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## The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.  
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CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)  
A flood of brilliant light suddenly enveloped the head of the image, and on the alabaster whiteness of the brow glowed a patch of red, dazzling in its intensity. The spot grew, spread, and glowed full, a veritable fountain of radiating crimson.  
David's eyes were magnetized. He subconsciously decided himself for allowing his nerves to play a trick on him. The weirdness of the surroundings still had its clutch on him, but it was more than mysticism now. It was the beauty of the lustrous object on the forehead of the idol that drew him with such imperious force.  
The mandarin's voice brought him back to reality. "As you gaze on the God of Humanity, my friend, I note on your face that which pleases me, a look of, yes, reverence."  
David pulled himself together. "Your God of Humanity, sir, resembles very much our God of Humanity, the Christ."  
"Indeed, Ah well, it is my opinion that at the root of the religions of the world are about the same. Our hearts instinctively go out to a God. Perhaps we call Him by different names, as we name our children, but the divine element is there, just the human is in the other, and reaches the same, the one Divinity. But," continued the Chinaman, "it is not for the purpose of discussing the faiths of the world that I brought you here to-night, my friend. On the contrary, it is something very human."  
As he spoke Weng Toy pressed a hidden spring, causing part of the bronze railing surrounding the statue to swing back, through which opening he stepped, motioning David to follow him.  
"What I am about to show you has never been disclosed to a foreigner before. You are the first outside of Chinese walls to enter this temple, except—Weng Toy broke off abruptly. David had the feeling that his host had inadvertently come near to betraying himself on a subject which was never far from his mind. The Oriental wheeled about as abruptly as he had broken off his sentence. He looked at David keenly. "I know not why I have brought you, a foreigner, one might say a perfect stranger, into this sacred spot to-night. But you seem not a stranger to me, Captain Marsden, but rather a friend, who in some way is to be connected with my

life. Our souls have perhaps met before. Do you believe that could be? It may be that we two have traversed this planet together in some bygone age—that a cord, an indissoluble tie, then connected us, which is to be strengthened before we leave these bodies again. Or perhaps an injustice was enacted to one of us by the other and we now meet that the wrong may be righted."  
"As Weng Toy paused, David felt that a tense moment had arrived. It suddenly appeared the most natural thing in the world for him to be standing in that Chinese temple half an hour after midnight listening to a brief exposition on reincarnation. A low chanting sounded from the shadowy depths of the temple. The silvery notes of the bells swaying in the night breeze accompanied in strange but sweet contrast the human voices. The burning incense still scattered its subtle essence in soothing, tranquilizing exhalations. It seemed to David a fitting period for his life to stand still in the swiftly moving wheel of existence. A strange inexplicable feeling swept over him that he had been waiting, existing for just this scene. How long would the act last, he wondered. Would the curtain drop, finally closing out from his vision a form, the mere thought of which caused his blood to tingle with fresh life? But cold reality started its dread creep through his brain at that point. It bade him awake, to leave his foot's paradise, for the East and the West could not meet. Their destiny was to recede one from the other. The practical, sane side of him was within reach at last. His host was once more clear and collected and his heart normal and level as he watched his host slide back a panel in the pedestal of the image.  
A click sounded overhead. David raised his eyes in time to see the crimson brightness disappear from the alabaster-like brow of the statue. He turned in amazement to the mandarin, but Weng Toy was working at something in the aperture of the pedestal. A thin gold wire flashed in his hand and the snapping of a spring into place cut through the soft, muffled sounds of the place.  
Weng Toy arose, an eager look on his face, and something red flashed from the hand he reached towards David.  
David bent forward. An exclamation escaped him as he peered into the brilliant, scintillating depths of an immense ruby.  
"There is only one other equal to it in the world," confided the mandarin. David's eyes wandered from the jewel to the head of the image, where now in place of the red light loomed a dense shadow.  
"This stone," continued Weng Toy, "has been handed down through my line from the time of Woo Wang. I repeat, there is one other of magnificence, an exact counterpart, a twin. The Prince Tsao, my cousin, had it in his keeping, but it will soon be gone. It is not already—in the possession of my nephew."  
"A lucky chap, Mr. Weng Toy. I have seen numerous rare jewels, but never did I believe such perfect beauty existed in a stone until now. This, I presume, accounts for the strong guard you have here," and David glanced around at the forms in the shadows of the temple.  
"Yes, a guard of thirty men is posted here day and night. They are to be replaced by thirty more."  
As he lifted the jewel from the extended hand of the mandarin, it seemed to David the warm lights flashing forth from the stone radiated by-gone life. It was as if thoughts, that had never died, living ties with the innumerable dead, the brave men of the Chow dynasty, were still clinging to that pulsating piece of antiquity.  
Across the brilliant surface of the stone, in cameo-like relief, was an inscription in delicate Chinese script. "This is perhaps the motto of your house, Mr. Weng Toy?" questioned David.  
The mandarin shook his head. "That is a sacred inscription. The meaning in your language, Captain Marsden, is The All Seeing Eye."  
"You have here a wonderful treasure, Mr. Weng Toy. I presume your niece will eventually become the proud possessor of this sacred relic?"  
Weng Toy hesitated. His voice was very tender when he spoke. "If it were in my power, my little girl should have the jewel, but for reasons which I may not explain, it cannot be. If we deviate from the will of the gods tragedy is sure to follow."  
"And you say a duplicate of this stone has descended to your nephew?"  
"Yes, a nephew who in spite of the blood of kings in his veins, has existed on foreign ideals. I fear very much the outcome of it all."  
"Your house is a broad-minded one, Mr. Weng Toy, to permit a descendant to be educated abroad, which I presume is what you mean. May I

enquire if he has been to a European school?"  
"American," replied the mandarin dryly and briefly.  
"Indeed," quickened interest was in David's tone.  
"My sister died when the child was a babe, and through a stupid blunder—the child's grandfather on his father's side misnamed it gratitude—he was handed over to an American physician. The foreigner and his wife left for America immediately after. You know, of course, the outcome." Weng Toy shrugged his shoulders half philosophically, half disdainfully. "I have on fault to find with American training," he added. "A fine people, very fine, but it was a blow to me—my own sister's son and a remarkable child."  
David leaned forward eagerly. "Is this nephew of yours in France now, Mr. Weng Toy?"  
The mandarin's face brightened and then sobered. "Yes. He has won great distinctions. That is the reason the twin jewel has been conferred on him."  
"He is well worthy of it," exclaimed David. "I know him, in fact have gone over the top with him—have seen him laugh in the very face of death. Paul Culver is a wonderful lad—may man."  
Weng Toy drew closer as David blurted out his enthusiastic praise. "You know him? Paul Culver? Yes, that is his foreign name. His god-given name is Hing Kwong. You have faced death by his side? Ah, I saw it in your face, Captain Marsden. Listen. Over this sacred stone I swear you have my fidelity forever." With the words Weng Toy knelt on the temple floor, pressed his forehead against the ruby in David's hand and uttered a few words slowly and impressively. They were in Chinese, but David knew the solemnity with which they were spoken betokened an oath.



## Woman's Interests

WHY CANNED FOOD SPOILS.  
The housewife has several deadly enemies which are hard to fight and make all her efforts in vain. By understanding their habits and the ways they work, she can kill them, or at least keep them from doing harm.  
Foods may "work," or spoil, because of the enzymes normally in the fruits, causing them to ripen, and finally to rot. Beets and carrots will keep a long time, but peas, corn and beans must be handled quickly, and the enzyme action stopped by heating, and sealing the cans.  
The common yeast which is used in bread-making resembles the other kinds which cause trouble in canning. Yeasts are rather easy to kill. The home canner finds molds are another kind of enemy. They can be killed by heating; but their seeds, known as spores, will resist long heating, and are ready to cause spoilage if they get a chance. Upon this principle intermittent processing was used, until it was discovered that blanching would make the place of processing three times.  
The bacteria are the hardest to kill. Some of them are able to grow inside of a can, away from the air, but most of them remain dormant unless there is a leak in the can. Acid, salt, and sugar are preservatives of food, and help in canning. They are the only legitimate preservatives. The wise housewife will not use canning powders, but will be scrupulously careful in having food clean and well processed. A neighbor told the writer that she always used a canning powder for tomatoes. In this way she was endangering the health of her family, since some canning powders contain 95 per cent. boric acid. I have never yet had a can of tomatoes spoil, either using the old-fashioned way or the cold-pack method.  
We have all known of cases of poisoning known as botulism. Bacillus botulinus, the organism which causes this poisoning, is very resistant to

## NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three-year Course of Training to young women having the necessary education and desiring 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.

He had intended reassuring the mandarin on his nephew's American upbringing, adding the pleasing information that he was an old friend of Paul's foster-parents, but at that moment chimes pealed out. A wish of garments and soft pattering of feet sounded and in filed a column of men.

Weng Toy rose. The ruby was re-attached to the gold wire and in a moment was glowing in its alabaster setting. The guard had lined up inside the temple and bowed themselves to the ground as the mandarin and David passed out.  
After partaking of tea in the big reception hall, David took his departure. Weng Toy consented to part with him at such an early hour as two a.m., only on the understanding that he would make a second visit very soon.

As David sped into the night in the mandarin's modern up-to-date car, the Oriental's sacred oath of friendship, the brave deeds of gallant young Culver, yes, even the ruby in the temple, faded to insignificance in the memory of a pair of smiling blue eyes. Alas, for his Spartan resolutions of the evening—the romance of the East was fast absorbing them.  
(To be continued.)

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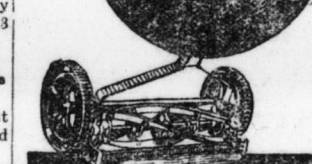
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**Canada's Railway Progress.**  
One of the outstanding features in Canada's development and one which has much to do with the progress of other lines of industry is that of railways. The growth of railways has been almost phenomenal, especially during certain periods, and while, due to known causes, eras of depression have been encountered, on the whole the operation of Canada's railway lines has been successful.  
The expansion of settlement, the rapid progress of agriculture, the development of mineral and forest industries, says the Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior, have called for the construction of many miles of railway, both of trunk and branch lines, and announcement is made by both the Canadian National, Canadian Pacific and the Ontario systems that several additional branch lines and extensions are under construction or in contemplation for the present season.  
Commencing with 1871, the first census period following Confederation, when Canada had but 2,695 miles of railway, with an invested capital of \$257,035,188, Canadian railways made steady progress until 1911. At that time 25,400 miles were in operation, with a capital investment of \$1,529,659,201. In the five-year period between 1911 and 1916, however, railway expansion was almost phenomenal, 1916 showing 37,434 miles in operation, an increase of 12,034 miles in the five years, and capital of \$1,893,125,774. This heavy programme of railway construction was deemed necessary to meet the needs of the country, and so it has developed. Slower progress is reported since 1916 as during the war period practically no building took place. The year 1921, however, shows railway mileage in Canada as 39,841, with a capital investment of \$2,184,687,636. The total earnings of the railways in 1916 were \$261,888,654, and expenses \$180,542,259, while for 1921 the earnings were \$455,098,891, and expenses \$422,581,205.  
Nothing probably could give a better indication of Canada's industrial growth than railway traffic both passenger and freight. In 1901 steam railways carried 18,385,722 passengers, while in 1920 the number carried was 51,318,422. Freight traffic shows even a greater growth, 35,999,371 tons being moved in 1901, 78,884,252 tons in 1911, and 127,425,154 tons in 1920.  
The part that the development of natural resources is taking in providing freight traffic to the railways is evident in the fact that in 1901 the tonnage of forest products was 5,391,519, in 1911 it was 12,233,347, and in 1920 22,273,890 tons were handled. Grain provided 4,694,853 tons of freight in 1901, 7,545,516 tons in 1911, and 14,295,458 tons in 1920. Products of mines in 1911 supplied the railways with 28,652,236 tons of freight and in 1920 with 45,075,968 tons. Manufactures, including natural resources, enter almost universally, provided 12,573,247 tons of freight in 1911 and 32,925,394 tons in 1920, among the latter being wood pulp and paper with 3,447,614 tons.  
To handle this traffic the railways used 2,433 locomotives in 1901 and 6,050 in 1920; 1,159 first-class passenger cars in 1901, and 2,212 in 1920; 45,904 box and cattle cars in 1901 and 167,128 in 1920; 23,123 coal and flat cars in 1901 and 45,188 in 1920.  
The expansion of agriculture, the development of forest, mineral and fishery resources, with their concomitant manufacturing activity, protect for the Canadian railways a period of increasing freight traffic and the resultant expansion necessary to keep pace with the demands for the moving of this rapidly growing tonnage.

**Last Home of Dickens Placed on Sale.**  
Charles Dickens's last home, in which he lived fourteen years, has just been put on the market, says a London despatch. The famous author gave \$10,000 for "Gadshill," a red brick house on the old Dover Road near Cobham, and spent much money changing it to make it "as pleasantly irregular and as violently opposed to all architectural ideas as the most hopeful man could possibly desire."  
He bought the place in 1856 and often used to walk there from London, sometimes as night, a distance of almost twenty miles, and several of his biographers think it was these long walks after a day's excitement that contributed to his sudden death in 1870.  
He Thought It Might Do.  
When Dennis received an order he followed it implicitly as far as he could—sometimes even farther than his Celtic brain realized.  
"He wants a pane of windy-glass, tinches by fourteen," said Dennis one day, as he entered a shop where his employer, a master carpenter, traded.  
In the shop was a young clerk, who never missed a chance for a little joke at the Irishman's expense.  
"If we haven't any ten-by-fourteens," he said, "I may have to give you a fourteen-by-ten."  
Dennis rubbed his head reflectively. Then he stood pondering for a moment, and at last remarked:  
"He's in a great roosh for it, and there's no other place near to get it. Give me one of them fourteen-by-ten, and if he turns it sideways and opposite down, there's not a soul would know the difference."  
Sultan's Wedding a Calamity.  
When Morocco's Sultan decides to marry the whole country becomes shrouded in gloom, as every subject must contribute a wedding present.