

# Its Sale is Phenomenal Its Quality is Irreproachable

# "SALADA"

## TEA

Is the Purest and Most Cleanly Prepared Tea in the World



**GROWING PANSIES FROM SEED.**  
The pansy is one of the most popular of early spring flowering plants, for, in addition to their precocious habit of providing early blooms, the plants, if well cared for, will bloom uninterruptedly throughout summer and fall. During the hottest months the flowers will decrease in size, but with the advent of cool nights and refreshing rains they attain their spring size and bloom as vigorously as ever.

The seed should be sown during July and August. If only a limited number of plants are required the seed is best sown in a flat, the soil in which should be fresh and of a rather light nature. The seed may either be sown in rows or broadcast thinly, but it must not be covered more than an eighth of an inch and with quite light sandy soil that will not form a crust. If a greater number of plants are to be raised, a special seed bed may be made in a sheltered position in the garden or in the cold frame. Which ever is used the soil should first be deeply stirred and raked quite fine and the seed sown in shallow drills, the drills spaced three inches apart. Firm the soil after sowing, using a level piece of board for the purpose, then water the bed with a fine spray so that the soil may not be washed. The seed bed, whether in cold frame or the open, is then covered with old sacking or burlap to obviate the necessity of continuous watering. All further watering previous to germination is given on top of the burlap. On the first appearance of the seedlings remove the covering.

If extra early flowering plants are wanted for spring bedding, a cold frame should be utilized. After digging over the soil spread a two-inch layer of old rotted manure on the mold, covering it with fully two inches of good loam soil in which the seedlings are transplanted three inches

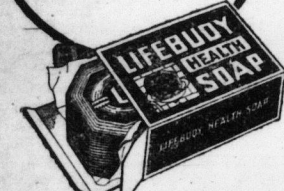
apart with the rows four inches apart. If a cold frame is not available the bed should be made in a sheltered part of the garden and it should be raised a few inches to insure perfect drainage. A bed four feet wide, or five feet at most, is the most suitable size, and it should be three or four inches higher than the surrounding level. Such beds are sometimes held in place by fixing narrow strips of boards around them. To fit the plants so that they will carry safely over winter, growth is encouraged by stirring the soil between the rows and watering thoroughly and regularly during dry weather. When the ground freezes, the entire bed is covered with a three-inch mulch of leaves, the leaves being held in place by the aid of light brush-wood.

**A HANDY APRON.**  
My helpful clothespin apron gave me an idea for an extremely useful apron to be worn while putting the house in order each day. The apron is made of stout cretonne, is suspended from the shoulders and has a deep pocket completely across the front.

This generous-sized pocket saves so many steps. The abandoned magazine I find in the dining room is slipped into my pocket and placed on the magazine stand when I happen to go to the living room instead of requiring a special trip.

Usually by the time I am ready to go upstairs my big pocket is full to overflowing. And it is seldom that a room is put in order that something is not picked up that must be taken to some other part of the house. It saves so many steps to place all these things in my apron pocket and gradually place them where they belong as I work from room to room.—A. M. A.

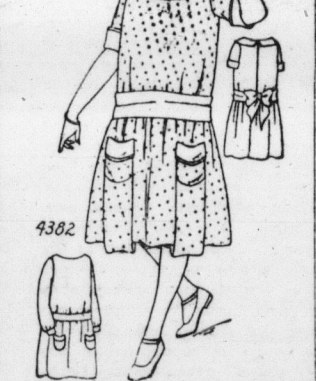
**WHEN THE FLIES COME.**  
Where there are children there are sure to be flies in the house no matter how carefully one may screen. My stand-by is a long-handled, home-made fly-snapper. A two-foot piece of lath, or other slender stick, carefully split one inch at the end, and a four and one-half by six-inch piece of wire screen inserted, fastened by one or two tacks, long enough to head down on the other side, makes a fly-snapper long enough to reach ceiling or walls, and the children will delight to use it. Try it.—Mrs. H. N. P.



**A Lifebuoy bath**  
Cool, fresh, rested skin tingling with health and comfort—Feeling cleaner than you ever felt before—Because of the big, creamy lather of Lifebuoy.



**McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE QUICK COCOANUT PUDDING**  
ONE OF A DOZEN "QUICK" DESSERTS  
Economical - Nourishing  
Add milk to the contents of a package of INVINCIBLE Coconut Pudding. Stir, boil for a few minutes and serve.



**A SIMPLE BUT PRETTY FROCK.**  
4382. Dotted Swiss and organdy are here combined. The model is practical and suitable for all wash fabrics, as well as for silk and cloth. The collar and panels may be omitted. In red and white dotted percale with trimming of white linen, this style will be very pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. To make sash, collar, cuffs, pocket and sleeve facings of contrasting material requires 1 yard 32 inches wide.

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.

The young men who go through a course in any of the fine industrial and manual training schools of our country will some day be the flower of the land. Their education and labor will rid the field of unskilled labor, and they will elevate and maintain the country's honor.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

## The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.  
(Copyright.)

### CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

Quickly and deftly David tore away the garments from his servant's chest disclosing a gaping knife wound. While Ma Tu had lost a profusion of blood, David saw at a glance the stab was not serious. As he cleaned the cut the boy opened his eyes and smiled gratefully.

"Just a flesh wound, Ma Tu. When I stick you together with this adhesive plaster you'll be a whole man again. No, don't get up. I want to put some ginger into you first."

David crossed to a small cupboard in the wall, where he kept his first-aid supplies, a very necessary adjunct to his equipment. Replacing his roll of sterilized bandages and the spool of adhesive plaster he poured out some brandy.

"Here you are. Drink this and you'll forget you had a nightmare."

The boy tried to smile as he took the glass, but David noticed his hand trembled, and he doubted greatly if his yellowish pallor was altogether the result of the gash.

"Mean my joke, He treat light affair of rob." There was an accusing note in the boy's voice.

"Ah, we feel better, eh? Well, now let's hear the whole of this midnight hold-up."

Ma Tu laid the empty glass on the table beside him, and in broken English unburdened his mind. There was the look of a faithful dog in the youth's eyes as he said: "Ma Tu anxious much, anxious over master. Heard master leave room long after sleeping time. Got up and sat in chair so if needed Ma Tu be there. But no keep awake for sudden my eyes open—hear noise. Jump up, shamed you come back and maybe want me. Me hurry. Carry light—open door quick. There big man stood—no foreign—Chinese he was and tight fast against your door leessening, leessening. I creep so." Ma Tu panted with his hands his cautious movements. "I make high steps on my toe nails—see, just so."

"Yes, yes," urged David.

"I grab him so." Ma Tu made a swift movement with his hands through the air. "But he big man. He turn quick and I get this," pointing with a half-shamed grin to his chest. "I back away slow, pretend afraid. He laugh low. He sneer and stand like he had me. I pray gods I save you, master. I back slow, and the Chinese he was and tight fast against your door leessening, leessening. I creep so." Ma Tu panted with his hands his cautious movements. "I make high steps on my toe nails—see, just so."

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business notes, which could wait over till the next day, he locked his desk and was ready for his morning ride. It was weeks since he had experienced such a thrill of anticipation. The jewel he knew had nothing to do with it. No, he looked matters squarely in the face and confessed the cause of the rift in his clouded life was a Chinese maiden.

He was just on the point of switching off the light, when something white on the carpet near the door attracted his attention. Thinking it a paper carried from his desk by the breeze, David picked it up and nonchalantly opened it. What then was his amazement to see great splashes of red over which, in fine English script, was the following weird message:

"East and West can never meet. Our maidens, therefore, do not seek. At the bottom was a white dragon on red."

David was cogitating over this strange message when Ma Tu entered to say the ponies were ready.

David nodded, folded the paper and placed it in an inner pocket. As he stepped into the hall, followed by his servant, he enquired casually, "Is there any particular significance or meaning attached to a white dragon on red, Ma Tu?"

"White dragon on red," repeated the boy, a guess, frightened look overspreading his face. They forcing a grin he shook his head. "Ma Tu not know."

"What!" David stopped short. "You dare to hand me a message, Ma Tu? Out with it, quick!"

The boy glanced at his master's face, concluded dissembling was useless, and blurted out: "White dragon on red bad, very bad."

"So much I've already guessed, boy; but the exact meaning?"

"White dragon on red, death by the gods."

"By the gods, eh? Sounds rather a nice way to die!"

Ma Tu glanced at his master, a troubled look on his face. "Master laugh—joke, but white dragon on red bad, very bad."

"Ah well, I guess we haven't much to fear from the gods, and as for the devil, we'll slay him with his own weapon, eh, Rapids, old boy?" And David held out a lump of sugar to his whinnying pony.

### CHAPTER X.

Peking was covering herself with the first flimsy garment of day as David and his servant clattered through the streets. They were laborers, vendors who were hastening after the early trade, and several rickshaws, perhaps carrying officials from an all-night entertainment, the street was deserted. The city was asleep. Two or three more layers of dew would have to be fastened on before she would show herself.

David was used to the hour of dawn, but the wonder of a new day never waned for him. As they were facing the hills, with a strip of the sandy plain between, the sun burst in a sudden flood of glory over the Eastern world. They halted to watch a train of camels slowly and majestically winding their way.

It seemed to David he was back in the early ages. It appeared improbable that if he stole alone out here when night had fallen wise men of the East would greet him. Perhaps they would point to a star and tell him how they were led to a martyr whose Christ child the sun's rays were emblazoning with a wonderful radiance an object on the peak of a distant hill. David's biblical scene vanished. Before him coruscated an emblem of paganism—a Buddhist temple.

With the darkness had fled Ma Tu's dread of the unknown. His smile grew frequent and he answered his master's sallies with low, full chuckles.

Concern for his faithful servant caused David to lead a moderate pace. While a flesh wound need not be serious, still it might prove painful and very troublesome, and setting aside his genuine liking for the Chinese boy, David did not relish the idea of having him sick on his hands just then.

So half an hour later than it usually took to cover the distance, the temple home of the Culvers loomed in sight. David turned to dismount, and proclaimed not all the household were asleep. Servants, no doubt, decided David. He wondered if he could get word to the doctor without alarming his wife. He had dismounted, and instructed Ma Tu to take the horses to the stable, when to his surprise the doctor himself came walking down the path.

"Ma Tu," David's voice was quiet but firm, "you perhaps misunderstood me. I did not say you were to accompany me. I said you were to stay here."

The boy bowed in acknowledgment of the command, and then raising a calm face, replied in a tone that betokened his mind was made up, "I obey master, yes, but I Chinese. I obey gods first. They tell me to protect master. I go to the mountains too."

David looked on in comical amazement at this logic.

"I see. Well, Ma Tu, I am placed in rather a difficult position. Seeing you kept a would-be assassin from my bedside, I presume it would be the height of ingratitude to deny your first request, or—" and David's smile displayed the anxious, puzzled look on the boy's face—"demand. After all, perhaps the morning air will be a good brace after the past harrowing hour. Run along. Order the ponies ready in ten minutes; but, Ma Tu, don't run your mouth into your ears," warned David, as a pleased grin overspread the boy's face.

A chuckle sounded as Ma Tu sped from the room.

After a shower bath David felt as fit as if he had had eight hours' sleep instead of one. His healthy appetite asserted itself, however, and he thought longingly of a steaming cup of coffee. Faithful Chinese servants were far from his mind as he stepped into his sitting-room and it was, therefore, with pleasant surprise he saw the empty tray on his desk replaced by one containing rolls and coffee.

Calling a servant, David set down the thoughtful Ma Tu, David set to with a will. After disposing of the last crumb and pigeon-holing some

Culver shook hands with his visitor cordially, and to David's surprise, took his call as a matter of course. "News travels fast even in China, I notice. You are the first on the scene, not even a Chinese official has arrived yet."

"You have sent for protection then?" enquired David.

"Do you think it necessary?" questioned Culver. "It seems to me our protection is ample enough, with two men dead already."

"Two men dead?" echoed David, blankly.

It was Culver's turn to look surprised. "Why then, if you haven't heard, what brings you here at this hour, my dear boy?"

"I heard last night, sir, that an attempted robbery was to be made on the sacred ruby to-night, and am here to give you warning and to advise you to protect yourselves and it by means of a box—the box of death, I believe they call it—which is in the possession of a Mr. Tung Yung."

Culver rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Who is the person that gave the alarm, if I may ask?"

David flushed. "Some one, sir, who is only interested through blood ties with your adopted son. The name would not enlighten you and—"

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

Keep Your Shoes Neat

## 2 IN 1

Shoe Polishes

## Serve Mustard with all meats

Mustard neutralizes the richness of fat foods and makes them easier to digest. Mustard enables you to enjoy and assimilate food which otherwise would burden the digestive organs.

## but it must be Keen's

**FLIES in the Kitchen?**  
**FLIES in the Dining Room?**  
**FLIES in the Barn or Dairy?**  
**FLIES or Insects on Cattle?**  
**LICE or Mites on Poultry?**  
**GRUBS on Plants?**

**THE SAPHO BULB SPRAYER \$1.00**  
For use with Sapho Powder  
Kills them all and saves your money and temper  
SAPHO POWDER IN TINS, 25c, 50c, \$1.25.  
SAPHO PUFFERS, 15c.  
If your dealer doesn't stock Sapho Bulb Sprayers, order from us, sending his name.  
**KENNEDY MFG. CO., MONTREAL**  
Write for circular to  
Ontario Agent: Continental Sales Co., 24 Adelaide St. E., Toronto

## LILY WHITE Corn Syrup For Preserving

### Half Lily White and Half Sugar

You will have wonderful success with your preserves if you follow the example of the Technical Schools and replace half the sugar with LILY WHITE Corn Syrup.

The initial saving in money may be small, but your jams and jellies will keep better, will have finer flavor, will be just the right consistency and will not crystallize.

**LILY WHITE makes Dandy Candy**  
Endorsed by good housewives everywhere. LILY WHITE Corn Syrup is sold by all grocers in 2, 5 and 10 lb. tins.

**THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL**  
Write for Cook Book.

## WRIGLEYS

### After Every Meal

Have a packet in your pocket for ever-ready refreshment.

Aids digestion. Always thirst. Soothes the throat.

For Quality, Flavor and the Sealed Package, get

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM**  
THE FLAVOR LASTS

It's better to lose smilingly than to win whinily.

To supply the steadily increasing demand for

## EDDY'S MATCHES

Eddy's make 120 MILLION matches a day

## GUIDING SHIPS BY NEW "LIGHTHOUSES"

### WONDERS OF WIRELESS DIRECTION.

Atlantic Aeroplane Flight of Two Thousand Miles to be Directed Entirely by Wireless.

One morning recently an aeroplane might have been seen hovering high over the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, says a London writer.

At the same time, fifteen miles away on the Thames below Woolwich, a long, sinister form was plunging its way along the surface of the water.

Like a fish it sped on, in and out among the crowded shipping until, at last, some twenty miles farther down the river, it came to rest at a marked buoy off Tilbury Docks.

That cigar-like form was a dummy torpedo, and it was being directed by wireless over the whole of its twenty-mile course by the observer in that tiny aeroplane 8,000ft. over St. Paul's.

A Wireless "Lighthouse."

So accurate was the directing force that not once in the course of its mysterious passage did the torpedo as much as escape the hull of one of the innumerable vessels passing up and down the Thames. And when at last it nosed its way alongside the buoy at Tilbury, it was a bare half-inch out in its predetermined course!

That is but one of the marvels of wireless direction. It is not altogether a new discovery. During the war the later Zeppelin raids on this country were all directed and controlled in this manner. Operating from Borkum, where the Germans had a big signaling base, the airship commanders, every few minutes during their flight across the North Sea, would get in touch with this wireless station, to be supplied immediately with their exact latitude and longitude, and even the latest weather forecast.

But it is only during the last eighteen months that wireless direction has been adapted successfully to commercial purposes.

The initial step in harnessing this potent and little known force was the establishment some weeks ago of a wireless lighthouse on Inchkeith Island, in the Firth of Forth.

By means of this "lighthouse" ships can be directed through the dangerous channels of the firth by wireless, so that there is no possibility of their running ashore or being wrecked even on the darkest night or in the densest fog.

This is but the first step in the development of wireless direction. By means of experiments now being conducted in the various technical laboratories, it is hoped in the near future to employ this force for running train and tramcar services, for traffic control both at sea and on the road, sea navigation, and directing and operating fleets of battleships and aircraft, until it will be possible to direct the path of everything moving on the surface of the earth, not even excepting human beings, by means of wireless.

**Make Wireless International.**

Steps are being taken, in conjunction with the Board of Trade and the Meteorological Office, to internationalize wireless direction of ships at sea.

At the present moment there is lying in the Port of London a ship that has been specially fitted with powerful wireless receiving sets to give demonstrations of this new method of navigation in all the principal ports of the world.

Setting out from London this missionary ship will sail for China, via the Mediterranean, Indian Ocean, and the Straits, and thence on to North and South America, and back across the Atlantic to Europe and South Africa, giving demonstrations at every big port en route.

The most ambitious effort, however, will be a cross-Atlantic aeroplane flight which is to be made late in the summer. This machine will carry both pilot and observer, but their attention will be confined to the actual flying side.

Setting out from Newfoundland, for the first 600 miles of its flight the aeroplane will be directed by the Gloucester Bay Wireless Station. Then it will be picked up and navigated by a wireless "lighthouse" cruising in mid-ocean to a point where control will be transmitted to Otago, the big operating station in this country. The whole 2,000 miles of flight will be directed by wireless.

**The Little House.**

So tiny seemed the little house. Scarce room for bed and board; Yet here were love and happiness In heaping measure poured.

But now too large the little house, For one has gone away. And through the high and empty rooms The joyless echoes stray.

Still ever round the little house The sweetest memories cling Of laughing face and dancing feet, That made our hearts to sing.

Oh, Father, keep the little house; Bring balm and tender care; May soothe again of happiness In Thy good time be there.

—E. Lillian Morley.