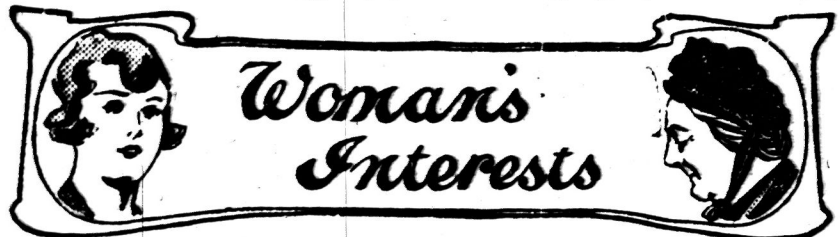


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in the World



## GROWING PANSIES FROM SEED.

The pansy is one of the most popular of early spring flowering plants, for, in addition to their precocious habit of providing early blooms, the plants, if well cared for, will bloom uninterruptedly throughout summer and fall. During the hottest months the flowers will decrease in size, but with the advent of cool nights and refreshing rains they attain their spring size and bloom as vigorously as ever.

The seed should be sown during July and August. If only a limited number of plants are required the seed is best sown in a flat, the soil in which should be fresh and of a rather light nature. The seed may either be sown in rows or broadcast thinly, but it must not be covered more than an eighth of an inch and with quite light sandy soil that will not form a crust. If a greater number of plants are to be raised, a special seed bed may be made in a sheltered position in the garden or in the cold frame. Whichever is used the soil should first be deeply stirred and raked quite fine and the seed sown in shallow drills, the drills spaced three inches apart. Firm the soil after sowing, using a level piece of board for the purpose, then water the bed with a fine spray so that the soil may not be washed. The seed bed, whether in cold frame or open, is then covered with old sack or burlap to obviate the necessity of continuous watering. All further watering previous to germination is given on top of the burlap. On the first appearance of the seedlings remove the covering.

If extra early flowering plants are wanted for spring bedding, a cold frame should be utilized. After digging over the soil spread a two-inch layer of old rotted manure on leaf mold, covering it with fully two inches of good loam soil in which the seedlings are transplanted three inches

apart with the rows four inches apart. If a cold frame is not available the bed should be made in a sheltered part of the garden and it should be raised a few inches to insure perfect drainage. A bed four feet wide, or five feet at most, is the most suitable size, and it should be three or four inches higher than the surrounding level. Such beds are sometimes held in place by fixing narrow strips of boards around them. To fit the plants so that they will carry safely over winter, growth is encouraged by stirring the soil between the rows and watering thoroughly and regularly during dry weather. When the ground freezes, the entire bed is covered with a three-inch mulch of leaves, the leaves being held in place by the aid of light brushwood.

## A HANDY APRON.

My helpful clothespin apron gave me an idea for an extremely useful apron to be worn while putting the house in order each day. The apron is made of stout cretonne, is suspended from the shoulders and has a deep pocket completely across the front. This generous-sized pocket saves so many steps. The abandoned magazine I find in the dining room is slipped into my pocket and placed on the magazine stand when I happen to go to the living room instead of requiring a special trip.

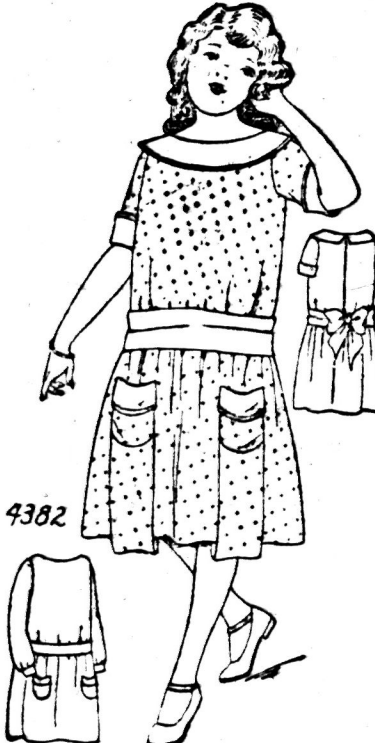
Usually by the time I am ready to go upstairs my big pocket is full to overflowing. And it is seldom that a room is put in order that something is not picked up that must be taken to some other part of the house. It saves so many steps to place all these things in my apron pocket and gradually place them where they belong as I work from room to room.—A. M. A.

## WHEN THE FLIES COME.

Where there are children there are sure to be flies in the house no matter how carefully one may screen. My standby is a two-foot piece of lath, or other slender stick, carefully split one inch at the end, and a four and one-half by six-inch piece of wire screen inserted, fastened by one or two tacks, long enough to head down on the other side, makes a fly-snapper long enough to reach ceiling or walls, and the children will delight to use it. Try it.—Mrs. H. N. P.



**A Lifebuoy bath**  
Cool, fresh, rested skin tingling with health and comfort—Feeling cleaner than you ever felt before—Because of the big, creamy lather of Lifebuoy.



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Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

## The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.  
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### CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

Quickly and deftly David tore away the garments from his servant's chest disclosing a gaping knife wound. While Ma Tu had lost a profusion of blood, David saw at a glance the stab was not serious. As he cleaned the cut the boy opened his eyes and smiled gratefully.

"Just a flesh wound, Ma Tu. When I stick you together with this adhesive plaster you'll be a whole man again. No, don't get up. I want to put some ginger in you first."

David crossed to a small cupboard in the wall, where he kept his first-aid supplies, a very necessary adjunct to his equipment. Replacing his roll of sterilized bandages and the spool of adhesive plaster he poured out some brandy.

"Here you are. Drink this and you'll forget you had a nightmare."

The boy tried to smile as he took the glass, but David noticed his hand trembled, and he doubted greatly if his yellowish pallor was altogether the result of the gash.

"Master joke. He treat light affair of rob." There was an accusing note in the boy's voice.

"Ah, we feel better, eh? Well, now let's hear the whole of this midnight hold-up."

Ma Tu laid the empty glass on the table beside him, and in broken English unburdened his mind. There was the look of a faithful dog in the youth's eyes as he said: "Ma Tu anxious much, anxious over master. Heard master leave room long after sleeping time. Got up and sat in chair so if needed Ma Tu be there. But no keep awake for sudden my eyes open—I hear noise. Jump up, shamed you come back and maybe want me. Ma hurry. Carry light—open door quick. There big man stood—no foreign—Chinese he was and tight fast against your door lessening, lessening. I creep so." Ma Tu pantomimed with his hands his cautious movements. "I make high steps on my toe nails—see, just so."

"Yes, yes?" urged David.

"I grab him so." Ma Tu made a swift movement with his hands through the air. "But he big man. He turn quick and I get this," pointing with a half-shamed grin to his chest. "I back away slow, pretend afraid. He laugh low. He sneer and stand like he had me. I pray gods I save you, master. I back slow, slow to your desk. I reach behind with hand, open drawer. The gods helped—the gun was there. I laugh then. I had him. He act coward then. He back up to me. I shoot drop he out of sight."

David remained silent when Ma Tu had finished his strange story. It was clear beyond a doubt that his connection with the safe-guarding of the ruby was known. The plotters' desperation to obtain the jewel was no spineless affair when they would spill the blood of a foreigner, and that they were out for his life was a proven fact. David's ire was aroused. Their cowardice—their back hitting methods—proved them too tawdry for a white man to deal with.

"There are dirty dogs in the world, eh, Ma Tu? But we'll show them a bullet's too good for them. I have you to thank for being whole at this minute, and my memory isn't short, boy."

If Ma Tu wasn't just sure of the English words, there was no mistaking the look on his master's face or the grip of his hand, and he was satisfied. His Eastern logic told him that the God of Friendship had indeed blessed him.

"And now, Ma Tu, I'll have to leave you for a few hours. The gods of fortune, or rather the goddess of everything that's wonderful and beautiful in this prosaic old world, is sending me to the hills."

"Hills? You go to hills? I go too."

David turned on the boy a look of amused surprise. The last three words were a final, unargumentative statement. David was reminded of a stubborn bull pup who had just found out his ability to not let go. Ma Tu had risen. Resolutely he buttoned his shirt over the wound, fastened his jacket to the neck, and stood ready for his master's instructions.

"Ma Tu," David's voice was quiet but firm, "you perhaps misunderstood me. I did not say you were to accompany me. I said you were to stay here."

The boy bowed in acknowledgment of the command, and then raising a calm face, replied in a tone that betokened his mind was made up. "I obey master, yes, but I Chinese. I obey gods first. They tell me to protect master. I go to the mountains too."

David looked on in comical amazement at this logic.

"I see. Well, Ma Tu, I am placed in rather a difficult position. Seeing you kept a would-be assassin from my bedside, I presume it would be the height of ingratitude to deny your first request, or—" and David's smile dispelled the anxious, puzzled look on the boy's face—"demand. After all, perhaps the morning air will be a good bracer after the past harrowing hour. Run along. Order the ponies ready in ten minutes; but, Ma Tu, don't run your mouth into your ears," warned David, as a pleased grin overspread the boy's face.

A chuckle sounded as Ma Tu sped from the room.

After a shower bath David felt as fit as if he had had eight hours' sleep instead of one. His healthy appetite asserted itself, however, and he thought longingly of a steaming cup of coffee. Faithful Chinese servants were far from his mind as he stepped into his sitting-room and it was, therefore, with pleasurable surprise he saw the empty tray on his desk replaced by one containing rolls and coffee.

Calling mental blessings down on the thoughtful Ma Tu, David set to with a will. After disposing of the last crumb and pigeon-holing some

business notes, which could wait over till the next day, he locked his desk and was ready for his morning ride. It was weeks since he had experienced such a thrill of anticipation. The jewel he knew had nothing to do with it. No, he looked matters squarely in the face and confessed the cause of the rift in his clouded life was a Chinese maiden.

He was just on the point of switching off the light, when something white on the carpet near the door attracted his attention. Thinking it a paper carried from his desk by the breeze, David picked it up and nonchalantly opened it. What then was his amazement to see great splashes of red over which, in fine English script, was the following weird message:

"East and West can never meet. Our maidens, therefore, do not seek." At the bottom was a white dragon on red.

David was cogitating over this strange missive when Ma Tu entered to say the ponies were ready.

David nodded, folded the paper and placed it in an inner pocket. As he stepped into the hall, followed by his servant, he enquired casually, "Is there any particular significance or meaning attached to a white dragon on red, Ma Tu?"

"White dragon on red," repeated the boy, a queer, frightened look overspreading his face. Then forcing a grin he shook his head. "Ma Tu not know."

"What!" David stopped short. "You dare to hand me a brazen lie, Ma Tu? Out with it, quick!"

The boy glanced at his master's face, concluded dissembling was useless, and blurted out: "White dragon on red, bad, very bad."

"So much I've already guessed, boy; but the exact meaning?"

"White dragon on red, death by the gods."

"By the gods, eh? Sounds rather a nice way to die."

Ma Tu glanced at his master, a troubled look on his face. "Master laugh—joke, but white dragon on red, bad, very bad."

"Ah, well, I guess we haven't much to fear from the gods, and as for the devil, we'll slay him with his own weapon, eh Rapids, old boy?" And David held out a lump of sugar to his whinnying pony.

### CHAPTER X.

Peking was covering herself with the first flimsy garment of day as David and his servant clattered through the streets. Except for a few laborers, vendors who were hastening after the early trade, and several rickshaws, perhaps carrying officials from an all-night entertainment, the streets were deserted. The city was asleep. Two or three more layers of day would have to be fastened on before she would show herself.

David was used to the hour of dawn, but the wonder of a new day never waned for him. As they were facing the hills, with a strip of the sandy plain between, the sun burst in a sudden flood of glory over the Eastern world. They halted to watch a train of camels slowly and majestically wending their way. It seemed to David he was back in the early ages. It appeared not improbable that if he stole alone out here when night had fallen wise men of the East would greet him. Perhaps they would point to a star and tell him how they were led to a manger where the Christ child lay. But the camels had passed, and the sun's rays were emblazoning with a wonderful radiance an object on the peak of a distant hill. David's biblical scene vanished. Before him coruscated an emblem of paganism—a Buddhist temple.

With the darkness had fled Ma Tu's dread of the unknown. His smile grew frequent and he answered his master's sallies with low, full chuckles.

Concern for his faithful servant caused David to lead a moderate pace. While a flesh wound need not be serious, still it might prove painful and very troublesome, and setting aside his genuine liking for the Chinese boy, David did not relish the idea of having him sick in his hands just then.

So half an hour later than it usually took to cover the distance, the temple home of the Culvers loomed in sight. Voices floating down to them proclaimed not all the household were asleep. Servants, no doubt, decided David. He wondered if he could get word to the doctor without alarming his wife. He had dismounted, and instructed Ma Tu to take the horses to the stable, when to his surprise the doctor himself came walking down the path.

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Culver shook hands with his visitor cordially, and to David's surprise, took his call as a matter of course.

"News travels fast even in China, I notice. You are the first on the scene, not even a Chinese official has arrived yet."

"You have sent for protection then?" enquired David.

"Do you think it necessary?" questioned Culver. "It seems to me our protection is ample enough, with two men dead already."

"Two men dead?" echoed David, blankly.

It was Culver's turn to look surprised. "Why then, if you haven't heard, what brings you here at this hour, my dear boy?"

"I heard last night, sir, that an attempted robbery was to be made on the sacred ruby to-night, and am here to give you warning and to advise you to protect yourselves and it by means of a box—the box of death, I believe they call it—which is in the possession of a Mr. Tung Yung."

Culver rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Who is the person that gave the alarm, if I may ask?"

David flushed. "Some one, sir, who is only interested through blood ties with your adopted son. The name would not enlighten you and—"

(To be continued.)

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**FLIES in the Barn or Dairy?**  
**FLIES or Insects on Cattle?**  
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**SPRAYING**

Late blight structure did some year. The potato which the later to be duced under tories be n yield must r the case of both from t and the cons ers to attain the rotting c an attack of can be great prevented, b spraying w pliations of whether the "seed" or fo

Careful ex many year the best spr house-made 4-4-0 stren method of n the use of co of copper su line, diluting solutions ar

(1.) Blues is prepared i copper sulph 40 gallons of method is to sack and su barrel of wa A more-rapi bluestone cr smaller qu make up of of the soluti pound of m must not be chemical.

(2.) Lime pounds of fr by gradually oughly and e the barrel of In order t vent evapor ing the stock covered. To ready for us of the stock the spray ta water. To gallons of th should be po strainer to o otherwise cl result. The should be l while the lim now contains mixture.

If the abo followed the usually cont of bluestone composition a preferable to that the fol by an excess solution may Ing one-half of cyanide in on material is a drop of this of the spray r the surfacti tinct brown a should be ad solution for beetles.

Commence de of July an throughout t plants are sm will be suffic be increased. The sprayer, w three nozzles, nozzles point one pointing o upper and low will be thro spray should b sure of 125 to four applica ing the seaso will usually b ticular atten the later app neglected or a late attack of more damage been done. In proportion of be increased. That is, add solution of bl and 30 gallons Bordeaux mi early blight a a repellent agent.—J. B. M. biologist.

**USEFULNESS**

Cover crop essential part tice. As the ma organic matter to retain prop and as manur cult to obtain, ally to better adv of the farm, cov ful purpose in Crops that will serve to increas but by selectin such as clover, may harm to a