Superior

to the finest Japans,

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA H434

is the best at any price—Try it.

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

(Copyrighted Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd.)

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

We returned by the long street on the crest of the hill. There was a man selling oranges on a tray, and Blenkiron stopped to look at them. I noticed that the man shuffled fifteen into a cluster. Blenkiron felt the oranges, as if to see that they were sound, and pushed two aside. The man instantly restored them to the group, never raising his eyes.

"This ain't the time of year to buy fruit," said Blenkiron as we passed on. "Those oranges are rotten as medlars."

We were almost on our own doorstep before I guessed the meaning of the business.

"Is your morning's work finished?" I said.

"Our morning's walk?" he asked innocently.

"I said 'work.' "

He smiled blandly. "I reckoned you'd tumble to it. Why, yes, except that I've some figuring still to do. Give me half an hour and I'll be at your service, Major."

That afternoon, after Peter had cooked a wonderfully good luncheon, I had a heart-to-heart talk with Blenkiron.

"My business is to get noos," he said; "and before I start in on a stunt I make considerable preparations. All the time in London when I was yelping at the British Government, I was busy with Sir Walter arranging things ahead. We used to meet in queer places and at all hours of the night. I fixed up a lot of connections in this city before I arrived, and especially a noos service with your Foreign Office by way of Rumania and Russia. In a day or two I guess our friends will know all about our discoveries."

At that I opened my eyes very wide.

"Why, yes. You Britishers haven't any notion how wide-awake your Intelligence Service is. I reckon it's easy the best of all the belligerents. You never talked about it in peace time, and you shunned the theatrical ways of the Teuton. But you have the wires laid good and sure. I calculate there isn't much that happens in any corner of the earth that you don't know within twenty-four hours. I don't take much stock in your political push. They're a lot of silver-tongues, no doubt, but it ain't oratory that is wanted in this racket. The William Jennings Bryan stunt languishes in war-time. Politics is like a chicken-coop, and those inside get to behave as if their little run were all the world. But if the politicians make mistakes it isn't from lack of good instruction to guide their steps. If I had a big proposition to handle and could have my pick of helpers I'd plump for the Intelligence Department of the British Admiralty. Yes, sir, I take off my hat to your Government sleuths."

"Did they provide you with ready-made spies here?" I asked in astonishment.

"Why, no," he said. "But they gave me the key, and I could make my own arrangements. In Germany I buried myself deep in the local atmosphere and never peeped out. That was my game, for I was looking for something in Germany itself, and didn't want any foreign cross-bearings. As you know, I failed where you succeeded. But so soon as I crossed the Danube I set about opening up my lines of communication, and I hadn't been two days in this metropolis before I had got my telephone exchange buzzing. Sometime I'll explain the thing to you, for it's a pretty little business. I've got the cutest cypher. . . . No, it ain't my invention. It's your Government's. Any one, babe, imbecile, or dotard, can carry my messages—you saw some of them to-day—but it takes some mind to set the piece, and it takes a lot of figuring at my end to work out the results. Some day you shall hear it all, for I guess it would please you."

"How do you use it?" I asked.

"Well, I get early noos of what is going on in this cabbage-patch. Likewise I get authentic noos of the rest of Europe, and I can send a message to Mr. X in Petrograd and Mr. Y in London, or, if I wish, to Mr. Z in Noo York. What's the matter with that for a post-office? I'm the best informed man in Constantinople, for old General Liman only hears one side, and mostly lies at that, and Enver prefers not to listen at all. Also, I could give them points on what is happening at their very door, for our friend Sandy is a big boss in the best-run crowd of mountebanks that ever fiddled secrets out of men's hearts. Without their help I wouldn't have cut much ice in this city."

"I want you to tell me one thing, Blenkiron," I said. "I've been playing a part for the past month, and it wears my nerves to tatters. Is this job very tiring, for if it is I doubt I may buckle up."

He looked thoughtful. "I can't call our business an absolute rest-cure any time. You've got to keep your eyes skinned, and there's always the risk of the little packet of dynamite going off unexpected. But as these things go, I rate this stunt as easy. We've only got to be natural. We wear our natural clothes, and talk English, and sport a Teddy Roosevelt smile, and there isn't any call for theatrical talent. Where I've found the job tight was when I had got to be natural, and my naturalness was the same brand as that of everybody round about, and all the time I had to do unnatural things. It isn't easy to be going down to business and taking cocktails with Mr. Carl Rosenheim, and next hour being engaged trying to blow Mr. Rosenheim's friends sky high. And it isn't easy to keep up a part which is clean outside your ordinary life. I've never tried that. My line has always been to keep my normal personality. But you have, Major, and I guess you found it wearing."

"Wearing's a mild word," I said. "But I want to know another thing. It seems to me that the line you've picked is as good as could be. But it's a cast-iron line. It commits us pretty deep and it won't be a simple job to drop it."

"Why, that's just the point I was coming to," he said. "I was going to put you wise about that very thing. When I started out I figured on some situation like this. I argued that unless I had a very clear part with a big bluff in it I wouldn't get the confidences which I needed. We've got to be at the heart of the show, taking a real hand and not just looking on. So I settled I would be a big engineer—there was a time when there weren't many bigger in the United States than John S. Blenkiron. I talked large about what might be done in Mesopotamia in the way of washing the British down the river. Well, that talk caught on. They knew of my reputation as an hydraulic expert, and they were tickled to death to rope me in. I told them I wanted a helper, and I told them about my friend Richard Hanau, as good a German as ever supped sauerkraut, who was coming through Russia and Rumania as a benevolent neutral; but when he got to Constantinople would drop his neutrality and double his benevolence. They got reports on you by wire from the States—I arranged that before I left London. So you're going to be welcomed and taken to their bosoms just like John S. was. We've both got jobs we can hold down, and now you're in these pretty clothes you're the dead ringer of the brightest kind of American engineer.....But we can't go back on our tracks. If we wanted to leave for Constanza next week they'd be very polite, but they'd never let us. We've got to go on with this adventure and nose our way down into Mesopotamia, hoping that our luck will hold.....God knows how we will get out of it; but it's no good going out to meet trouble. As I observed before, I believe in an all-wise and beneficent Providence, but you've got to give Him a chance."

I am bound to confess the prospect staggered me. We might be let in for fighting—and worse than fighting—against our own side. I wondered if it wouldn't be better to make a bolt for it, and said so.

He shook his head. "I reckon not. In the first place we haven't finished our inquiries. We've got Greenmantle located right enough, thanks to you, but we still know mighty little about that holy man. In the second place it won't be as bad as you think. This show lacks cohesion, sir. It is not going to last for ever. I calculate that before you and I strike the site of the garden that Adam and Eve frequented there will be a queer turn of affairs. Anyhow, it's good enough to gamble on."

Then he got some sheets of paper and drew me a plan of the dispositions of the Turkish forces. I had no notion he was such a close student of war, for his exposition was as good as a staff lecture. He made out that the situation was none too bright anywhere. The troops released from Gallipoli wanted a lot of refitment, and would be slow in reaching the Transcaucasian frontier, where the Russians were threatening. The Army of Syria was pretty nearly a rabble under the lunatic Djemal. There wasn't the foggiest chance of a serious invasion of Egypt being undertaken. Only in Mesopotamia did things look fairly cheerful, owing to the blunders of British strategy. "And you may take it from me," he said, "that if the old Turk mobilized a total of a million men, he has lost 40 per cent. of them already. And if I'm anything of a prophet he's going pretty soon to lose more."

He tore up the papers and enlarged on politics. "I reckon I've got the measure of the Young Turks and their precious Committee. Those boys aren't any good. Enver's bright enough, and for sure he's got sand. He'll stick out a fight like a Vermont game-chicken, but he lacks the larger vision, sir. He doesn't understand the intricacies of the job no more than a sucking-child, so the Germans play with him, till his temper goes and he bucks like a mule. Talaat is a sulky dog who wants to batter mankind with a club. Both these boys would have made good cow-punchers in the old days, and they might have got a living out West as the gun-men of a Labor Union. They're about the class of Jesse James or Bill the Kid, excepting that they're college-reared and can patter languages. But they haven't the organizing power to manage the Irish vote in a ward election. Their one notion is to get busy with their firearms, and people are getting tired of the Black Hand stunt. Their hold on the country is just the hold that a man with a Browning has over a crowd with walking-sticks. The cooler heads in the Committee are growing shy of them and an old fox like Djavid is lying low till his time comes. Now it doesn't want arguing that a gang of that kind has got to hang close together or they may hang separately. They've got no grip on the ordinary Turk, barring the fact that they are active and he is sleepy, and that they've got their guns loaded."

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment fc. Dandruff

Nothing is more deep-seated in the American spirit and the American soul than regard for England, appreciation of England, and trust in the integrity and faith of England.—Dr. N. M. Butler.

The notion that there is something holy in doing nothing, which results in a great deal of Sunday loafing, is difficult to eradicate.—Dean of Exeter.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

IF YOU HAVE ANY HOUSES, stores, apartment houses, farms, Western land or business to exchange, get in touch with H. H. DAVIS & CO., 407 Excelsior Life Building, Toronto.

Woman's Sphere

SAVING KITCHEN SPACE.

Small kitchens are a blessing in the steps they save, but there is little room in them for a table or chairs. I solved the problem of conserving space in my tiny kitchen, where the family like to eat breakfast, by purchasing at a secondhand store an old gate-legged table. This I enameled white and installed in a suitable place beneath the window. When not in use I can drop the leaves and it occupies very little space. I use it as a work-table also, raising one side to work on.

Instead of the ordinary kitchen chairs, I bought three folding chairs that retire to a small place in the corner when not in use. These I dress up with slips on the backs, made like pillow slips, of unbleached or white muslin, which I embellish with a wreath or initial embroidered in blue.

An ironing board hinged to a very narrow shelf, placed at the proper height on the wall, is another space saver. This board when not in use is raised up against the wall where it is held in place with a hook. The outer end is supported by a stout leg that is hinged to the under side of the board so that it drops down into position when the board is lowered for use.—Mrs. S. M. C.

AN ATTRACTIVE NEGLIGEE.

4425. Foulard is here portrayed with girdle and bindings of satin in a contrasting color. This model is good also for crepe, printed voile, or crepe de chine.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material. The width at the foot is 2⅝ yards.

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.

OLD STANDBY PICKLE RECIPES.

Sweet Cucumber Pickles—One peck small cucumbers, two cups salt, vinegar, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of stick cinnamon, two pounds brown sugar. Wash cucumbers well, cover with boiling water and salt. Let stand over night. Drain in the morning and cover with vinegar. Add cloves, cinnamon, brown sugar. Let just come to a boil and seal in sterilized fruit jars. —Mrs. W. K.

Mustard Pickles—One quart small green tomatoes, one quart small cucumbers, one quart small onions, one quart cauliflower. Put these in brine and let stand over night. Then scald in the brine until tender.

Dressing—Two quarts vinegar, one cup flour, one cup sugar, six tablespoons mustard, two tablespoons tumeric (wet with vinegar). Put pickles into this mixture and can.

Spice Pickles—Wash cucumbers clean and place in crock. Make a strong hot brine and pour over pickles while hot. Cover and let stand for twenty-four hours. Then pour off brine and put pickles in cans with layers of mixed spices between. Then heat vinegar to boiling point and sweeten to taste with saccharine and pour over the pickles and seal. Pickles will be found very crisp and good after two years.

A BACK-PORCH SHELF.

I recently saw a handy back-porch shelf for the preparing of vegetables. The shelf was low enough so that the worker could be seated. In the centre of the shelf a round hole was cut and under this were hooks for holding a garbage bucket. The shelf was covered with oilcloth so that it was easily kept clean.

Here during summer all vegetables brought from the garden are cleaned and prepared for use without being carried into the kitchen. When the work is completed all refuse had been dropped through the hole into the waste bucket and there is no litter to clear away or pans of waste to empty

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

The Portrait.

Casey decided to go into business, so he bought a small livery stable and had a sign painted showing him astride a mule. He had the sign placed in front of the stable and was quite proud of it.

His friend Finnigan came along and stood gazing at the sign.

"That's a good picture of me, isn't it?" asked Casey.

"Sure, it looks something like you," said Finnigan; "but who the deuce is the man on your back?"

Lifebuoy may be safely used on the tenderest skin.

It is wonderfully cleansing for little hands, faces and bodies.

Lifebuoy babies have beautiful healthy skins.

Instinct Probably.

Freddie—"Ma, what is the baby's name?"

Ma—"The baby hasn't any name yet."

Freddie—"Then, how did he know he belonged to us?"

The first kingdom to be conquered is the kingdom of self.

Corrugated Galvanized Steel Roofing

Direct from Manufacturers to Consumer

WRITE FOR PRICES

W. E. DILLON CO., Limited

189 - 191 George St. - Toronto

EDDY'S MATCHES

The more you use them—the better you'll like them!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE IN CANADA ASK FOR THEM BY NAME

WRIGLEY'S

After Every Meal

Have a packet in your pocket for ever-ready refreshment.

Aids digestion.
Allays thirst.
Soothes the throat.

For Quality, Flavor and the Sealed Package, get

THE FLAVOR LASTS

Protect your Stock and Poultry with SAPHO

The same Sapho Powder that rids your home of flies, mosquitoes, roaches and other pests will protect your livestock, poultry and pets from flies, gnats, lice and other parasites.

Cows, protected from flies, give more milk. Horses do more work. Hens, free from lice, lay better. Sapho kills all parasites. Start using it to-day. It will not stain or irritate, is NON-POISONOUS to humans, animals or birds, and can even be applied to open sores and cuts without injury or annoyance.

One application keeps cows free from flies for two days besides killing other insects.

Sapho Powder is also useful in killing grubs or edible plants.

Order your Sapho Powder to-day, 25 and 50 cents, also $1.25 in tins.

Sapho Bulb Sprayer $1.00.

Special Offer, Sapho Puffer, ready for use, 15 cents. Send Coupon to-day.

KENNEDY MANUFACTURING CO.,
586 Henri Julien Ave.,
MONTREAL.

SAPHO POWDER kills

D-6

Kennedy Mfg. Co., 586 Henri Julien, Ave., Montreal. Enclosed find 15 cents in stamps. Please send Sapho Puffer and literature on killing pests.
Name
Address

Make it an every morning habit to shine with

2 IN 1 Shoe Polishes

KELSEY Healthy HEAT

Have Summer Heat This Winter

A Warm house and a cool cellar day and night the winter through. And a saving in your coal bills of from 25% to 50%

A KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR

in your cellar will ensure this. The Kelsey is the most efficient and economical system of home heating ever devised and will heat the smallest cottage or the largest mansion properly and healthfully.

MAY WE SEND YOU PARTICULARS?

CANADA FOUNDRIES & FORGINGS LIMITED

JAMES SMART PLANT
BROCKVILLE ONT.

Always have Mustard on the table

It's not just custom that makes people take mustard with their meals. Mustard aids digestion and helps to assimilate the meats. It is a good habit to acquire. Mix it freshly for every meal.

but it must be Keen's 23c

It's Great

to be thirsty—when you Know the answer

A pure beverage—bottled in our absolutely sanitary plant where every bottle is sterilized.

Buy it by the case from your dealer and keep a few bottles on ice at home.

Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver