Surpassing

all others in Delicacy and Fragrance.

"SALADA"

TEA

H262

SEALED PACKETS ONLY EVERY LEAF PURE

Woman's Sphere

WHEN THE CHILDREN HELP.

"I never did see such helpful children as Mrs. Blake's," observed one acquaintance to another. "I chanced in there this morning, and I wish you might have seen what they were each doing to help with the work. Mrs. Blake says she never could get along if they did not all help her, and she told me of astonishing things they do."

"I expect that is why they do so much," smiled the other.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, they do things because their mother allows them to do them and expresses her appreciation. I think nearly all little children like to help until they are discouraged by their elders.

"I remember calling on Mrs. Blake when Laura was a tiny child. Laura had spent a strenuous hour or more in an attempt at making her mother's bed. 'Come and see how nicely Laura has made my bed,' her mother invited. And the child's little face radiated joy and satisfaction. I've always remembered it, because it so forcibly reminded me of a time when I had puffed and reached and labored to surprise my mother by making her bed. 'Yes, dear, that's very nice,' she said. Then, to my tragic amazement, she pulled the bed to pieces and proceeded to make it according to her own notions. I was deeply hurt, for I had given my best.

"After her notable maiden effort Laura often stood at one side of the bed to help mother with the making. And by the time she could properly reach she could make a bed correctly and neatly.

"It's really amusing the stunts those children spring on their mother, and the perfectly game way in which she accepts them. She cheerfully looked through streaked windows for a week after George surprised her by washing them one busy morning; and now she's reaping her reward, for George is proud to do them perfectly. She never murmured when Don lapped his sowing of nasturtiums over her sweet peas.

"That's the reason her children are helpful, if you ask me."—G. L. S.

A BROOM CLOSET.

Brooms get tired and soon sag if allowed to stand on their straws. Height enough to allow them to hang from a holder or from nails is the first requirement for a cleaning closet. This closet is meant to do for household cleaning utensils what a kitchen cabinet does for kitchen tools, to gather them conveniently together in one place.

A list of things which ought to go into such a closet includes two good corn brooms, one of them covered with a cotton-flannel bag for dusting walls, mouldings or floors. Also are included a dry mop for hardwood floors, and another mop and scrub bucket for floors that need mopping. A mop wringer is a recommended attachment for the bucket.

Shelves in the closet allow convenient storage space for bottles of such cleaning solutions as ammonia, and for soap solutions. A drawer or two comes in handy for cloths and dusters.

If the house is equipped with a vacuum cleaner, make room for that in the closet. In any event, make room for the carpet sweeper. If there are radiators, a narrow "radiator brush" is well worth having. If the house has an indoor toilet, bathroom tongs or a long-handled brush are recommended.

Generally, a closet the size of an ordinary door and about two feet deep will hold all this equipment, and not a few farmwives have found such closets of great value. They save time in looking for things, and they avoid having cleaning equipment, not always sightly, sitting around in odd corners all over the house.

A NEW APRON.

4022. The shaped bib and pockets are novel and unique. This style is nice for all apron materials. It may be finished without the tie ends. Figured percale is used in this instance, with a trimming of rick rack braid.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

A SIMPLE PATCH BAG.

Hem a large square of denim, cretonne, or other strong material and attach to each of the four corners a metal or ivory ring. These rings can be bought for a few cents at notion counters of dry-goods stores. Slip all the rings on a handy hook or nail in the sewing room or wherever the family mending is to be done. It is well to fasten a big safety pin on the outside of the bag and slip into it a sample of all kinds of materials which the bag contains. By laying the bag out flat it is easy to find the exact bundle of patches wanted.

MAKE SALMON PATTIES FOR SUPPER.

My family is very fond of salmon patties, and this is how I make them. Flake one can of salmon with a fork and add two eggs beaten light, two tablespoonfuls flour, two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream (milk and a little butter may be used), two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all together and drop in spoonfuls on buttered frying pan; brown and turn. One can use the cheaper grades of salmon very well when it is served in this way.—Mrs. I. M. B.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

WRIGLEY'S

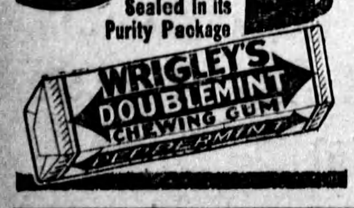
Take it home to the kids

Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

After Every Meal

A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.

Sealed in its Purity Package



2 IN 1 Shoe Polishes

More and Better Shines to the Box

ISSUE No. 31—'23.

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

Peter and I, with a common impulse, took to our heels. We were not looking for any trouble with demoniacs. Up the steep narrow lane we ran with that bedlamite crowd at our heels. The torches seemed to have gone out, for the place was black as pitch, and we tumbled over heaps of offal and splashed through running drains. The men were close behind us, and more than once I felt a stick on my shoulder. But fear lent us wings, and suddenly before us we saw a blaze of light and we saw the debouchment of our street in a main thoroughfare. The others saw it, too, for they slackened off. Just before we reached the light we stopped and looked round. There was no sound or sight behind us in the dark lane which dipped to the harbor.

"This is a queer country, Cornelis," said Peter, feeling his limbs for bruises. "Too many things happen in too short a time. I am breathless."

The big street we had struck seemed to run along the crest of the hill. There were lamps in it, and crawling cabs, and quite civilized-looking shops. We soon found the hotel to which Kuprasso had directed us, a big place in a courtyard with a very tumbledown-looking portico, and green sun shutters which rattled drearily in the winter's wind. It proved, as I had feared, to be packed to the door, mostly with German officers. With some trouble I got an interview with the proprietor, the usual Greek, and told him that we had been sent there by Mr. Kuprasso. That didn't affect him in the least, and we should have been shot into the street if I hadn't remembered about Stumm's pass.

So I explained that we had come from Germany with munitions and only wanted rooms for one night. I showed him the pass and blustered a good deal, till he became civil and said he would do the best he could for us.

That best was pretty poor. Peter and I were doubled up in a small room which contained two camp beds and little else, and had broken windows through which the wind whistled. We had a wretched dinner of stringy mutton boiled with vegetables, and a white cheese strong enough to raise the dead. But I got a bottle of whisky, for which I paid a sovereign, and we managed to light the stove in our room, fasten the shutters, and warm our hearts with a brew of toddy. After that we went to bed and slept like logs for twelve hours. On the road from Rustchuk we had had uneasy slumbers.

I woke next morning and, looking out from the broken window, saw that it was snowing. With a lot of trouble I got hold of a servant and made him bring us some of the treacly Turkish coffee. We were both in pretty low spirits. "Europe is a poor cold place," said Peter, "not worth fighting for. There is only one white man's land, and that is South Africa." At the time I heartily agreed with him.

I remember that, sitting on the edge of my bed, I took stock of our position. It was not very cheering. We seemed to have been amassing enemies at a furious pace. First of all there was Rasta, whom I had insulted and who wouldn't forget it in a hurry. He had his crowd of Turkish riff-raff and was bound to get us sooner or later. Then there was the maniac in the skin hat. He didn't like Rasta, and I made a guess that he and his weird friends were of some party hostile to the Young Turks. But, on the other hand, he didn't like us, and there would be bad trouble the next time we met him. Finally, there was Stumm and the German Government. It could only be a matter of hours at the best before he got the Rustchuk authorities on our trail. It would be easy to trace us from Chataldja, and once they had us we were absolutely done. There was a big glack *dossier* against us, which by no conceivable piece of luck could be upset.

It was very clear to me that, unless we could find sanctuary and shed all our various pursuers during this day, we should be done in for good and all. But where on earth were we to find sanctuary? We had neither of us a word of the language, and there was no way I could see of taking on new characters. For that we wanted friends and help, and I could think of none anywhere. Somewhere, to be sure, there was Blenkiron, but how could we get in touch with him? As for Sandy, I had pretty well given him up. I always thought his enterprise the craziest of the lot and bound to fail. He was probably somewhere in Asia Minor, and a month or two later would get to Constantinople and hear in some pot-house the yarn of the two wretched Dutchmen who had disappeared so soon from men's sight.

That rendezvous at Kuprasso's was no good. It would have been all right if we had got here unsuspected, and could have gone on quietly frequenting the place till Blenkiron picked us up. But to do that we wanted leisure and secrecy, and here we were with a pack of hounds at our heels. The place was horribly dangerous already. If we showed ourselves there we should be gathered in by Rasta, or by the German military police, or by the madman in the skin cap. It was a stark impossibility to hang about on the off-chance of meeting Blenkiron.

I reflected with some bitterness that this was the 17th day of January, the day of our assignation. I had had high hopes all the way down the Danube of meeting with Blenkiron—for I knew *he* would be in time—of giving him the information I had had the good fortune to collect, of piecing it together with what he had found out, and of getting the whole story which Sir Walter hungered for. After that, I thought it wouldn't be hard to get away by Rumania, and to get home through Russia. I had hoped to be back with my battalion in February, having done as good a bit of work as anybody in the war. As it was, it looked as if my information would die with me, unless I could find Blenkiron before the evening.

I talked the thing over with Peter, and he agreed that we were fairly up against it. We decided to go to Kuprasso's that afternoon, and to trust to luck for the rest. It wouldn't do to wander about the streets, so we sat tight in our room all morning, and swopped old hunting yarns to keep our minds from the beastly present. We got some food at midday—cold mutton and the same cheese, and finished our whisky. Then I paid the bill, for I didn't care to stay there another night. About half-past three we went into the street, without the foggiest notion where we would find our next quarters.

It was snowing heavily, which was a piece of luck for us. Poor old Peter had no greatcoat, so we went into a Jew's shop and bought a ready-made abomination, which looked as if it might have been meant for a dissenting parson. It was no good saving my money when the future was so black. The snow made the streets deserted, and we turned down the long lane which led to Ratchik ferry and found it perfectly quiet. I do not think we met a soul till we got to Kuprasso's shop.

We walked straight through the cafe, which was empty, and down the dark passage, till we were stopped by the garden door. I knocked and it swung open. There was the bleak yard, now puddled with snow, and a blaze of light from the pavilion at the other end. There was a scraping of fiddles, too, and the sound of human talk. We paid the negro at the door, and passed from the bitter afternoon into a garish saloon.

There were forty or fifty people there, drinking coffee and sirops and filling the air with the fumes of latakia. Most of them were Turks in European clothes and the fez, but there were some German officers and what looked like German civilians—Army Service Corps clerks, probably, and mechanics from the Arsenal. A woman in cheap finery was tinkling at the piano, and there were several shrill females with the officers. Peter and I sat down modestly in the nearest corner, where old Kuprasso saw us and sent us coffee. A girl who looked like a Jewess came over to us and talked French, but I shook my head and she went off again.

Presently a girl came on the stage and danced, a silly affair, all a clashing of tambourines and wriggling. I have seen native women do the same thing better in a Mozambique kraal. Another sang a German song, a simple, sentimental thing about golden hair and rainbows, and the Germans present applauded. The place was so tinselly and common that, coming to it from weeks of rough travelling, it made me impatient. I forgot that, while for the others it might be a vulgar little dancing-hall, for us it was as perilous as a brigands' den.

Peter did not share my mood. He was quite interested in it, as he was interested in everything new. He had a genius for living in the moment.

I remember there was a drop-scene on which was daubed a blue lake with very green hills in the distance. As the tobacco smoke grew thicker and the fiddles went on squealing, this tawdry picture began to mesmerize me. I seemed to be looking out of a window at a lovely summer landscape where there were no wars or dangers. I seemed to feel the warm sun and to smell the fragrance of blossom from the islands. And then I became aware that a queer scent had stolen into the atmosphere.

There were braziers burning at both ends to warm the room, and the thin smoke from these smelt like incense. Somebody had been putting a powder in the flames, for suddenly the place became very quiet. The fiddles still sounded, but far away like an echo. The lights went down, all but a circle on the stage, and into that circle stepped my enemy of the skin cap.

He had three others with him. I heard a whisper behind me, and the words were those which Kuprasso had used the day before. These bedlamites were called the Companions of the Rosy Hours, and Kuprasso had promised great dancing.

I hoped to goodness they would not see us, for they had fairly given me the horrors. Peter felt the same, and we both made ourselves very small in that dark corner. But the newcomers had no eyes for us.

In a twinkling the pavilion changed from a common saloon, which might have been in Chicago or Paris, to a place of mystery—yes, and of beauty. It became the garden-house of Suliman the Red, whoever that sportsman may have been. Sandy had said that the ends of the earth converged there, and he had been right. I lost all consciousness of my neighbors—stout German, frock-coated Turk, frowsy Jewess—and saw only strange figures leaping in a circle of light, figures that came out of the deepest darkness to make big magic.

(To be continued.)

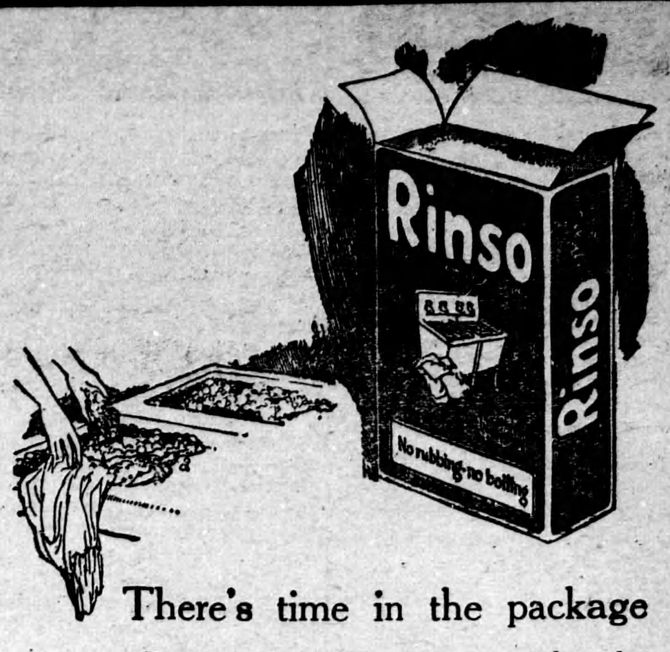
Doing Dublin.

It was the Englishman's first visit to Dublin, and he was driving round on a jaunting car seeing the sights. When they got near the river, as an Irishman tells the story, he was struck with the unpleasant smell, and asked the jarvey: "What is this horrible smell?"

The jarvey replied, proudly: "Shure, an' don't you know that the smell of the Liffey is one of the sights of Dublin."

No evening's pleasure is worth a morning's headache.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts



There's time in the package

Time to do the many things ordinarily put off on wash-day. For Rinso does not keep you standing over the wash-tub, rubbing until your back aches and your hands are red and sore.

Rinso, an entirely different kind of soap, soaks clothes clean. Rubbing and boiling are unnecessary. The big soapy Rinso suds gently loosen the most ground-in dirt without weakening a single thread.

Buy a package today.
On sale at all good grocers and department stores.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO

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Wrong guess.

Jack and Fred must be playing off their game to-day; they've sliced into the rough after each hole.

A RACK FOR SHOES.

A common, ordinary towel rack—or two if necessary—of the cheap nickeled-rod variety, will save the housekeeper many a backache from stooping and will convert the dreaded closet sweeping into a pleasure. By screwing the racks securely to the inside of the closet door, halfway up, all the shoes belonging to the occupant of each room, usually kept on the closet floor, may find a convenient resting place, slipped in the racks, toe downward, and the closet may be swept out with two or three flirts of the broom and with no tiresome preliminary of moving a lot of shoes. Besides, shoes to be worn may be selected out in the daylight, when the door is opened, with the ease of plucking an apple, and those to be temporarily abandoned may be promptly put away.

Song.

My heart is a thorny bush
In an old garden close;
My song peeps over the wall
And nods like a single rose.

My heart is a smothered fire,
Sick of a blunted aim;
My song is a leap to the light,
My song is a tip of flame.

My heart is a bitter sea,
A tossing, a restless grave;
My song is the sunny foam
That flies from the crested wave.

The rose and the flame and the foam
Shine for the world to see;
The urge and the smoke and the thorn
Nobody knows but me!

—Karle Wilson Baker.

EDDY'S MATCHES

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"The grain of Mustard" for health

Don't refuse the mustard when it is passed to you. Cultivate the habit of taking it with meat, especially fat meat. It stimulates the digestion and aids in assimilating your food.

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A Few Puffs a Day
Keeps the Insects Away!
The Sapho Bulb Sprayer $1.00
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Wreak terrible destruction on Flies and all insects that worry cattle and swarm in dairy and barn. Kill lice and mites on poultry too. A few puffs brings comfort and saves money. Guaranteed harmless to humans, animals and birds. Money back if not satisfied.

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