Good Luck

In the right to do a long way, but Good Judgment goes further.

TO USE

"SALADA"

IS GOOD JUDGMENT. H345

"The Tea that is always Reliable."

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.

(Copyright.)

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

As Tu Hee confessed the face had held all her attention Weng Toy read: "Lieutenant Paul Culver, adopted son of Dr. Neil Culver of New York, who has been awarded the highest honors of France and Great Britain, the Croix de Guerre and the Victoria Cross. China has also expressed her pride and esteem of her young countryman by conferring on him the famous sacred ruby of the Chow dynasty. The jewel has not swerved from its natural course, however, as the young hero is a direct descendant of the Emperor Woo Wang himself."

"How wonderful!" breathed Tu Hee, her eyes shining, and then, meeting her guardian's glance, the realization of why the picture had been shown her rushed over her. She turned wide and startled eyes on her uncle. She had looked upon the picture in delight, claiming the young hero as one of her own blood, one of her own noble house, yes, as the brother that had been denied her. Bewildered, she clasped and unclasped her hands. There was confusion and a note of pleading in her voice when she spoke:

"But he is my cousin, Uncle Weng."

Weng Toy laid aside the book. He replied calmly and evenly as if making an unchallengable statement: "He is my nephew, but for reasons which I cannot now disclose, child, the fact would not prevent a closer alliance."

"You mean, Uncle Weng, you really wish me to marry—"

Weng Toy lifted his hand. "I wish only for your happiness, my child. It would please me only if it pleased you."

But the words brought no relief to Tu Hee. It seemed that the inevitable was submerging her will power. A strange thing had happened. A problem had entered her life which she must solve for herself and by herself. Bending towards her guardian, Tu Hee brushed his forehead with her lips and ran from the room.

CHAPTER VII.

It was the night Captain Marsden was to dine at the mandarin's. Tu Hee's cheeks glowed until they matched the tints of the gown that Lun was fastening so proudly.

"You grow more like your mother every day," conceded the old nurse, standing back and surveying her charge with head on one side.

"Ah, tell me about her, Lun, dear. You know Uncle Weng speak of my dear mother so seldom, and to think I haven't even a picture of her. I suppose, though, she was gentle and obedient and loved the husband her parents chose for her?"

Lun had become suddenly busy with the trinkets on the dressing table. When Tu Hee paused she nodded and spoke in the quick, nervous way she had when excited. "Yes, yes, madam love husband much, great much, Missee Tu Hee."

"Oh, Lun, how I envy those gentle, willowy-backed creatures who pass us in their rickshaws with downcast eyes, waiting for their greatest joys in life, a husband and a son."

"Ah!" There was a hopeful note in Lun's voice. "You envy. You too want husband and son?"

"No, I envy their pliant natures, Lun dear. I know if uncle should ever force me to marry I should tear my husband's eyes out and then run away. Poor dear Uncle Weng, I'm afraid he doesn't yet know the little demon the gods left on his hands; although," and here Tu Hee's voice became softly reminiscent, "I believe I could almost adore Paul Culver."

"Eh?" Lun turned so quickly that the box of rouge flew out of her hand, half of it lodging down her neck and the other half on top of Tu Hee's head.

"Scampering mice!" ejaculated Tu Hee, peering anxiously in the glass at her brightly powdered coiffure. "Shimmering fish scales! Lun, what have you done? And dinner in five minutes. Quick—dust me. You know how uncle links murder with dinner waiting." While she was talking Tu Hee was dusting and knocking furiously at the red powder, which seemed to be getting redder and spreading with every flap of the handkerchief. "The God of Speed be with you, Lun. Hurry."

Lun forced her wringing hands apart, but after fruitless efforts to dislodge the bright color, she resorted to artifice. Unwinding one of the long strands she drew it over the top of Tu Hee's head, giving the appearance of an ebony coronet.

Catching her reflection in the long mirror, Tu Hee clapped her hands. "You're a witch, Lun. You've made me two inches taller, and when I carry my head so, Uncle Weng will not dare to even look a scold from the corner of his eye."

"Yes, that hair dress does suit. But Missee Tu Hee, what you know about Paules Culver?"

"Why surely, Lun, you don't need to be told any part of the family history?"

"No." Lun's hands went together. "Well?"

"Don't you know he's uncle's nephew—my cousin and—" But at this point Tu Hee paused. "But if you don't know, perhaps—"

"Course I knowee all—but how you know?" Then fearing she had committed herself, the woman added quickly: "Master no like velly much to speak."

"Ah, but it's different now, Lunnee dear. He is a great man. He won wonderful honors in Europe and the Chow dynasty ruby has been conferred on him."

"You say so?—True?" The woman's eyes had become like round black beads. The dark skin of her cheeks folded together and a chuckle came from her open mouth.

"Yes, isn't it wonderful?" Tu Hee, who for the first time in her life missed her nurse's finishing touch to her toilet, was giving the final pat to her dignified coiffure herself.

"Little Paul," muttered the Chinese woman. "The gods tookee care then."

From the doorway Tu Hee turned and looked at her curiously, but whatever question was on her lips remained unsaid for at that minute the big clock in the hall chimed eight, so tucking away her curiosity she flew from the room.

the drawing-room voices reached her from the mandarin's study. She paused, puzzled that her uncle should treat his foreign guest so informally as to have him in his private apartment. She slipped behind the heavy drapery to recover her poise after her undignified haste, and was amazed to hear Chu Sing's voice coming from the room, muffled but angry.

"Broad, you call yourself? You are binding yourself with foreign chains in permitting that girl to dine openly with a foreign devil. You call her life freedom. I call it a damn disgrace. She will have no modesty left in a year's time with such training."

Weng Toy's reply came back low and tense. Tu Hee clasped her hands nervously. Only once before had she heard that note in her guardian's voice, once when he had caught a slave beating a woman.

"You are a drunken man and not responsible, or I would choke the breath out of you."

The other's voice wavered until it was almost a pleading whine. "I suppose you would consent to her marriage with the foreign devil?"

Tu Hee did not realize she was eavesdropping. The knowledge that she was the pivot of the conversation magnetized her to the spot. She held her breath now for the denial she expected to be forthcoming.

"And why not? She is but a gift to China!"

Tu Hee's head swam. She grasped the edge of the door to steady herself. What did Uncle Weng mean? Was he disowning his own blood? She made a step forward to confront him, when the derisive laugh of Chu Sing sent her shuddering back, and she listened tensely, fearing she knew not what.

"A gift—a gift of the gods!"

Tue Hee's heart gave a throb of relief. She wanted to throw herself forward laughing for joy, so great was the relaxation that swept over her, but instead she stepped out into the hallway and proceeded towards the drawing-room, her head high, a true mandarin's niece and daughter of heathen China.

David Marsden, whose artistic eye had been trying to regulate his impatient heart and failing miserably, crossed eagerly to meet the bewildering vision that entered the room. For six days he had been delving assiduously into Chinese etiquette, but now stood forgetful of it all, aware only of the ecstacy of being able to gaze again into a pair of eyes the blueness of which had brought back a little of God's sunshine into his broken life.

"My uncle has been detained, Captain Marsden, by an unexpected caller," explained Tu Hee, as she gave him her hand. "I am sure he regrets keeping you waiting, for Uncle Weng is punctuality itself."

"The time flies so rapidly in this interesting room I didn't even know I had been kept waiting," reassured David, obeying her motion to be seated.

"This interests you?" David fidgeted under the quizzical look in the blue eyes and wondered if she were laughing at him. He decided she was when she continued naively: "Please don't say it looks unusual to you. We like to think this room is tolerably foreign in appearance. I know Uncle Weng had that object in view when he furnished it."

It was with a decided effort David made himself agreeable with light talk, an entirely new experience for him when with the fair sex. His admiration for the Eastern maiden was growing by leaps and bounds. Her poise and self-confidence in comparison with her years astonished him. She couldn't possibly, he decided, be more than eighteen, and how lovely she looked, like some rare, delicate, exotic flower with a peculiar refinement all her own! Why didn't English women wear gowns that rippled like pink rose vines down to slippers as dainty as buds?

"If you are really interested in what we of the East consider beauty, Captain Marsden—"

David endeavored to get a firm and equal grip on his two senses, hearing and seeing. It required great effort, though. Yes, her voice, he decided, equalled her other points. It was soft, and almost lazy in its nonchalance, yet was saved from monotony or drawl by an almost American alertness that rounded off each word.

Tu Hee paused in the middle of a sentence. "But perhaps I am presumptuous in supposing you are interested in us. After all, your mission in our country, I understand, is not voluntary."

"Indeed, Miss Weng Toy, the East has fascinated me from childhood. If I appear distrait and absent-minded I assure you it is not indifference. It [illegible] Tu Hee, please pardon me for what seems a display of poor manners. Indeed, you are a very unusual young lady."

But Tu Hee was not at all offended. Her lips parted in an alluring smile and she leaned towards him eagerly. "Do you really think me that? Do I seem at all nice to your foreign eyes? O Captain Marsden, if you only knew how I've been envying the smiling creatures on your magazine covers for the past week! And that pretty young lady—Mrs. Claymore told me she is your cousin—you find me interesting after her?—what word shall I use?—ah yes, vivacious company?"

(To be continued.)

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

ISSUE NO. 23—'23.

Leaky Faucets on Public Treasuries.

Every time a Canadian forest burns down, the public treasuries are stripped of a future cash return. Under our system of forest leases, the provincial treasuries of Ontario, Quebec, the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia collect so many dollars for every thousand feet cut by the lumber operator or for every cord of pulpwood cut by the paper maker. This arrangement makes the public a financial partner with the millman. When fire destroys the "limits" of the "X. Y. Z. Company," the latter is of course a heavy loser but the Public also sacrifices the yearly revenues that would have come to the Treasury from the dues on the wood cut.

The public impression that "limits" represent "alienated' resources is largely in error for the public treasury is a financial shareholder with the lessee of the limit and in case of fire damage, the penalty is fixed on both.

For example, one of the largest spruce limits in Ontario has been fifty per cent. destroyed by prospectors searching for minerals that were never found. The limit holder lost part of his heavy investment, his paylist was cut down by the fact of the timber being burned, and the province lost one dollar in dues for every one of the million cords that went up in smoke. Forest fires are paid for by the Public every time.

Why He's Mad

"Do you believe the soul of Tutankh-Amen has become wrathful?"

"Sure! Who doesn't feel irritable at moving time?"

The White Negro.

The principal medical officer at the Government Hospital, Port Said, Dr. H. E. S. Stiven, gives an account in the Lancet of a perfectly white Negro whom he treated.

"His father and mother are typical black Sudanese," writes Dr. Stiven. "No relatives of his mother were abnormally colored, and his father, by another wife, had all black children.

"His eyes are hazel brown, hair on head and body fair flaxen color, and his skin perfectly white all over the body, but of a curious thick texture. He had a sister and a brother, both dead, who were white like himself."

A Beautiful Complexion

A clean healthy skin is the first requirement of a beautiful complexion.

The daily use of Lifebuoy is the simple, sure, way to skin loveliness.

Lbs

June on the Threshold.

Sometimes upon the threshold of this hour
We long that time should pause eternally,
With one faint bird note drifting from a tower
As do the petals of the rose in flower;
The moon above in pale tranquility,
With white half visible stars for company
Shedding their light as in a silvery shower.

Perhaps the distant cadence of the main
Remote as is its murmur in a shell,
Or far amid the hills the wind's soft rune;
These, and no more, to make complete the spell
Of poignant loveliness as keen as pain
That comes with coming of the feet of June.

—Clinton Scollard.

The Extinction of the Whale.

According to Sir Sidney F. Harmer, the whale is fast nearing the point of extinction. The Atlantic and Greenland right whales have been slaughtered almost to the point of extermination, the sperm-whale industry has practically disappeared, and little remains now but whaling in the Antarctic. That region is virtually new to whalemen as their invasion dates from 1905, but so destructive is modern whaling that the total catch in that area has exceeded ten thousand whales in a single year. Efforts should be made to restrict the slaughter, since the whale is a mammal that is too large for a game preserve or zoo.

Summer Sun.

O summer sun, O moving trees!
O cheerful human noise, O busy glittering street,
What hour shall fate in all the future find,
Or what delights, ever to equal these;
Only to taste the warmth, the light, the wind,
Only to be alive, and feel that life is sweet?

—Lawrence Binyon.

Installed in Naples.

An automatic telephone system of American manufacture will be installed in Naples.

Lilacs.

Lilacs are always memory flowers,
They grow beside old country places,
Closed doors and windows blank of faces;
They guard old secrets, hushed and grave,
Through early summer's singing hours
Heavy with fragrance of the brave.

I know a house upon a hill,
Wind swept and looking to the tide;
That house—the fragrance folds me still
Wherever I abide.

Two pictures hang upon the wall;
The boyish eyes look out to sea,
Far and away beyond the call
Of bird and field and tree.

There many a summer afternoon
The glass is etched with shadows pale
Of lilac bough and clouds of June
And one white, breasting sail.

Shadows of sea and flowers flow
Across each earnest pictured face;
They who had lived where lilacs blow
Died where the waves give place.

This old, dim spot the road led past—
The long, sad road of marching men,
To strife and tumult, and at last
To peace and dreams again.

And she who watched her sons pass by,
Returning not on land or tide,
Folded her brave hands reverently
In lilac time and died.

Lilacs are always memory flowers,
They grow beside old country places,
Closed doors and windows blank of faces;
They guard old secrets, hushed and grave,
Through early summer's singing hours,
Fragrant with memory of the brave.

— Bertha Cleveland Jones.

What Our Favorite Hymns Are.

The Etude Musical Magazine has been making an attempt to ascertain what are the favorite hymns of the people on this continent. In the census taken, people of various callings, various creeds, and both of city and country localities are included. The result was that 32,000 hymn titles were sent in, the titles and number of votes being as follows: Abide With Me, 7,301; Nearer My God, to Thee, 5,490; Lead, Kindly Light, 4,161; Rock of Ages, 3,432; Jesus, Lover of My Soul, 2,709; Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, 1,444; Just as I Am, Without One Plea, 875; Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me, 487; My Faith Looks Up to Thee, 236; All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name, 220.

Between 150 and 200 votes: O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go; How Firm a Foundation; In the Hour of Trial; What a Friend We Have in Jesus; I Need Thee Every Hour; Sweet Hour of Prayer; When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Between 100 and 150 votes: He Leadeth Me; In the Cross of Christ I Glory; Jesus Calls Us, O'er the Tumult; Onward, Christian Soldiers; Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah; O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.

Between 50 and 100 votes: Will There Be Any Stars?; Come, Thou Almighty King; Softly Now the Light of Day; O Worship the King; Now the Day is Over; Come, Ye Disconsolate; One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Four Cylinders Popular.

Of the automobiles operated in the United States it is said 70 per cent. are of the four-cylinder type.

Capt. Kidd's Treasure Undiscovered

A GLIMPSE OF THE EMPRESS FERRY IN THE BAY OF FUNDY

Captain Kidd may have sailed by here two centuries ago, long before these aged fishing wharfs sprang into being.

There are few towns and villages along the Nova Scotia coast of the Bay of Fundy in which and from which searchers have not dug, in the hope of finding buried treasure. Old tales, handed down from father to son, say that the notorious Captain Kidd sailed along the coast in his ship "The Adventure," and buried some of his ill-gotten treasure there. Historical records show that Captain Kidd visited New York in 1696 and filled up his crew, and he might easily have visited the Bay of Fundy, and probably did, but if he planted any treasure it is still lying in the bowels of the earth, for there is no record of any being found, though scores of "gold-diggers" have ploughed up acres of land. It seems that the favorite sport for men who lived in the Minas Basin years ago was searching for the mythical treasure. The "divining rod" is even yet used by those who happen on a clue, and at one time, though years ago, owners of certain properties are known to have applied for legal aid in keeping the searchers from their property. Wierd stories of phantom ships and ghostly shapes appearing to the searchers, of iron bound boxes vanishing from sight, as soon almost as seen, are told by old men and women as they sit in their door-ways or sun themselves against the walls, and all have some personal experience to relate.

"But why search for treasure at night?" asked one old lady of the transient tourist with whom she had engaged in the typically hospitable conversation of her race, "have we not here in each and every day enough gold and glory to satisfy the wants of any man?" And the old lady was right too, because go you anywhere from Windsor to Yarmouth, and especially in the spring time through the "land of Evangeline" in which she lived; it is the orchard of the world. Eternal hills, crowned by the "forest primeval" of which Longfellow sang, face the historic Bay. The fragrance of a million blooms is wafted on each breeze, and the colors of a million blooms blend in scenes of old world glory, pastoral and peaceful. The country does not sleep, but it is a place for rest, as is being discovered each year by an increasing number of tourists.

Always keep BOVRIL in the House

You can never tell when you may want it

Woman's Interests

YOUR SUMMER FROCKS.

Batiste and Valenciennes lace! Sheer voile and all-over embroidery! Dimity and tucked net! Soft muslin, colorfully embroidered! If you are in your teens or a little older, these are the cream of the sheer stuffs to choose from this summer. Take any one of them, add flounces, tiers, or tucks that look like skirt sections, and you are almost sure to come out with a pretty frock.

You see, soft goods won't stand for the severe treatment we have been giving organdie for the last two or three years. They need trimming. Lines to cut them up. And fullness to fluff them out. I'm almost tempted to use the word lingerie in describing them. There's so much lace. Lace to edge the berthas and the sleeves and flounces. You can slip by with one row, but three or four is all the prettier.

As one might expect, when daintiness is the quality to be achieved, the lace is Valenciennes. Flounced dresses are made straight as to waist, a rather close-fitting skirt foundation. And then just as many flounces as you please. The material is an embroidered voile with a two-toned satin ribbon sash that blends with the embroidery.

This brings me to another smart trimming: ribbon edges. There's a great variety made especially for finishing. Sometimes these edges are formed of a narrow and wide ribbon sewed together on one side. Can't you picture a white batiste embroidered in blue, with its flounces edged with yellow and blue ribbons? Other ribbons are scalloped or picoted. All you have to do is to turn the edge of the flounce an eighth of an inch; press it, lap it over the ribbon, and slip-stitch it in place. It goes surprisingly fast.

In the case of a three-tiered skirt, bandings make attractive trimmings. A plain white batiste or voile could be made quite out of the ordinary if Egyptian embroidered batiste or wool-embroidered organdie were inserted an inch above the bottom of the tiers. These bandings vary in width from one to twelve inches. For wide tiers, four-inch bands are effective.

Of course, not all of the tiered and flounced dresses are sheer cotton. One meets them almost as often in silk. In small-patterned silks they are especially pretty. Here the edges are bound with self-bias and the faistlines finished with ribbon—grosgrain, picot-edged ribbon, or velvet.

And even heavier goods, such as cotton ratine, show a tiered effect. An easy way of accomplishing this is to tuck a straight skirt. Since the lower edge of the skirt is straight, it's a style that could be copied in checked gingham or a bordered goods.

MUSHROOM POINTERS.

In preparing mushrooms, cut a small piece from the stem end and soak in salted water for fifteen minutes before using; then peel the caps, and unless they are to be broiled cut them in halves if large.

A very delicious and simple mushroom dish known as mushroom ragout is made by frying a quarter of a pound of prepared mushrooms in two tablespoons of bacon fat. Then add a cup and a half of thin brown sauce and simmer for twenty minutes. Add half a teaspoon of kitchen bouquet, a tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce and four slices of diced bacon that has been cooked crisp and brown. Bring to the boiling point and serve on hot toast slices.

Stuffed mushrooms—Still another good recipe is stuffed mushrooms. Prepare twelve very large caps and chop the stems finely. Melt three tablespoons of butter, add half a tablespoon of minced shallot and the chopped stems and fry for eight minutes. Blend in one and a half tablespoons of flour, add chicken stock to moisten, a teaspoon of shredded parsley, salt and paprika to taste and a few grains of nutmeg. Cool, fill the caps, well rounding them up; cover with buttered crumbs and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

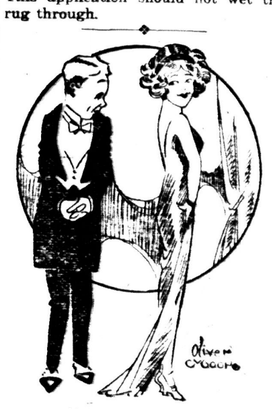
Mushroom sandwiches are particularly good and rather a novelty. Prepare a quarter of a pound of the caps, cut in pieces and simmer in milk until tender, adding a pinch of salt. When tender drain and chill, add one chopped hard boiled egg, half a cup of finely diced celery, one tablespoon of cress, extra salt, celery salt and paprika to suit the individual taste and sufficient mayonnaise dressing to moisten. Use as the filling between buttered slices of whole wheat or graham bread.

RUG CLEANING.

This formula can be applied with equal success to a thousand-dollar oriental rug or a homemade braided or knit or crocheted or "hooked" rug. This is the formula:

One box soap flakes or an equal quantity of soap shaved from bar, 2 oz. borax, 1 oz. soap bark, 1½ qts. hot water, 4 oz. ammonia.

Mix soap flakes, borax and soap bark, add the 1½ qts. hot water and boil until well dissolved. Next add the ammonia and 2½ qts. cold water. Let stand one day. The soap mixture, after standing, forms a slimy mass. Apply the mixture to rug with a scrub brush, working gradually from one end of rug to the other. Rub in until there is a deep lather. Then scrape off this lather with a thin strip of wood about twelve inches long, or with tin shingle. Wipe the surface of the rug carefully with a damp cloth, give especial care to the edges of rug. This application should not wet the rug through.



Not Complimented.

He (exaltedly)—"I feel I could put all the world under your feet!"

She—"Sir, permit me to say the size of my feet would not permit the carrying out of your ambition by any means."

The First Rose of the Summer.

The first rose of the Summer
Came forth on yesterday;
Her cheeks were kissed by raindrops soft,
Where vagrant breezes play.
Her heart was filled with sweetness rare,
I marvel at her grace—
Upon her lips reflected fair,
A smile from Nature's face.

Her presence, sweet with perfume,
That fills my soul with thrills.
She speaks to me in quiet tones
Her breath new hope instills.
Ah! let me count her jewelled smiles
Tinged with the sunset glows,
Ah! let me rest where she would choose—
My first sweet Summer rose.

—Charlotte Carson-Talcott.

Learn French by Radio.

In England many persons are learning the French language by listening to speeches and music broadcast by radio from the Eiffel tower in Paris.

Paper From Rye Straw.

Writing paper will be made from rye straw by Dutch interests in the Dutch East Indies.

After Every Meal

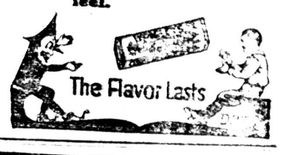
WRIGLEY'S

The Great Canadian Sweetmeat

provides pleasant action for your teeth, also penetrating the crevices and cleansing them.

Then, too, it aids digestion.

Use WRIGLEY'S after every meal—see how much better you will feel.



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 229