bare my inmost soul to no one but to you."  
"I've made no pledges," she replied in so demure a tone, "But if you don't object I'll try to help you keep your own."  
—Wallace Dunbar Vincent.

The modern man who says, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," will usually eat burned food. The boss considers what a man earns; the man thinks of what he gets.

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