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Delicious

"SALADA"
TEA

HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY
PACKET TEA IN NORTH AMERICA.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL POLEY.

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CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)
Weng Toy gazed, fascinated, at the picture. The gloom of his thoughts enfolded him so closely that he did not hear the door open and close. An angry voice broke in abruptly on his sombre musings:
"By the sun in the heavens, China is coming to a pretty pass. This is what we get for letting the dirty foreign dogs into the country."

Quietly Weng Toy turned and faced the intruder.
"Can you throw any light on the accused affair?" demanded the visitor impatiently.
Weng Toy made no reply and the man laughed bitterly. "Your silence says yes. So can I. They have traced her. Eahl! It was risky for the beginning. Yet by the powers of heaven, I'm glad you did it, old friend, for I love her."

Weng Toy started. He eyed the other coldly. "You have not told her of this?"
The man looked at him daringly. "Not yet. Her beauty and innocence confounded me and made me numb and dumb. But a thousand angels or devils couldn't have stopped me if I had known this would occur. Enough delay—she shall be my wife as soon as I rescue her."

"Be not so hasty, Chu Sing. Tu Hee will have a say in that."

Something in the mandarin's tone led the other to see he had laid his thoughts too bare.
"Pay no attention to what I say, Weng Toy. I'm not responsible. Despair and fear for the girl have made me mad. What are you going to do about it? It seems to me you are taking it unnaturally cool."
The door opened. "Car ready, sir." As the two men hurried out into the long hall Weng Toy laid a hand on his companion's arm. "It would kill Tu Hee to learn the truth. If her disappearance is caused by people we think, as of course it must be, it is our duty to deny everything. Remember, she is my niece, my own flesh and blood."

Chu Sing nodded. "And my future wife."
On a teakwood table in the entrance hall lay a small reticule. It was a dainty, effeminate thing in chased gold, inset with pearls. Weng Toy touched it tenderly. He had given it to Tu Hee on her last birthday, and he recalled her delight in it. "My poor little Autumn Gladness! May the gods help me to save you the pain of finding out!" His voice was husky and the hand that took his hat from the servant was far from steady.
As the car turned towards the large entrance gates many eyes peered after it and silent prayers went up to the gods.

CHAPTER III.

"If the ancestors of our Oriental friends could come back and glimpse this scene, what would happen?"
The eyes of the girl addressed wandered quizzically over the crowd beneath, truly a cosmopolitan assortment—Europeans, Asiatics, and Americans rubbing shoulders, beaming smiles, tossing nods, and exchanging handshakes.
"One would almost think that the wish of the idealists had been fulfilled, that the brotherhood of man was an assured thing," continued the speaker, as he leaned a little farther over the balcony railing. "But to go back to my question, dear coz, what would happen if the occupants of the Ming tombs could walk here to-day? It gives me a shock, half sympathetic and half repulsive, to think of the over-civilized departed of the East could they come back and witness the narrowness of the West have made in their beloved garden of the gods."

"I am glad they can't see it," replied the girl, without removing her gaze. "It would mean purgatory to them for millions of years."
She was a typical American. Her accent, as well as her soft olive skin and brown eyes, betokened she was familiar with the sunshine of the south. After a silence, during which they surveyed idly the moving panorama, the eyes of the girl came back to the man beside her. Her face said plainly that he, in his trim uniform of a British officer, was more interesting than commingled nations below. She surveyed with a thrill of pride the clean-cut grace of his long form stretched nonchalant in the wicker chair, but her gaze grew wistful as she noted the boyish old look on the lean face thrust to a deep brown, and the keen penetrating eyes that were so full of laughs in the old days. The old days were before the world was shaken forever by the action of a European despot. Her glance fell to the left foot, which was stretched out in unnatural stiffness and just touched the hem of her skirt. Her lips compressed slightly, but with a little shake, like a sparrow that is determined to dry its wet wings in the sun, she said lightly, "Turn and look at me, David, dear, if the gay crowds make you glum."

With a sigh he relaxed into the chair. "What a beastly grouchy you must think me, Grace. But it's no use. I may as well confess every smile and laugh is an effort with me now. I've lost my perspective of life. It's because you so unselfishly gave up your plans in August, 1914, and now that you have come back you can't understand why those who weren't there continue to hug their petty lives to their hearts, watching over them tenderly and self-lovingly."
"You've said it, Grace. It's the cold-blooded selfishness of the people—it sickens my very soul. I tell you I want to get back, back where men, stripped of the insane conventionalities of life, clean their hands and look you in the eye in unashamed, unstained brotherhood. The shadow of death is a great cleanser, Grace. A man's past falls from him like a garment. It's what you are when the great moment comes that men judge you by over there, where the fires of hell burn everything but the gold."
"But now, dear David," said Grace gently, "you must try for our sakes, who love you, to readjust yourself. It will be cruel, heart-rending, if the old order of things does not pass away after the most terrible, the most precious sacrifice in the world's history, the sacrifice of youth. But if no

change is apparent, except chaos, we can only do our infinitesimal part. The world's burdens cannot be borne by a few young shoulders such as yours, no matter how willing they may be. To me it seems each one has his duty allotted to him. If it is shifted it may and does fall partly on others already overburdened, but the most of it accumulates to be apportioned back by the Great Judge."

"Keep your faith, Grace. There isn't much left if one doubts the unswerving undercurrent of law and order and the final triumph of right and justice throughout the universe. Perhaps sanity will return and banish the horrible pessimism I feel clutching at me, but just now I can't catch even a glimmer of light through the dark clouds." His voice grew petulant, almost boyish, as he continued: "If it wasn't for the seemingly spiteful side of Fate's nature I might puzzle through this old world without too much grumbling, but when she lands you a knockout blow in the foot, through her toes on your own account, you have to make a fellow know up whether he'll end it all with a bullet."

"Listen to the child," replied Grace lightly. "If your words didn't sound refreshing, like the juice of a pear, without any substance, Davey dear, I'd take the trouble to remind you that in tossing up Fate would stand beside you, a humorous or sardonic grin on her changeless, impassable, and insurmountable front, and have the last word."

"Guess you're right. No chance to beat her. Well, thank heaven, your silvery voice and my soothing nectare are left me." And sulking action to the words David Marsden lifted his companion's hand to his lips, and then placed a cigarette between them.

"Just like a man," pouted the girl. "You abuse Fate on your own account, and then thank her for the nasty blow she has dealt me."
"Rotten luck, dear girl, I know, but it's family in the family, isn't it? Philosophy overflows from the minds and electrifies the air over here, and a dose of the atmosphere once in a while won't do any harm, will it?" David unfolded himself rather stiffly from the chair, stood a moment, then strolled—the word hardly fits, either, as his lameness caused him to limp in his gait—to the end of the balcony, and laconically watched the swarms below. He likened them to tireless ants, the difference being these human ants appeared restless rather than industrious.

Tired lines showed around his eyes and mouth, and the stamp of the world, war, age in youth, was painfully visible. Only bitterness smoldered in the depths of his grey eyes. "The white man must have amusement, even though part of the world is a seething pot of anguished souls. Bored from Europe they come over here, to China, for diversion. It's true, Grace, that one half of the world knows not how the other half lives, but it shouldn't be—they don't want to know."

The girl purposely made her voice light. "Now, now, David, use cosmopolitan tolerance on the throngs below you and please remember, I'm a Yank, although I must confess my consciousness is that I could add 'ally' to the name. But, dear boy, I insist that you stop brooding. Ah, here comes tea, so now meander back and lounge this little bamboo table with you, so we can sit here near the railing and drink tea and make eyes at the crowd at the same time. Do you remember how, when children, we used to fancy vacations for people?"

"Yes," laughed David. "And do you remember how furious you were one day when I insisted a man we met on the street carrying a pail was a plasterer and you stuck to it he was a baker?"
"Yes, yes," laughed the girl. "I insisted you follow him to find out if I wasn't right; and how disappointed I was when he joined a crowd of bricklayers! You were a dear even in those days, David. To make up for my disappointment you took me into a baker's shop and bought me some sugar buns."
But Grace's efforts were in vain. She saw the cup laid down three-quarters full, and the brooding look creep into David's eyes again. He noticed the lapse almost immediately, however, and glanced at his companion rather guiltily, as he lifted his cup.

(To be continued.)

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In Town.

Somewhere there's a willow budding, in a hollow by the river. Where the autumn leaves lie sodden, turning all the pool to brown; There's a thrush who's building early, with his feathers all a-shiver, And the maple sap is rising— But I'm glad that I'm in town.

Somewhere out there in the country There's a brook that's overflowing, And a quaker pussy-willow Sews grey velvet on her gown; Rusbes whisper to each other That marsh marigolds are showing, And those saucy crocus fellows— But I'm glad that I'm in town.

Long ago, when we were younger, How those little things enthralled us; King-birds nesting in the hedges, Baby feet in the sun-warmed shallows, Musk-rats in the sun-warmed shallows, Strange how all these voices called us, Hark, was that a robin singing? When's the next train out of town? —Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

World's Biggest Gem.

What is held to be the largest uncut precious stone in the world is a flawless black opal discovered in the United States and now said to be in the office of a Government official in Washington. The gem contains approximately twenty-one cubic inches, weight 2,572,332 carats, and is valued by the owners at \$250,000. The colors are translucent blues and greens with a little red. The famous Viennese opal, which was without equal until, weighed 1,658,927 carats, but has a number of flaws.



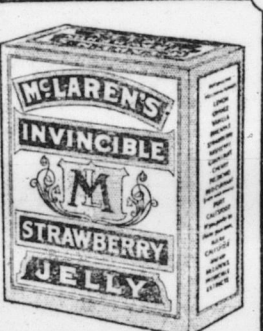
DOLLED UP.

Mrs. Curlew—"Tell me, who gave your poodle that lovely marcelle?" Mrs. Dogophile—"He had it when we bought him and we liked it so well we paid the man fifty dollars extra to give him a permanent wave."

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

Forces Plant Growth.

Promising results have attended German experiments with forcing the growth of plants by adding carbon dioxide to the air surrounding them.



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Everyone in the family will enjoy the delicious desserts made from McLaren's INVINCIBLE Jelly Powders.

Sixteen Fruit Flavorings.

Easy to make

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ISSUE No. 17-23.

In the Garden.

Where is Heaven? Is it not Just a friendly garden plot, Walled with stone and roofed with sun Where the days pass one by one, Not too fast and not too slow, Looking backward as they go, At the beauties left behind To transport the pensive mind.

Does not Heaven begin that day When the eager heart can say Surely God is in this place, I have seen Him face to face, In the loveliness of flowers, In the service of the showers, And His voice has talked to me In the sunlit apple tree.

—Bliss Carman.

The sugar content of maple sap varies a good deal according to seasons; it is higher following a year of luxuriant foliage. It is usually about three per cent.; that is, it takes thirty-two gallons of sap to make one gallon of syrup.

East or West
Eddy's Best

EDDY'S
MATCHES

Insist on having
EDDY'S!

A Strong Will.

"I've just been reading about the power of will. It's a wonderful thing." "Indeed, yes. I know of a will that makes seven children and twenty-two grandchildren behave themselves."

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

When a man starts singing his own praises it's sure to be a solo.

HORSEMAN
ADVICE TO

Stable Management: The Wrong Way
Harness stripped off roughly, and horses rushed into stalls without rubbing, cleaning or sponging.

Horses allowed to drink their fill, no matter how hot; or not watered at all. Grain fed before horses are rested and while overheated.

Feet not washed or examined until horse goes lame.

Horses receiving no water after eating their hay, until next morning. Scanty bedding and rough, uneven floors.

No bedding on Sundays until night and horses watered only twice.

Hay and grain of poor quality and insufficient quantity.

Brans mash not given because it is too much trouble.

Hayloft dusty and dirty, and dust shaken down into horses' eyes and nose.

Stables full of cobwebs and in unsanitary condition.

Harness unclean; sweat allowed to accumulate on inside of collars.

Narrow stalls and sometimes damp and undrained.

Horses tied short for fear of their being cast, which is more likely when they are put up dirty.

Stables close and without ventilating shaft, or open and too draughty.

Windows dirty or too small, or even lacking altogether.

Manure pits ventilates into stable. It should be outside of stable.

Men loafing in the stable in the evening and on Sunday and late at night.

Horses not cleaned on Sunday and stable neglected.

No slatted outside doors for tight box stalls on hot nights.

No place for drying wet blankets or proper cleaning of harness.

Stable foreman addicted to drink and careless and rough with horses.

Worst of all—Horses handled roughly, knocked about; general atmosphere of noise and profanity.

Owner not looking after his horses to see that they are properly cared for.

A veterinarian called promptly if horse is sick and not left to chance or quack medicines.

Horses often greatly overworked or left standing without exercise for a long time.

Horses not shod frequently enough and left too smooth for slippery streets.

Too much hoof cut away in shoeing and shoe fitting by burning instead of cutting.

Stable Management: The Right Way.

Men bring the horses in at night cool and breathing easily.

Legs well rubbed if wet or muddy, or if the horses are tired.

Head, ears and neck well rubbed, if wet from rain or sweat.

Horses sponged under collar and saddle, and same to fit properly.

Horses well brushed if dry, and not left in draught if wet.

Feet washed and examined for nails and stones.

Eyes, nose and dock sponged in summer.

In very hot weather, horses wiped all over with a wet sponge on coming in.

Horse given a little water, but not much, on coming in warm.

No grain fed for at least an hour.

Horses watered when cool, then hayed, watered again and grained. (In any case, watered twice after coming in at night.)

Plenty of bedding, and horses bedded down all day Sunday.

Hay and grain of the best quality.

A bran mash Saturday night; cool in summer, warm in winter.

Hayloft kept clean and free from dust, cobwebs or must.

Harness, especially collars, kept clean, well oiled and flexible.

Wide smooth stalls and plenty of ventilation.

Horses tied long so that they can lie with heads on the floor.

Most important of all—Horses handled gently, neither struck, nor yelled nor sworn at.—The American Humane Association.

Old Lace.

The old, old elm has put on clouds of lace.

Delicate as a bride's. A dawn-like grace

Covers a million dark-twigg'd memories.

A dried gayety is in her face;

And, light as lilac-spray against the skies, . . .

New wonder is upborne by ancient stress,

I marvel at a mortal thing so wise

To weave herself enchantment for a dress,

And beat the fend of Time with Love-liness.

—Karl Wilson Baker.

Donkey Ride!

London.—The child of 11, who wrote the following, is evidently better up in the events of the day than in the works of John Bunyan:

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

The pilgrims are going on donkeys to see Tutanakhamen's tomb. They come from a long way.

Unfamiliar.

The Old One—"Yes, this is sunset painted by my daughter. She studied abroad several years."

The Young Man—"Ah, yes; I understand now. I can't remember having seen a sunset like that in my country."

After Every Meal
WRIGLEY'S
The Great Canadian Shagwheat
provides pleasant action for your teeth, also penetrating the crevices and cleansing them.
Then, too, it aids digestion.
Use WRIGLEY'S after every meal—see how much better you will feel.

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BLACK KNIGHT
STOVE POLISH
Will not burn Easy to use

It Rests the Wrist
Hotpoint
The whole body is relaxed, the ironing is done far more quickly, and the end of your ironing finds you with untired arms and wrists, if you iron the
way. The thumb rest, an exclusive Hotpoint feature, relieves all strain from the wrist, and makes ironing an agreeable duty, rather than a weary task.
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