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TEA

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TO MAKE A ROSE JAR.

Gather the petals early in the morning and dry in an airy place, then put them in a large stone jar, sprinkling a little salt over half-inch deep layers of petals. Add to this every morning until the roses are gone. After the last of the petals have been put in, allow them to stand in the jar for ten days, stirring the mass once a day. Have an ounce each of cloves and allspice, coarsely ground, and the same amount of stick cinnamon broken into tiny pieces. Pack in another jar, scattering the mixed spices in layers alternately with the flowers. Cover tightly and stand in a dark place for three weeks. Make another mixture containing one-quarter ounce each of mace, allspice and cloves coarsely ground, half a nutmeg (grated), half an ounce of cinnamon (broken fine), one ounce of powdered orrisroot, and a quarter of a pound of dried lavender flowers. Mix all together in a bowl and fill the rose jar with alternate layers of the stock and this other mixture. A few drops of one or more of the essential oils—rose, geranium or bitter almond—may be dropped upon the layers. Over the whole pour one ounce of fine cognac. This is sufficient to fill two quart jars and will keep for years. Rose-geranium, sweet clover, lemon verbena or other fragrant leaves may be added from time to time. It is not at all important that all of the ingredients should be used. One or more may be omitted if desired.

A WINDOW COOLING BOX.

A form of iceless refrigerator consists of a box a foot deep, as wide as the window and the height of the lower sash. The back of the box and a part of each end are removed and the openings covered with screen wire. The entire box, with the exception of the front side next to the window, is covered with burlap, and it is then set on a shelf or supported by brackets just outside the window. Shelves are put in at convenient distances apart and the box secured in place and made to fit snugly inside the window casing, so that when the sash is raised the inside can be reached from the kitchen and when the sash is lowered it serves as a door for the box. In place of the sash, if the housewife prefers, a temporary screen can be used.

The box is preferably placed in a north window or where the sun is not on it for long during the day. Set a large pan of water on top, and use some broad wicks of flannel or felt to connect the burlap covering and the water in the pan. Thus the water follows the wick and keeps the burlap moist whereby the air in the box is cooled and kept several degrees cooler than that of surrounding objects. These cooling boxes are more successful in a dry climate than in regions where the atmosphere is moist.

SUMMER GROWTH FOR FERNS.

I learned years ago that if I wanted the finest ferns in winter I did not want to encourage them to make their growth in the winter. They should grow in summer when the strong light will make the fronds dense and finely divided. The newer types from the Boston fern have very fine foliage if grown in a good light and the soil

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THE FLAVOR LASTS

ISSUE No. 26-23.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
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CHAPTER VIII.

"David, when we leave this mesh-work of a Pekin thoroughfare I'm going to give all rein to my Mongol. If I don't, by the time we reach Culver's temple in the hills every ounce of self-confidence will have evaporated. There's nothing like stony silence to give one the creeps."

"I beg your pardon, Grace," David managed to navigate his pony through a medley of carts, a lunch vendor's equipment, and a couple of rickshaws, and reach his cousin's side. "I wonder what would happen if some of the New World energy were to suddenly lodge in half the population of China?"

"Headlong and sidelong collision, no doubt. Right of way being unknown, there would be a general smash-up, and Peking would gasp out its last on its own streets. Look, would you? What do you think of that for nonchalant stupidity?—if there could be such a thing?"

David followed his companion's gaze. Three donkey riders and half a dozen carts, overtopped by two camels, had met from four directions. As no right of way regulation existed, no one thought of allowing the other to pass, consequently the medley were all crowding closer and closer and making more inevitable a hopeless tangle. But might and dignity saved the day. The camels moved forward stately and invincible. The others stepped aside and behold, a way was cleared.

"Three cheers for the kings of the desert!" laughed Grace, as her pony bore her through the clearing made by the camels. "Poor old China," she commented as David reached her side again, "she finds the Old World chains hard to break."

"And yet her people aren't so different from us," replied David reminiscently. "Listen to the boy! I won't deny they have muscles, a tongue, and even eyes, but so have monkeys. But even monkeys have a little sense of cleanliness."

"Now, now, dear girl, you are leaving out the soul part."

"Their souls are so covered up with layers of antiquity one seldom gets a glimpse of them."

"That may be the case with some, but even China has her shining examples of humanity. Mr. Wong Toy, for instance; a more intelligent, refined gentleman would be hard to find even in Europe or America."

"Indeed?" A dimple showed in Grace's cheek. Turning her head she became suddenly interested in the other side of the street.

"You haven't met him, of course," continued David.

"I have his niece, though."

David straightened in his saddle. Grace felt indignant eyes boring into the back of her head and the dimple increased to two.

"Perhaps"—David's voice was decidedly cool—"I mistake the meaning in your words and tone. You are less my memory is decidedly unreliable, not long ago I heard you sing exuberant praises of Miss Wong Toy."

"Well," Grace's tone was tantalizing, "can't one's mind change?"

"I haven't seen her since, and I'm beginning to think that in my first judgment I was mistaken."

"No, you weren't," denied David, heatedly. "She is the fairest thing China or any other country could produce, a pure lotus lily."

Grace turned quickly. The dimples had fled.

David flushed as he met the grave question in his cousin's eyes. "Well?" there was a note of defiance in his voice.

Grace's eyes grew soft as she noticed the tense lines in his face. "I suspected this, David, and was going to ask you to be fair to the girl, but I see you, too, are going to suffer."

"Suffer? Why should either of us suffer?" David's voice was almost irritable.

"You would marry her, then?"

"Why not, if she loves me?"

"Yes, love is a great power, a great panacea in most women's lives; but forgive me, David, I don't think even your love would make little Tu Hee happy. What is more, I know you agree with me, David."

David's head was bent. "Grace grew uncomfortable at the silence that ensued. Had she said too much?—presumed on her relationship and friendship? Had she proclaimed her convictions without fact? A little frightened, she turned. She must say something to break this horrible silence. David was gazing straight ahead, his lips set in hard, firm lines. Reaching out a hand she laid it rather timidly on his saddle."

David looked at her, then covering her hand with his own, he said: "You are right, Grace. I have argued with myself until I have almost broken my own will, but, thank heaven, my love for her is too great to let me see my own shadow where her happiness is concerned."

"I am sure she is as much Western as Eastern in her make-up. Her eyes proclaim that." Grace seemed to be searching for a loophole for her cousin. "But against her Eastern education and her love for her own people, I'm afraid the Western strain would weaken to nothing."

David did not reply, but words were unnecessary. The shadow on his face affirmed he agreed with her.

Mechanically Grace guided her pony from a break in the road, as she pondered over the cruel prongs of fate. War-weary and battle-scarred, the man at her side was yet destined for wounds; for David, Grace knew, was one of the men who love well once in a lifetime. Why, she asked herself, did life make such a hopeless scrawl of some lives? She sighed heavily.

"What's this I hear?" David forced his voice to a banter. "Your friendship, nay, kinship, is the boon of my life—my salvation! With that I am 'Fortunate Youth' No. 2, so don't

waste your heaves of regret on me, fair lady. By the way, I have a little secret up my left sleeve, which I'll wager you a box of Ma-Hi's confectionery you can't guess."

They were now ascending a hill, and Grace, who was ahead on the narrow path, trusted fully to her horse's instinct for life and limb, while she turned to glimpse her cousin's face.

"Might have known I could gain nothing from your crinkly, twinkly mask," she pouted; "but let me see—left sleeve he says, h'm. What's on the left? A heart. Your box of sweets is safe, Davey dear. I know of no thing or no him that can rock my heart."

Even Rowe, who swore he would drill through the stone, has given up. For awhile he and honor me with weekly epistles which dwindled to fortnightly, then to monthly, and now, alas, to nil. I only know the creature exists through Mabel Hespeler, who persists in lecturing me about his broken heart. It's terrible to be disillusioned, Davey dear."

Grace's dimples showed bravely, nay, roughly, but David was not deceived.

"This is the part of China one hopes will never change: the mountains, the valleys, and the temples. I wonder, David, if the Culvers have taken the same temple where their child died years ago?"

"I hardly think so. No; in fact I now recall Uncle Chess writing that that temple had been removed."

"How strange! I didn't think the Chinese ever did away with their temples, above all things. Ah, David, isn't that lovely?" Grace pointed excitedly to the grove at the top of the hill, through the green of which glimmered a red-tiled roof with upturned corners. "How I wish mother would take a temple for the summer months; but she says she is far enough removed from civilization as it is, through me, as if it is my wish to be banished to hitherto for the sake of empty romance. Why, David, there's a man!—he looks as though waiting for us."

"Well, my dear, there is nothing strange in that, as Dr. Culver and Uncle Chess both happen to be males."

"Of course," Grace relaxed in her saddle. "How foolish of me. I thought for a moment it might be." But her explanation was left unfinished, for at that instant a cheery halloo floated down to them.

David, his eyes flashing mischievously, watched his companion's face. But Grace had apparently forgotten his very existence. As the clear, long-drawn notes continued, unbelief, surprise, and, at last, a gleam of recognition on her face. The last, however, disappeared almost as suddenly as it had come, and she urged her pony forward at a gallop that is an unusual sight, especially in a place where the road winds up a none too gently sloping hillside. As she gained the top she was caught in a pair of young arms, in fact so strong that they were not in the least hurry to get rid of their burden.

"You may hold me just another second, Rowe," came a smothered voice. "David will be here then."

But David had discreetly taken another path.

The moon beams down in the same silvery way on China as on America. The same fateful consequences follow in its wake, also, but the happy world bliss was predominant to-night.

"Say again, sweetheart. It is so wonderful to hear it coming from you—your whom I thought Fate had ruthlessly put out of my reach forever."

"It's surprising what a teacher distance is, almost as efficient as experience. And the girl sighed happily. "When did you discover you couldn't live without me, Rowe?"

"The instant I laid eyes on you," was the prompt reply. "If you'll ask you that question, dearest, for I had nothing to attract you but my love."

"Sh!" The girl laid her fingers on the boy's lips. "I won't have you disparage yourself. The germ was there, the bud I mean, but mamma nearly froze it to death until I—well, I almost felt I had no heart at all. But oh! I love you now, and I don't want to even think, this wonderful night."

"What's that?" questioned the boy as the sound of a man singing floated out to them.

"It's David, the wretch," laughed Grace. "He has the victrola on the edge of the verandah for our benefit."

Clear, resonant, the music poured forth, drowning the silver notes of the temple bells.

"Oh, was there ever a night like this?"

"That's a clarion call," laughed Grace.

"Hang it all. I can't have you to myself for five minutes."

"Time flies, I know, Rowe dear, but my wrist watch tells me we have been out here exactly forty-five minutes."

As the boy and girl walked towards the lantern-lit verandah Grace pressed her companion's arm. "O Rowe, I'm so glad you came. I was so desperate; yes, desperate enough to fall in love with David!"

The boy's eyes sought her face jealously.

Grace laughed. "You needn't have the tiniest twinge of that green malady, Rowe dear. David has a romance, but," and Grace's voice became grave, "poor David, I'm afraid there is no living happy, ever after attached to it."

"It's not a painted Chinese lady, I hope?"

"H'm, risky business, playing in the celestial region. I thought Dave was more level-headed."

"Good heavens!" Rowe stopped up short. "You don't mean to say he's thinking of marrying a Chinese—a yellow-skinned?"

(To be continued.)

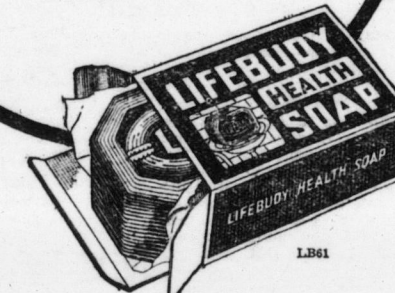


Lifebuoy may be safely used on the tenderest skin.

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Lifebuoy babies have beautiful healthy skins.



The Purpose of Garden Paths.

Garden paths should always go somewhere, says W. S. Rogers in "Planning Your Garden."

"Paths which start nowhere and end at a blank wall suggest purposelessness. It may be taken as an axiom that the principal path should commence at some point conveniently near, and preferably facing, the door by which the house inmates enter the garden. Its direction should be through the flowers, and it should have a natural termination, or final destination. The best terminal to a garden path in my opinion is the summer house, and when that feature is nonexistent, an arbor, or some other erection, should serve the purpose. Failing that, the path might terminate in a square expansion, in which a seat, sun-dial, or other appropriate object might be placed."

"It would be better to end it at a tool house or garage, or even at a potting-shed, than to allow it to stop suddenly nowhere."

Fortitude.

Though the Omnipotent decree That I descend into the mire, Yet will His hand reveal to me In smoking fax the unquenched fire.

For in the darkness I shall find Brave comrades, nurtured not to yield Enfranchised from the shifting mind. The craven heart, the nerve unsteeld.

Out of the land of gloom and shade Him will I worship and extol, Who of all great things, greatest made The unconquerable human soul.



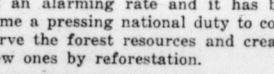
Neither Safe Nor Sane.

Both—"We'll still be needed!"

No Survivors.

Judge—"This bootlegger ought to be tried by a jury of his patrons!" State's Attorney—"Alas, your honor, there are no survivors!"

Canadians are apt to think that their forests are illimitable and their supply of wood inexhaustible. This is not so. Fires and insects are depleting the reserves of forested land at an alarming rate and it has become a pressing national duty to conserve the forest resources and create new ones by reforestation.



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STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

To Design War Memorial.

After months of consultation and study the French Government has finally decided upon Andre Ventre as the artist to design the monument to be erected at the mouth of the Gironde River by the people of France in honor of the arrival of Gen. Pershing and the first of the American Expeditionary Forces.

M. Ventre, who has for long been regarded as one of the foremost architects in Europe, has prepared a tower design for the monument, which will enable it to be seen for a great distance. Work has not yet been started on the monument, but it is expected to be completed before the end of the year, and a great celebration is being planned for its dedication.

Ralph Connor and the County Jail. Rev. Chas. W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, the well-known preacher and author, visited a certain jail on one occasion in order to take notes for an article he was writing on prison life.

On returning home he described what he had seen, and his description made a deep impression on his little daughter.

A few weeks later the author and his offspring were in a train which stopped at a station near a gloomy building.

A passenger asked, "What place is that?"

"The county jail," promptly answered another.

Whereupon, Ralph Connor was greatly embarrassed by his little daughter asking in a loud, shrill voice, "Is that the jail you were in, father?"

Cupid's Radio-Call.

Lady Pleasance Rous, daughter of the third Earl of Strathbrooke, Governor of Victoria, had the paternal blessing on her marriage with Mr. Owen McKenna, a wireless operator, and son of a Lanarkshire wagoner.

Lady Pleasance met Mr. McKenna on the liner on which he was employed—and to which he will return after the honeymoon—while on a voyage to Rangoon to visit a friend. When the liner was nearing port she asked Mr. McKenna to sign his name in her autograph book, but as there was not much space left she offered him her pass-port.

It was then that Mr. McKenna learned of her real identity. On reaching Rangoon she sent a cablegram to her parents saying she had become engaged and intended getting married as soon as convenient.

The Piano Often Called the People's Orchestra.

Three boys in a Western Ontario High School were called upon recently to give impromptu speeches before a general assembly of the students of that institution. Strange to say, the first one to speak was assigned the subject, "The Piano."

With only a couple of minutes to collect his thoughts, he commenced something like this:

"Mr. Chairman and Fellow Students: I am very glad that I have chosen the subject I have, viz., 'The Piano,' as I have often wanted to express the great debt of gratitude we, as human beings, owe to the inventor of the pianoforte. At this very moment you will notice on the platform beside me one of these instruments with its beautiful white ivory keys, awaiting only the deft fingers of the musician to stir our emotions and lead us into paths of high endeavor. And just think how this piano, which incidentally has been called the people's orchestra—and rightly so—just think, I say, how often this piano serves us without, I fear, our giving it the least bit of thought in return."

"Why, only yesterday afternoon the girls were going through their callisthenics with the aid of the piano. Today at noon our boys' choir was rehearsing for the annual concert, the piano being used for the accompaniment. And I dare say at the conclusion of our little gathering this afternoon, one of the pupils will come forward and play 'God, Save the King,' on this king of instruments."

"I therefore ask you all to give more thought to the piano and when you hear it under all kinds of conditions and in all manner of places, remember that it is worthy of your highest regard."

With that, he sat down amid the ringing cheers of his fellow students. But he was not so selfish as to think it was he whom they were cheering. It was "The Piano," he stated—"the people's orchestra," for which they were expressing their appreciation and homage.

Light at Last.

The skipper was examining the ambitious young man who wanted to be the gunner's mate.

He asked him several questions, and was not at all pleased with the answers he received, and at last he said in desperation:

"How much does a six-pound shell weigh?"

"I don't know," the other confessed. "Well," was the next question, "what time does the twelve o'clock train leave?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"All right, then; how much does a six-pound shell weigh?"

"Ah!" said the youthful mariner, as he suddenly saw light. "Twelve pounds."