

Just Try an Experiment—

Buy a packet of

"SALADA"

TEA and see if it is not the most delicious Tea you ever tasted.

"Most Tea-Drinkers Think It Is."



LAUNDERING BABY'S LAYETTE.

Baby's soft little wool things, underwear, knitted jackets, outfit flannel kimonos and lovely little muslin dresses and petticoats are so pretty we surely desire to keep them so, and this is possible if just a little care is taken in their laundering.

All the linens, white outing flannels and even white muslins may be put through the regular wash.

Crib blankets, little kimonos with colored borders or figures, and all wool garments should be washed as follows:

WHY NOT USE MORE COTTAGE CHEESE?

It is a nutritious food, easily prepared, besides furnishing body-building fat, yet its possibilities as a food are often overlooked by housewives. Freshly soured milk makes the best cheese, but natural souring should not be too slow.

After Every Meal

A universal custom that benefits everybody. Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.

WRIGLEYS

a good thing to remember



Have you shined your shoes today?



EDDY'S MATCHES

On the CPR and CNR—where quality counts—Eddy matches are served to patrons

ALWAYS BUY EDWARDS' IN CANADA AND FOR EDWARDS' MATCHES

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY. (Copyright.)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

"You don't understand," said Grace. "This girl is different. She is wonderfully pretty for a Chinese. She is a direct descendant of the royal house of Woo Wang—a lady to her finger tips."

"They tip a long way too, don't they?"

"Oh, I'm not criticizing their aversion to manuring. Only I'll warn Dave to see that at least her nails are cut. It's not safe, you know; some of them have such beastly tempers."

"If it wasn't such a glorious night, I believe I'd quarrel with you. This girl, I tell you, is different."

For the love of skipping grasshoppers, she's trying to palm poor Dave off on an almond-eyed Oriental! Rowen Langton was by no means a family-tree man, but he had the not unusual narrow viewpoint of the average Westerner with regard to those outside the pale of his horizon. Good natured to a degree, his Southern dogma was all-white or a mongrel.

"Oh, I know," he seemed to say, "perfectly horrible, to think of David, dear old David, having this happen after going through so much, but I don't blame him, can't even wonder at it. If I were a man I'd flop in like a young whale. I saw her only once, but I fell for her love-liness like a pilgrim before his altar."

Her eyes are wonderful—the bluest I've ever seen.

"Blue? Blue, black, you mean?" "No, sapphire blue. I think her grandmother, or somebody way back, was white. David said something to that effect."

"Worse and more of it. From what I hear I think we had all better part company from your cousin if we want to keep our souls." "Rowe, don't be absurd, or I'll—"

"No, you won't, sweetheart. I'll stand right by—get right into the fray, if you say the little word."

"When you see her you may want to get in too far. Gracious, it sounds as if the whole assemblage are on the veranda."

"Well, what if they are?" whispered the boy, as they climbed the steps. "I feel as if I want to tell it to the whole world!"

As they stepped on to the veranda, however, it was rather a serious group they faced. Neil Culver was the centre of it, and Chesterton Reynolds was speaking.

"It is said that nothing in this old world is perfect, but that belies the adage of the old mandarin has an exact duplicate," said Chesterton Reynolds.

"Yes, sir. If it were not for the inscription I would take it for the identical stone."

"It's the sacred ruby, Paul's gift from Prince Tsoo," whispered Grace, as they joined the enraptured group.

"No, Rowe, isn't it the most perfect, gorgeous thing in the world?" exclaimed Grace, as she glimpsed the glowing jewel of China.

Neil Culver lifted the little case towards her, but to the surprise of everyone she drew back, pale to the lips. In a moment she had recovered herself, but her voice trembled slightly as she spoke: "Perhaps you will think me silly, imaginative, but when you hold it out it seemed to spread and liquidize like warm blood."

But no one laughed at Grace's fancy. Instead, Reynolds remarked: "I've spent so many years in the Orient it would be strange if the occult had not influenced at least a corner of my mind, but that stone has a history, the life of which still glows from its very heart, and what David has told us of his visit to the mandarin's temple makes me think it is a dangerous article to have around."

Culver flashed a look of surprise, mingled with resentment, at his friend.

The other replied to the look with a half laugh. "Thanks for your speechless compliment, Neil. Your eyes plainly tell me I was once a practical, level-headed human being. I hope I am that still, but knocking about in the world, as you know, one is bound to lose the protruding points of egotism. I used to scoff at what I termed the superstition of the East, but now I keep silent, but with mind wide open, so that the rivulets of the unknown may saturate instead of circumvent it."

"Which I admire in you, Chess. The basis of the Christian religion is solid and firm enough to uphold any legitimate finding. But to come back to the starting point, why do you fear the sacred ruby?"

"Yes, Mr. Reynolds, please tell us." Irma Culver's lips were smiling as she asked the question, but the pupils of her eyes were dilated.

Reynolds looked into the wide-startled eyes for a moment, then threw back his head and laughed. His voice rang true enough to deceive the most astute as he replied: "Please forgive me, Mrs. Culver. The wonderful beauty of the stone slipped a bolt of my imagination chest. For a few moments I was living in my past among the Hindus. But this is modernized China, and the gift was made by an influential man of the East, a prince, as indeed, as Neil says, what is there to fear? Instead of fearing, I know everyone here, including myself, is thinking of the brave lad whose valor and deeds have spread so far."

A murmur of approbation rose from the group. The strained atmosphere relaxed. Mysticism evaporated before the geniality and warmth of reunited friendship, and the party set to work to enjoy the tea and cakes set before them by the head boy, while China, with its traditions and heartaches, and encircled by its iron bands of paganism, fled before the virile, hopeful laughter of the New World.

CHAPTER IX.

For the ensuing two weeks David

worked from early morning until late into the night. He wore out completely two assistants, and then sent them to the hills for a week's rest, added an hour to his own working day and accomplished three men's work.

Grace looked on silent and fearful for the first few days, and then started into the rescue, but all she accomplished was a shake of the head, a tightening of the lips, and the brusque query: "There are three things for me to do, Grace: work, ruin a life, or get out. Which do you advise?"

Deciding her cousin was beyond the pale of advice, Grace wisely offered none. But Fate had a card up her sleeve, which she was now ready to play.

David was sitting at his piled-up desk in the hotel. The day had been an unusually strenuous one. He had not even taken time to go to the dining-room for dinner, as the empty tray beside him indicated. A cable-gram was spread open in front of him, on which he alternately frowned and beat a tattoo with his pencil. David knew perfectly well that according to all the rules of reason he ought to be in at least a genial mood, instead of sitting there inwardly fuming. He looked once more at the official code message, although the words were already buzzing mechanically and insistently through his brain: "Report at London headquarters fifteenth September at latest. Earlier if possible."

A month previous, he reflected, such an order would have been a corner of heaven tossed to him, whereas now his only heaven lay in two blue eyes whose smiles were denied him.

"Damn! What a confounded sentimental idiot I am!" His hand shot out—the top drawer of his desk opened with a bang, and the next instant he was writing decisively a code message on the white pad headed "Cable-gram": "Will leave for London Saturday, July tenth."

"Leaves me two days in which to cram ten days' work, but I've had good practice," and David laughed dryly.

His finger reached for the button on his desk, but covered it, when a tap sounded on the door, and a Chinaman in the garb of a house servant bowed himself forward. He stopped within a few paces of David's chair and glanced about apprehensively. "We alone, sir?" His voice was low and muffled, and he spoke in broken English.

"Evidently, except for the bird in the window," replied David, puzzled and a little aggravated at the man's strange manner.

The Chinaman glanced towards the cage swinging in front of the window, and emitted a grunt, whether of satisfaction or derision David couldn't tell.

"Do you belong to the hotel?" questioned David, his voice still rasping. The man drew himself to his full height, which was decidedly above the average. "Me hotel?" His tone expressed indignation, amazement at the foreigner's apparent ignorance and lack of etiquette.

"Well, my good man, if you don't belong here, your entrance, to say the least, is rather unceremonious, don't you think?"

The man turned his bright beady eyes on him as if trying to comprehend the meaning of the remark. At the end of half a minute a grin parted his lips. "Ung—understand—yo ceremony, much ceremony. Sst!" The newcomer wheeled about, his startled eyes on the door. David following his glance saw the handle turn slowly and cautiously.

"What in the name—" David strode forward. "What do you mean coming here unannounced and locking my door?" He threw the question over his shoulder furiously as he turned the key and opened the door with a vicious jerk. "Well, I'll be—!" The expression on his face finished the exclamation, as emptiness confronted him in the dimly lit corridor. He eyed up and down the hall, but everything was still. Not even an echo disturbed the quietness. "I could have sworn that door handle moved. Hope it's not my confounded nerves again," muttered David as he stepped back into the room. "Something bally queer—I say—" He wheeled about and received another shock. He was alone—the room was empty. David's hand went to his head. Had work and worry affected his brain?

A saucy chirp sounded from the window and in a moment the room was flooded with a joyous, full-throated melody.

"Here, here, Peko, that's too much for to-night. Enough magic around already," protested David, stepping to

the bird cage, but as his glance rested on the window Peko and his carolling were forgotten. A relieved smile overspread David's face. "So that's it. It's not a pipe dream after all. The fellow was really here and took short leave through the window."

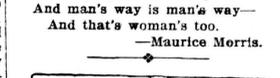
A Song of Sex.

Woman's way is woman's way, Changing to the view, And man's way is man's way— Change will he rue!

Woman's way is woman's way— Who shall steer it true?— Veering as the flaws veer, Changing with each hue.

But man's way is man's way, What can he do But hold to the one way, Hold it and rue!

Woman's way is woman's way, Changing to the view, And man's way is man's way— And that's woman's too. —Maurice Morris.



Often the Cause.

Goss—"In a quarrel with her fellow last night Mayme Manybeaux was terribly burnt when the powder she had about her exploded!" Sipp—"Awful! What caused it?" Goss—"So much friction, of course."

Nature Lore.

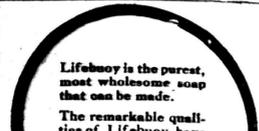
Books are of pathetically little use to tell the story of nature. Few people recognize more than a dozen roadside flowers, the commonest trees and shrubs, a few kinds of birds and insects. To be able to distinguish the call notes of birds seems to most persons a miraculous gift. The few who know enough of nature to be guides for a few hours' walk have knowledge that many others deeply long for and that they would pay handsomely to get.

Nearly 200 miles of roads radiate from Banff in Banff National Park, Alberta, and with the exception of the Spray Valley road, all of these are open to motorists.

Every day we see men of only average talent passing their brothers on the road to success, simply because they are possessed of that blessed trait of application.

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Lifebuoy is the purest, most wholesome soap that can be made.

The remarkable qualities of Lifebuoy have been proven in all climates, all occupations, on every kind of skin.



The Garden.

I read of gardens in old times— Old stately gardens, kingly, Where people walked in gorgeous crowds, Or, for silent musing, singly.

I raised up visions in my brain, The noblest and the fairest; But still I loved my garden best, And thought it far the rarest.

And all amongst my flowers I walked, Like miser midst his treasure; For that pleasant plot of garden ground Was a world of endless pleasure.



McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE

QUICK CHOCOLATE AND TAPIOCA PUDDINGS

Two of a dozen "Quick" Desserts

Delicious—Nourishing Prepared in a minute Add milk to the contents of a package of INVINCIBLE Quick Pudding. Boil for a minute. Pour in a mould to cool—and your dessert is ready.

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Insist on McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE

Made by McLAREN'S LIMITED, Hamilton and Winnipeg.

Mix Mustard this way

Mix Keen's Mustard with water to the consistency of a thick paste. Add water until the desired thickness is obtained. If a milder flavor is desired mix with milk. Mix mustard freshly for every meal.

but it must be Keen's



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"Lily White" cuts down the cost of preserving—keeps the fine natural color and fresh flavor of the berries—and prevents "sugaring".



For all your Preserving, use half sugar and half "Lily White" Corn Syrup.

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THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED



A SIMPLE SET OF HAT AND APRON.

Pattern 3285 is portrayed in this attractive model. It is cut in 5 Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require 2 1/4 yards of 27-inch material for the Apron and 1 yard for the Hat.

Apron and Hat may be made of the same material. Cretonne, linen, drill, gingham, chambray, percale and shantung could be used. The apron may serve as a dress, and be worn with bloomers.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by The Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Where is Heaven?

Where is Heaven? Is it not just a friendly garden plot, walled with stone and roofed with sun, Where the days pass one by one, Not too fast and not too slow, Looking backward as they go At the beauties left behind. To transport the pensive mind.

Does not Heaven begin that day When the eager heart can say, Surely God is in this place, I have seen him face to face In the loveliness of flowers, In the service of the showers, And His voice has talked to me In the sunlit apple tree.

—Bliss Carmen.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

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