



## Flannels Shrink.

How can they help it? Who has not had the uncomfortable feeling from use of shrunken flannels? Ugh! Who is to blame for this? The Soap most undoubtedly. It is the rubbing of flannels that causes the fibres to cling closer together and "shrink." Then, the less rubbing the less "shrink." But flannels, as well as all clothing, must be clean. To avoid shrinking and have the clothes clean, use a Soap which has lathering and cleansing properties beyond the common. (Most satisfactory results are obtained with SURPRISE SOAP by following directions on the wrapper.)

## Cotton Rots.

Do you know why Cottons wear out so quickly and will not hold together? It is not the fault of the Cotton (Cottons are even better than they used to be), but the fault of the Soap employed in washing. A great many imperfectly made Soaps full of free alkali, which is death to the fibre of Cotton, are for sale and used. This is why Cotton rots. See to it that your clothes are washed with a Soap that has been thoroughly tested and proven—a Soap with a reputation.

## All Goods

are affected. When goods (be it clothing or anything that is washable) are spoilt in the wash do not be too ready to blame it to carelessness, but look to the Soap. More goods are ruined by use of poor, imperfectly made Soaps than by any other means. People are not careful enough by half. Look to it.

# SURPRISE

**MORAL:** Insist upon it that your clothes be washed with SURPRISE Soap and no other.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MANUFACTURING CO.,

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

and at the first sound of the organ I think I should have sobbed aloud with loneliness and the yearning for home.

I could always find my way well in a strange place, so I turned my steps towards the house where I had worked the day before, for somehow that piano drew me as a magnet.

The whole place was very quiet; evidently the family were all at church. There was not even a servant to be seen about.

I glanced up at the scaffolding where I had been working, and my heart bounded as I saw the window thrown wide open to let in the soft morning air, for the day was more like spring than winter. That open window decided my fate in life. I climbed up the scaffolding carefully and looked in. No one was near and the piano was still open. One moment I hesitated, and then the instinct which was stronger than life itself triumphed, and I stepped in.

I sat down at the piano, touching the keys silently at first with lingering loving touches, then I lost all prudence and began to play. After that I forgot everything. I was no longer a penniless exile painting houses for my bread. I was at home again. I was Max Rosenthien the gold medalist of the Leipzig Conservatoire with a bright career before him, a golden future stretching out before his boyish eyes.

How long I played I know not. My very soul seemed to be poured out in the music, and I could feel my own tears dropping softly on my hands. At last I began to sing in a low tone, I thought when a slight sound attracted my attention. I looked up and standing in the doorway was a lady listening quietly.

I sprang to my feet and dashed towards the window, but the lady was quicker than I, she signed to me to go on playing, not to be frightened, and then she spoke to me.

I answered in German, and she smiled reassuringly pointed to the piano and left the room, returning immediately with a stout German woman, who was her cook.

I told this woman my story, and she in turn related it to her mistress. I had kept

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and then he asked, with a scornful smile:

"Anything else?"

"Yes," I said proudly, "I can sing."

"You can, can you?" he responded.

"Well, I think, young man, you will be some time in New York before you will earn a dinner by playing and singing, unless you get a hand-organ and a monkey to help you. You look like an Italian, anyway, though you do speak German so well. We've got no place in New York for boys with long white hands, who can't do anything but play and sing."

"Where can I go to get work then?" I asked.

"I don't know where you'd get it, I'm sure," he said. "But you had better try to get to Philadelphia. There are lots of Germans there, and they might help you."

So he wrote the name "Philadelphia," down in English characters for me and refused to take anything for my dinner because he said my two marks would go but a short way towards taking me to my journey's end.

Then I thought I would sell my coat it was much warmer than it would have been in Germany at the same time of year so I would scarcely miss it, and if I looked very strange in my shirt sleeves I could not help it. I must have some more money so I found a shop that looked as if old clothes might be bought there, and made the shopman understand that I wanted to sell my coat. He offered me less than half what it was worth, but I took it and made the best of my way back to the railway station. I went up to the ticket window and showed the paper to the youth who was selling the tickets and then gave him all the money I had; he shook his head and said something and I made out that it was not enough. We both talked without knowing what each other said, but at last he gave me a ticket and I guessed that it must be just as far as the money would take me.

So, I took my place once more and soon, very soon, it seemed to me the guard took my ticket.

Shortly after that we passed a station and once more the guard came into the carriage and made me understand that he wanted more money, I answered by shaking my head and turning my pockets inside out. Then he went away, and when we reached another station he made me get out. I think he was sorry, but he could not help it.

It was growing dark now and I had no prospect of my supper, so I went into the waiting room at the station and lay down on one of the benches where they let me stay all night.

Very early in the morning I was awakened by the sound of a train coming in. I started up and seeing that it was going in the direction I wanted, I got into a second class car, and when the guard came for my ticket I turned my pockets out again. This one was not so kind. He stopped the train and put me off, so I walked on till I came to another station and there I did the same thing and with the same result.

All day till afternoon I was getting on trains and being put off, and once I stole an apple from the boy who sold them and was put off sooner.

Late in the afternoon I got into a car where there were a number of young men

and when I turned out my pockets as usual to show that I had neither money nor ticket one of them laughed and pointed to my violin case. He said something to the guard and I understood that they wanted me to play for them. The one who had laughed gave some money to the guard and signed to me to play. So I played for a long time and then one took off his hat and held it out to the others and they all dropped coins in it and gave them to me.

I took them thankfully, for had I not earned them? and then I showed my piece of paper with "Philadelphia" written on it and the one who had been kindest nodded and said "all right."

When the train stopped next he signed to me to come and I knew we had reached Philadelphia. He took me to a small tavern and managed to make me understand that my money would pay for supper and a bed.

Let me say here that I hope what I had really did pay for the supper I ate, for I think I managed to put that days three meals into one. It was late when I woke next morning and the breakfast was long over, so I paid what I owed and had a small silver coin left.

Then I started out to make my fortune. First I bought a small loaf of bread, and went into one of the open squares to eat it. A great many people turned to look at the tall youth in his shirt sleeves carrying a bundle and a violin case, but I did not heed them. I sat down and took my loaf out of the paper in which it was wrapped, and then I started, for the paper was printed in German.

I felt almost as if I were at home again, and as I ate I read it.

The very first thing I saw was an advertisement for young men to paint houses, and the address was given.

I had never painted any houses myself, but I had seen men doing it, and it looked very easy. So, by showing the address as I went, I found the place, and to my delight, the man proved to be a German.

I told him I had lately come over, and wanted work, and though he looked very suspiciously at my slender white hands, he said he was very short of men, so he would give me a trial.

"You can go out with the others this afternoon," he said, "and work half a day. Tomorrow will be Christmas Day, so there will be no work till the day after. Christmas Day! and at home. No matter. All that was past now—all days were alike to me, and surely the blessed Christ Child was as near me here as in my own country, even now He might be bringing me gifts I knew not of.

So I went out with the men when they returned from dinner, and climbed up on the scaffolding striving to conceal the tremors I felt, grasping my paint brush very hard, and watching my fellows as I worked, so as to imitate them as well as possible.

The work we were at that day was painting the outside of a large handsome house in the outskirts of the city, strange to say it was a wooden house, in this city where nearly all were built of brick or stone. I learned afterwards that the owner suffered from rheumatism, and thought all stone houses were damp, but then I thought it strange that where there seemed so much



CHRISTMAS EVE.

wealth the house should not be more substantial.

As my work brought me opposite a window I could not help glancing through it into the room beyond; it was an upstairs drawing room, furnished with most exquisite taste, and near the window, close enough to set all my pulses throbbing, was a grand piano standing open, and with the music in the rack, as if someone had just been playing.

I nearly dropped my brush. I had not seen a piano since the day—years ago it seemed—when I left the Conservatoire.

The quick tears rushed to my eyes at the sight; my fingers absolutely ached to touch the soft ivory keys, and it was with a strong effort that I went on with my work.

That night the man they called the "boss" took me home with him to his own boarding house, and lent me an old coat. He was very kind and said I would soon be able to buy a new one.

In the evening he took me out to see the shops in their holiday dress, and they were very beautiful. Everything spoke of the holy season, and in spite of myself my eyes would fill with tears of homesickness.

It was a beautiful city, so clean, and after New York so quiet, and the shops were all so beautifully decorated with evergreens.

The next morning the Christmas bells were ringing when I woke, and all the world seemed full of happiness and cheer.

Someone wished me "A Merry Christmas" as I went down stairs, and I answered with a Christmas wish in German, and though neither of us understood the other words we knew the meaning was a kind one.

After breakfast I strolled out by myself. I could not go to church because even if I had known where to go I was too shabby,

the certificate of baptism, which had served me so well, carefully, and now I showed it to the lady.

She was a generous, large minded woman, and she believed me. I think she saw that I was a gentleman, and she told the cook to tell me to remain till her husband came home, as he spoke German, and could talk to me.

Meanwhile, I played and sang for her; and when her husband came, he made me stay to dinner, shabby as I was.

There is little more to tell. My story has been too long already.

The blessed Christ child had indeed been bringing me a gift, the gift I most longed for in the world, the career I had chosen.

The friends I had found were not only wealthy and influential, but far better, they moved in the highest musical circles in the city, and my future was assured.

In six months from that day my name was on handbills throughout the city, side by side with that of Nilssohn, to appear before a Philadelphia audience, at a grand concert in the beautiful academy of music, of which the Philadelphians were so justly proud. "Professor Max Rosenthien, of the Conservatoire at Leipzig, baritone and violinist," the handbills said, and I sent one of them home, for I knew how they would smile to see me called "Professor." That was three years ago, and now I am a naturalized American.

Next summer I am going home to visit my people.

In the records of the war office my name is written in red ink, according to the custom when a man evades the conscription, and the eyes of the government are everywhere. So no sooner will I have fairly reached my father's house and embraced my parents than a tap will come to the door, and there will stand two *gens d'arme*. They will enter quietly, and laying each a hand upon my shoulder, one will say, "Max Rosenthien, you are my prisoner!"

And drawing out my papers of naturalization, I will hold them out proudly and answer, "At your peril, then! I am a citizen of the United States!"