

LIFE BUD SOAP
 Lifebud may be safely used on the tenderest skin.
 It is wonderfully cleansing for little hands, faces and bodies.
 Lifebud babies have beautiful healthy skins.

Of Mariners.
 (From Contemporary Verse)
 Sea folk have speech that is not quite their own.
 Twilight is in their talk and sound of water.
 For every sea wife, every sea wife's daughter,
 Knows scraps and spars and masts and the sea's moan.
 Sea folk have speech that is not quite their own.
 For wind is on them and the salty sun.
 For every seaman, every seaman's son
 Knows sound of fretting water over stone.
 Never a wind comes from the East again,
 But they must speak of it to mate or friend,
 Never a ship comes home in windy rain,
 But they must tell it over without end.
 Their salty speech is not their own at all,
 Rather the sound of water by a wall.
 —Harold Vinson

In Passing.
 Humpty Dumpty sat at the wheel
 Of a wheeled looking automobile.
 He gave her the gas instead of the brakes—
 But he won't make any more mistakes.
 Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds
 Soap-sund Philosophy.
 Lady at wash-tub—“Don't read nothing to me about yer Serviette Guv'ment! Ain't there enough washin' as it is?”

WRIGLEYS
 Take it home to the kids
 Have a pocket in your pocket for an over-ready treat.
 A delicious confect and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.
 After Every Meal
 Sold in its Packet

Here is the Pump You Need
SMART'S TANDEM DOUBLE ACTING PUMP
 Pumps more easily, more silently and more efficiently than the Wing type model which it has definitely replaced. Reputably made with household tools. Can be drilled to prevent freezing. Easily primed.
 Ask about it at your hardware store.
JAMES SMART PLANT
 100-101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200

The Gift Of The Gods
 BY PEARL POLEY.
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CHAPTER IX—(Cont'd.)
 What did the strange proceeding mean? In vain he tried to find a solution. The most probable one, of course, was that the man was a native, no doubt of it, but this meant nothing, for while China was virtually at war with Germany, there were some of her people who hated all foreigners and could not resist German gold. Perhaps a smoke would help him delve to the bottom of it. He had just settled himself in an easy chair with a cigarette, when a quick knock sounded on the door.
 Two strides brought David to the door, which he pulled open with such force that the caller fell back startled. Grasping him by the collar David pulled him into the room, closed the door, and turned the key.
 “What's the meaning of this?” demanded David, holding up a curved bladed knife. To his surprise two rows of dazzling teeth showed amiably, while a relieved voice said: “Ah, you lock the door. I am safe.”
 With a satisfied sigh the caller sank on to the cushioned divan.
 David, undecided whether he was more amused or angry at this brazen impudence, stood contemplating him. Beyond the fact that his strange visitor was but a boy in years, he was not able to go. A soft silk cap reached well over the forehead, attached to which was a white net, which entirely concealed the eyes. As for the lower part of the face, despite the hot night, a silk scarf encircled the throat and was arranged so that only the tip of the nose and part of the mouth were revealed. The hands were hidden in the loose flowing sleeves of the dark blue coat that reached almost to the feet. The voice was hesitating, low, and very soft. It was apparent that to speak English at all was a great effort.
 “Ah, it is good. To be secure is good.”
 “Much obliged, I'm sure,” said David dryly. “You've evidently been collecting references.”
 The youth sat upright. “You angry, my dear fellow, is a mild term. I am not used to meeting these glistening objects at my door,” indicating the knife, “even though they are accompanied by a charming smile.”
 “Ah, that to protect!”
 David's heart gave a wild leap. “Who are you?” he demanded, his hand on the silken neck scarf.
 “No, no. You must not touch me,” cried the youth, starting to his feet, his hands going to his face in a protecting movement.
 “Who are you?” David's voice trembled slightly and his hand closed over one slender wrist.
 In the slight struggle the white net slipped aside and David looked into a pair of frightened, defiant eyes.
 “Tu Hee! It is you then. Good God, what are you doing here? Do you know what this means?”
 “Are you afraid?”
 The blue eyes no longer smiled. They were as cool as the voice, but they softened a little as David replied, “Yes, for you.”
 The girl touched his sleeve. Her cheeks glowed and her voice, defiant as it was, trembled. “You guess who I am and spoil everything. You think me bold, forward like foreign girls. I am full of shame now I perhaps fail. You laugh at me.”
 “Dear Miss Tu Hee, I respect and care too much to do those things. If I can help you I shall consider it an honor.”
 The blue eyes looked at him searchingly, and, apparently satisfied, Tu Hee reached out her hand.
 David clasped it as he might a child's. Indeed, she seemed by a child standing there, wide-eyed and slender in the dark, straight coat.
 “I am grateful, Captain Marsden. No, I haven't time to sit down. No one knows I am here and I must get back before I am missed.”
 “But how did you get here? Surely you did not come alone?”
 “My uncle is away for a few days and I spent the afternoon and night with an old school friend of the foreign academy. Her home is just a block away, but that is far enough.”
 “And she shivered slightly.”
 “You shan't return alone. I'll accompany you back.”
 “No, no,” returned Tu Hee, “it wouldn't be safe. No one must know I have been here or even seen you to-night. You see in a case of this kind spies are everywhere. O, Captain Marsden, Tu Hee leaned forward and laid her hand on David's arm, “they are planning to steal the ruby.”
 “The sacred ruby? Surely not! What is their object in taking the ruby from the temple?”
 “No, no, not from the temple, from Paul Culver. I can't give you complete details,” continued Tu Hee. “I do not dare to give you even the lead-er's name, but he will stop at nothing to accomplish his end. And my uncle being away makes it so terrible. They have planned to commit the crime in his absence.”
 “Do you know if they have set a definite time?”
 “Yes, to-morrow at midnight, so you see no time is to be lost in warning your friends and protecting my cousin's possession.”
 “I will start for the hills at day-break,” David assured her.
 “You will take a guard. You will protect yourself?”
 David smiled reassuringly. “Don't bother your head about me, Miss Weng Toy. I think I can manage a common thief.”
 David, watching the lightning-like change of her moods, wondered that anyone should say the race was plighted.
 “A guard is no use, Captain Marsden,” Tu Hee's voice was low and tense. “There is only one sure way of frustrating his plans, that is by

encasing the ruby in the box of death.”
 David looked at her curiously. An uncanny feeling swept over him. “The name sounds rather ominous,” he replied, with a half laugh.
 “It is a box that was made for the protection of the twin rubies. There is not another like it in China; no, not in all the world.”
 “And is this death box, as you call it, within reach? Is it possible for us to procure it?” questioned David.
 “From the inside of her coat Tu Hee drew forth a piece of paper, which she thrust into David's hand. “The box of death is now in the possession of Tung Yung. You will find there directions where he is to be found. I have written it so that there can be no mistake.”
 “This ruby means a great deal to your house, Miss Weng Toy?”
 Tu Hee blushed, but smiled up at David confidentially.
 “Much, yes, and much also to me. My uncle wishes my cousin and me betrothed.”
 “And you?” David tried to make his tone casual, but his heart pounded like lead as he waited for her answer.
 “Oh! She clasped and unclasped her hands. “I must marry. It's our custom; so I say, as does my uncle, you marry some day, too?”
 David forced a smile as he shook his head. “I'm afraid not, Miss Tu Hee.”
 “You say no? Ah, but great man like you should marry. You make girl very happy.”
 As David looked down into the earnest blue eyes, the smiles all hid- den away, for the first time in his life he regretted being an Englishman. Turning away abruptly he crossed the door. There he looked back and called laughingly: “Now, Miss Tu Hee, while you fix your make-up I'll surprise you with mine!”
 In less than three minutes David reappeared in a disguise that his own mother couldn't have penetrated.
 Tu Hee clasped her hands as she circled around him. “A real mandarin!” she cried.
 David could not resist the tempta- tion. Bending his head he asked soft- ly: “Would you like me better if I were a mandarin?”
 Tu Hee lifted laughing eyes to his face, but what she saw there caused her hands to flutter nervously. All at once she was the timid Chinese maiden and David had to bend very near to catch the tremulous answer:
 “You, my master. I no let him in. I let him back me but no let him in.”
 “Be rational boy; what's the mean- ing of your standing there moaning like a banshee?” David turned the boy's face to the light and an exclamation of dismay escaped him.
 “Why, Ma Tu, you're hurt! Here, sit down and stop moaning.”
 “I no moan,” protested the boy. “I chant to gods—I save you—you—my—master!”
 The last words came faintly as the boy collapsed weakly into a chair.
 (To be continued.)

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 produced in the world is grown on the mountain slopes of Ceylon and India. These rare teas, specially blended, give to

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 a flavor beyond compare - JUST TRY IT.



How One Walked in Sorrow.
 Like one who carries banners,
 You tread the common street;
 The paving stones are proud of you,
 And all the air is sweet
 As with triumphant flowers
 That fall before your feet.

And common folk remember,
 Seeing you passing by,
 How tragic queens have walked the earth,
 Gone proudly forth to die,
 A lifted, living beauty,
 Above the fickle lie.

We shall be long forgetting
 The regal way you went,
 Crowned with some secret certainty,
 Some truth magnificent—
 Till our blind hearts may learn, at last,
 The splendid thing you meant.
 —David Morton.

Thumb rings were popular among court ladies of the seventeenth century.

#369
A JAUNTY SPORTS STYLE.
 4369. Here is a youthful model, suggestive of the season, and its beautiful fabrics. Figured silk in blue and tan tones was used for the blouse. The facings on collar and revers and the facings are blue. The skirt is of tan Camel's hair woolen. Crepe, linen or gingham and linen, could be used for this style.
 The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 1 1/2 yards for the blouse and 3 3/4 yards for the skirt of 40-inch material. The width at the foot of the skirt is 2 1/2 yards, with plaits extended. To trim blouse as illustrated, 3/4 yard 40 inches wide is required.
 Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.
 Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts
 A single banyan tree has been known to shelter 7,000 men at one time.

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Woman's Interests

SUMMER BEAUTY.
 Do these hot days brown and wither your face? You wouldn't think of letting the flowers in your garden go without special attention, through blistering hot days. Why then allow freckles, sun wrinkles, and blackheads, like ugly weeds, choke out the pink and white loveliness or the olive smoothness of your complexion?
 “What can I do?” writes a fine-skinned woman. “Creams feel sticky on my face in July, and my skin is too warm, and sensitive for soap and water.” The beauty parlors offer such a woman a special cream that can be used with water. I've been investigating, and I find it's composed of almost the same elements as your husband's shaving cream. So if you're in despair about the blackheads and the tiny crisscross lines, why not give this a trial?
 There's a new one. It is made from nourishing and cleansing oil by the manufacturer of one of the most popular toilet soaps. Of course, he made it for men, but I'm thinking that women are going to use a lot of it, too.
 Buttermilk or the whey from sour milk is an excellent wash for the too-brown face and neck. Wash thoroughly first, and then apply the milk. After it has dried, rinse it off with cold water. This whitening method takes a little time. If you're in a hurry, why not use a good bleaching cream? One that is strong enough to whiten the skin, but not strong enough to hurt. There is also a “snow” lotion that actually prevents the tan-brown appearing.
 Paris must have had our summers in mind when she designed her latest coiffure. It is so simple and cool. Comb your hair softly back, exposing the lobes of your ears and leaving your forehead bare. Now slip down an old-fashioned back comb until it reaches the middle of the back of your head. The next step is to roll up all the back hair into a long horizontal roll and pin it directly under the comb.
 Is your hair sticky in warm weather? Does it persist in hanging in dank tendrils underneath your prettiest organdie hat? A flower-scented refreshing tonic teaches it to mend its ways. And there's another summer tonic that eliminates the shampoo when you're touring.
 If you've overindulged in swimming, and your hair is harsh and dead, and a gummy mass forms on the comb and brush, put a pinch of borax in the shampoo water. It cuts the grease and dust and prevents the disagreeable after stickiness.

FRILLS THAT YOU CAN IRON FLAT.

Perhaps I'm bringing up a disagreeable subject. Hot irons and hotter weather are not a soothing nerve tonic. I honestly believe that there isn't one of us who, about 2 p.m. on ironing Tuesday, wouldn't sacrifice a frill for ten minutes extra on the cool front verandah or under the shade of the apple tree.
 If frills mean added minutes at the ironing board, I'm all for leaving them off and hoping he'll think that the lilac crepe frock is pretty—just on account of the color.
 But now that frills have flattened themselves out, given up plaits, and avoided gathers, enjoy them. Even on your workaday morning frocks that go into the tub once a week, flat frills are not an extra chore. You'll find they will slip over your ironing board as easily as a pocket handkerchief.
 There are the straight up and down type that attach themselves to the sides of skirts. It's an idea you can apply to a silk or cotton frock. Just straight pieces, eight inches wide, sewn to the side seams. When the dress is on they cascade prettily and drop below the skirt.
 Another flat frill is circular. The waist is cut in one with the back of the skirt. A regular straight-hanging dress so far. Then one comes to the trick of the little garment—the circular front of the skirt—sufficiently wide for comfort, with enough over at the sides to hang in rippling cascades.
 The third flat frill that I have in mind is a square, ten inches by ten inches. Caught in one corner, it makes an attractive jabot for a blouse. The edges may be hemstitched, picoté, rolled, and cross-stitched with contrasting color mercerized embroidery cotton, or bound with gay color, such as rose or emerald-green binding on a white blouse. In the last case, the collar and cuffs ought to be bound to match the jabot. A square jabot would make an old blouse quite “newish.”
 And I want to squeeze in another touching-up suggestion that is not a frill. I'm tempted to say old-fashioned sashes. If you have a pale summer organdie or voile, hunt up six-inch-wide grosgrain, taffeta, or satin ribbon in peacock-blue, rose, buttercup-yellow, or emerald-green. Make a loose low waistline girdle, and a large rosette for the back, with one long and one short streamer. If you want to complete the picture, match your slippers to the color of the girdle. With even the gayest slippers, the stocking should be light flesh color or palest tan or gray.

Mustard is valuable in the diet
 Did you know that mustard not only gives more zest and flavor to meats, but also stimulates your digestion? Because it aids assimilation it adds nourishment to foods.
but it must be Keen's

Put up lots of STRAWBERRIES with LILY WHITE Corn Syrup

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

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Let our thoughts minutes to the pro- vation of child life, white rages among population. In con- tem the most advic- probability to look at the standpoint of those who know, worth while, and the figures to back up. In the first plac- and even the Prov- need more settle- Now there are two that increase our that come to our sh- and those that are b- children. A record was made in the Un- the war to test the efficiency of dra- quired for war ser- of the mental cap- credits was made with from Canada, and the Canadians were ligitize to even the the United States a reason for this? In the United States, in the early year of influx every year of South Eastern Euro- of the earth. The negro population, na- later group need a here, for their men- low that of the white the mean mental a drafts in the United 1037 years. That intelligence of the is that of a boy a lit- age boy of eleven y- hand, the mean m- white drafts in the army was 13.98 ye- Canada 13.29 years. Now a comparison with the actual age- self would seem to a certain age, the ceases to learn a quality him as bel-

RED HOT JU
HARD ON T

July the month heat, red hot days nights, is extreme- ones. Diarrhoea, dys- cholera infantum, car- of persons little be- The mother must be- guard to prevent the they come in. No other has mot- mothers during the Baby's Own Tablets the bowels and a- and down even a- the trouble is to banish it. The medicine is a box from The Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Two boys harpo- peat in East York- date back from 1900 they are the earliest presence in Yorkshir-

MONEY OF
 Dominion Express an sale in five t- throughout Canada.

Spain's famous bu- bring from trade u- “frings”, the latter ar- breeders to inflate th-

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