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The Gift Of The Gods

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

When left alone a faint hope rose in Tu Hee's breast, which grew stronger as the morning advanced, that Chu Sing had blundered and was held somewhere pending his confession of her whereabouts. So strongly did Tu Hee wish this to be the case that towards noon she really believed it was, and offered up incense in gratitude to the Goddess of Mercy.

Su was surprised at the relish her prisoner displayed for her lunch. She was mistaken after all in thinking her young charge had been pining over a secret lover. She could more easily learn to love her husband, for Su didn't doubt her master's intentions in that respect.

Tu Hee had risen from her prayers, in which she had not forgotten to mention the young foreigner, Captain Marsden. She stood now recalling their last meeting. A shy smile parted her lips. What would have happened, she wondered, if their ride had lasted five minutes longer? Her day dream engrossed her so entirely that she did not hear the door open and close.

Chu Sing stood silently watching his prisoner. His face was drawn and haggard, and his eyes bespoke a sleepless night. A sudden change swept over him, however, as his gaze dwelt on the girl before him. It was like a ray of light darting across a black cloud.

"Tu Hee!" he cried, starting towards her, hands outstretched.

Tu Hee swung around, a frightened physical pain. For a minute she felt as if a jagged path through her heart as he fled. She shrank back out of reach of the outstretched hands.

Chu Sing dropped his arms and stood looking at her, while a bitter smile banished the gleam that had brightened his dark face.

Tu Hee, buoyed up by her belief developed from a wish, had been taken entirely off guard. Her face looked pitifully white and young under its make-up, and her blue eyes might have been peering into the very depths of hell, so great was the horror mirrored there.

Perhaps it was a flash of pity that caused the man to turn his back and cross to the other side of the room. After a few minutes of silence, in which he had studiously avoided a glance at the girl, he said casually: "I evidently startled you, Tu Hee. When you are used to my presence I want to talk to you."

As he spoke Chu Sing wheeled about and faced her. "I am sorry if I frightened you. My love sometimes blinds me to the fact that you have none for me." As he spoke he crossed to within a few steps of where she stood, enveloped in her old-time poise and her eyes gleaming like blue pools of ice.

"You, of course, know why I brought you here," continued Chu Sing, goaded by her manner—"because you are to be my wife, as I always swore you would be."

Tu Hee's hands clinched, and her lips formed the word "Never," but no sound came.

All at once the man's tactics changed. He came a step nearer, and his voice was almost pleading: "Tu Hee, don't you see I am mad over you? I didn't want to do this thing, but I was mad when I saw the foreign devil standing in the road accepting your smiles as his right. Something snapped when the gates closed I bribed the runners to bring you here. It wasn't a premeditated thing. It was forced on me by my love for you."

"Love!—you don't know what love is, Chu Sing. You don't even know what friendship is or you couldn't have betrayed my uncle as you have."

A lightning change swept over the man's face. It was like the lash of grief. His eyes avoided Tu Hee's forehead.

Seizing her vantage point, Tu Hee continued: "I believe, Chu Sing, there is a human spot in your soul. Tell me I am not mistaken. Take me back to my uncle. He will be so overjoyed I shall persuade him to even forgive you, and these black days and nights will be buried out of sight in lasting forgetfulness."

The man's hand dropped to his side. Tu Hee started at the wild misery in the look he bent on her. Shaking his head he said: "It is no use, Tu Hee. I've sworn for years you would be mine, but now that you are here within my power, the gods have made me powerless."

Tu Hee sprang forward. Grasping his hands she exclaimed: "You mean you will take me home? O, Chu Sing, may the gods bless you for this! Let us lose no time then. Take me quickly to Uncle Weng Toy!"

It was almost a paternal look that Chu Sing bent on the eager, pleading manner had fallen from him, and there was a melancholy note in his voice as he replied: "Tu Hee, I cannot do what you ask."

"You cannot?" questioned Tu Hee, bewilderment in her voice. "You say you cannot take me to my Uncle Weng Toy?"

Chu Sing shook his head. "No, Weng Toy, my friend, the best I had, is with the gods."

Tu Hee looked at him uncomprehending the tragic meaning of his words. Then, as the awful truth saturated her mind, scream after scream, heart-breaking and terrible, echoed through the room.

Chu Sing rang a bell that stood on a nearby table. "Fetch me a sleeping potion," he ordered, as Su opened the door.

But many minutes elapsed before the quieting drug took effect on Tu Hee. This last blow was too much for the brain, already shocked from its normal balance, and as Chu Sing lis-

tened to the maniacal ravings and looked into the wild blue eyes, he brought me to your house here, Chu Sing, which, as you know, is one of his own heart and were rending it in shreds.

CHAPTER XV.

"It do missee much good is she go out."

Tu Hee raised her head, shook it listlessly, and sank farther into the depths of the upholstered chair. "Nothing can do me good any more, Su."

"If not good missee read that every day for month."

Tu Hee folded the newspaper spread out on her lap. "No, take it away. I know by heart now how my uncle waited for the later train, as he intended would have been well, but poor Uncle Weng, he felt something was wrong at home, so he took an earlier one. Then just outside the city came that awful collision. He didn't live long enough to send me a message; no, not one word!"

Even the stolid Chinese heart was touched by the hopeless tones, and by the tearless misery in the blue eyes. Sing entered. He glanced apprehensively at the figure in the chair.

"Feeling better?" he enquired in a somewhat abashed, hesitating voice.

Tu Hee studied him a moment. Then to the man's surprise, said: "Chu Sing, bring a chair over here. I want to talk to you."

Unmistakably pleased, Chu Sing did her bidding.

Tu Hee's face softened a little as she watched his eager clumsiness.

"I think, Chu Sing, you really do care for me in your way. No, please don't interrupt me. I believe you are sincere in saying you are sorry for giving in to your headlong impulse to bring me here five weeks ago; but, frankly, Chu Sing, no words could prove to me your real repentance is your treatment of me since I've been your prisoner."

"Prisoner? You are not my prisoner, Tu Hee. I gave you your freedom a month ago. I have considered you and treated you as an honored guest since the night delirium seized you."

"Yes, what you say is true, Chu Sing," Tu Hee's voice was a little weary. "You gave me my freedom, but I no longer cared for it. Where was I to go? When my mind grew sane again Uncle Weng had been buried, and I could not bear the thought of going back where we had been so ferociously about it. But now I feel differently about it. I want to go to my home, Chu Sing, just as soon as you can take me there."

A shadow crossed the man's face. "It shall be as you say, Tu Hee. We can start to-day—at once—if you say so."

"Wait. Please sit down again. You brought me to your house here, Chu Sing, which, as you know, is one of his own heart and were rending it in shreds."

Chu Sing avoided the girl's eyes. "No one need ever know, Tu Hee. By the rite has been fulfilled. I am according to my country's law one-sixth your wife. I am willing that the other rites shall be performed."

With a cry Chu Sing sprang to his feet. His dark face was transfigured. "You mean that, Tu Hee? You mean you care that much for me?"

The blue eyes met his sadly. Tu Hee shook her head. "No, Chu Sing, don't mistake my meaning. My heart died with Uncle Weng. I warn you I may be a sad, melancholy partner for you. You had better not be hasty. Consider well. There are many happy young Chinese maidens who would be only too glad to be the wife of the prominent official, Chu Sing."

"I care for only one maiden. I shall live only to resuscitate your heart, my little Tu Hee. I have loved you from the time I held you on my knee and played with you."

The man was bending low before Tu Hee's chair.

Tu Hee tried to overcome the repugnance that filled her as his breath touched her hand. Why did a pair of penetrating grey eyes intrude at that moment and a soft, well modulated voice sound in her ear: "Do you mind my telling you that it is only when I am with you I am happy?"

But Chu Sing sensed nothing amiss. He drew his tall form to its full height. His shoulders swung back like those of a man who has received great draughts of new, energizing life. His harsh features looked almost handsome in the glow that suffused them.

In the surprise of it all, Wonder seized her that she should be the cause of such a transformation. Surely she was making no mistake in giving happiness to her uncle's life-long friend; for, in spite of differences, Tu Hee knew an indissoluble tie had bound the two men.

If the image of a manly young form in the khaki uniform of a British soldier abraded itself, she shut it away with the curtain of Oriental prejudice. Was she not a Chinese maiden? Besides, had not his action in going back to his own country, without even a word or note of farewell, been sufficient proof that the foreigner had thought of her only as a passing diversion, easily forgotten?

Yes, the folded newspaper had dealt two tragic blows to her young life. So there was nothing left to do now but pick up the broken threads and weave a new. Perhaps the fabric would be less colorful, have many desolate, barren spots, but at least she would do her best and not be ashamed when the gods saw fit to let her join her beloved ancestor. And so Tu Hee entered a new cycle of life.

(To be continued.)

ing, pack into cans then turn cold water slowly into cans letting it overflow until no bubbles come to the surface, then seal. The neighbors used same process and we certainly enjoyed the pies during winter; drain off water and use as fresh pieplant.

Sugar-savory cake—Half cup sugar, one egg, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon soda, half cup molasses, half cup sour milk, two tablespoons shortening (butter or lard), one and one-half cups flour. Hot water can be used instead of sour milk. Bake in two layers. Use jelly or marmalade for filling and spread thinly on top, then sprinkle with shredded coconut. Makes pretty and good flavored cake.

—Mrs. J. C.



A SIMPLE COAT STYLE FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

4438. Serge, broadcloth, taffeta, crepe or linen could be used for this model. Back and front have fullness from the shoulders, which may be gathered or shirred in cross-rows.

The pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size requires 2 yards of 40-inch material.

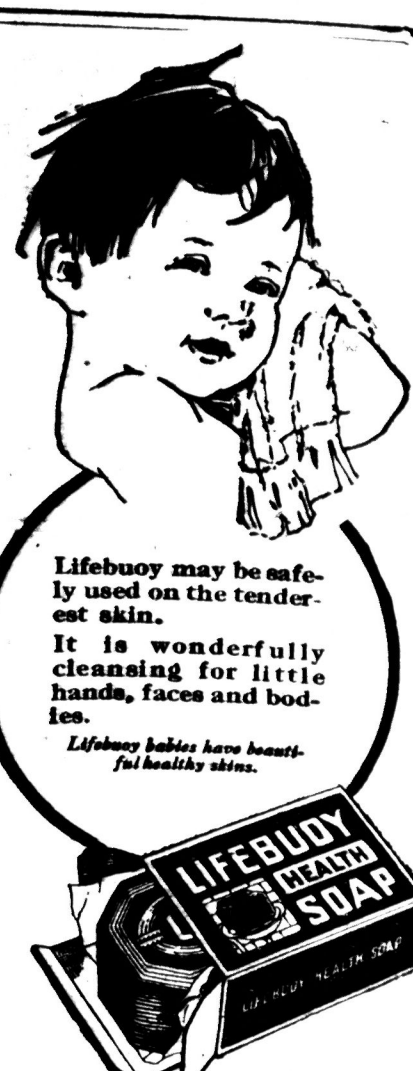
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

CAN THE CULLS.

To can chicken dress the bird carefully, wash and dry. If you desire to have it roasted or fried, this process must be completed as serving for the table before the canning process is begun; excepting perhaps, that it is not cooked quite as done as when served directly.

Remove the cooked chicken from the bone in pieces suitable to be easily packed in thoroughly sterilized jars.

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fill the jars to within half an inch of the top with gravy. If there is not sufficient gravy for all the chicken to be canned, distribute it evenly between the jars and fill with boiling water. Process pint jars thirty minutes under 15-pound steam pressure in a pressure cooker, or for two hours in a hot water bath.

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Woman's Interests

DISHWASHING MADE EASY.

Did you ever stop to think of the time the average housewife has to spend in washing dishes, three times a day, twenty-one times a week, over a thousand times a year?

A farm housewife with milk things to care for, often averages two hours a day in washing dishes, if she should attempt to do a year's dishes at one time it would take her over sixty days, even though she worked twelve hours each day without stopping to rest.

How can these hours of constantly repeated work be shortened?

A timely suggestion has usually been to get the equipment which makes the work the easiest.

A wheel tray saves perhaps the most steps. First, it can be used in setting the table. After the meal, all of the dishes may be stacked on it and be carried to the kitchen in one trip instead of the usual five or six. Many types of inexpensive trays may be purchased, or very satisfactory ones can be made by the home carpenter.

If an old-fashioned wash stand, with handles at each end, and a shelf underneath is among the family possessions, it can easily be fitted with small wheels or castors. The small drawer makes a splendid place for silverware. Where a wheeled tray is not available a fair-sized hand-tray can be used to very good advantage.

On fine china, or where children are scraping the dishes, a rubber dish-scraper is invaluable. Every bit of food may be removed from the plate with the fewest possible motions. For cleaning the cream pan it has no equal. Some women like best the plan of rinsing off the food particles under running water in the sink. Where this is done a fine sink strainer should be used to prevent the food particles from getting into the drain.

A small garbage pail or a pan with a good cover is most convenient for the waste food.

Plenty of water, both hot and cold, is another necessity that helps greatly in making dishwashing easy. If this can be running water at the sink it is most convenient. If not, three or four trips to the stove must be made for hot water during the dish washing.

The sink, when equipped with draining dishes on one side, and for draining them on the other, increases the value of the sink, so many are equipped with two drain boards. If there is a room for only one, the left-hand board is used most by the majority of women. If the dishes are stacked on a table, or better, on the right-hand drain board, they may be washed and

placed at the left without awkward reaching across or changing hands.

LOWERING SUGAR CONSUMPTION.

During canning time and fruit time my slogan is, "Take it with a Pinch of Salt," but literally, not figuratively; the salt saves sugar.

When cooking fruit for canning or to serve as sauce at meals for the day, I add a pinch of salt, not enough to give a salty taste, however, and I always dust a little salt over the fruit in a pie before adding sugar, and over the fresh fruit I intend to serve at any meal. Until one has tried it it is hard to believe the difference it makes in the amount of sugar required.

In canning rhubarb or pieplant, I wash stems well cut up without par-

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