

When You Try "SALADA" TEA

you will realize the difference between "Salada" and "just tea."

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
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CHAPTER XIX.

Autumn's breath was fast fanning away the torrid heat of summer, but so far it had not mellowed the gorgeous beauty of flowers and shrubs. Nature was running wild in a riot of colors. Hearts might break, tragedy stalk abroad gaunt and ruthless, but the seasons rolled by rhythmically and unafected.

The Culvers had given up the idea of spending the winter in Peking. The first of October was the day set for their return to America, their final farewell to China, the land where they had met their greatest joy and their greatest sorrows.

Irma Culver wondered how God could let one-half the world smile so unfeelingly while the other half moaned and writhed in agony. As she sat with folded hands in her sun-drenched and fragrant garden, trying for her husband's sake to coax back strength to her rebellious body, she tried to piece her life together into some kind of a reasonable pattern, but it seemed as if the more she tried the more like an impossible puzzle it became.

Her religion told her God's ways were not man's ways, but surely, she reasoned, God did not take delight in dealing death darts to people's hopes! Perhaps Emerson's policy was wisest: expecting nothing, and being thankful for moderate good.

And then slowly but surely a revolution took place in Irma Culver's soul. Her simple, single faith in Providence enlarged. She saw the world as a great scaffold, where each joist did its share in keeping up the whole. No single part was needlessly strengthened or cared for. The Architect kept His eye on the whole.

That was the self answer to Irma's fretful questions. She looked askance at her new belief. "But why," she asked, "should God lead me to a pit of black despair? No, no; that may be my idea of God, but my mind can't conceive such a petty deity as that. My idea is that God has to disregard the individual in His great scheme of things. We are necessary sacrifices that the whole may some day be perfect."

"Ah, no, my sister." The missionary's face lit up with the light of personal faith. "God tells us that not a sparrow falls but what He knows; that if one lamb strays from the fold He watches over it until it returns; that the very hairs of our heads are numbered."

"Yes, yes!" Irma's voice was coolly impatient. "I once had that faith, too. I would like to have it again. It is comforting, but I'm afraid it is shattered for all time. Don't, please, misunderstand me. I'm not railing at Providence. I'm only cognizant of the fact that I'm but a grain of sand in the great Architect's hand; a grain of mere dust, whose position in life would be shifted if it interfered with the perfecting of the vast structure."

Neil Culver did not return to religion for solace, as his wife. He had moulded a philosophy of his own out of life, and on this he fell back when the second tragic blow fell. But in spite of his continual assurance to himself that law and order ruled the

universe and that his place was here for some ultimate purpose, his shoulders lost their old rigorous upright-ness and his eyes had a tired look.

They brightened, however, when Paul's name was on his lips. His head lifted proudly and there was a ring in his voice that could not be mistaken. "Paul dead in his youth?" He smiled tolerantly at the sympathizer.

"My son has lived a thousand lives every hour over there. Life is not counted in years. He has accomplished more in his short life than I have or ever can, even if I pass twenty milestones beyond the three score and ten. Paul died for his brother men. Paul's death has brought the world nearer to eternal light. My plan for him was that he should be the evangel of China, but I never dreamed he would die the glorious death of a martyr for the whole world."

Irma heard him one day, and her hold on religion and life ebbed slowly back. That night her husband came upon her with Paul's photograph in her hands to which she was talking softly and reverently.

"You gave up everything: your happy, joyous youth, this beautiful world; and how you loved it, the spring, summer, and winter of it! You gave up me. You died to make the world better, dear; and I must not mar your sacrifice by blotting it with my tears."

Neil closed the door softly and stole out into the night. He lifted his face to the starry heavens. The breeze swayed the temple bells into soft music, which mingled with a strong man's sob sent up to his God.

CHAPTER XX.

"The God of Sport will banish us if we keep this up."

"I agree with you," laughed Helen Claymore, rather mirthlessly. "It's something for your minds we need."

"I don't now about that," retorted Grace, tossing her racket and balls into the locker. "A woodcutter, should be my vocation to-day. I'm in a mood to demolish everything in sight. Ye gods! To think that that girl's wedding is only two days away and David across the sea blissfully unconscious!"

"Don't be an idiot," snapped Helen. "Come up to the house and I'll order a couple of ponies ready."

"Wouldn't dare. I'd either break the poor beast's neck or my own."

"My dear Grace, you must let Fate give you a few bluffs. You may as well grin and bear it, for he will anyway."

"But oh, Helen, isn't it fire and brimstone! No, don't be alarmed. That's the limit I allow myself, but it's not even the vapor of my steam to-day. I'm in a peevish mood, my friend. You had better keep an eye and clutch on me, for I'm liable to commit any satanic evil—even the kidnapping of the mandarin's niece."

By the way, what kind of a wedding is she going to have? One of those heathenish affairs, where they parade their household linens and wares all over the city?"

Helen nodded. "It will take ten days to complete the ceremony. Visiting guests by the hundred, furniture parade, etc. I think the big procession will be eliminated on account of the mandarin's death."

"Caesar and Cleopatra! It sounds like the Indian tales of our great-grandmothers' time."

"It's just about as barbaric. Hey ho, here comes Li. Sent him to the city this morning. He's evidently bristling with news of some sort, the way he's sprinting up the path."

"Well, Li, the city isn't burned down; no uprising of the white race or anything like that?" banttered Helen.

"No, madam—much greater, much greater!" panted the boy. "St. Peter help us!" Helen put up her hands in mock despair. "Come now, Li, keep your imagination steady, boy. Out with the news. They say women sometimes die of curiosity, you know, and it would be reckless of you to kill two white women in their youth."

"Kill—kill that it. Much kill—Misses Weng Toy." "Good heavens!" Grace sprang to her feet. "Speak up, boy. Helen's voice was sharp with fright. "Misses Weng Toy not be married ever now."

"Don't dribble; tell us everything at once." "I tell—yes, I tell—give me time." "Who is dead for Mercy's sake tell us who is dead." Grace's voice was hysterical. Li drew himself to his full height

and in an important voice announced: "The great Mr. Chu Sing he died."

"Think heaven!" Grace sank weakly back into her chair, while the shocked Li stood staring at her open-mouthed.

"Do go on and be quick." His mistress' peremptory command brought the boy to his senses. "Mr. Chu Sing killed—killed by Miss Weng Toy, and great sacred ruby of Culver stolen."

Helen stared at the narrator, speechless. "Well, satisfied with the effect of his words, the boy turned to spread the joy-giving thrills among the servants."

"Here, come back," called his mistress. "Li reluctantly halted. "Have two ponies saddled at once." "Yes, madam," and forgetting his bow, Li sped toward the servants' quarters.

There was grim silence between the two girls as they set off for the Culvers. When half way there Grace voiced a thought that had evidently been weighing on her mind.

"What's your boy says is correct about Tu Hee, we must do everything in our power to free her."

"I can't believe she did it, a refined, delicate girl like Tu Hee—no, it's too ugly, too utterly melodramatic to be in the girl's category. Li has evidently jumbled facts. These people are artists with their imagination."

Grace wasn't convinced, however. "Still, you can't be too sure," she rejoined. "We don't know all that's been between them. She may have grown desperate, poor child."

"Well, we won't be in doubt long. The Culvers will certainly know everything that is to be known, as it's their property that's been stolen."

As they neared the Culvers' temple, knots of chattering, excited peasants dotted the paths. The two foreign women were the targets of many curious stares, as well as many extremely personal comments.

"What makes them so white?" was the audible query of one. "The answer came readily in a 'know all' tone: "Foreign devils wash every day."

But neither Grace nor Helen found any diversion in remarks that another time would have occasioned amused smiles and sallies. They both felt they were in the shadow of grim tragedy.

"There's Mr. Reynolds," remarked Grace. "It looks as though he had just arrived from the city."

As they rode up, Reynolds turned from giving his horse into the hands of a servant. His grave face brightened perceptibly as he caught sight of the visitors.

(To be continued.)

Teeth of Malay Bride Filed Before Marriage.

The Malays pay for marriage before they celebrate it. To eat a wedding cake or wear a wedding robe as yet unpaid for would be an irreparable disgrace, according to the Malayan code.

All the wedding expenses are paid for by the bridegroom and the sum which covers them is sent by him to the father-in-law on the day previous to that on which the young man claims and receives his wife.

On the day before her marriage the girl's teeth are filed. Feasting and music intersperse elaborate ceremonies, and if the maiden moans her moans are drowned in a flood of music.

Three days before the ceremony she has her hair cut short upon her brow to a thin, straight fringe and the nails of both hands and feet are deeply stained with henna.

Awake 97 Hours.

The craze for ridiculous records evidently is not dead in Europe. After dancing, drumming, pipe blowing and whistling records comes the insomnia record, established at Trieste, France. A prize of 1,000 lire was offered to the person who could remain awake the longest.

Although the favorite was a young girl of twenty, the prize was carried off by two men who succeeded in keeping their eyes open for more than ninety-seven hours, the girl having fallen fast asleep after seventy-nine hours. The winning couple, one a hairdresser and the other a bartender, probably are accustomed to late hours.

Meanwhile there is a man in a Florida hospital who is likely to beat all sleeping records. He is a business man who was found asleep on a park bench June 25 and is still asleep. The doctors, though they applied all the treatments known to them, have failed to arouse him.

Tea and eggs are in the same class. You insist on fresh eggs, and since tea deteriorates even more rapidly if exposed to the air, you should insist on tea sealed like "SALADA" in air-tight aluminum to keep it fresh. Do not accept bulk teas of questionable age.

Eruptions by Time-Table.

Do periods of volcanic activity tend to fit in with definite time-cycles? The records show that at any particular place earthquakes have a maximum once every four years, and it is now contended that the same may hold good of eruptions.

There seems to be a certain amount of evidence supporting this theory. For instance, 1923, 1911, and 1873, which were years of Etna eruptions, would fit a four-year cycle. The eruption of 1843, when sixty-nine persons lost their lives as the result of an "explosion" of lava, also falls within the cycle.

Rapid Growth.

A new-born infant sometimes doubles its birth weight in seven days.



TWELVE WAYS OF EARNING MONEY.

Here are twelve ways by which women have earned money. All are practical and have been tried out successfully.

No. 1. One woman baked homemade bread and sold it among her immediate neighbors. She was through every morning at 9 o'clock and her small sons delivered the product and collected the pay. She could easily have done a larger business had she thought it wise to undertake it.

No. 2. A woman, wishing to pay for her electric washing machine and not caring to let others use it, did the washing, starching and drying of the laundry of three acquaintances for a fair price.

No. 3. A woman with a real knack for making fine lace and originating crochet and embroidery designs did this work for magazine reproduction. In some cases she made samples only and in others the entire article was completed and sketched or photographed.

No. 4. A woman with a great fondness for beautifully laundered draperies decided, when left alone, to specialize in "doing up" lace and muslin curtains. Later she added blankets and fine embroidered pieces. Sometimes these were new and had never been used, and frequently her work included the luncheon pieces of an elaborate social affair which the hostess gives her to put into proper condition for later use.

No. 5. A woman who found it necessary to add to her income did so by planning entertainments for home hostesses. She is willing to manage everything from games to place card favors, the setting of the table to selection of the menu, and even, if the refreshments are light, to superintend the serving. This leaves the hostess free and relieves her of much anxiety and care.

No. 6. A woman with a knack for canning and preserving goes out doing this by the hour. Even in the winter season she is quite busy with marmalades and other good things which she is able to concoct. Many a busy housewife and many another, with all she can handle and perhaps with poor health, are glad to have her service.

No. 7. A woman who understands several makes of cars earns a tidy sum teaching women to drive these makes of machines. She gets her customers through the garages selling the cars.

No. 8. A woman who, for various reasons cannot leave home and who is occupied during the day, has opened a beauty parlor in her own home. She restricts her services from 7 to 10 four evenings a week and caters almost exclusively to business women and girls who are engaged during the day. The days when she works evenings she plans to have a light routine of work, so as to be rested as possible for her evening activities.

No. 9. A woman of wide reading with a fondness for writing makes a very good income by preparing speeches and address on given topics and club papers. Sometimes she only furnishes the facts, or again she writes up the material, suiting the style as far as she can to the individual who will use it.

No. 10. A woman with a fondness for making fancy things and who sews nearly every day adds several hundred dollars a year to her income by making fancy boudoir caps, bags, etc., evenings. These she sells mainly to the customers she serves during the day. If she has a day at home she makes up more of these articles and always finds sale for them.

No. 11. Another woman of about the same age as the one above mentioned, has earned enough money during the last year by tating to buy all her clothes, including a winter coat, for which she paid \$60, and the expense of a long anticipated trip five hours away on the train. Part of the money is earned by sewing the tating to the handkerchief or garment for

which it is intended. A little extra is asked for this service, and the customer has the advantage of having the exact length needed without any anxiety as to having too much or too little in length.

No. 12. A young girl who is anticipating going to college fills a regular position as a stenographer daytimes. However, she has her evenings and Saturday afternoons and, desiring to make them count, has several patrons to whose house she goes evenings. She takes her dictation and, having a second hand machine of her own, she transcribes the work as her spare time permits, and delivers it finished to her patrons, for a fair figure.

By doing this she has developed facility enough in taking, different kinds of work that she is now equipped to go to college and to help pay her way by acting as part time secretary to either a business man, a literary individual, or in the college office itself. All of this means that she will be able to gain a higher education without doing many of the laborious kinds of work some students are obliged to resort to in order to get through. More than that, she will be able to take her own notes in shorthand and to transcribe them swiftly and accurately. In some colleges special credits are given for typewritten notes and themes.

FOR YELLOWED CLOTHES.

Linen that has become yellow, from the use of too much soap or from other causes, after being thoroughly washed should be soaked overnight in cold water to which cream of tartar has been added. A teaspoonful of cream of tartar to a quart of water makes a sufficiently strong solution.

BABY'S MOVABLE PEN.

With an hour of your time you can make baby a movable pen, which will enable you to take him out into the garden or elsewhere while you are working and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is safe and happy.

Take a dry-goods box about 4x3 feet and mount it firmly upon the wheels and frame of a discarded baby carriage or an express wagon. Finish off the wood carefully so there will be no splinters to harm the little ones.

And Grandfather Smiled.

Grandfather smiled when his daughter told him that a committee from her club, the Bluebell Women's Club, would appear before the school board at its next meeting and present a petition asking that boys be taught to make useful articles for the home in their manual training courses.

"Fancy woodworking is all well enough," she conceded, "but we think the boys may as well be acquiring knowledge that they can put to practical use."

Grandfather smiled again. "When I was a boy," he said, "we didn't have to take school courses in chores; our mothers looked after that side of our education. We did all the small jobs round the house. I know I saved my father a good many carpenter's bills."

"I used to mend the chairs that got broken. I made window and door screens. I knocked lots of tables and porch chairs together. As for window boxes for flowers, I made dozens for mother and for the neighbors who hadn't a boy in the family. When mother got through with me father always wanted a job done—a fence, a henhouse, a cold frame or a pig trough. And my sisters, Mary and Eliza, were always calling on me for packing-box dressing tables or barrel chairs. But I never got any credit for that work; the girls would drape the tables and stuff the chairs, and when they showed 'em to the other girls they always said, 'I want you should see the chair or table I've just made!'"

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed his daughter, wide-eyed, "that you did all those things without training?"

"No, I had plenty of training; but I didn't get it at school. I began at home with wash benches and worked up by main force and awkwardness to something better. When I was a boy it was a pretty lazy fellow who could not do about as much as I did. And we didn't have to go to school and take a course of instruction to learn how to set up stoves or take down stovepipes."

"But I want Dick to take the manual-training course, father; all the best boys are taking it. It is really the thing nowadays."

Grandfather smiled at his daughter's earnestness. "Better send the boys to their grandfathers!" he recommended dryly.

Well Punished.

The singular punishment for bigamy in Hungary is to compel the man to live with both of his wives in one house.

Fishing by Wireless.

Vessels attached to the Canadian Department of Marine and Fisheries are to be fitted with wireless apparatus for the purpose of reporting the movements of schools of fish. Telephone broadcasting apparatus will also be employed for the same purpose. By this means fishermen owning receiving sets will avoid fruitless or unprofitable trips.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

4767

A SMART BLOUSE SUIT FOR THE SMALL BOY.

4467. Linen, drill, pongee and chambray as well as serge, chevot and twill may be used for this model. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 3 3/4 yards of 27-inch material. 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.

WRIGLEYS

Take it home to the kids. Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

A delicious combination and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.

After Every Meal

Starched in its Family Package

Wrigley's Doublemint Gum

Piano is Foundation of Musical Expression.

Parents who decide not to have their child take up the study of music at all, sometimes out of misdirected consideration for the child and a desire not to overwork it, often unwittingly do the child a great injustice. Quite apart from the question of cultural development and the esthetic value of music, no other art seems to give quite that degree of soul-satisfying joy.

The musical life of the land is rich, the fraternity of people who are interested in music is both large and desirable to enter. Even a modicum of talent which will permit simple improvisation or the rendering of operatic scores, gives a pleasure to the player and those about him that is unequalled. But once childhood is passed, it is not so easy to take up the beginnings of the study, and one is cheated out of perhaps the richest heritage civilization has given us, and made musically dumb by parents who lacked either the foresight or the interest to start and push one through the early, sometimes excruciating, but usually well-repaid days.

The piano is the foundation of musical expression. It is often the foundation of the composer, the guide of the singer and the invaluable ally of every other sort of instrument. An ability to play it is the imperative need of all wayfarers into the realms of harmony. To the musical amateur, it is a constant good companion and friend.

New Can Opener.

A can opener has been invented that turns back the edges of the tin smoothly as it is cut.

Where Willie Gathered Dirt.

Teacher—"Why, Willie! Such dirty hands! Who brought you up?" Willie—"De coal man, in his wagon, ma'am."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Lonely Isle.

St. Kilda, Britain's most remote island, with a population of 80 souls, is cut off about eight months in the year by the stormy seas on its rocky shores.

Toronto Bond Exchange Limited.

DOMINION BANK BLDG., TORONTO

ATTENTION

1923 VICTORY BONDS may now be exchanged for Dominion of Canada 5% Bonds

under the following conditions:

Holders may clip and retain interest coupons due Nov. 1st, 1923 and send their bonds to be exchanged for the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds maturing in 5 or 20 years.

In exchanging for DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds due 1928 they will receive the following amounts in cash, in addition to the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA Bonds on each:

\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 1.00
\$500 ..	5.00
\$1,000 ..	10.00

In exchanging for DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds due 1943 they will receive the following amounts in cash, in addition to the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA Bonds on each:

\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 1.75
\$500 ..	8.75
\$1,000 ..	17.50

For bonds from which the Nov. 1st coupon has not been clipped the cash balance will be as follows:

For 1923 Bonds.	
\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 3.75
\$500 ..	18.75
\$1,000 ..	37.50
For 1943 Bonds.	
\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 4.50
\$500 ..	22.50
\$1,000 ..	45.00

Forward your bonds by REGISTERED MAIL to the Toronto Bond Exchange Limited, Dominion Bank Bldg., Toronto. State plainly the maturity of DOMINION OF CANADA BONDS you wish—1928 or 1943. Receipts will be sent in order of acceptance.

ISSUE No 40-23.

LEADER'S

Report of C. Extre

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BRAIN PIE

Toronto Lac White Com

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LIST OF IN

Many of Large

The following losses sustained as given in the Mr. A. R. Bark. The King Sho. adian Shoes, Ltd. of \$577,508 were mated that only covered.

Advances in loan. ers against the sec. can War Veterans. Advances to the Brigadier-General. to the late Colonel 214.

Loans by the Ar. Ltd., \$120,410. The loss unless Mr. H. J. his guarantee to the

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