

anything, and now I want to know if others have had a like experience, or can make any suggestions.'

This led to the hesitating admission from several mothers that their children would tell 'fairy tales,' in spite of all that they could do, and that they, too, were sorely perplexed. The subject was discussed from various viewpoints, various punishments suggested, and all seemed hardly to credit their ears when Mrs. Carlton said:

'I would suggest that you cultivate blindness until your little ones outgrow this passing impulse, as I am confident they will.'

'What! "Spare the rod and spoil the child!"' exclaimed one.

'I think you will bear me out in the statement that my son Harold shows no evidence of having been spoiled,' was the evasive reply.

This called forth a chorus of 'He is the manliest boy I know of!' and 'Just my ideal of a son!' etc., which resulted in the frank admission:

'Yes, he is a good son, and his word is never questioned now; but when he was about the age of Mrs. Ward's Frank it seemed more natural for him to lie than to tell the truth.'

'You need not shake your heads and look so incredulous,' she continued, after a slight pause, 'for he was so tricky and untruthful that my mother-in-law used to tell me that I would see him in a reform school, or prison, later on, if I allowed him to go unpunished, as I did.'

'How did you dare take the risk of not punishing?' queried Mrs. Ward.

'Because I remembered so vividly my own inclination in this direction in childhood, and how my old grandmother, whose charge I was, punished me so severely for the slightest evasion of the truth that through fear of greater punishment—for mine was a timid, shrinking nature—I told absolute falsehoods to shield myself, which usually resulted in what I was trying to avoid. Still, when I grew to years of understanding truth became sacred to me.'

'So it seems you went to the other extreme with your children, and did not punish them at all,' commented one at this juncture.

'Yes, and no,' was the smiling reply. 'There were many instances in the training of my children when I felt that discipline of some sort was necessary; but when I saw Harold develop a tendency to tell "fairy tales," as you call them, I appeared not to notice it. Sometimes the other children would say, "He's fibbing, mamma," but I would seemingly pay but little heed to it beyond saying, "Yes, mother suspected that; but when he wants to be a manly boy he will be truthful"; or perhaps his father, who felt as I did, would say, "He cannot deceive God, anyhow."'

'Oh, did your way succeed?' was the eager query of a mother who had not before spoken.

'Yes, it worked like a charm,' responded Mrs. Carlton. 'The boy soon saw that no punishment awaited him if he evaded the truth; and, too, that his made-up yarns were uncredited and not considered manly, and he soon outgrew the habit and would say, looking me full in the eye:

"That's on the square, mother. I've quit yarning it." And now, as some of the ladies have kindly intimated, Harold is upright in every way.'

Just here Mrs. Ward, with a sigh of relief, said: 'I came here heavy-hearted, but our good hostess has thrown new light on what so distressed me, and now I face my responsibilities with fresh courage.'

One's Serene Little World.

A woman I know is counted poor among her friends. She has little or no money, no health, much love, one sunshiny window, and a plant or two. Each one with whom she began life has grown rich, occupying great and important places, outstripping her like a gay procession that sweeps by one who has fallen discomfited by the way-side. Sometimes the woman has compared her lot and rebelled, as she herself has told me. She, too, has cried out for the meaning of it, the secret of her own failure and their success. 'Why, why, why?' she has moaned in despair. 'What ought I to do,

how ought I to have done?' The other day she came to me. I saw a new light in her eyes, and saw that she had found strength. 'What is it?' I asked.

'Only this,' she answered. 'I've studied into it all and thought. Their world is not my world, nor my world theirs, and I can do nothing to change it. One thing, though, I can do. Small as it is, I can make my little world serene.' — Lillie Hamilton French.

The Girl We Love.

A song for the girl we love—God love her!
A song for the eyes with their tender wile,
The fragrant mouth with its melting smile,
The blossom lip and the dainty chin,
The lily hand that we tried to win—
The girl that we love, God love her!

A prayer for the girl we love—God love her!
A prayer for the eyes with their faded light.

The cheek whose roses waned to white,
The small hands crossed in quiet rest,
The flowers sweet on her sweet dead breast—

The girl that we love, oh love her!

The girl that we love, God love her!

—Selected.

Pastry.

The chief things to observe in producing good pastry are that all the utensils should be clean and free from dust, that the flour should be perfectly dry and of the best quality possible, and the butter, lard or dripping perfectly fresh.

Finely chopped suet is a very economical substitute for butter, but this kind of pastry should always be served hot.

When mixing the paste, add the water gradually, working it together with a wooden spoon, and kneading until quite smooth. A cool hand and a light touch are very essential to insure good pastry, while if possible a marble slab is preferable to a board for rolling out the paste. Nowadays, too, glass rollers may be purchased, which are better than the wooden ones.

Rich, light pastry must be quickly made and quickly baked; if allowed to stand long before putting in the oven it becomes heavy.

To make puff paste, take half a pound of butter, and half a pound of flour, and work the flour into a smooth paste with a quarter of a pint of water, mixing with a knife. Roll out to an inch thickness, break two ounces of butter into small pieces, lay on the paste, sifting some flour over, fold the paste, roll out again, using another two ounces of butter with flour as before, repeating twice more until the butter is all used.

Flour both rolling pin and board to prevent sticking, and be sure the oven is quite hot before putting the pastry in, a brisk oven being essential. It is wise to put in a small piece of paste to test the heat. About twenty or thirty minutes is the average time, according to the thickness of the paste.

An economical pastry is made by rubbing half a pound of butter lightly into a pound and a quarter of flour. Mix smooth with water and roll two or three times. If used for fruit tarts mix in two tablespoonfuls of finely sifted sugar before adding the water.

Or allow six ounces of clarified dripping to one pound of flour, and mix with half a pint of water, treating as above.

Or five ounces of finely chopped suet mixed with one pound of flour may be blended into a smooth paste with half a pint of water.

The Habit of Feeling Ill.

Few people realize that their ailments are largely self-induced. They get into the habit of not feeling well. If they get up in the morning with a slight headache, or some other trifling indisposition, instead of trying to rise above this condition, they take a positive pleasure in expatiating upon their feelings to any one who will listen. Unconsciously, by dwelling and dwelling upon their symptoms, they rein-

force the first simple suggestion of illness by a whole army of thoughts and fears and images of disease, until they are unfitted to do a day's work in their homes or offices.

It is said that man is a lazy animal. We are all more or less prone to indolence, and it is the easiest and most natural thing in the world for young people to accustom themselves to lying down or lounging on a sofa because they think they are tired, or not well. Much so-called 'invalidism' is simply laziness, fostered and indulged from childhood. There is a great danger that girls who are delicate while growing up, and lounge around the house and lie down whenever they feel the least out of sorts, will form a habit of invalidism when they reach maturity. How often do we see such girls 'brace up' at once whenever anything happens which interests or excites them! An invitation to a reception, or any other pleasant social occasion, acts like a tonic. For the time being an instantaneous cure is effected. They are as well as anybody, until after the entertainment.—'Success.'

Soak a new toothbrush for ten minutes in cold water and thoroughly dry it before using, for then the bristles will be less likely to come out than if this precaution were omitted.

Canadians Abroad.

Canadians residing abroad will one and all heartily appreciate the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with its monthly budget of 'pictures from home.' The first edition will be exhausted long before most of them realize that there is such a publication—and they will be sorry to miss the first issue. Friends at home could not find a more acceptable gift to send them—only a dollar bill for twelve months of pleasure. For the present this rate covers postage to all parts of the world. Orders of this sort will need to be sent in promptly, for very soon it will be impossible to get the October issue.

On request, a neat gift card will be sent, announcing to the far-away friend the name of the donor.

A Special Christmas Club.

To friends throughout Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) also throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and the many other countries mentioned on page 15 as not requiring extra postage, the 'Canadian Pictorial' may be sent for only fifty cents, provided three or more such subscriptions are remitted at one time. So often in the Christmas preparation for those at home, gifts for the distant friends are not mailed till too late. Now is the time to arrange for what is really a series of gifts, in one of the most delightful forms, a form that makes it possible to share the pleasure with others. Send in your Christmas subscriptions now. They will have the most careful attention.

Simple Hospitality.

A friend is invited to lunch. She is wealthy and lives in what is termed 'good style.' It is the ambition of the foolish housewife to imitate her friend's luxurious and costly hospitality. John is coaxed for an extra five dollars, which he can ill afford, the fish man is asked to send oysters on credit, a bunch of expensive roses is ordered from the florists and poor Bridget is given so many contradictory orders in regard to the proper dressing of the salad, and the frying of the sweet breads that she threatens every moment to get into one of her undesirable tantrums. And the poor, foolish, little mistress, who can blame her if she answered good patient John somewhat sharply, this morning when he asked the use of so much fuss. Whose fault is it that honest old Aunt Jerusha, who had dropped in for a quiet afternoon, should be hurried off before the arrival of the aristocratic guest?

And when it is all over, and the visitor has left, the poor little hostess sits down and has a good cry because everything went