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The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
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CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

As David looked into the eager eyes and listened to the pent-up thoughts rolling out from one who a few moments before had all the savoir-faire of a woman of the world, he again experienced the pleasurable thrill of meeting at last an antidote for his hitherto ennui, his world-weariness.

But their *tertium quid* was over all too soon. As footsteps came along the hall David was surprised at the lightning change in his companion. The animation died from his face and in an instant she was the calm hostess with duties to perform. He decided it wasn't deceit. Indeed, it puzzled him to fathom the reason. Dual natures he had heard and read of, but this was his nearest personal approach to anything of the kind, and he wondered if it were a mere fancy that the East and West were fighting for supremacy in this winsome and fascinating find of his!

After Weng Toy had made ample apologies for his delay, the three proceeded to the dining-room, where the arts of the mandarin's cooks had provided a feast fit for kings. This was David's first experience of dining in a Chinese home. He had heard, however, that it was customary in China, and a sign of good breeding, to extol the food to the highest point, while the host did the reverse. The delicious first course of fruit and nuts, followed by gelatinous birds' nest soup, worked his enthusiasm up to a fine pitch, nor did it require any effort to eulogize on the shark's fins which followed. Indeed, David had had no idea food could be raised so far above the commonplace of life, but then never before had he had such a charming hostess, who considered it an unavoidable courtesy to taste from his dish at intervals, a custom he thought quite charming. Weng Toy, however, although his dinner and manner of serving it were truly Chinese, did not follow the demagogic custom of his country. Instead, he guided skillfully a friendly and delightful conversation.

Although David decided that that evening was the real bend in the turning point in his life, he couldn't determine which was the more captivating—the girl whose confidences had bubbled up so spontaneously in the drawing-room, or the young hostess, demure yet dignified, whose laugh had shimmered into a smile and whose long lashes were lifted at but rare intervals to let him glimpse the glowing sapphires they concealed.

After dinner Tu Hee slipped away. David discussed with his host absent-mindedly, but at least intelligently, the world topics of the day. He soon discovered there was another rare curio of friendship with which fate had favored him. He was enchanted with the mandarin's wide views, his respect and tolerance of the opinions of others, the diffidence but, when urged, the firmness, with which he voiced his own convictions, letting it be seen, however, they were leashed and not allowed to run wild.

When eleven-thirty came and still Tu Hee had not reappeared, David, successfully hiding his disappointment, rose to take his departure. The mandarin looked at him in surprise. "Is it necessary that you cut short your visit, Captain Marsden?" he enquired. Upon learning that his

guest had no paramount reason for departing at so early an hour as eleven-thirty, Weng Toy settled back in his chair and motioned David to do the same.

David discovered his host had done some extensive travelling, and as he himself had covered not an insignificant part of the world's territory, they compared some very interesting notes. From the arts of Rome they wandered to the antiquities of Egypt, thence to the jungles of Africa.

"You undoubtedly have a valuable assortment of souvenirs of your travels, Mr. Weng Toy?"

"Yes, not a mean collection at all. They are a little step from here in a back compartment of the compound. If you would care to see them, however—"

Interrupting him, David assured the mandarin that while it would give him no small pleasure to have old memories revived, he would much prefer, if his host would so humor him, to see the treasures of China, of which he had heard his palace was a veritable storehouse.

Weng Toy's manner showed he was not a little pleased at the request, and while deprecating in true Chinese fashion his limited possessions, at once proceeded to gratify his guest's curiosity.

"The scent of flowers filled the summer night air as David crossed the compound with his host. A full moon sailed in a silver radiance. Tiny stone bridges glistened white over waterfalls that splashed and cooled the atmosphere. Detached here and there were rock gardens from which the flowers glowed softly and drowsily in the night breeze. Mountains of peonies rose like eager, flaming heralds, beckoning the world-weary to pause and rest. After all the tumult of the past three years no wonder David named it the Garden of Peace.

"What a wonderful, perfect setting!" he exclaimed, and then stopped. For a moment he had fancied himself walking here, a small hand resting in his and blue eyes returning shyly his adoring glances. He sighed. His life had been, and would continue to be, too incongruous for such happiness. The cold hand of Fate would forever bar the way for love as madly as he would, he could never marry a Chinese maiden. Such an act on his part would be like taking one of the glowing peonies before him and bruising its life out. No, he would behave sanely and rationally, accompany his host, admire the treasures of China, and say good-bye to the place forever. In all fairness he must turn back at the first step.

They had come to a dividing wall. Weng Toy pushed open a moon gate and they entered another courtyard equally as beautiful. The mandarin led the way into one of the many small buildings comprising his estate. Inside David stood bewildered. The oriental splendor of the place dazzled him. Draperies and hangings and wonderful carved furniture, appearing too exquisite for human use, surrounded him. Ebony couches, made luxuriant with brocade cushions, were strewn about the apartment invitingly. Teakwood chairs and tables, with covers on which the emblems of China were embroidered in pure gold, made the place luxuriant enough for the abode of princes.

The mandarin watched the expressive face of his guest, well pleased. "This room thousands of years old," he explained. "Everything before you belonged to my famous ancestor, the emperor Wu Wang."

"I have travelled a great deal, Mr. Weng Toy, but you have here a room that surpasses in beauty and luxury anything I have ever seen. You keep it closed up, of course? You do not make use of it?"

"My niece is the only one privileged to come here. This is one of her own private rooms. Nothing in all China too good for my child."

The note of earnest solemnity in the last statement forged a true link of esteem in David's mind for this high-bred Easterner.

As he stood in the midst of these symbols of an aeons-old civilization, David could not help but ponder on this country, with its teeming millions who were yet riveters in the footsteps of their ancestors. What would happen, he wondered, when the fatters were broken and they were forced to meet the new world, the West, which in comparison, was an infant in years and harbored barbarians when China lolled in luxury?

As the door of the treasure house closed on them, Weng Toy paused.

"There is something I am going to show you, Captain Marsden, that no foreigner has yet laid eyes on, the most prized possession of my house and one which I know you will appreciate."

David expressed his keen pleasure at the offer, but added it must surely be one of the seven wonders of the world if it could surpass what he had already seen.

They passed through several court-

yards, each going with the other in beauty. The air seemed to grow more cool and more fragrant. Fountains fell in cool rhythmic splashes, and temple bells chimed softly in the night breeze. Truly it was a world by itself—a world loaded with years and enchantment.

After following a winding path bordered with flowering bushes they came upon a temple rising serenely like a saintly sentinel guarding the past, the pagoda roof shimmering in the moonlight.

At their approach two servants, standing on guard at the door, prostrated themselves to the ground. Weng Toy passed between them, and David followed. It was all rather weird. What did it mean, he wondered, guards at this time of night in front of a temple? Surely they did not fear for the safety of their gods. David smiled at the inconsistency of humans to thought, the necessity for humans to protect the symbols of their deities. Inside the entrance two more guards bowed themselves to the ground.

The temple was but dimly lighted as they entered, but almost immediately a soft glow permeated the place and David became aware of a circular formation of servants around a huge idol in the centre of the temple. He watched them curiously, wondering what there was about this pagan religion to call forth such devoutness, and evidently midnight worship was quite customary. At least, the mandarin showed no surprise. But were they worshipping, after all? he asked himself. Truly it was a world by itself, means prayerful. Solemn it was, but not reverent. Besides, the group were facing the door and had been when their master entered, for no move-

NURSES

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ment had they made except to prostrate themselves at the mandarin's approach. Rising en masse they now formed a single file on each side of the idol, and Weng Toy fell into step with his guest and together they approached the image.

A sense of the mystic crept over David as he stood before the statue. The soft light from the candles, the aroma of burning incense, and the mellow chimes of the temple bells as the night breeze swayed them, all tended to envelop him with a sense of the unreal, the supernatural. In the shadowy temple the image might have been a reincarnated spirit, so lifelike did it appear. The delicate colorings showed the features up in startling relief. This was no dull, stolid-faced idol. The tranquil expression led David's thoughts to the Nazarene, and it indeed seemed that the Christ was in that Chinese temple, tolerant and patient with a blindfolded world. A feeling, almost a conviction, swept over David that if he but knelt there for a brief moment, some wonderful blessing would fall from the slender, upraised hand.

(To be continued.)



Woman's Interests

THE ANNUAL RENOVATION.

I have always maintained that housecleaning is a task that may be done, if enough planning is given to the matter, without upsetting the whole house from attic to cellar.

Of course, when it is done piecemeal, as it were, with nothing attempted that cannot be finished the same day, the housekeeper does not acquire as much merit as when she is found at close of day a total wreck among all her piled-up possessions.

When a man returns to his home at night and finds it looking to his masculine eyes much the same as when he left it in the morning, he is not likely to offer the sympathy his wife expects and craves after going through a hard day of house cleaning; but, if he finds everything topsy-turvy, he may more readily visualize the battle that has been raging all the day, and then he is quite willing to believe that the work was hard and that his wife is "half dead."

It often happens, however, when repairs or renovations are going on, that the work cannot be done in quick order. Days and weeks of confusion must be put up with, and the family kept cheerful by the thought of how satisfactory everything is going to be after the work is all done. One has to repeat those words as often and with as much fervor as any disciple of Coud uttered his creed, in order to carry on through the dark days when it looks as if home would never be again.

Men, it seems to me, do not object to the confusion that results from house building as much as women do. Perhaps, because a man is of a more constructive disposition. I know that I have often accompanied an enthusiastic man through unfinished houses and been unable to see them with his eyes. When he could visualize the finished product, paying little attention to the cluttered condition of the place, I could see only the disorder, and would be unable to cover laths with the plaster of imagination and finish rooms and stairways with paper and paint in the same way.

Still, there are some women who do enjoy watching a house grow and who are as happy over its development as a mother is over her child's growth. They have that bump of construction which, I fancy, was left out of my own make-up. Perhaps it is not so much laziness on my part as a desire for peace and quiet that makes the upheaval accompanying the redecoration of a house appear to me to be such a trying matter.

I have often thought that it was a wise dispensation of Providence that led to the creation of the first woman only after everything else was finished. She was spared that long watching which would have been her fate had she come into existence earlier. Waiting to see order come out of that first chaos would have needed a high degree of patience, and the confusion would have "got on the nerves" of nine women out of ten.

Perhaps there was still higher wisdom shown in the plan of her coming into being the last thing of all, as her opinion as to just how things should be done was avoided, for her views certainly would have been given, whether asked for or not. She, as well as many other women since her time, would have protested, I am sure, had the chance been given against the creation of various animals, reptiles and insects for which a woman sees no earthly use.

If, however, a woman was spared the first great confusion, it is the only one with which she has not had experience. Without her advice or help but few changes and chances are taken in this mortal life, and upon her shoulders usually falls a big part of the burden.

But if her work is hard so is her reward great, for even if she is more downhearted than a man while changes are in progress, she really is more appreciative of them when they are completed. She fairly revels in the fresh wallpaper and new paint and soon forgets the discomfort she has endured when everything is in perfect order, and she is blissfully aware that everything also is as clean as clean can be. Chaos can be forgotten when order soon follows.

Living for a time in a dismantled house, with nothing where it should be, and everything in view that should not be, makes one think the more seriously of the unrest and disorder from which the whole world is suffering. Will rest and peace ever come after the present chaotic conditions?

Our common sense tells us, in answer to that question, that until man can think less of himself and more of others, no real peace will prevail. No country as yet has actually found itself, no one is wholly at peace with time.

Time, and a better understanding of one another, may effect a world's house-cleaning.—Dolly Wayne.

MASTER YOUR MOODS.

"Oh, don't let that trouble you! It's only one of mother's moods! She always gets that when anything goes the least bit wrong."

Thus did a daughter speak to a friend who was stopping with the family for a few days, and who was much perturbed by the silent air of martyrdom which was worn by her hostess. Generally speaking, the lady was a cheery, pleasant character, but she developed moods when she was quite young, and let them get a hold on her.

Now unless we pick ourselves up out of any unpleasant rut, such as indulging in moods which can upset a whole household, we are pretty sure to go through life a misery to ourselves and to everyone else.

If we are going to collect moods let them be good ones. Because after one gets moods of any type they are apt to turn out like the "old man of the sea." Hard to shake off, they "get" you very soon after you have "got" them.

None of us can pick out our inclinations and our tendencies, but we can all choose what we shall cultivate. Sulking and being morose, answering others shortly, or not answering them at all if we don't feel inclined, never really affords any great satisfaction, and even if they did, what right have you or I or anyone to satisfy ourselves at the expense of those others who are forced to come in contact with us.

Perhaps the most distressing type of mood is that which folks acquire, and yet won't let others know why they are moody.

A friend of mine has had a servant for many years. As a worker she is a treasure, but her moods at times cast a gloom over the house. One day the mistress, seeing Annie with a whole heap of peas to shell, sat down beside her in the kitchen and lent a hand.

Immediately the girl got sullen and looked glum. When spoken to she barely answered. It was not until a day or so afterwards that her mistress knew what had caused the trouble.

"It seemed as though you thought

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shilling peas too busy work for me and wanted to get them done, so I could start scrubbing again," was the explanation. The servant was really hurt. If she had said this at the time, things could have been put right.



SIMPLE FROCK FOR PLAY OR SCHOOL.

Pattern 3613 is here shown. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

Pongee, taffeta, repp, poplin, ging-ham, kindergarten cloth, percale, lawn and crash are attractive for this model. Stitching, embroidery or braid forms a suitable decoration.

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A dear old lady, in London for the first time in her life, saw a glaring sign on the front of a high building which read: "The Smith Manufacturing Company."

"Lawks a mercy!" she remarked to her nephew. "I've heard of Smiths all my life, but I never knew where they made 'em before."



A Case in Point
"Can inanimate objects think?"
"Well, I've hugged a girl and found that cigars in my pocket were much broken up over it."

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

Silencer for Airplanes.
In Switzerland there has been invented a silencer for airplane motors that is more efficient than automobile mufflers.

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Skirts Pleated \$1.

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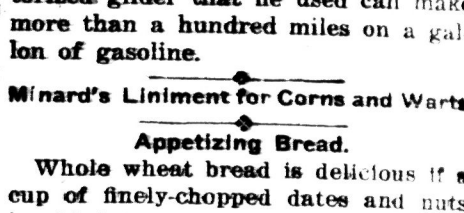
In work or play, it gives the poise and steadiness that mean success.

It helps digestion, always thirst, keeps the mouth cool and moist, the throat unchoked, relaxed and pleasant and the nervous at ease.



The French aviator who in January remained aloft more than eight hours and a half in an aeroplane with the motor stopped recently took the air in a glider propelled by a seven-horsepower motor and flew and landed without the aid of a wind. The motorized glider that he used can make more than a hundred miles on a gallon of gasoline.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts
Appetizing Bread.
Whole wheat bread is delicious if a cup of finely-chopped dates and nuts is added to the dough.



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MOWERS



Thirteenth Year
Chaplain Major
in camp at Niagara
Haldimand Rifles. He
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PARASITIC W FIGHT CO

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Send Insects to
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The excess in the number
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Wrist watches are said
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Since the commencement
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lands have been filed on
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ber of persons filing on
numbered 365. Figures fr
1922 show that 1,500 home
filed on in the Edmonton
area, giving a total of 25
in all.

WHAT DICK ABOUT



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Lifebuoy babies have beautiful healthy skins.

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FIGURE No. 24-25.