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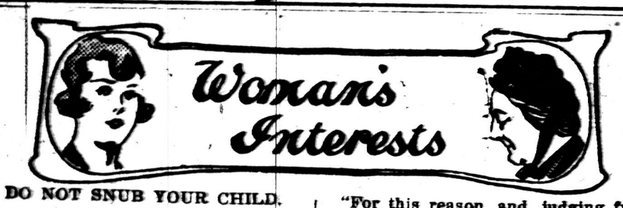


DO NOT SNUB YOUR CHILD.

"It took me forty years' struggle to get over the snubbing I received as a child," said a prominent man the other day.

"My parents were the good, old-fashioned sort who believed that their first duty was to instill a sense of humility into their children, so our every fault and defect was kept continually before us, and our every good quality minimized, and we were generally made to feel that we were worms of the dust that had no right to even try to lift our heads, much less to get up on our mind legs and walk.

"Whenever we expressed an opinion on any subject we were promptly squelched and given to understand that our views were so silly that we would do well to keep silent. Wherever we tried to do anything out of the ordinary all of our pep was taken out of us by being told that we never could succeed. Others might, but not we. Whenever we voiced an ambition it was laughed at. The idea of poor, ordinary commonplace dubs like we, thinking that we could accomplish anything great!

"Of course, our parents' idea was merely to keep us from becoming self-conceited, but the result was to kill all of our confidence in ourselves and to implant in us what the psychologists call an inferiority complex that has been a great handicap to us all of our lives.

"One of my sisters, for instance, is an unusually pretty woman, and all that she has ever lacked of being a great beauty is that swagger of beauty that makes a woman carry herself 50 per cent. above her looks instead of 90 per cent. under them. You know what I mean—that air that a pretty woman has that cries aloud to all who see her to come and admire her, and that sort of press-agents her charms.

"My poor sister has none of this aura of beauty. She hasn't even any style, because she had it so firmly impressed on her youthful mind that people were only flattering her when they told her what wonderful eyes, and beautiful hair, and lovely complexion she had, and that good looks didn't amount to anything, anyway, that she acquired a deprecating air that has made her slink through the world as unobtrusively as possible, instead of queening it, as is a beauty's right.

"As for myself, I have missed a thousand golden opportunities just through lack of faith in myself. It had been so bred in my bones that I had only the most mediocre ability that I was afraid to undertake things that I really knew I could do, afraid to assert myself, afraid even to try to climb.

"It took years for me to find out that we really write our own price tags, and that other people take us at our own valuation nine times out of ten. Perhaps the humble shall be exalted, and those who take a back seat be asked to come up and sit on the platform in the next world, but it doesn't happen in this.

"It took me other years to find out that the secret of success is self-confidence. You may not be always able to do everything that you aspire to do, but you certainly can do nothing more than you think you can. To doubt yourself paralyzes energy and ambition.

"Before you can inspire confidence in other people you must have faith in yourself, and you can only have this if you have a good amount of self-esteem, and anybody who robs you of this has done you a deadly wrong.

Nearly all the men in the whole history of the world who have accomplished great things have been great egotists. No meek, meaching general could lead an army to victory no matter how brave he was or how wonderful a tactician.

It takes a man who believes in himself implicitly to inspire a sublime faith in his followers. No deprecating business man could borrow a hundred thousand dollars from a bank. It takes a man who thinks he is a Napoleon of finance to hypnotize others into seeing him as he sees himself, and give him all the credit he wants.

"I'll admit that self-conceit is the most unattractive quality that anyone can possess. No one is so tiresome as the egotist who tells you what a wonder he is, and boasts of his own achievements, but, even so, he is far more apt to arrive than the modest man who does not blow his own horn, who does not exploit his own talents, but who waits, generally in vain, for a perceptive public to discover and reward his virtues.

"For this reason, and, judging from my own experience, I think it is a mistake for parents to try to teach their children to think poorly of themselves and their abiliies. Especially is it a crime to discourage a child's ambitions, and t is a double-dyed crime to make a child feel that its possibilities are limited by its defects.

"The braggadocio of youth may sound ridiculous, but who knows what are the possibilities of any human being, or what he may achieve?

"A swelled head is objectionable, but it is better than a pinhead any day, and that is the point that parents who are always belittling their children will do well to consider."—Dorothy Dix.

THOSE USEFUL CLOTHESPINS.

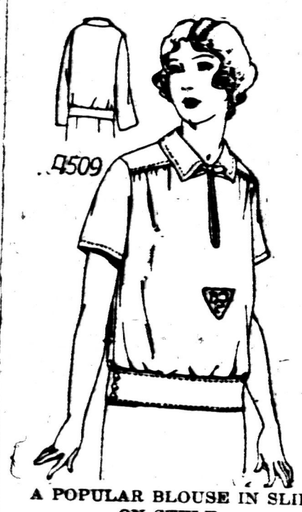
When it is desired to strain any hot liquid such as jelly, cottage cheese, soup or starch through a cloth, pin the cloth to the top of the receptacle which is to contain the liquid with ordinary clothespins. This will not only make the work easier, but will prove a safeguard against scalding.

HAVE SINK AT PROPER HEIGHT.

How many rounded shoulders and bent aching backs can be traced to sinks and tables so low that the worker has to lean over constantly? The bottom of the sink, its working surface, should be high enough so the woman can just touch it with her clenched fists, held straight down in front of her. This means she can stand erect in washing dishes. If the sink is too low and cannnot be raised, a wire standard can be purchased for a quarter that will hold the dishpan steady at the right height.

NO MUSS.

Pancakes, waffles and batter cakes usually are popular with the family, but are a trial to the cook because the batter is so drippy and apt to muss up the stove when being put into the hot griddle by the spoonful. I avoid all this by making my batter in a big pitcher. It is then unnecessary to use a spoon at all in dropping the batter on the griddle. Just pour it out in nice little puddles and you have cakes of a more uniform size and no muss at all.—M. B. W.



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4509. An old friend with new features is this stylish model. The fulness of the front makes this style attractive for slender figures. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 2⅝ yards of 32 inch material. If made with short sleeve 2¼ yards will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

Our Complete Debt.

Teacher—"We borrowed our numerals from the Arabs, our calendar from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can any one think of any other examples?"

Willie Willis — "Our lawn-mower from the Smiths, our snow-shovel from the Joneses, and our baby-carriage from the Bumps."

Australia furnishes the bulk of the world's supply of pearls.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
(Copyright.)

(Chap. XX., Continued)

Tu Hee's face haunted Irma Culver all the way home, and the desire became stronger to capture and separate the memories that flashed by, one golden mass; their passing was like the darting of a bird: before her mind could mould them into definite form they were gone.

Weary and puzzled, she slipped into the soft mauve silk neglige her Chinese maid had laid out for her. Dismissing the girl, she herself unloosened the still heavy masses of hair, whose former golden radiance had given place to soft silver.

Despite the silvery waves, however, the years had been very kind to Irma Culver. Sorrow to be sure had long ago stolen away the glow of youth, but had replaced it with something more tangible, a resignation that lent calmness to the blue eyes and a softer, deeper beauty to the face.

With the brush poised in her hand, her eyes were suddenly caught and held by the reflection in the mirror. She bent closer—the mist was parting!

Crossing to the little table near the window, she picked up a dainty miniature painting and peered at it eagerly. The eyes of the radiant creature smiled back at her happily; the lovely curved lips seemed as if about to part in a flood of joyous laughter. The hair clustered in bright golden waves over the broad, low forehead.

A sharp indrawn breath evinced the fact that Irma Culver was battling with keen emotion. The mists had indeed parted, and with tortured heart she peered in at the memories which, severed from the past, slowly detached themselves and trooped singly before her.

As Irma Culver stared down at her own features she could have screamed with derisive laughter—the face of Tu Hee, the Chinese girl, had recalled and stabbed her with her own golden, buried youth.

Chapter XXI.

The funeral of Chu Sing was typically Chinese. He was buried with all the pomp and display his station in life called for. Tu Hee ordered an immense catafalque erected outside her own gates, which obstructed the whole street. There it remained for three days. The customary time is a week or ten days, but circumstances prevented this length of ceremony.

Upon its removal, high dignitaries and friends of Chu Sing—the law unbent far enough to allow Tu Hee also to show respect to the dead—brought all manner of articles, which they arranged and sent up in flames. They thus honored the spirit of the dead man.

Then came the final token of respect, which took place as the funeral passed along the street, but in which Tu Hee was not permitted to take part. It was the scattering of round pieces of paper with square holes in the centre, resemblingn copper cash, along the road to the breeze. This was for the future use of the departed spirit.

Tu Hee felt she was indeed alone now—that the cordon of the law was tightening about her ominously. In vain she protested her innocence. Some one was guilty. Some one had to pay the penalty, and as no one came forward on whom the crime could be fastened, Tu Hee was the most convenient victim. The penalty itself had not yet taken definite form.

Grace and Helen, with the eager assistance of Irma Culver, worked untiringly to vindicate the Chinese girl. They had also enlisted the services of Neil Culver, Chesterton Reynolds, and Rowen Strathmore, but seemngly to no avail. The Chinese law, figuratively speaking, drew its skirts tightly about itself and let the foreigners see this was a case for its disposal alone.

"It's terrible. They are like heathens—cannibals, gloating over their victim," shuddered Grace.

They were again consulting in the Culver's temple home.

"We can do nothing more."

Neil Culver flicked the ashes from a half-smoked cigarette as he spoke. "For the tenth time, I repeat, it does not do to interfere wih these people. They probably have some strange superstition that the gods will be appeased if they sacrifice this young girl. Ah, here's Chese! He may have some news for us."

"I have, but not very heartening. Ah, Mrs. Claymore, if you will pay me the honor of letting me share your bench, I'll relate what I know."

With a smile Helen readily drew her white skirt aside and Reynolds dropped into the place beside her.

It was late in the afternoon. A torrid heat wave had driven them to the coolest spot in the garden, a pine grove on the edge of the hill, where, if a cool breeze loitered about at all, it was sure to drift.

"A new issue has arisen in the case of Miss Weng Toy."

A wave of expectancy swept from the group and encircled the speaker.

"No," he continued, "it's not what I call hopeful, but it is decidedly less gruesome."

"Yes?" Helen touched his sleeve as she breathed the eager question.

Reynolds' eyes lingered on the white, capable hand. Subconsciously he was telling the woman beside him how in all his restless wanderings he had never met anyone half so marvelous as she. It went on, the subconscious part of him, collecting and registering indelible impressions, while the working-day side of his mind addressed his anxious audience.

"The superstitious fear of the people has them in its grip. It seems the old nurse, Lun, has spread the news that the girl is a gift of the gods, whatever she means by that, and that if she is harmed some terrible calamity will befall China."

Irma Culver had risen, an eager light in her soft eyes.

"Calm yourself, dearest," murmured her husband. "You will remember Lun explained her affection for the child caused her to affix that appellation to it."

"Yes, of course." Irma sank back into the wicker chair.

Reynolds looked questionably at his host.

"It is nothing, Mr. Reynolds." Irma smiled faintly. "Just memories. They crowded back and overwhelmed me for a moment." Her voice grew softer. "That was the name the natives gave to our little girl, the 'Gift of the Gods.' Please forgive me for interrupting you."

"There is nothing much more to tell about the unfortunate girl, Mrs. Culver. The law demands some form of punishment, so to appease the people they have changed their former sentence of torture to one of life imprisonment."

A startled cry escaped Grace, while Helen covered her face with her hands.

Reynolds looked at the latter anxiously. "Please, Mrs. Claymore, don't take it so hard. It seems like an atrocious sentence for a young girl like Miss Weng Toy, but still circumstances are dead against her."

"It seems horrible indeed," interjected Culver; "but after all it is something for her to have escaped the death penalty. There is always a chance with life imprisonment. Besides, everything points to her guilt. Yes, yes, I know all you ladies are ready to swear to her innocence, but these people, my dears, are very wily."

"Oh, you don't understand, Dr. Culver!" Helen had risen and was facing them with flushed face and flashing eyes. "I feel Tu Hee is as innocent as myself. Call it woman's intuition if you will, but I know this criminal method of condemning by circumstantal evidence, of which wickedness China alone isn't guilty, is blighting a pure, innocent girl's life."

She flung the words from her ruthlessly, and sped down the path out of sight.

The others looked at each other in amazement, that is, all except Grace, who sat very quiet and white-faced.

Reynolds was the first to break the awkward silence.

"Fine woman," he said, laconically; "thought a lot of the Chinese girl. Too bad. If you'll excuse me I'll go and see if she wants her pony from the stable."

"Please don't let her go without me, Mr. Reynolds," called Grace.

"You must come back to the house for tea, dear. Come." Irma Culver rose. "It's after four o'clock. No, my dear, I couldn't think of letting you undertake that ride to the city without at least a cup of tea."

So they followed the flower-bordered path back to the house, where over a cup of tea they would presently smile and chat and let convention straighten the masks that sometimes slip to one side. Ah, the game of life—it has rigorous rules, but if you play up to them you some day come out on top!

Chapter XXII.

"I declare, Grace, it's enough to give one the fidgets to be in the same room with you these days."

"I'm sorry, mamma, if I disturb you."

"Disturb!" Mrs. Ashton snorted. "I have no resentment, but at least I've got nerves. You've walked to that table seven times—yes, seven, I took the trouble to count—and picked up David's photograph. For the love of respectability, I hope wou're not falling in love all over again and with another man at that. If you feel the malady coming on again you had better speak now and not cause a scandal later on. To be sure I'm an American, but I'm also a Baptist, and divorce has never been in my line. Both your father's side and my own have been noted for their respectable women."

"O, mother, how can you talk so?"

"There, that's how she treats a mother's advice, a parent's wisdom," and Mrs. Ashton threw up her hands in despair.

"Why, you know, mother, that David and I are like brother and sister."

"Well, I thought a lot of my six brothers, but no one ever caught me mooning over their photographs."

"I—I was just making up my mind."

"Exactly—just what I thought. Well, for Annie's sake make it up quick. I'm too old to enjoy and get thrills out of love tragedies. You'd better speak to Rowe to-night and let him know you're not sure of yourself—that—"

"But I am sure of myself." Grace was almost crying with vexation. "I love Rowe more than any man on earth."

"H'm, well, all I can say is if love affects you the way it has the last few days it isn't healthy for you. No, it is not. Bless my soul, you've been paying more attention to Helen Claymore than to your future husband. Girls didn't act so in my time. No they did not. Men won't stand for that sort of thing too long. Helen is is nice girl; I'm not saying one word against Helen, mind you, no, I am not; but, mercy's sake, there is no need to go daft over her.

"Bless my soul, is that three striking? and I was to have met Mrs. Playter on the verandah at five minutes to. Mercy, how I detest shopping in heathen countries! They lead you through a dozen rooms—rat holes, rather—and just when you have said good-bye to your friends and your own life you reach the spot where you see something that half suits you; but then what can you expect of people who do everything backwards, even to eating soup last? There, is my hat straight? By the way, I'll have to get you to raise this ribbon—it cuts my height now. Good-bye. Better go out and get some fresh air."

With a sigh of relief Grace threw herself on the couch. Her head ached horribly. She didn't wonder at her mother's remarks. Truly she wasn't acting like a happy prospective bride, but the fact was she couldn't enjoy her own happiness and know David was suffering, for suffering he was, no doubt, in spite of the bright sallies and witticisms his letters contained. No, she was too used to David not to be able to read between the lines. The question that troubled her now was, should she cable him to return?

She closed her eyes wearily. Her brain was too tired to help her arrive at any decision just now. The sounds of the street came to her in a rumble which grew to a soothing murmur. Her senses were being lulled into a pleasant drowsiness; she slept.

(To be continued).

Up Against It.

Mosquito—"Come on, fellows. There is the fellow in there that slapped my child last night!"

Changing Insects' Heads.

Marvels of surgery achieved in the animal and insect world are described by Mr. E. J. Boulenger, one of the curators of the London Zoo, who has been watching experiments at Vienna.

Experiments were made with two kinds of English water-beetle, the hydrophilus and the dytiscus, both of which are found in stagnant pools and slow-running streams.

The operation consisted of decapitating the insect and cementing another head on to its truncated body by the exuding fluid.

After the operation had been performed, dytiscus bodies were found swimming about the aquaria with hydrophilus heads, and vice versa.

Then followed a startling revelation in insect psychology—if such a thing exists. When a male head was put on a female body the bettle became male in instinct and made love to normal females. But when a female head was stuck on a male body the male stopped courting and became passive.

The experimenters also restored sight to a blind frog by grafting into the eye socket the living eye of another frog.

Naturalists tell us that a caterpillar can eat twice its own weight of leaves in twenty-four hours.

Next to theology, the thing dearest to the heart of a Scotsman is money. —Sir Robert Horne.

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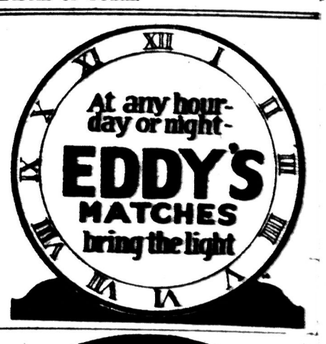
Didn't Know the Brand.

Old Sport (trying to ring in)—"I see this ozone is putting a fine tint on that pretty cheek of yours!"

Saleslady (at the shore) — "This ain't 'Ozone,' old dear—it's called the "Bloom of Youth."



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Poultry Raising—(Four Weeks)—January 8th - February 2nd.
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Fruit and Vegetable Growing—January 21st - February 2nd.
Floriculture and Landscape Gardening—Feb. 4th - Feb. 16th.
Dairy Courses:
Course for Factory Cheese and Buttermakers — January 2nd - March 14th.
Cow-Testing—Jan. 7th - Jan. 19th.
Farm Dairy—Jan. 21st - Feb. 2nd.
Factory Milk and Cream Testing, including Factory Management and Accounts—Feb. 4 - Feb. 16.
Market Milk, including Mechanical Refrigeration—Feb. 18 - March 1.
Condensed and Powdered Milk—March 3rd - March 15th.
Ice-Cream, including Mechanical Refrigeration—March 17 - Mar.28.
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These courses are planned to meet the requirements of farmers, farmers' sons, dairymen, poultrymen, bee-keepers and horticulturists who may be able to leave home for but a short period during the winter months.

All courses are free, with the exception of the dairy courses, for which a small registration fee is charged.

A change from the home surroundings, meeting other people interested in the things in which you are interested, exchange of experience and the acquirement of knowledge, will do you good. Plan to attend some course that appeals to you. Reduced rates on railways. Write for booklet describing the courses and ask for railway certificate.

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