

Just Try an Experiment— Buy a packet of "SALADA" TEA and see if it is not the most delicious Tea you ever tasted. "Most Tea-Drinkers Think It Is."



LAUNDERING BABY'S LAYETTE.

Baby's soft little wool things, underwear, knitted jackets, outfit flannel kimono and lovely little muslin dresses and petticoats are so pretty we surely desire to keep them so, and this is possible if just a little care is taken in their laundering.

All the linens, white outing flannels and even white muslins may be put through the regular wash.

Crib blankets, little kimonoas with colored borders or figures, and all wool garments should be washed as follows:

Have the water no warmer than you can bear your hands in, and use a good wool soap, or soap flakes to make a nice suds. Squeeze articles with the hands and rinse about in the suds till clean, then squeeze out all the water you can and put through a lukewarm rinse water with blueing and just enough soap to slightly cloud the water but not to make a suds. Squeeze water from the garments or put flat through wringer and hang in sun and fresh air to dry.

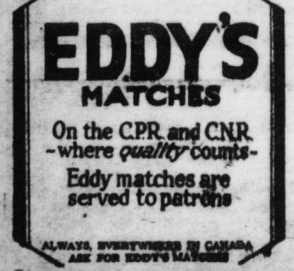
Woolens and wool-finished blankets will always be fluffy and soft if washed this way, and will not shrink. Do not do this sort of laundry on a cold, dark or damp day. To keep fresh and soft correct drying is as important as correct washing.

Do not iron the knit wool shirts, bands with straps, or stockings. The little wool bands with shoulder straps are often worn without the shirt in warm weather.

WHY NOT USE MORE COTTAGE CHEESE?

It is a nutritious food, easily prepared, besides furnishing body-building fat, yet its possibilities as a food are often overlooked by housewives. Freshly soured milk makes the best cheese, but natural souring should not be too slow. A commercial starter can be used when making large quantities of cheese, allowing a package of this starter to a pint of milk. That makes the "mother," a tablespoon of which should be put in every gallon of skim-milk to be soured.

A universal custom that benefits everybody. Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.



The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
(Copyright.)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

"You don't understand," said Grace. "This girl is different. She is wonderfully pretty for a Chinese. She is a direct descendant of the royal house of Woo Wang—a lady to her finger tips."

"They tip a long way too, don't they?"

"Rowe, how can you be so horrid? If that's their custom—"

"Oh, I'm not criticizing their aversion to manhandling. Only I'll warn Dave to see that at least her nails are cut. It's not safe, you know; some of them have such beastly tempers."

"If it wasn't such a glorious night, I believe I'd quarrel with you. This girl, I tell you, is different."

"For the love of skipping grasshoppers, she's trying to poison poor Dave off on an almond-eyed Oriental!"

Rowen Langton was by no means a family-tree man, but he had the not unusual narrow viewpoint of the average Westerner with regard to those outside the pale of his horizon. Good natured to a degree, his Southern dogma was all-white or a mongrel.

"Oh, I know it seems terrible," replied Grace, "perfectly horrible, to think of David, dear old David, having this happen after going through so much, but I don't blame him, certainly not at all. If I were a man I'd flop in like a young whale. I saw her only once, but I fell for her loveliness like a pilgrim before his altar. Her eyes are wonderful—the bluest I've ever seen."

"Blue? Blue, black, you mean?"

"No, sapphire blue. I think her grandmother, or somebody very back, was white. David said something to that effect."

"Worse and more of it. From what I hear I think we had all better part company from your cousin if we want to keep our heads."

"Rowe, don't be absurd, or I'll—"

"No, you won't, sweetheart. I'll stand right by you, right into the fray, if you say the little word."

"When you see her you may want to get in too far. Gracious, it sounds as if the whole assemblage are on the verandah."

"Well, what if they are?" whispered the boy, as they climbed the steps. "I feel as if I want to tell it to the whole world!"

"As they stepped on to the verandah, however, it was rather a serious group they faced. Neil Culver was the centre of it, and Chesterton Reynolds was speaking."

"It is said that nothing in this old world is perfect, but that belies the adage. And the old mandarin has an exact duplicate, David."

"Yes, sir, who were not for the inscription I would take it for the identical stone."

"It's the sacred ruby, Paul's gift from Prince Tsoo," said Grace, as they joined the enraptured group. "O Rowe, isn't it the most perfect, gorgeous thing in the world?" exclaimed Grace, as she glimpsed the glowing jewel of China entered.

Neil Culver lifted the little case towards her, but to the surprise of everyone she drew back, pale to the lips. In a moment she had recovered herself, but her voice trembled slightly as she spoke: "Perhaps you will think me silly, imaginative, but when you held it out it seemed to spread and liquefy like warm blood."

But no one laughed at Grace's fancy. Instead, Reynolds remarked: "I've spent so many years in the Orient it would be strange if the occult had not influenced at least a corner of my mind, but that stone has a history, the life of which still glows from its very heart, and what David has told us of his visit to the mandarin's temple makes me think it's a dangerous article to have around."

Culver flashed a look of surprise, mingled with resentment, at his friend.

The other replied to the look with a half laugh. "Thanks for your speechless compliment, Neil. Your eyes plainly tell me I was once a practical level-headed human being. I hope I am that still, but knocking about in the world, as you know, one is bound to lose the protruding points of egoism. I used to scoff at what I termed the superstition of the East, but now I keep silent, but with mind wide open, so that the river of the unknown may saturate instead of circumvent it."

"Which I admire in you, Chess. The basis of the Christian religion is solid and firm enough to uphold any legitimate finding. But to come back to the starting point, why do you fear the sacred ruby?"

"Yes, Mr. Reynolds, please tell us," Irma Culver's lips were smiling as she asked the question, but the pupils of her eyes were dilated.

Reynolds looked into the wide-eyed eyes for a moment, then threw back his head and laughed. His voice rang true enough to deceive the most astute as he replied: "Please forgive me, Mrs. Culver. The wonderful beauty of the stone slipped a bolt of my imagination chest. For a few moments I was living in my past among the Hindus. But this is modernized China, and the gift was made by an influential man of the East, a prince, so indeed, as Neil says, what is to be feared? Instead of fearing, I know everyone here, including myself, is thinking of the brave lad whose valor and deeds have spread so far."

A murmur of approbation rose from the group. The strained atmosphere relaxed. Mysterium evaporated before the geniality and warmth of reunited friendship, and the party set to work to enjoy the tea and cakes by the protruding points of egoism. China, with its traditions and heartaches, and encircled by its iron bands of paganism, fled before the virile, hopeful laughter of the New World.

CAN PEAS WHILE FRESH.

I want to tell the readers of "Woman's Interests" how I canned my peas last summer. My family has enjoyed them more than any other vegetable I ever canned. I canned twenty-four pints and every one kept fine. I just used the last can Sunday, and they tasted almost like fresh peas.

When canning peas, be sure to can as quickly as possible after picking. As I shell them, I grade them according to size, and also put the more mature ones into one pan and the young tender ones into another. This will insure a more evenly cooked product. I also take out all split and broken peas so that the liquor will be clear. After washing, I blanch the more mature peas about seven minutes and the young tender ones about four minutes, in boiling water and plunge immediately into cold water.

Next I pack the peas in hot sterilized jars to within one and one-half inches of the top. If they are crowded too much some of them will burst, making a cloudy liquor. Fill the jars with boiling water and be sure you get out all the air bubbles. To each quart jar, add one teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and process in hot water bath for three hours. The covers I only partly screw on. If you have a steam pressure cooker, it doesn't take as long, but I haven't mine yet. Finish sealing and they are ready to store away.

I hope everyone has as good luck with this method as I have. The great secret is to can as quickly as possible after cooking. I am planning on canning even more this year.—Mrs. M. C.



Pattern 3285 is portrayed in this attractive model. It is cut in 5 Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the Apron and 1 yard for the Hat.

Apron and Hat may be made of the same material. Cretonne, linen, drill, gingham, chambray, percale and shantung could be used. The apron may serve as a dress, and be worn with bloomers.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by The Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Where is Heaven?

Where is Heaven? Is it not just a friendly garden plot, Walked with stone and rooted 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 sheaves, And His voice has talked to me In the sunlit apple tree.

—Bliss Carmen.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds
ISSUE No. 27—23.

worked from early morning until late into the night. He wore out completely two assistants, and then sent them to the hills for a week's rest, added an hour to his own working day and accomplished three men's work. Grace looked on silent and fearful for the first few days, and then started into the rescue, but all she accomplished was a shake of the head, a lightning of the lips, and the brusque query: "There are three things for me to do, Grace: work, ruin a life, or get out. Which do you advise?"

Deciding her cousin was beyond the pale of advice, Grace wisely offered none. But Fate had a card up her sleeve, which she was now ready to play.

David was sitting at his piled-up desk in the hotel. The day had been an unusually strenuous one. He had not even taken time to go to the dining-room for dinner, as the empty tray beside him indicated. A cablegram was spread open in front of him, on which he alternately frowned and beat a tattoo with his pencil. David knew perfectly well that according to all the rules of reason he ought to be in at least a genial mood, instead of sitting there inwardly fuming. He looked once more at the official code message, although the words were already buzzing mechanically and insistently through his brain: "Report at London headquarters fifteenth September at latest. Earlier if possible."

A month previous, he reflected, such an order would have been a corner of heaven tossed to him, whereas now he only heaven lay in two blue eyes whose smiles were denied him.

"Damn! What a confounded sentimental idiot I am!" His hand shot out—the top drawer of his desk opened with a bang, and the next instant he was writing decisively a code message on the white pad headed "Cablegram." "Will leave for London Saturday, July tenth."

"Leaves me two days in which to cram ten days' work, but I've had good practice," and David laughed dryly.

His finger reached for the button on his desk, had covered it, when a tap sounded on the door, and a Chinaman in the garb of a house servant bowed himself forward. He stopped within a few paces of David's chair and glanced about apprehensively. "We alone, sir?" His voice was low and muffled, and he spoke in broken English.

"Evidently," said David, "the bird in the window," replied David, puzzled and a little aggravated at the man's strange manner.

The Chinaman glanced towards the cage swinging in front of the window, and emitted a grunt, whether of satisfaction or derision David couldn't tell.

"Do you belong to the hotel?" questioned David, his voice still rasping.

The man drew himself to his full height, which was decidedly above the average. He spoke in his tone of extreme indignation, amazement at the foreigner's apparent ignorance and lack of etiquette.

"Well, my good man, if you don't belong here, please, to say the least, is rather unceremonious, don't you think?"

The man turned his bright beady eyes on him as if trying to comprehend the meaning of the remark. At the end of half a minute a grin parted his lips. "Ung—understand—yo ceremony, much ceremony. Sir?" The newcomer wheeled about, his startled eyes on the door. David following his glance saw the handle turn slowly and cautiously.

"What in the name—" David strode forward. "What do you mean coming here unannounced and locking my door?" He threw the question over his shoulder, but the man had turned the key and opened the door with a vicious jerk. "Well, I'll be—" The expression on his face finished the exclamation, as he confronted him in the dimly lit corridor. He peered up and down the hall, but everything was still. Not even an echo disturbed the quietness. "I could have sworn that door handle moved. Hope it's not my confounded nerves again," muttered David as he stepped back into the room. "Something badly queer," he said. He wheeled about and received another shock. He was alone—the room was empty. David's hand went to his head. Had work and worry affected his brain?

A sassy chirp sounded from the window and in a moment the room was flooded with a joyous, full-throated melody.

"Here, here, Peko, that's too much for to-night. Enough magic around already," protested David, stepping to the bird cage, but as his glance rested on the window Peko and his carolling were forgotten. A relieved smile overspread David's face. "So that's it. It's not a pipe dream after all. The fellow was really here and took short leave through the window."

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A Song of Sex.

Woman's way is woman's way. Changing to the view. And man's way is man's way— Change will be rue!

Woman's way is woman's way— Who shall steer it true?— Veering as the flaws veer, Changing with each hue.

But man's way is man's way. What can he do But hold to the one way, Hold it and rue!

Woman's way is woman's way. Changing to the view. And man's way is man's way— And that's woman's too.

—Maurice Morris.

Often the Cause.

Goss—"In a quarrel with her fellow last night, Mayne Manybeaux was terribly burnt when the powder she had about her exploded!"

Sipp—"Awful! What caused it?"

Goss—"So much friction, of course."

Nature Lore.

Books are of patetically little use to tell the story of nature. Few people recognize more than a dozen roadside flowers, the commonest trees and shrubs, a few kinds of birds and insects. To be able to distinguish the call notes of birds seems to most persons a miraculous gift. The few who know enough of nature to be guides for a few hours' walk have knowledge that many others deeply long for and that they would pay handsomely to get.

Nearly 200 miles of roads radiate from Banff in Banff National park, Alberta, and with the exception of the Spray Valley road, all of these are open to motorists.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

Every day we see men of only average talent passing their brothers on the road to success, simply because they are possessed of that blessed trait of application.

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Mix Mustard this way

Mix Keen's Mustard with water to the consistency of a thick paste. Add water until the desired thickness is obtained. If a milder flavor is desired mix with milk. Mix mustard freshly for every meal.

but it must be Keen's

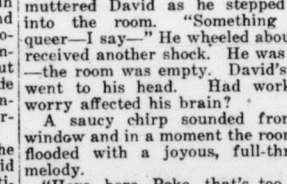
Put up lots of STRAWBERRIES with LILY WHITE Corn Syrup

"Lily White" cuts down the cost of preserving—keeps the fine natural color and fresh flavor of the berries—and prevents "sugaring".

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



the SMARTER TANDER

A silent, easy working and durable pump that definitely replaces the Wing type model. Pumps all kinds of liquids. Can be drained to prevent freezing. Easy to prime and to repair with household tools. See it at your hardware store.

JAMES SMART PLANT

CHAPTER IX.

For the ensuing two weeks David

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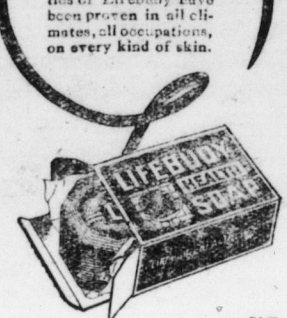
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Lifebuoy is the purest, most wholesome soap that can be made. The remarkable qualities of Lifebuoy have been proven in all climates, all occupations, on every kind of skin.



The Garden.

I read of gardens in old times— Old stately gardens, kingly, Where people walked in gorgeous crowds, Or, for silent musing, singly.

I raised up visions in my brain, The noblest and the fairest; But still I loved my garden best, And thought it far the rarest.

And all amongst my flowers I walked, Like miser midst his treasure: For that pleasant plot of garden ground Was a world of endless pleasure.

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PRINCESS FOUGHT DEATH AT SEA

MAUD OF FIFE, NIECE OF H.M. KING GEORGE.

Engaged to Lord Carnegie— Won Battle With Waves After Liner Sank Off Gibraltar.

Unless the Prince of Wales or one of his brothers becomes engaged within the next six months, which is not at all likely, the marriage of Princess Maud, niece of the King, whose engagement is announced to Lord Carnegie, will be the last wedding ceremony this year in which a member of the royal family will be the principal figure.

Reversing the position of the last royal wedding, that of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon, the bride-to-be in this case is the royal figure, while the groom, as does the Duchess of York, comes from a noble Scottish family. The princess is a younger daughter of the Duchess of Fife, sister of King George, and was brought up with her cousins, Princess Mary and her brothers.

Cupid Claims Bridesmaids. She is the fifth of Princess Mary's bridesmaids to become engaged or married, the four others being the Duchess of York, who was married last April; Lady Mary Cambridge, whose wedding took place on Thursday last; Lady Doris Gordon Lennox, now married to Clarke George Wyner, and Lady Rachel Cavendish, who is engaged to Captain the Hon. James Stuart.

Princess Maud is shy and quiet and not seen at many big society functions. She leads the simple life, but has a good deal of spirit and is a fine athlete. It was she who taught Princess Mary how to swim, and she holds a record for having captured the biggest salmon ever taken on the Dee, in the neighborhood of which she has spent a great deal of her life. She is credited with having conferred nicknames on most of her royal relatives, her mother—who as eldest daughter of Queen Alexandra bears the title of "Princess Royal"—being "Aer Royal Shyness," while the Duke of York figures as "the Lobster."

Both the princess and her fiancé are thirty, Lord Carnegie being a few months younger. In the same year that marked her debut, 1911, she, her parents and her sister, Princess Alexandra, who married Prince Arthur of Connaught, had a narrow escape from drowning. In the autumn of that year, at the end of the season, they left England in the Delhi in order to spend the winter in Egypt, but the liner was wrecked just off Gibraltar, and the boat in which the royal party made their escape from the stranded vessel sank while still some distance from the shore and they were all thrown into the sea.

Narrow Escape From Death.

There was a high sea running at the time, and, although all were wearing life belts, it was some time before they eventually reached the beach. The Duke of Fife never recovered from the effects of the accident, and died a few weeks later in Egypt.

Lord Carnegie is the eldest son and heir of the earldom of Southesk, dating back to the reign of Charles I, when Sir David Carnegie was first created Lord Carnegie of Kinnaird, later being advanced to the earldom of Southesk. This is the second time Carnegie has been engaged, the first having been broken off within six months, being to the Hon. Anne Thesiger, daughter of Lord Chelmsford, whom he met while aide-de-camp to her father, then Viceroy of India, early in 1915.

The Southesk family is wealthy, the earl owning about 22,700 acres, including a wonderful walled park of 1,300 acres at Kinnaird, containing numbers of red deer, Japanese deer and a herd of Highland cattle, of which his grandfather was so proud that, when dying, he asked for a parade of the finest heads to be held in front of the castle, where he saw them from a couch at the window. Kinnaird Castle, one of the three seats of Southesk, was burned in 1921, when many unreplaceable valuables were lost, including Raeburn's portrait of Lady Carnegie, which was valued at \$50,000.

Oil from Beechnuts.

Not long ago measures were taken by the Minister of Agriculture in Holland to increase the supply of edible oils in that country by making full use of the domestic beechnut crop. It is estimated that between 2,000 and 2,500 metric tons of these nuts may be collected if every effort be made, and that from this amount of raw nuts 300,000 to 400,000 kilos of oil may be obtained. This would afford a valuable addition to the stocks of edible oils in the Netherlands.

Owners of private lands from which beechnuts are gathered receive compensation at the rate of 5 per cent. of the sums paid to the gatherers, and they also enjoy the right to purchase cattle cake, prepared from the pulp of the nuts from their property at 50 cents per 100 kilos.

Flights dot the coast line of Great Britain at a rate of one to every fourteen miles.