



Lifebuoy may be safely used on the tenderest skin. It is wonderfully cleansing for little hands, faces and bodies. Lifebuoy makes you beautiful.

Of Mariners.

(From Contemporary Verse)
Sea-folk have speech that is not quite their own,
Twilight is in their talk and sound of water,
For every sea wife, every sea wife's daughter,
Knows ship's and spars and masts and the sea's moan.

Sea-folk have speech that is not quite their own,
For wind is on them and the salty sun,
For every seaman, every seaman's son,
Knows sound of fretting water over stone.

Never a wind comes from the East again,
But they must speak of it to mate or friend,
Never a ship comes home in windy rain,
But they must tell it over without end.

Their salty speech is not their own at all,
Rather the sound of water by a wall.
—Harold Vinall.

In Passing.
Humpty Dumpty sat at the wheel
Of a wicked looking automobile.
He gave her the gas instead of the brakes,
But he won't make any more mistakes.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

Soap Sud Philosophy.
Lady at wash-tub—"Don't read that to me about yer Sovietette Guy-meet! Ain't there enough washin' as it is?"

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Take it home to the kids.
Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

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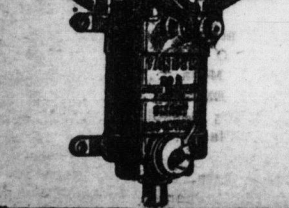
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10812 No. 28-22.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
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CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

What did the strange proceeding mean? In vain he tried to find a solution. The most probable one, of course, was alien spy work. The man was a native, no doubt of it, but this meant nothing, for while China was virtually at war with Germany, there were some of her people who hated all foreigners and could not resist German gold. Perhaps a smoke would help him delve to the bottom of it. He had just settled himself in an easy chair with a cigarette, when a quick knock sounded on the door.

Two strides brought David to the door, which he pulled open with such force that the other fell back startled. Grasping him by the collar David pulled him into the room, closed the door, and turned the key.

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded David, holding up a curved bladed knife. To his surprise two rows of dazzling teeth showed amiably, while a relieved voice said: "Ah, you lock the door. I am safe," and with a satisfied sigh the caller sank on to the cushioned divan.

David, undecided whether he was more amused or angry at this brazen impudence, stood contemplating him. Beyond the fact that his strange visitor was but a boy in years, he was not able to go. A soft silk cap reached over the forehead, attached to which was a white net, which entirely concealed the eyes. As for the lower part of the face, despite the hot night, a silk scarf encircled the throat and was arranged so that only the tip of the nose and part of the mouth were revealed. The hands were hidden in the loose flowing sleeves of the dark blue coat that reached almost to the feet. The voice was hesitating, low, and very soft. It was apparent that to speak English at all was a great effort.

"Ah, it is good. To be secure is good."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," said David dryly. "You've evidently been collecting references."

The youth sat upright. "You angry?" he questioned in surprise.

"Angry, my dear fellow, is a mild term. I am not used to meeting these glistening objects at my door," indicating the knife, "even though they are accompanied by a charming smile."

"Ah, that to protect!"

David's heart gave a wild leap. "Who are you?" he demanded, his hand on the silken neck scarf.

"No, no. You must not touch me," cried the youth, starting to his feet, his hands going to his face in a protecting movement.

"Who are you?" David's voice trembled slightly and his hand closed over one slender wrist.

In the slight struggle the white net slipped aside and David looked into a pair of frightened, defiant eyes.

"Tu Hee! It is you then. Good God, what are you doing here? Do you know what this means?"

"Are you afraid?"

The blue eyes no longer smiled. They were as cool as the voice, but they softened a little as David replied, "Yes, for you."

The girl touched his sleeve. Her cheeks glowed and her voice, defiant as it was, trembled. "You guess who I am and spoil everything. You think me bold, forward like foreign girls. I so full of shame now I perhaps fall. You laugh at me."

"Dear Miss Tu Hee, I respect and care too much to do those things. If I can help you I shall consider it an honor."

The blue eyes looked at him searchingly, and, apparently satisfied, Tu Hee reached out her hand.

David clasped it as he might a child's. Indeed, she seemed by a child standing there, wide-eyed and slender in the dark, straight coat.

"I am grateful, Captain Marsden. No, I haven't time to sit down. No one knows I am here and I must get back before I am missed."

"But how did you get here? Surely you did not come alone?"

"My uncle is away for a few days and I spent the afternoon and night with an old school friend of the foreign academy. Her home is just a block away, but that is far enough. And she shivered slightly.

"You shan't return alone. I'll accompany you back."

"No, no," returned Tu Hee, "it wouldn't be safe. No one must know I have been here, even seen you, to-night. You see in a case of this kind spies are everywhere. O, Captain Marsden," Tu Hee leaned forward and laid her hand on David's arm, "they are planning to steal the ruby!"

"The sacred ruby? Surely not! What is their object in taking the ruby from the temple?"

"No, no, not from the temple, from Paul Culver. I can't give you complete details," continued Tu Hee. "I do not dare to give you even the leader's name, but he will stop at nothing to accomplish his ends. And my uncle being away makes it so terrible. They have planned to commit the crime in his absence."

"Do you know if they have set a definite time?"

"Yes, to-morrow at midnight, so you see no time is to be lost in warning your friends and protecting my cousin's possession."

"I will start for the hills at day-break," David assured her.

"You will take a guard. You will protect yourself!"

David smiled reassuringly. "Don't bother your head about me, Miss Weng Toy. I think I can manage a common thief."

David, watching the lightning-like change of her moods, wondered that anyone should say the race was phlegmatic.

"A guard is no use, Captain Marsden," Tu Hee's voice was low and tense. "There is only one sure way of frustrating his plans, that is by

encasing the ruby in the box of death." David looked at her curiously. An uncanny feeling swept over him. "The name sounds rather ominous," he replied, with a half laugh.

"It is a box that was made for the protection of the rubies. There is not another like it in China; no, not in all the world."

"And is this death box, as you call it, within reach? Is it possible for us to procure it?" questioned David.

From the inside of her coat Tu Hee drew forth a piece of paper, which she thrust into David's hand. "The box of death is now in the possession of Tung Yung. You will find there directions where he is to be found. I have written it so that there can be no mistake."

"This ruby means a great deal to your house, Miss Weng Toy?"

Tu Hee blushed, but smiled up at David confidentially.

"Much, yes, and much also to me. My uncle wishes my cousin and me betrothed."

"And you?" David tried to make his tone casual, but his heart pounded like lead as he waited for her answer.

"Oh!" She clasped and unclasped her hands. "I must marry. It's our custom; so I say, as does my uncle, why not Paul? He very wonderful. You marry some day, too?"

David forced a smile as he shook his head. "I'm afraid not, Miss Tu Hee."

"You say no? Ah, but great man like you should marry. You make girl very happy."

As David looked down into the earnest blue eyes, the smiles all hidden away, for the first time in his life he regretted being an Englishman. Turning away abruptly he crossed the room, pausing at his dressing-room door. There he looked back and called laughing: "Now, Miss Tu Hee, while you fix your make-up I'll surprise you with mine!"

In less than three minutes David reappeared in a disguise that his own mother could not have penetrated.

Tu Hee clapped her hands as she circled around him. "A real mandarin!" she cried.

David could not resist the temptation. Bending his head he asked softly: "Would you like me better if I were a mandarin?"

Tu Hee lifted laughing eyes to his face, but what she saw there caused her hands to flutter nervously. All at once she was the timid Chinese maiden and David had to bend very near to catch the tremulous answer:

Woman's Interests

SUMMER BEAUTY.

Do these hot days brown and wither your face? You wouldn't think of letting the flowers in your garden go without special attention, through blistering hot days. Why then allow freckles, sun wrinkles, and blackheads, like ugly weeds, choke out the pink and white loveliness or the olive smoothness of your complexion?

"What can I do?" writes a skin-freckled woman. "Creams feel sticky on my face in July, and my skin is too burned and sensitive for soap and water." The beauty parlors offer such a woman a special cream that can be used with water. I've been investigating, and I find it is composed of almost the same elements as your husband's shaving cream. So you're in despair about the blackheads and the tiny cross lines, why not give this a trial?

There's a new one. It is made from nourishing and cleansing oil by the manufacturer of one of the most popular toilet soaps. Of course, he made it for men, but I'm thinking that women are going to use a lot of it, too.

Buttermilk or the whey from sour milk is an excellent wash for the too-brown face and neck. Wash thoroughly first, and then apply the milk. After it has dried, rinse it off with cold water. This whitening method takes a little time. If you're in a hurry, why not use a good bleaching cream? One that is strong enough to whiten the skin, but not strong enough to hurt. There is also a "snow" lotion that actually prevents the tan-brown appearing.

Paris must have had our summers in mind when she designed her latest coiffure. It is so simple and cool. Comb your hair softly back, exposing the lobes of your ears and leaving your forehead bare. Now slip down an old-fashioned back comb until it reaches the middle of the back of your head. The next step is to roll up all the back hair into a long horizontal roll and pin it directly under the comb.

Is your hair sticky in warm weather? Does it persist in hanging in dank tendrils underneath your prettiest organdie hat? A flower-scented refreshing tonic teaches it to mend its ways. And there's another summer tonic that eliminates the shampoo when you're touring.

If you're overindulged in swimming, and your hair is harsh and dead, and a gummy mass forms on the comb and brush, put a pinch of borax in the shampoo water. It cuts the grease and dust and prevents the disagreeable after stickiness.

"You great mandarin to me always." David and his companion made their way silently through the deserted corridors of the hotel out into the night. It was with considerable relief they saw they attracted no notice whatsoever, and congratulated themselves that they looked for all the world like two naive youths of the upper class wending their way homeward after some frolic. But for all this they kept assiduously silent. Even when Tu Hee's destination was reached not even a whisper but a warm pressure of the fingers was all the means they used to communicate their thoughts to each other. David marvelled afterwards at the reserve strength that had come to his rescue and enabled him to exhibit such self-control.

As he walked back to the hotel the harassing scruples of the past ten days had entirely fled, in fact had been entirely so far as his thoughts were concerned. Despite the strange adventure that was but three hours ahead of him, he had no misgivings. His heart was as buoyant as his steps. His mind was mightily relaxed. If David had been inclined to analyze his feelings and put them into words, he would have perhaps diagnosed his case as one of Fate had entirely in hand. He cared to exert no volition. He was willing to be led blindly if need be. It required no thought or poring over when he stood before his desk a short time later to destroy the cablegram he had so resolutely penned but an hour earlier. Swiftly and surely his pen filled in another blank with a code, the import of which was: "Will report in London fifteenth September. Impossible earlier."

Setting his alarm for four a.m., David settled his head on the pillow for at least two hours' rest or two hours of delightful dream. After what seemed but five minutes of the latter he was brought back to reality by a queer sound at his bedside. His foot had trained him to sleep lightly, and when he opened his eyes now he was wide awake and on the qui vive. To his amazement his reading lamp was already flooding him with its rays, and with a code, the import of which was: "Will report in London fifteenth September. Impossible earlier."

"In the name of Jupiter, what's all the row?" cried David, leaping from his bed.

"You, my master. I no let him in. I let him back me but no let him in."

"Be rational boy: what's the meaning of your standing there moaning like a banshee?" David turned the boy's face to the light and an exclamation of dismay escaped him.

"Why, Ma Tu, you're hurt! Here, sit down and stop moaning."

"I faint, my master," protested the boy. "I faint to gods—I save you—you—my master!"

The last words came faintly as the boy collapsed weakly into a chair. (To be continued.)

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GREEN TEA H371
a flavor beyond compare - JUST TRY IT.



A JAUNTY SPORTS STYLE.

4369. Here is a youthful model, suggestive of the season, and its beautiful fabrics. Figured silk in blue and tan tones was used for the blouse. The facings on collar and revers and the facings are blue. The skirt is of tan Camel's hair woolen. Crepe, linen or gingham and linen, could be used for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 1 1/2 yards for the blouse and 3 3/4 yards for the skirt of 40-inch material. The width at the foot of the skirt is 2 1/2 yards, with plaits extended. To trim blouse as illustrated, 1/4 yard 40 inches wide is required.

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.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

A single banyan tree has been known to shelter 7,000 men at one time.

How One Walked in Sorrow.

Like one who carries banners,
You tread the common street;
The paving stones are proud of you,
And all the air is sweet
As with triumphal flowers
That fall before your feet.

And common folk remember,
Seeing you passing by,
How tragic queens have walked the earth,
Gone proudly forth to die. . . .
A lifted, living beauty,
Above the fickle lie.

We shall be long forgetting
The regal way you went,
Crowned with some secret certainty,
Some truth magnificent—
Till our blind hearts may learn, at last,
The splendid thing you meant.

—David Morton.

Thumb rings were popular among court ladies of the seventeenth century.

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WHITE Shoe Dressing
CAKE OR LIQUID

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silent-but eloquent

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render the maximum of helpful service.

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You know that mustard not only gives more zest and flavor to meats, but also stimulates your digestion? Because it aids assimilation it adds nourishment to foods.

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For all your Preserving, use half sugar and half "Lily White" Corn Syrup.

At all grocers—in 2, 5, and 10 lb. tins.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED 307

Concentration.

Northcliffe gave an enquirer the one word "concentration" as his recipe for success. To be able to put your mind on what you are doing and keep it there, with chaos round about, is to establish your value as a workman capable of producing in adverse circumstances. Some artists and writers insist that their creative faculties will not operate except in peace and quiet. Set in a city, they insist on green hills, or the seashore, or the depths of the forest, as the proper region to achieve their imaginative masterpieces.

The place to think beautiful thoughts and give exquisite form to their fancies is any place except the spot in which they happen to be. Men and women are even heard to mourn that they were born in the wrong century. They would have done better, they hold, in the Middle Ages. Their century was the twelfth, and not the twentieth. They rail against the hustle and in-veigh against the crowding, molling turbulence of this age in which they were unfortunately cast to take a part. They cannot get used to living; they cannot settle down; they think that to keep steadily at work betrays a lack of temperament.

Great engineers and inventors have had to think things out to a conclusion by mental application, long continued, wherever they were. Legislators in a Western Commonwealth were infuriated at the faculty of the State university and wished to cut off its funds because, they said, the professors often merely sat in a chair and looked out of a window, saying nothing for some minutes. The legislators could not understand the value of silent processes of thought. They could appreciate the felling of a tree or the milling of flour; they could see the meaning of a tractor plow in motion or a ship under way. But they failed to realize that human brain-power precedes horse-power or hydro-electric power or any other manifestation of energy.

We know a few things about the brain, but most of what it is and does remains an unfathomed mystery. As long as it is a working tool it is entitled to remain in full command. Man has invented various ways of putting it out of business, but the premium in any calling goes to the one who makes it serve him and serve the purpose in hand. The forceful executive is he who can put his mind on one thing, to the exclusion of the irrelevant, the inconsequential, the extraneous. He can shut himself in with thought, even in the midst of a crowd. Even when he is alone, he is in the company of ideas, which find in his intellect their congenial abiding place. It is part of his decisive character to shut out, at a given moment, everything with which that moment has no concern. There are men who seemed to possess extraordinary powers of the mind chiefly because they have acquired a phenomenal capacity of concentration.

Queerest of Clubs Holds Reunion.

The very queerest of queer clubs must surely be the Last Man's Club of America, which has for its members the survivors of the Civil War.

Thirty-four organized the club, but only four men are left, and on each 21st of July the Last Man's Club holds its annual reunion dinner. Then a bottle of rare old vintage wine is placed upon the banquet table, touched but not tasted. For it is given to the last survivor of the Civil War to break the seal and drink (on some 21st of July) the contents of the last bottle of the Last Man's Club.

The names of the thirty members who have died are on the bottle, and the thirty-fourth man is inscribed at the bottom of the list. And when he is called away to his comrades the empty bottle will be preserved as a memorial of the Last Man's Club.

Two of the present members are seventy-nine years old, one eighty-three and one eighty-four.

Of course, no one can tell when this club will end, for it must go on till all the men die, and even then its name among American citizens will live for ever.

When the next three of the survivors die, and the Last Man opens the bottle and arises to drink the last toast, there will be only vacant chairs around him.

One may imagine how, with a tear in his eye and amid a multitude of memories, he will lift that last glass of wine, and, with a gulp, toss off the contents.

America's Many Languages.

It is said that in North and South America no less than 120 or 130 absolutely distinct languages exist. As the growth of language is very slow, it is thought that the fact of the existence of so great a variety of speech on the western continents proves that the native red men have inhabited them for many thousands of years. Another proof of the antiquity of the American Indians, according to some authorities, is the fact that they represent a distinct human type, and the formation of such a type requires thousands of years.

It costs more to avenge one's wrongs than it does to protect one's rights.