

Always keep  
**BOVRIL**  
in the House  
It prevents that Sinking Feeling.

## The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL POLEY.  
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### CHAPTER I.

"It's ripping fun, Uncle Weng," the girl purred in the act of batting an oncoming ball. "That's a foul, Lun. Try again." Her bat was poised easily and this time met the ball squarely, sending it in a straight, clean spin far into a distant thicket. "My word, Betty, that's a home run for you." Weng Toy looked about puzzled. "Where are the other players, Autumn Gladness? Did my approach banish them?" "Lun is one side and I'm the other. The rest are make-believes. We saw them playing the game yesterday at the Americans' on the opposite hill. They call it baseball."

"Indeed? And you like the Christian game?" "I like the foreign game," corrected the girl, a teasing reprimand in her voice. "She had dropped her bat, and now crossed to the bench, where the man was seated. Sinking into a graceful attitude at his feet, she looked up

at him with wide, serious eyes. "Uncle Weng, why do you hate the foreigners? The American girls on the opposite hill are so pretty. They laugh and run and dance. Yesterday I coaxed Lun to stand and watch them, and one girl came up and asked us in."

"Did you go?" There was an easily detected anxiety in the man's voice. "No, no, of course not, without your permission; but if they ask me in today, may I?"

The girl's voice was wistful. Weng Toy looked down at the eager young face. Placing his hand under her chin, he questioned, "Are you growing dissatisfied with your old uncle's company, little Tu Hee?"

A quick, protesting shake was the answer, and the girl caught his hand, pressing it against her cheek. "You know that could never, never be, Uncle Weng. How could I be anything but happy, when you are so good to me? It's a wonder I'm not a petting pig, the way you spoil me. But these girls, Uncle Weng, they look as happy as I. It is true they are perhaps a little boisterous, but when I hear them laugh and see them run and jump, little quivery thrills run all through me and I want to do the same. I could, too," she exclaimed, springing nimbly to her feet. "Poor things, they wear skirts—American skirts." She looked down with considerable satisfaction at her own silken trousers. Then with a gay laugh she darted away, disappearing like a nymph among the flowering bushes.

Tu Hee, or Autumn Gladness, had imbibed the subtle charm of her native hills of China. The cream of her skin, relieved by touches of rouge and daintily painted lips, gave her the appearance of a radiant tropical bird promising to unfold wondrous beauty. Her naturally arched brows were penciled into a fine line, while masses of black hair crowned her an oriental princess. Hoops of lustrous pearls shone softly from her ears, and seemed to enhance the youth and mystery of her. Trousers and a loose coat of finest embroidered silk were the final clamps of the Old World on this maiden of the East. There was one part of her, however, which all the arts and incense offerings could not prevail on to blend with the oriental coloring. It was her eyes. They retained the deep, smiling blue of the skies.

Light as a thistle-down, she sped along the blossom-bordered path and threw herself, panting a little, on the bank of a large pool which barred her way. Two large willows drooped languidly over the water, casting it half in shade, and in and out of its shadowed depths darted fan-tailed goldfish. Musingly Tu Hee trailed her gold nail shields in the water. Her reverie was of short duration, however. With a graceful bound she was on her feet again. Defiantly she unbound the heavy braids of her hair, letting them fall in two long plaits over her shoulders. Gathering a handful of white blossoms from a tree beside her, she twined them over her ears and down the long, shining braids. Then, bending over the pool, she surveyed herself appreciatively in the watery mirror. Clapping her hands on the back of her head she swayed back like a graceful willow and smiled up at the white puffs sailing so airily across the blue of the sky. Then, spreading her arms like a bird to wings, she abandoned herself to the joy of mere living. Her small, satin-shod feet gleamed in and out among the flower beds. Her heart supplied the rhythm, and her face was the attestation that she forgot she was paying homage to life in a foreign way—forgot she was betraying her Chinese training.

She saw as in a mist her uncle and Lun approaching, but she could not stop. Her heart was too light to harbor even pity. Neither the rebuke in the mandarin's eyes nor the horror in her nurse's fascinated gaze touched her. The youth within her had called and she had had to obey. So she danced on and on until she fluttered, a breathless heap, at Weng Toy's feet. It was only then the enormity of her offence rushed over her. Clapping her hands she dropped her head lower and lower until her forehead touched the mossy ground. A quiver shook her as she wondered if the Evil Eye had cast a spell on her while she gazed at the foreigners at play.

"Raise your head, Autumn Gladness. Do you not trust your uncle? Weng Toy to know that youth and happiness cannot be curbed? Why that droop of shame in your eyes?" Tu Hee looked up and her eyes were wide and questioning. "You think it not evil then to adopt so quickly the American play?"

"Youth mimics youth. Fret not yourself, child. Gently he lifted her to her feet, but he could not banish the shadow that rested on her face. As they walked back to the house, where tea was ready on the verandah, Tu Hee was silent. She was musing over the strange rapture that for a few moments had changed her whole personality. She had no longer been the Gift of the Gods while she danced. The fact confronted her, emphatic and undeniable, that during those brief moments she had been transported—nay, perverted—into a hated foreigner with alien emotions stirring

every fibre of her being. What penalty should she exact from herself that would be sufficiently harsh? Incense-offering seemed a poor unguent for offended conscience. She would keep away from the foreign home on the neighboring hill for a month. Even as she resolved she was startled at the proportions her sacrifice assumed.

CHAPTER II.  
Tu Hee kept her self-imposed promise faithfully. For five weeks her outings were in an opposite direction to the Americans. To-day, however, a social function compelled her to pass the shunned place. She had demurred at going, but Weng Toy insisted that she must not exile herself. He wanted her to be happy and gay and not mope around the house like a love-sick maiden, and Tu Hee shrank from telling him her true reason. She could not pain him by confessing what a magnet the foreigners still were to her.

Conflicting emotions crowded on her as Lun prepared her for Madam Hoy's function. When the last gold button was fastened and Lun pushed her in front of the long mirror to survey the loveliness that glowed from the mauve silk gown, her heart beat rapidly and her feet felt impatient to be out and away, her own carefree self again.

"Of course I shall enjoy Madam Hoy's party," confided Tu Hee to her nurse and maid. "The last gold button was fastened and Lun pushed her in front of the long mirror to survey the loveliness that glowed from the mauve silk gown, her heart beat rapidly and her feet felt impatient to be out and away, her own carefree self again."

"You do not understand. That word is French. It means smart and attractive looking."

"No, no," laughed Tu Hee. "You do not understand. That word is French. It means smart and attractive looking."

"So—h'm." It was evident that for once Lun openly disagreed with her child. Then, a lurking doubt in her tones, which she evidently wished to have banished, she questioned, "Miss Tu Hee happier than foreigners, eh?"

"I suppose." But Lun fancied the tone of her mistress lacked decision. "Miss Tu Hee marry rich man, dar—have sons and happy right here in China. No go away or do like foreigners to make happy, eh?"

"Lun," Tu Hee gasped the woman's hand. Her eyes were wide, and her face looked pale despite its make-up. "Who says I marry mandarin? Not Uncle Weng? No, no, I couldn't bear it."

"No, no." Lun was soundly frightened at her indiscretion, and hastened to reassure her mistress. "Only Lun say so. It not be if Miss Tu Hee say so. Course not." Lun noted the little hand she held, and her voice was so reassuring that Tu Hee grew calm again almost immediately, but her voice was a trifle sharp as she admonished, "Please, then, Lun, don't say such foolish things again. Then noticing the hurt look on the other's face she placed her arms around her and exclaimed impulsively, "I am happy with just you and Uncle Weng. I want no husband—unless—"

"Yes?" prompted the Chinese woman.

The girl's heavy lashes drooped shyly—"I fall in love."

Tu Hee peered happily from between the curtains of their rickshaw on the way to Madam Hoy's. The life of the thoroughfares never ceased to interest her.

There stood the old man in his customary corner dishing up ears of boiled green corn. A little farther along, surrounded by a group of children, was the candy man, delighting them by his deftness in turning out animals and birds, which formed mysteriously as he blew taffy from a straw.

An old beggar, ragged and dirty, prostrated himself as he saw the oncoming rickshaw, and Tu Hee tossed him a few cash as they sped past.

"We shall pass the Americans," I wonder if they will stop us to-day," Tu Hee mused aloud, but there was an eager thrill in her voice. (To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

On With the Dance.

Bag (to sweetheart) "What an ideal dance partner!"

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## NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' course of training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

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## Woman's Interests

GRANDMOTHER'S SHAWL.  
In the days of our dear mid-Victorian grandmothers, when hoopskirts extended the proportions of those worthy ladies far beyond the confines of a coat, the shawl, of necessity, was an important article of dress.

Of the many varieties of these garments in vogue at that day there were two of distinct elegance, the cashmere manufactured in the beautiful Vale of Cashmere celebrated in song and story, and the Paisley from the ancient Scottish town of the same name.

One or both of these lovely products of the hand loom were apt to be in the wardrobe of any lady of affluence a generation or two ago, and no bride's trousseau was thought to be complete without one.

The cashmere, examples of which are occasionally to be found in this country at the present time, were exquisite works of art—so soft and finely woven that designs, intricate and delicate, could easily be drawn through a lady's finger ring. The wool for these shawls came from a certain breed of goats, from Thibet, said to be the most beautiful in the world. Only the finest of this—that lying next to the skin of the animal—was used in the manufacture of shawls.

The lovely and intricate patterns for these garments were handed down from time immemorial, from an incredibly ancient Hindu ancestry, the originals of which were preserved as heirlooms in ancient castles and were regarded with almost sacred veneration.

The Paisleys, more frequently to be met with in our own country, while often exquisite in texture and of the same Asiatic designs, intricate and delicately lovely as old Venetian point, are, after all, but imitations of the incomparable cashmere. In the home of its birth the Paisley shawl, however, is not so designated, but is called a "Harness Plaid" (pronounced plaid), the word harness indicating the character of the design.

During the time of their manufacture, when 8,000 looms were kept busy all day long meeting the demand for them, three grades of the shawls were woven—that for ceremony, which was naturally the most lovely, that for every-day use, and the tartan worn by the men of the clans as a distinguishing insignia.

The shawl of ceremony, which was the finely woven one with Asiatic pattern, was never worn by an unmarried woman. On the Sunday following her marriage, however, when she was "kirked," she appeared for the first time in her "harness plaid." To be "kirked" meant simply that on the first Sunday after the marriage ceremony the bride and groom, with their attendants, appeared at church in a body.

Of great length—the garment measured three and one-half yards long by one and three-quarter yards wide—it was first folded in the middle, then across to form a triangle, the upper point perhaps a foot from the bottom one, and then thrown across the shoulders and fastened with a large pin made especially for the purpose. A silk bonnet tied under the chin with a big bow was worn with this, and quaint and coy indeed must have been the fair Scotch lassie so robed on her "kirk" day.

Favourite of Queen Victoria.  
Queen Victoria, dear old lady of tradition, that she was, loved the Paisley to her dying day, and every girl friend of her little Majesty knew well that on her wedding day a present of a rare one from her beloved sovereign would be hers.

Always expensive, now since their manufacture has ceased—some fifty years ago when the vogue for shawls of every kind had waned—the art has become almost a lost one, and their price consequently is above that of rubies. They are literally worth their weight in gold. Far above the price of rubies or their weight in gold, however, are they valued by those in whom is a deep-seated reverence for the past—for things hallowed by their contact with life's experiences.

Grandmother's shawl! What memories it evokes! What dreams are born from musing over its history! What stories it might tell! It is something more than a mere garment to be worn and discarded at will. It is a symbol. Romance clings to it. Love, tragedy, self-sacrifice, joy, breathe within its lavender-scented folds.

WHEEL TABLE IS BIG HELP.  
It is nothing less than the effete tea wagon of the society novel that is made in a fashion big and strong to do the work of the farm wife, that is coming into high favor.

It has been found to save countless steps. Whole meals can be served with only one or two trips from the dining-room to the kitchen and it is just as useful in clearing the table afterwards. The dishes can be stacked on it as they are washed, and wheeled to the cupboard in one trip. The wheel table is also convenient for serving buffet lunches in any room of the house or on the porch. In time of sickness it is invaluable.

This wheel tray of table need not be expensive. If friend husband is handy with tools, he can transform an

old wash-stand or kitchen table to this use. It should be made of durable material and covered with a hard finish so that it can be washed to keep it clean and sanitary. Wheels from an old baby carriage, particularly if rubber tired, have often been found useful for these homemade wheel trays.

TO FILL THE CRACKS.  
A good formula to follow in making a homemade crack filler is: (One pint of linseed oil, one and one-half quarts of turpentine, one pint of whiting or cornstarch.)

This will make a white filler. To darken for oak add one teaspoon of raw umber; for walnut, add one teaspoon of Venetian red, half teaspoon yellow ochre; for mahogany, add one-quarter teaspoon of yellow ochre, half teaspoon Bismarck brown, and a teaspoon of burnt senna.

WINGS AT DAWN.  
Dawn is dense with twitter. And the white air swims and sings in rapid wings that glitter. And the flashing of wings—Delicate and fugitive shiverings. The dew curls up in haze. While the sun from his hive Like a giant bee ablaze Bursts dizzily alive—And through the glow a thousand swallows dive.

Light like a storm Deluges the grass, And birds in a swarm Wheel, dwindle and mass—And their wings are slit silver as they pass.—Joseph Auslander.

POTATOES HASHED IN-CREAM.  
Cut warm boiled potatoes into small even pieces and add a half pint of cream and a teaspoonful of salt. Heat slowly for ten minutes.

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