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A child may be undernourished after an acute illness or operation, or because of a tendency to tuberculosis. He must have more calories per day than the normal child, for he needs increased building and repair material. But the diet cannot be made simply greater in quantity. The stomach capacity remains the same and often the child lacks a normal appetite. So the extra calories must be tucked in the same bulk of food.

On the other hand, the diet must not be so concentrated as to cause constipation, for that in itself will aggravate the lack of appetite and general lousy body tone.

So add milk, eggs, butter, cream and gelatine, wherever possible, to make each dish more nutritious. Do not increase sweets; they will make a false gain in weight without nourishing in the fundamental sense. Keep the fruits and vegetables in good proportion.

THE CHILD OF SIX WHO WILL NOT DRINK MILK: A 1,600-CALORIE DIET.

Breakfast—Orange, apple, baked, or prunes, etc. Cereal cooked in one-quarter water and three-quarters milk in double boiler; toast, butter. Diluted cocoa or milk, flavored with cereal coffee.

10 a.m.—Caramel junket or creamy blanc mange; zwieback.

Dinner—Minced chicken in cream sauce. Baked potato, beaten creamy with milk, green vegetables, bread and butter. Cooked fruit with rice cooked partly in milk.

Supper—Vegetable cream soup, toast and butter, custard or tapioca cream.

PLEASANT KITCHENS.

Color is an important matter in the kitchen. From a mistaken idea that dull, dark colors make the work easier by making less cleaning necessary, too many kitchens are painted and papered in colors that depress and discourage the worker. This idea about the value of color is not a fact but an established and proved fact. Experiments with colors conducted upon our returned soldier boys who are suffering from shell shock are of the utmost interest and importance to every busy country housewife.

Let the colors in your kitchen be light and cheerful. In this respect, ignore the prevailing fashion and have what you like best. Yellow makes sunshine and cheer. Light blue is cool. Silver gray is soothing. One farm woman gets the greatest satisfaction from her kitchen done over in pink. "I've always loved pink," she says, "but I've had to live long years with drab and dark blue and dull green. My pink kitchen makes me think of apple blossoms and roses and fine mornings even in December. I had the choice of decorating the parlor or the kitchen, so I chose the kitchen. And I had it pink."

You may smile at the idea of a pink kitchen. But if you could see how it lightens the hard work of this lover of rosiness you would realize



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LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

ISSUE No. 36-23.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
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CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

Chu Sing was as good as his word. A mountain chair and runners were at the door surprisingly soon. It was decided that he should accompany her new mistress, for added to Tu Hee's already full cup was the fact that Lun had disappeared. No one knew where. A rumor had reached Chu Sing's ears that she had committed suicide, but this report he vigilantly kept from Tu Hee.

The mountain chair was borne swiftly through the hills by agile runners, dusk was just falling when Tu Hee entered the courtyard of her home. Yes, it was hers now. The mandarin had left his beloved child everything he had possessed—everything?—no, not quite, for the sacred ruby was to go to Prince Tsou. Tu Hee had not questioned her guardian's act. It is to be doubted if her great sorrow allowed her to grasp anything beyond the fact she still had a home. Details did not interest her. Whatever Uncle Wong had willed must be right, and there the matter ended so far as Tu Hee was concerned.

As the big gates swung open to admit the young mistress, hundreds of expectant forms were lined up. Glad cries went up as Tu Hee's face appeared between the curtains of the chair. Eyes were furtively wiped and husky notes mingled with the cries of welcome.

As Tu Hee alighted, her cloak slipped from her shoulders and she stood before them, a slim, girlish form in her mourning gown of white. Her voice faltered as she spoke her greeting to them, her servants now, in Chinese. Her little unaffected speech finished, the entire assemblage prostrated itself. Standing there on the steps of her home, her eyes sweeping over the bent forms, servants of all ranks and ages, faithful ones, a great wave of comfort swept up and enveloped her. Their fidelity and allegiance engulfed her and she no longer felt alone.

With a delicacy which Tu Hee had not given him credit for, Chu Sing had absented himself at this her homecoming.

The rooms of the palace were softly radiant and flowers bloomed everywhere. Tu Hee wandered about, touching gently each dear, familiar object. She stood hesitant at her guardian's study doorway. Dared she go in? But even as she asked the question her hand dropped. Somehow she felt her heart would break with the keen, poignant memories of the exquisite, intimate hours spent there.

Closely followed by the watchful Su, she mounted the stairs to her apartments. At the top she paused. The perfume of flowers enfolding her. An arch of delicate waxlike blossoms curved above her, and her feet sank in a carpet of lotus. Soft music drifted out from the recesses of the spacious corridors, and hours spent feeling, a chorus of voices reached her: "O Gift of the Gods, so wondrously fair."

Let our love lift the rod of thy despair." Tu Hee's grip on life tightened. Such affection and loyalty demanded that she no longer nurture her own grief. When had her mind on her mind and body. She had a duty to perform, a purpose to fulfill and life was commanding her.

But another surprise awaited her, the most glad one to her. Her bedroom door she begged Su to leave her alone for an hour. Somehow she could not bear that unfamiliar hands should attend her just in the little room where no stranger had ever entered. Here, too, love had been at work. The big rose-shaded lamp was already sending its soft glow over the dainty furnishings, but even its cheerful radiance could not stifle the loneliness that surged over her. It was short-lived, however, and was smothered out in a warm, passionate embrace.

It needed just such a familiar face as Lun's, and her old crooning tones, to open the flood-gates of Tu Hee's pent-up emotions. The old nurse, feeling too wise to endeavor to hush the heart-breaking sobs; she let her child weep on, cuddling her to her bosom as if she were her baby again.

"You see, I'm not very brave, after all, Lun."

It was half an hour later. Tu Hee in a dressing-gown of white silk, was seated at her dressing-table with Lun in her old place behind the chair, uncoiling the heavy, dark hair.

"But it was such a wonderful surprise to see you, Lunnee, dear," continued Tu Hee. "No one could tell me very much about you. They have been trying to find you for a month, and when not even Chu Sing succeeded in obtaining a trace of you I fancied terrible things."

"I went out of my head, I guessed," explained the old nurse. "Wet through, I got, that awful day, the day I first knew you disappear and wander away. Some good folks took me in and look after me. Fever, they tell me, but news your coming marriage spread very quick and I hear this morning. Then sickness got. I happy again and came here at once."

Tu Hee told briefly of her forced journey to Chu Sing's home, touched lightly on her own fear and suffering, and endeavored to impress on her Chu Sing's sincere repentance.

Lun listened in silence, not even punctuating the story with her customary grunts, and Tu Hee knew she had not deceived her old nurse.

"And you really marry this man, this Chu Sing?"

"Of course, Lun. As our marriage rite has already been performed, I shall go on with the rest in a month's time. Of course there will be no display. I couldn't stand that."

"And you care for him?" persisted Lun.

"Is that necessary in our country, Lun, dear?"

"But you no even respect him, Missee Tu Hee."

"I have no one else, and in spite of all, Uncle Wong liked him. No, I shall marry him, Lunnee, dear. Now, please let us talk of something else."

But Lun wasn't quite ready to drop the subject.

"And you marry him in month?"

"Yes."

Lun dropped the long strand of hair she was brushing and came around in front of her mistress. Her hands worked nervously and her voice was almost an angry wail.

"You cannot marry him in month. I say no—the gods say no."

"Lun, you forget yourself."

Tu Hee had sprung to her feet. Then in a softer voice: "Don't, please, Lun—don't act like this. Master Chu Sing is my promised husband."

"Yes, yes. I no say not to marry him. I just say not in month. Two months I say—ch?"

"Two months?" Tu Hee looked at her nurse in blank surprise. "Why two months?"

"I no can tell."

Lun's hands were tearing at each other frantically now.

"I no can tell, Missee Tu Hee. Wait, I can only say, two months."

"But how can you expect me to listen to you, Lun, when you can give no reason for your strange request?"

Lun shook her head. Her hands looked as though they were having a pitched battle. "I give no reason—I say wait."

"Nonsense. You are ill. We are both ill, Lunnee, dear. Now please make ready my bed. I'm tired—I wait."

When the door had closed Tu Hee sat with folded hands pondering over her nurse's strange request.

"She does not like Chu Sing," she mused. "She thinks no one is good enough for her child, dear old Lunnee!"

Thus dismissing the enigma Tu Hee rose wearily and crossed to the God-des of Mercy, where her anguished petitions mingled with the incense she offered up.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Dart that girl for making me a traitor to myself. I always vowed I never let sentiment lead me by the nose, and here I'm letting it pull me up to Irma Culver's heathen temple."

Helen Claymore laughed good-humoredly.

"The fact is, Mrs. Ashton, you have such a big heart that sentiment sometimes shoves you."

"But, tut, you're wrong there, Helen, my dear. I never practice the foolish habit of cramping my own or another's happiness. Oh, I won't deny I used to be a bit sentimental, but the years have taught me the emptiness of this self-sacrificing piffle. God bless my soul, what's that?"

"It's only the runners changing the wheels to the new shoulder."

"Why, they handle us like sacks of potatoes, and to think that girl inveigled me into a man-driven chair!"

"It really shames you to find when you get used to it, Mrs. Ashton."

"H'm, so my mother used to tell us when she brought the castor oil bottle out, but habit doesn't deceive her, no, it does."

If Helen Claymore hadn't thoroughly understood the enjoyment her companion was deriving from her railings, the uphill journey might have dampened her spirits to hump remnants, but Helen knew, as the saying goes, that the old lady's bark was worse than her bite, and that under the crusty surface was a heart whose bubbling might any day burst through.

"You'll be surprised and delighted at the little piece of heaven you're going to see in a few minutes, Mrs. Ashton."

"Yes, I must admit Irma Culver was always a homemaker. Nice woman, very, but for the life of me I can't understand her coming back to this heathen place. There's an example now of cramping self-sacrifice, and what good did it do them? Instead of staying home and working up a nice practice, like any sensible young physician, he must run off with his bride to this pagan land and force his handiwork and drugs on dirty good-for-nothings who gave them no thanks."

"And what? Nothing? Absolutely nothing. Instead they lost their child and made tragedy of their lives."

"But think of all the good he has done in the world, Mrs. Ashton. Where in all America will you find a man who has benefited children as he has?"

Mrs. Ashton sniffed contemptuously. "And a blessed lot of good it has done either of them. It hasn't eased their hearts or they wouldn't be running back to this forsaken hole. But then, what's the world after all but a rubbish heap of sentiment? Bless my soul, what Indian war cry is that?"

I declare if it isn't that gin of mine! Sentiment is driving her to her doom, too. Well, well, I may be a dried-up old woman, but my heart won't be the death of me at all events."

"Oh, here you are at last. We were wondering what was keeping you. Mrs. Culver has tiffin all ready on the verandah, and mother, dear, some of your favorite powders are sipping hot waiting for you."

"Indeed, and it's some leavening, I'm needing, instead of pop, after the juggling I've just gone through. If they must have one rut tracks for roads, why in the name of common sense don't they have one-wheeled carts?"

"Tut, tut, I'm not a cripple yet. I guess I can step out of an imitation baby carriage myself. Give me space, that's all. Now, Grace, lead the way to this business. The place looks like a Chinese puzzle to me."

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

God's Plan.

The class in physics were studying magnets. After a number of experiments the teacher took several sheets of paper and a box of steel filings. At his bidding the pupils sprinkled the filings on the papers; the fine particles looked like grains of sand that might have fallen from the hand of a headless child.

"Now," said the teacher to one of the boys, "take your paper of filings and place it on top of that magnet."

The boy did so, and there was a sudden stirring among the particles. In a second the filings had arranged themselves in beautiful symmetrical patterns. Every particle on the paper seemed to have found its proper place. Out of confusion the magnet had brought order.

How hushed and scattered life seems at times! How can wickedness and goodness both be working for the glory of God? How can we reconcile joy and sorrow, love and hate, life and death? How can there be any plan to things?

It may be that while we are in this world we shall not be able to see the infinite plan that takes account of all things and fits them into their proper places to bring glory to God and good to his children. Nevertheless, can we not wait until that day when life will appear to us like filings on a sheet of paper above a magnet? Then we shall see everything in its proper place; then we shall see the perfect pattern.

Application of Music.

The value of music as a means of improving the mind is now beginning to be realized.

Music has the same mind training value as Latin, Greek, and the higher forms of mathematics, with the added advantage that it can be taught in the lower school grades, and need not be discarded when the student has completed his education.

Authorities have gone far into the comparison of the absolute mental concentration required in the study of mathematics and of musical art, and the consensus of opinion seems to be in favor of music in about the ratio of 3 to 1. That is, one hour of intensive application in calculus or higher mathematics.

This does not apply to the mere playing for amusement or in a parafuncatory way, but to real reconstructive mechanical and artistic work, such as would be required in the study of solos or etudes upon the piano, violin, etc., or in orchestra or band organizations when studying works by eminent composers.

THE FREEMASON, Toronto. Forty-third year of publication. Subscription \$1. Sample Copies 10c. Cowan & Co., Publishers.

Heads Canadians in London.

Col. Sir George McLaren Brown, who has been re-elected president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in London. The chamber now has 133 members.

Sambo Scores.

A medical board was testing the mentality of a negro soldier.

"Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the sound comes from?"

"Yes, sah," answered the negro. "And when does this occur?"

"When I'm talkin' over de telephone."

Too Much for Aunt.

An elderly lady of very prim and dignified appearance was seated near a young couple who were discussing the merits of their automobiles.

"What color is your body?" asked the young man of the lady at his side, meaning, of course, the body of her car.

"Oh, mine is pink. What is yours?"

"Mine is brown with yellow stripes."

The old lady was astounded and promptly left the room in indignation.

Bright Prospects.

(About to take her first swimming lesson.)—"How is that man getting along who were teaching this morning?"

"Why he drowned about an hour ago."

Nothing But the Best.

Doctor—"Madam, I shall have to paint your husband's throat with nitrate of silver."

Mrs. Newrich—"Please use nitrate of gold, doctor. The expense is quite immaterial."

Money talks, but the men who make it are generally silent.

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PORT OF VANCOUVER CONTINUES PROGRESS

WESTERN GATEWAY TO THE DOMINION.

Grain Elevators and Brokerage Houses Being Erected and Steamship Lines Inaugurated.

Official figures for the past year of navigation have disclosed the fact that Vancouver has the greatest ocean tonnage of any Canadian seaport. Vancouver's business has so developed that it is now the largest grain port on the entire Pacific coast and ranks as third on the seaboard in the volume of general freight handled, having in the past year left Seattle and Tacoma behind.

In the year 1922 a total of 16,641 ships entered the port. A total of 716 ocean-going vessels with a gross tonnage of 3,967,000 tons arrived and departed as against 476 vessels of 2,946,000 tons in the previous year. In the same year 1,550,000 tons of cargo were handled as against 998,000 tons in 1921. The port, amongst other things, was called upon to handle 225,000,000 feet of lumber; 14,450,000 bushels of grain; 482,000 barrels of flour; and 153,000 cases of apples, all of which figures show substantial increases when compared with the respective handlings of 1921.

Since the war the prestige of Vancouver as a port has increased in a most remarkable manner and it has rapidly come to assume a position of significance importance among world ports. The average monthly arrivals of deep-sea ships in the past year, for instance, was 58, whereas ten years ago this average was 10, and twenty years ago 6.

Expansion of Trade to the Orient.

Though there has been a vast increase in the volume of all phases of business at the Port of Vancouver in recent years owing to the great expansion of Canadian trade with the Orient and Antipodes and the greater use made of the Panama Canal in conducting business with Europe, the really outstanding development has been in the export of wheat. From purely insignificant shipments in 1920, a total of approximately six million bushels of wheat was shipped in 1921. From July, 1922, to March 31st, 1923, the port handled 16,361,249 bushels against 16,146,317 bushels for all other Canadian Pacific coast ports. It is expected that in all Vancouver will have accounted for the shipment of 18,000,000 bushels of the 1922 wheat crop as against 7,500,000 bushels of the 1921 crop, and predictions made anticipate Vancouver handling a still greater quantity of the yield of the Prairie Provinces in 1923.

Increased Grain Storage.

Great activity prevails at Vancouver this summer in the port's endeavor to more adequately equip itself for the new places it has been called upon to fill in Canadian and world economic affairs. This is particularly true in augmenting grain storage and accommodation. The Government's elevator is being increased to a total capacity of 808,000 bushels, and a new elevator being constructed to hold 2,000,000 bushels which, it is expected, will be ready by the early months of 1924. By that time, it is possible, through other additions, that the grain storage accommodation of the port will have reached 5,000,000 bushels. The new importance of the port is naturally attracting wide attention. Many companies are engaged in, or contemplating, erecting grain elevators, and British, American and Canadian grain brokerage houses. The port now has its own grain exchange setting the prices for the locality. Three new lines announced their intention of sailing from the port this summer, one to the Orient, one to Australia and one to Montreal.

The Guests.

If I could pick my company, I'd send for Pan to come. And pipe to me where honey bees Among the blossoms hum. I'd make the maid leap alive Upon the fountain's run, And coax the pale green dryads forth

From silver birches' slim. I'd summon Aescop from his sleep To tell me ancient tales Of witches in the midnight moon, And dragons in the dales; And Shakespeare to my rustic seat A sonnet now would bring, And read it with his tricky elves Around him gamboling.

—Minnu Irving.

Not Her Size.

Mabel—"You've been wanting some slippers, Amy; and here's your chance. A 'gigantic slipper sale' is advertised in the papers."

Amy—"I had better get a pair myself. I don't wear gigantic slippers."

Too Tame.

Bobby—"I don't think I'll be a sailor when I grow up, after all, moth."

Mother—"Why not, dear?"

Bobby—"I was just talking to old Joe on the wharf, and he says he's been a sailor for forty years an' never been shipwrecked once."

Bovril makes you feel ten years younger