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GREEN TEA

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The most delicious GREEN TEA in the world.

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JELLIES AND JELLY MAKING.

To obtain the largest possible amount of jelly from fruit with the use of the smallest possible amount of sugar, follow these directions: If a good jelly-making fruit, such as quince, green grapes, tart and partly ripe apples, crab apples or cranberries, is being used, make a second extraction from the fruit. That is, take the pulp from the jelly bag, add one cupful of water to each pound of pulp, cook twenty minutes, and drip a second time, using some pressure at the last. Second-extraction jellies are likely to be somewhat different in flavor from the first, and it is an excellent plan to combine two kinds of fruit juice before sweetening.

When fruit is cheap and sugar expensive, jellies may be made to advantage with one-half as much sweetening as usual, that is, with one-half cupful of sugar to one cupful of juice. The yield of jelly will be less, for one cupful of good juice plus one cupful of sugar should make about one and one-half cupfuls of jelly, whereas one-half cupful of sugar plus one cupful of juice makes between one-half and three-fourths of a cupful of jelly.

One-half of the sweetening may be glucose syrup, light-colored corn syrup, honey, or sorghum syrup. If the other half is granulated sugar, there will be little noticeable difference in sweetness. The juice of grapes combined with glucose or corn syrup will make a good jelly even when no sugar is used.

Recipes which include a commercial pectin require more sugar than is used in the long boiling process of jelly making. When pectin is added, the "jelly" stage is reached with a much shorter period of cooking and the fruit juices are not boiled away.

Mint jelly—which is so nice to serve with meat—is made with apple juice, using a handful of fresh mint leaves and stalks to eight cupfuls of apple juice; add sugar and proceed as usual. When the jelly stage is reached, take out the mint leaves, add a very small quantity of green vegetable coloring, mix, then pour into glasses and seal with paraffin.

Jelly resembling that made of grapes can be made by using equal parts of blueberry juice and the juice of sour apples. Proceed as in making other jellies. The apple juice provides the necessary pectin and improves the flavor.

Wild cherry jelly has a delightful flavor. Use cherries not overripe. Wash and place in a preserving kettle with a little water, not enough to cover the fruit. Boil covered for twenty minutes or until the cherries will mash. Remove from fire, mash.

After Every Meal
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a good thing to remember

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THE FLAVOR LASTS

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2 IN 1

WHITE Shoe Dressing

CAKE OR LIQUID

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
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CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

"Enough, enough, David. As long as you say O.K. I ask no questions, my boy. Only the warning comes a night and day too late. The robbers came last night."

"Last night!" exclaimed David. "Then the ruby is gone?"

"No, thanks to your uncle, we were prepared. He gave me no peace until we had the box of death in the house. Mr. Tung Yung advised that we advertise our possession of it, that no one then would molest us, but we overlooked this advice, which in any case would have been rather difficult to follow. Well, the thieves came, evidently two novices, for they were not proof against the box."

"It's so deadly as that?"

"Deadly! It's like a rattlesnake bite. The name's sufficient. Terrible death for the poor devils. I regret now I was so lax in not having at least endeavored to advertise what a death trap I had."

"But you are sure, sir, you are safe from the thieves with even the box? Might they not have an antidote for its deadly action?"

"I am told not. There is an antidote, but only four men in China know of its existence; a mandarin, who, being related to Paul, is proud to have him own the jewel; a Mr. Tung Yung, the keeper of the box when it is not in use; Prince Tsao, who gave the stone—and myself."

"It sounds like an extract from mythology," remarked David.

"Queer talk for the twentieth century, isn't it? But that isn't all. If you had seen the heathen performance I was compelled to go through in order to obtain the article and the pagan oaths I was forced to recite! I tell you, I wouldn't go through it again for all the sacred jewels in the kingdom, and I wouldn't have gone through with it this time but for Chess. Figuratively speaking, he stood behind me with a red-hot occult pitchfork. That uncle of yours, my lad, has more will power than Napoleon."

"They're a strange people," mused David.

"Strange and capable. If they weren't half buried in the past they could conquer the world."

"And you believe, then, you are fully protected when the news gets abroad?"

"So I am told," replied Culver. "It seems a religious significance is attached to the house that holds the magic jewel. The Chinese are very superstitious about it. They revere it as they do a god, and now David, come in and have some breakfast. Irma will be glad to see you."

"I suppose Mrs. Culver is very much upset over the affair?"

"Yes, but she bears up wonderfully. It makes it doubly hard for her to-day, too. This is our baby's birthday. She would have been nineteen to-day had she lived."

"Your wife is a wonderful woman, Doctor."

Culver paused in the doorway, and laying a hand on David's shoulder, said earnestly: "Life is a thorny way at the best, but a good wife is an antidote for every stab. May you be as fortunate as I have been, David."

"Thank you, sir."

Culver looked at him sharply. Was it fancy, he wondered, that detected a hopeless note in the voice? A place was already laid for David at the breakfast table. A servant had evidently brought the news of his arrival, and Irma was there with her kindly welcome.

"I'm sorry your uncle isn't back yet, David," she said, giving him her hand. "I don't know what we would have done without his head and shoulders. They seem to banish difficulties like magic, don't they, Nell?"

"A true friend, a priceless wife, both I possess, David. Do you not envy me?"

"Indeed I do, sir."

"But, David, boy," warned Culver as he broke open a muffin, "don't let envy lead you the wrong way. Keep your smile till you reach old England or America."

"What needless advice, Neil dear," laughed Irma. "I hope you will like your coffee, David. I made it the American way."

David, seizing the opportunity to change the subject, gave forth a glowing eulogy on the beverage.

"By the way, David," continued Culver, in spite of his wife's anxious glances, "Mrs. Claymore has a Chinese protégé, I hear."

"She's a mandarin's niece," broke in Irma, casting a warning but useless look on her husband.

"Of course, my dear. I am not disparaging the girl, only I hope Mrs. Claymore will never break her heart by taking her to America."

"You think human transplanting unwise?" questioned David. He hoped he had succeeded in making his question appear casual.

"Well, David, as you know, Irma and I tried it. We believe that Providence has blessed greatly our efforts on Paul's behalf. He is a wonderful lad, was a marvelous child, but somehow Irma and I, as much as we love him and as much as we are sure of Paul's love for us, have always felt that during all these years a tendril attached him to his native land, and mind you, we wouldn't have it different, would we, dear?" turning to his wife.

"No," replied Irma quickly. "We adopted him for the sake of China, that he might come back some day and implant ideas and ideals of the New World."

"And God willing, he will," added Culver. "Paul's love for China is no small thing, and when he reappears among his own blood, his own people, he will still be one of them, but, thank heaven, with their superstitions and pagan worship swept away. My wish is that Paul be the seed, the beginning

of a new East. His genius, his simplicity, his firm belief in the brotherhood of man I believe qualify him for that evangelical post. But, David, go back to your question of transplanting the East to the West, our experiment was with the bud. I would not care for the responsibility of experimenting with a young plant. No, I would as soon toss it into a river of ice. As the saying goes, the East and West cannot meet. The East to know and love the West must start at the converging point and vice versa. They can't cut across half way."

David's mind confirmed all his host's statements, but his heart rebelled stubbornly. However, as he sat there doing fair justice to an appetizing breakfast, not even a connoisseur in human nature would have guessed the turbulence within. To be sure a shadow lent a seriousness to the grey eyes and lines of weariness were around the firm mouth, but a glance at the three short gold stripes on the khaki sleeve answered readily for these.

Irma Culver tried not to let her glance linger on the serious young face. Perhaps it as her own bitter past, the wound which had never healed, that made keen her woman's intuition, for she knew David was now in the throes of a bitter conflict, the conflict with self.

At ten o'clock Chesterton Reynolds returned with two Chinese officials, who were very polite, but very suspicious to the foreigners. They poked their heads with superstitious awe into the room where the tragedy had occurred. They made no notes, however, with regard to the two victims. Instead, they gave hurried instructions to their subordinates, who set to work to remove the bodies. Once they were compelled to enter the room, and as they passed the table where the ruby reposed in its deadly case they bowed to the floor, knocked their foreheads several times on the carpet, muttering all the while low, weird-sounding incantations.

As David watched them any misgivings he may have had of further deduction on the jewel vanished. Superstition would in future protect the sacred ruby from the most avaricious as well as the most prejudiced.

The two officials took their departure with many apologies to the foreigners and assurances that no future unpleasantness would arise, as the other people implicated would be brought to justice immediately.

"I'm afraid, after all, their promises are only vapor," remarked Reynolds, as with Culver and David he watched the strange cortege moving down the hill. "While their tongues wagged and declared otherwise, their sly glances and grins plainly indicated the nasty affair would be locked out of sight like a skeleton in a cupboard. But China won't be denied her morsel of scandal any more than her foreigners. Look!"

The other two followed the direction of Culver's eyes. The hill was dotted with eager, chattering groups, gesticulating and evidently much awed and excited.

"Yes," replied Culver. "If advertising ensures the ruby's safety, we need have no further apprehensions."

CHAPTER XI.
As dusk fell, David and his servant turned homeward. The city was in festive attire. It was with considerable difficulty they made their way through the gay crowds. Bands were playing, and lanterns of all sizes and descriptions were strong along the streets.

"What is it all about?" enquired David, turning to the beaming Ma Tu.

"It is the festive of Niu Lang and Chih Nu."

"Indeed! I'm afraid, Ma Tu, I am no wiser now."

"Master like know story?" queried the boy, with pleased eagerness that David should be interested.

"Indeed I should, Ma Tu. The stories of China are very delightful; a change of diet, as it were, for a practical Englishman."

"These two stars, Niu Lang and Chih Nu," began to buy, assuming an important air, "watch over the seed planter and the weaver, and they loved and married."

"Of course, the sensible outcome."

"Eh?" questioned the boy.

"Yes, Ma Tu, very interesting. Go on with your fairy tale."

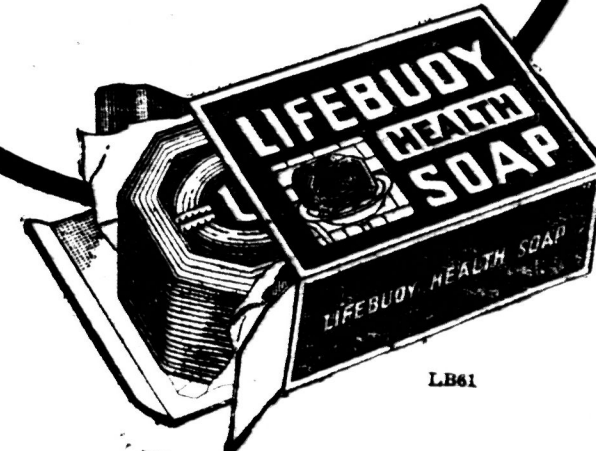


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"Fairy tale? Funny word. What's a fairy tale, Master Marsden?"

"A fairy tale, Ma Tu, is something too beautiful to be true."

"Ah well, true or no, Chinese legends, yes, these two loved and married, but after that they no work for others so much. Then they punished and separated by River of Heaven and they meet once in a year, which is now sped by." Saying which David slipped some cash into the boy's hand and galloped down the street, but he smiled at the echo of a gleeful chuckle.

but Niu Lang and Chih Nu no want to part. They weep and weep—that why so much rain at this time."

"A very beautiful legend, Ma Tu, and I know you would like to celebrate Niu Lang's and Chih Nu's one-time happiness like the rest, so go along and join the crowds. You've no time to lose. An hour of frolic has already sped by."

Saying which David slipped some cash into the boy's hand and galloped down the street, but he smiled at the echo of a gleeful chuckle.

(To be continued.)

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