A Plea for the Unlucky Lucky Folk.

By RUTH CAMERON.

The little girl across the way is fortunate enough to have a father who believes that a child needs two parents for its bringing up as well as its begetting. His wife does not have to be the modern father - mother, for her husband instead of acting merely as a kind of walking pocket-book for the children takes an active interest in their daily lives. He even likes to know about little Elizabeth's home lessons, and sometimes when she cannot master her sums he helps her with them, and thereby hangs my tale.

I said Elizabeth was fortunate to have a father who would help her with her sums, and so she is. Yet there is a very big fly in the ointment.

I'll let Elizabeth tell you about it as she told her mother and me. You see I happened to be calling there the day she brought home her "report card." That momentous document contained a long desired "A" in Arithmetic, beside several other excellent marks. Her mother was delighted, and Elizabeth was evidently on the verge of tears. A question or two and the storm broke. "It doesn't do me any good to get 'A'," sobbed Elizabeth, "all the girls say I ought to get high marks when father does all my sums for me and helps me with all my lessons."

"But he doesn't do your sums, dear," protested her mother indignantly; "he just helps you to find the way to do them once in a while when they are very hard."

"I know it," sobbed Elizabeth, "nobody believes that. Just because he was a school teacher once they say he does all my work for me."

As I listened to little Elizabeth's protest against the unjust judgment of the world, another occasion flashed into my mind. A group of people were discussing one of the young men of the neighborhood who had married the daughter of his employer.

"Pretty soft for him," said one. "You know he has been promoted right over the heads of older men, and men who have been there three times as long as he," said another. "No wonder he flashes by in an automobile while the rest of us is still using shanks mare," commented a third.

Now, as it happens, the young man in question is very brilliant and stands head and shoulders above his critics. Of course, it is impossible to say that he would have risen as rapidly if he had not been working for his father-in-law, but I think it is equally as impossible to say that he would not. And yet, never in the world will he receive credit for his rise.

I know another man who actually refused to go into his father's business on this account. "No matter what I do I'll never get the credit for it," he said, "I'd rather start out for myself and then people will know that whatever I accomplish I've won by my own ability and not by favor—and I'll know it, too." He eventually made emphatically good in another man's employ, and, having proved his worth beyond cavil, entered into partnership with his father.

Little Elizabeth's experience is typical of the world's judgment. If a man has some advantage of circumstance over his fellow men, whatever success he may win is attributed to that advantage and none to his personal worth.

It is pleasant to have advantages, but, as Elizabeth found, advantages have their disadvantages. There's a fly in the ointment, and to one of a proud spirit it is sometimes a mighty big drawback.

Ruth Cameron

How to Start an Auto.

In addition to his other accomplishments, Postmaster Sloan Simpson, of Dallas, Texas, is an authority on starting automobiles, says a dealer. He has prepared the following simple and infallible directions for the guidance of his friends.—

1—Remove the spark plugs, empty the carburetor—and crank the engine.

2—Sandpaper the fly wheel, take off the commutator—and crank the machine.

3—Kick the pup, blow cigarette smoke into the priming cocks—and crank the engine.

4—Disconnect the driving shaft, reverse the engine, empty the gasoline tank—and crank the engine.

5—Repeat a verse from Koran, tie a wet towel about the cylinders, take off the lubricators—and crank the engine.

6—Take the motor entirely apart and put it together with your fingers crossed, drop a quarter into the tank—and crank the engine.

7—Crank the engine suddenly without doing anything else. This often surprises it into running.

8—Turn your coat inside out, oil the radiator, throw the gasoline strainer at a spectator, stuff a cushion in the fly wheel—and crank the engine.

9—Repeat the name of the prophet in Arabia, put a gumdrop in the cylinder, write your candid opinion of all gasoline engines on the wind-shield roll up your cuffs, connect the battery with your watch, take off your necktie, yell into the gasoline tank—and crank the engine.

There is not the least sense in any of these rules, but each has started an engine in its time.

Labor Members Are Accused of Aping.

Glasgow, January 28. — About 400 delegates, representing 493,000 members of the Labor party, met in Glasgow last night in a special conference on the Parliamentary policy of the party. Complaint is made that the Labor members in Parliament have allowed themselves to be absorbed by the Government majority, thereby denying the members representation.

H. Quinn, a Manchester delegate, delivered a typical speech. "The leaders have left the orange boxes of the street corners to sit on the soft cushions of Parliament," he said. "There is too much 'doing the grand' about them. They neglect their work in order to ape the Dukes."

Will Not Claim

ESTATE OF STRATHCONA.

New York, Jan. 24.—James H. Smith, of Brookline, Mass., said here to-day that he was not a son of Lord Strathcona, the late High Commissioner of Canada, that he was only a step-son and that he had not claimed any interest in his stepfather's estate. Despatches from Boston last night reported that Mr. Smith would not seek to obtain recognition as Lord Strathcona's son and legal heir. Mr. Smith said he was a son of Lady Strathcona by her former marriage. Lord Strathcona, he explained, was married to Lady Strathcona in 1853 at North West Bay, Hamilton Inlet, in the province of Labrador, with the jurisdiction of Newfoundland. Lord Strathcona did not arrive at North West River until the autumn of 1853 and previous to that had lived in another part of Canada. Mr. Smith was born in June, 1852.

Farmer Convict Kills Widow And Himself.

San Francisco, January 22—James F. Glennard, a former convict, shot and killed Mrs. Cleo Ferrand, a widow here last night and then turned the pistol on himself, dying instantly. The woman had refused to marry him.

Five months ago Glennard was released from the Federal prison at Atlanta, Ga., where he served a term for counterfeiting. He had been arrested in New York, where he had met Mrs. Ferrand.

After his release from prison Glennard learned that Mrs. Ferrand had come to San Francisco and he followed.

Insane Man Kills Parents

And Then Commits Suicide.

Hillsburg, Ont., January 28.—Edgar Simpson, 27 years old, son of Hugh Simpson, a farmer, residing on the tenth concession of Garafraxa, yesterday shot and killed his father and mother and later, after barricading himself in the house and defying a posse of the neighbours who surrounded the residence turned the rifle with which he had committed the double murder on himself, the bullet piercing his heart. So close was the weapon held to the breast of the murderer-suicide that his clothing was ignited and partially burned.

The crime was committed during a temporary fit of insanity. Young Simpson had been ill for some time, and it is supposed that his mind became affected.

Police Force an Entrance.

From time to time watchers around the house could see the murderer peering through the drawn blinds. At one time he shot and killed a passing dog.

Constables arrived about four o'clock, and, after reconnoitering for a few moments, determined to force the rear entrance. A fusilade was made on the front of the house, while, with revolvers drawn, the police pried open the rear door. They had not gone far before they found that the murderer had taken his own life.

When it was seen that the last chapter of the tragedy was closed, a jury was empanelled, and, after viewing the remains an inquest was formally opened on the body of Mrs. Simpson.

If Constipated or Bilious--Cascarets.

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Sluggish Liver and Bowels—They work while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box.

Take a Cascaret to-night to cleanse your Liver, Stomach and Bowels, and you will surely feel great by morning. You men and women who have headache, coated tongue, can't sleep, are bilious, nervous, upset, bothered with a sick, gassy, disordered stomach, or have backache and feel all worn out. Are you keeping your bowels clean with Cascarets—or merely forcing a passageway every few days with salts, cathartic pills or castor oil?

Cascarets immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, undigested and fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the intestines and bowels.

Remember, a Cascaret to-night will straighten you out by morning. A 10-cent box from your druggist means healthy bowel action; a clear head and a cheerfulness for months. Don't forget the children.

Household Notes

Velvet which has been used can be made to give further surface by changing it into panne velvet by simply ironing it on the wrong side.

Save the crusts cut off sandwich bread and make croutons or bread sticks of them, or they can be used for breadcrumbs, or "breadined."

To make pigs in blankets, wrap large fresh oysters, each in a slice of bacon, using wooden toothpicks to pin the blankets together. Serve on toast.

If you bake bread expressly for sandwiches, see that that it is baked in small, square bread tins, with the sides rising from the bottom at a right angle.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.