Letting the Children Help.

By RUTH CAMERON.

Children are not allowed to take enough part part in the home life.

"Even babies two or three years old can be taught to help about the home.

"A child can do little errands before it can talk."

These are some of the conclusions of one of the prominent educators in an Eastern city.

Don't you think they are interesting?

I do, and I think it is strange that more has not been said on this subject before, for if there is one lesson of life that this generation seems to be learning, it is the lesson that labor is one of the greatest sources of happiness and that life without labour is quite as unhappy as life with nothing but labour. Every day we read in the newspapers of women of wealth and standing who are no longer content with the idleness of social life, but take up some profession or some cause. Look about you, among your own humbler circle, and you will see that many women who twenty years ago would have been discontented idlers, are now busy and happy. And idle young men, no matter how great their wealth, are coming to be exceptions.

Why, then, should the children, the part of the race that by every law of life has the right to be happiest, be deprived of this source of happiness? Of course, it is a tradition that childhood should be one long play-time, but since we have found that we are not the happiest when life is one long play-time, why can we not realize that it may be the same with them? Take away the toil from a life and the play-time loses its sweetness.

This educator declares that she has seen a child of two and a half taught to help set the table, and happier in this task than in any of her amusements. To the mother who devotes half of her waking time simply to keeping a child of that age out of mischief that sounds incredible. And yet, why should it be? Children understand a great deal more than they can make us realize. When a child begins to talk we are astonished to find how much he must have been observing and thinking before he could speak. And children do not necessarily prefer to employ their energy and intelligence in mischief. It is only when their elders fail to find other occupation for this activity that it makes its own channels.

Then why not utilize some of this energy? Of course it will be more labour than help at first, but not for long. A child's ability to help grows rapidly when it is fertilized by sympathetic teaching and watered by love. Besides, while you are filling your little plot of ground with herbs of helpfulness you are keeping out the weeds of mischief.

Labor and the joy of service are two of the greatest blessings of life. Surely you cannot begin too early to help your child enter on this precious heritage of happiness.

Ruth Cameron

FOR WOMEN ONLY.

That is the nature of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the one remedy for women which contains no alcohol and no habit-forming drugs. Made from native medicinal forest roots. Dr. Pierce tells its every ingredient on the bottle-wrapper. Prominent physicians and some of the best medical authorities endorse these ingredients as being the very best known remedies for ailments and weaknesses peculiar to women.

MRS. COFFEY.

This is what MRS. GENETTI E. COFFEY, of Longstreet, Ky., says: "I feel it my duty to write and tell you what your medicines have done for me. I was a great sufferer for six years from a trouble peculiar to women, but I am thankful to say, after taking four bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' I am not bothered with that dreadful disease any more. I feel like a new woman. When I first wrote you for advice I only weighed 115 pounds—now I weigh 135.

"I thank you very much for your kindness. You have been as a father to me in advising me what to do, so may God bless you in every effort you put forth for good.

"I hope this testimonial will be the means of some poor suffering woman seeking health."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, newly revised up-to-date edition, answers hosts of questions about which every woman, single or married ought to know.

What Next?

Nineteen hundred and thirteen will prove an unlucky year for all cowards, cheats, sneaks, idlers and wasters.

If you neglect your responsibilities you'll pay the penalty of inefficiency.

If you squander your hours and your powers, indulge in excesses, deny your body sufficient sleep, exercise and care, you'll lose your strength and health.

If you lie, betray trust and break your word, your name will be smirched with disgrace.

If you make no effort to improve your position or broaden your mind, a more earnest and eager and deserving man will dispossess you from your job.

But 1913, will be a happy, wonderful, treasure-laden, prosperous year for all who strive keenly and cleanly.

Bad luck is a matter of character—not of calendar. Superstition is ludicrous by the light of electricity. All the wicked spirits are in the grog shop. The evil eye is watching from the front row at the musical comedy.

"Good" and "bad" are mental attitudes. We are great and stalwart or puny and miserable because it is our will to be so. Our souls mould our careers.

We live in the biggest, the finest, the most charitable, the most as-tolerance is writhing under the heel dreams-come-true, of work-a-day miracles.

Doubt is dead; bigorty has fled; intolerance is wkrithing under the heel of education.

There's no such thing as caste or breed—nobility exists only in service—power is the sole right of the competent.

Man can accomplish anything. Human beings, ordinary matter of fact, meat-and-bone people, constructed this universe out of a wilderness.

Brains and hands and valiant hearts were the tools with which they wrought their wonder works.

Failure can offer no excuse to this splendid hour. Within a single century we have created systems, steamship lines, power machinery, submarines, aeroplanes, phonographs, moving pictures, telephones, telegraphy, artificial illumination.

Doesnt the glory of it all tingle in your veins?

And who did it—who urged ambition onward against the barriers of incredulity and discouragement? Who are the superb adventurers whose dauntless imagination whipped them up in the heights of possibility?

They were simple men.

Watts saw the engine emerge from the steam of his mother's teakettle; Stephenson incubated the locomotive in a laborer's cottage; Edison learned wizardry in the University of Hard Knocks; Wilbur Wright sprouted wings at odd intervals between bicycle repairs.

And now just when we are patting ourselves on the back, praising our prowess and about to conclude that the last fairy tales had come true, comes Carrel—Carrel the necromancer—and a new empire for conquest is disclosed.

Where shall we stop? What are our limits? How far dare we fling our hopes? How high may we pile our faith? Pinch yourself; it's true, the maddest, wildest make-believe transmuted into reality.

Jules Verne was never so Stories-que; Munchausen, Grand Seneschal of Lies, in his most masterly moments would have blushed to claim it; Scheherazade drew many a long bow in the course of her Thousand and One Nights, but none so unbelievable as the transplanting of a rabbit's eyes in a blind man's socket or the replacing of a sheep's shin in a shrivelled leg.

We never did know who or what we were.

We're merely on the border line of information—knocking at the outer gate of knowledge.

For centuries we've been needlessly dying by droves, and all the while that we were throwing away our lives and casting broken bodies into the junk heap, if we had used as much common sense and given half the thought to the human body as we devote to patching worn machinery, a million hours of pain and despair and woe and anguish would have been avoided.

In ten years the country will be overrun wth surgical job carpenters ready to transform twisted, bent and malformed beings into fine, full functioned stalwarts.

We won't squander time and money and tears and fears searching a cure for consumption while there's a perfectly competent set of lungs on the butcher's bench which can be substituted in an hour for the unsatisfactory equipment that nature gave us.

This is not levity—it is the solemnnest and most astounding fact in all the marvel-ridden years since time dawned on this universe.

But no matter how far science shall advance there'll never be anything to take the place of a BACK BONE—yuo can't get that from somebody else.

Grit is a personal habit.

The whole secret of progress is summoned up in one word—DETERMINATION. Dare! Dare! Dare! —Herbert Kaufman in Woman's World for January.

That Fruit Display.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—In your recent notice of the exhibition of beautiful fruit now on view in the Royal Stores window, a slight error has been made in the statement that I imported this consignment. There has been such a widespread discussion as the outcome of this display that I would be glad if you would correct this statement, as I had nothing whatever to do with this consignment.

The apples were sent by Mr. W. J. Brandrith, who is Exhibition Commissioner for the Province of British Columbia, in order that Newfoundlanders might realize some of the many occupations that their fellow countrymen adopt on the other side of this Continent. There are a great many Newfoundlanders in the beautiful district of Kilowna in the Okanagon Valley; one of the loveliest fruit districts in B.C., where this fruit was grown.

These apples are the property of the Exhibition Commissioners as are also the samples of preserved fruits. I am glad to say that the Commissioners have given me permission to hand the bottled fruits over as a gift to our Museum and Mr. Howley has very kindly promised to make a place for them there.

This display has been on view at all the principal Exhibitions held last year; they were part of the Show at Toronto, visited by our Cadets last September.

I think it was through the kindly offices of our friend Mr. James Mellis, that this fruit was sent to St. John's.

Yours very truly,

PERCIE JOHNSON.

Jan. 14th, '13.

Stafford's Liniment for sale at Marshall's West End Store.
jan14,tf

Black BEAVER HATS.

Just to hand ex s.s. Carthaginian from London

24 only
LADIES' BLK. BEAVER HATS.
Eight different styles to choose from.

3 only
MISSES' MUSHROOM BLACK BEAVER HATS.

SPECIAL:
3¾ doz. Assorted Felt Hats,
in all leading shades. All to clear at one price,
30c. each.

SOPER & MOORE

Hr. Grace Notes.

Quite a number of our citizens were in trouble this week owing to the severe frost causing water pipes to burst.

Mr. Paul Higgins, who was very sick for several days last week is now able to get out again.

The Argyle was delayed at Placentia all this week, and Miss Madge Oke who was on her way to Mussel Harbor to resume her duties as school teacher was compelled to wait at Placentia. Miss Miller, for Tack's Beach, is also there waiting an opportunity to get to her destination. It is thought the steamer will get away to-morrow.

A couple of cases of mumps are in a residence on Victoria Street. The sufferers are two little children; both are doing well and will soon be all right again.

The King Edward Branch of the British Society, held its annual meeting last night. After the regular business, including the initiation of two members, and the payment of dues, etc., the election of officers took place, and resulted as follows: President, Bro. James Parmiter, jr.; Vice-Pres., Bro. Robert Tetford; Treasurer, Bro. Chesley Butt; Secretary, Bro. Chesley Trapnell. Committee—Bros. Albert Snow, Frank Tetford, James Ash, Charles Snow, George Snow, W. Mortimer, Henley Martin, Albert Parmiter, Charles Noseworthy. Grand Marshall, Bro. Harold Sheppard; Deputy Marshall, William Ellesworthy.

This Society is growing fast both numerically and financially; it now has 107 members on the roll and its bank book shows the nice sum of $250—very creditable indeed. The retiring guardians had a word with the boys and on motion were given a hearty vote of thanks for their interest in the Branch during the past year. Mr. Rogers, then introduced the Guardians, Messrs. Thos. G. Ford, W. A. McKay and Albert Heath, for the present year. They have a large family to look to, but they are hopeful of a big increase during the year, and promised the boys to take as great an interest in them as did their old guardians.

—COR.

Harbor Grace, Jan. 15, '13.

One Dose Makes Indigestion Go.

Heartburn, Gas, Dyspepsia and all Stomach distress ended with "Pape's Diapepsin."

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you musn't injure it with drastic drugs.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for it's speed in giving relief; it's harmless; it's certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. It's millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach trouble has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any drug store and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eructations of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin come in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.

Wedding Bells.

DALEY—HANLON.

On January 11th, at St. Joseph's Church, Salmonier, Miss Hannah Daley, daughter of Peter and Bridget Daley, was united to Michael Hanlon, son of John and Ann Hanlon. The bride wore a pretty dress of cream lustre, with hat to match. The bridesmaids Miss Maud Daley, sister of the bride, and Katie Ryan were neatly attired in white. The groom was assisted by Messrs. Anselm Hanlon, brother of the groom and Alexander Daley. After the ceremony the party proceeded to the home of the bride, where luncheon was served, after which, accompanied by a number of friends, the happy pair drove to their future home, where an appetizing supper was in waiting. Soon the young people were dancing gayly, and as the night advanced the older members of the party felt their youthful merriment returning, and soon all were "tripping the light fantastic," until a late hour, when the reluctant withdrawal of the company showed how immensely they had enjoyed themselves. The people of Salmonier wish Mr. and Mrs. Hanlon many happy years of wedded life.

St. Joseph's, Jan. 15th.

SPRACKLIN—HAZELTINE.

A quiet, but pretty wedding took place last night at the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Walters, Monroe Street, when Mr. John Spracklin and Miss Irene Hazeltine, both of Brigus, were united in the bonds of Holy Matrimony by the Rev. J. W. Bartlett. The bride was assisted by her sister, Miss Aggie Hazeltine, while Mr. Wm. Ebsary acted as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held, only the immediate friends being present. The happy couple leave this evening en route to Brigus, where they will reside in future.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

A. & S. RODGER.

Our Weekly Budget of Special Values.

Genuine Value in
BACK COMBS & SIDE COMBS
20c., 25c.

DAINTY TENERIFFE DOILIES . . . . . 15c.

Fine assortment
NECK CORD, 6c. a Neck.

Choice effects in
LADIES' COLLARS, 15, 18, 20c.

A Natty Line of
RINKING CAPS,
Cream, Saxe, Navy, etc.
45c.

Dainty Designs in
VAL. LACE AND EMBROIDERIES.

Perfection in
LADIES' WHITE GLOVES,
Wool and Cashmere,
20c., 25c. pair.

Warmth and Comfort in our
LADIES' WORSTED & CASHMERE HOSE, 25c. up.

A Great Snap in
MEN'S WORSTED SOX, 25c. pair.

A Real Turn in
LADIES' WHITE H. S. HDKFS. 5c. each.

A most Tempting Display of
PLACQUES,
10, 15, 20 and 25c. each.

BLOUSE FLEETE.
Charming value at **20c. yard.**

A. & S. RODGER.

DAINTY BLOUSE EMBROIDERY

That sold originally for 40c., 50c. and 60c. per yard

YOUR CHOICE TO-DAY
for

25 CENTS PER YARD.

Among this lot are Dainty all over Embroideries and Beautiful Panel Effects.

SEE THEM, LADIES.

S. MILLEY.

Our stock is a revelation to every one who looks through it. Every line for every room in the house is displayed in magnificent assortment. Good, well made, artistic Furniture to suit every taste.

U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT Co.
Complete House Furnishers.

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