For One Cent

you may obtain 3 cups of

"SALADA"

TEA H408

Ask for a trial package today.

Delicious! Economical!

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

(Copyrighted Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd.)

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

"What about the Germans here?" I asked.

Blenkiron laughed. "It is no sort of a happy family. But the Young Turks know that without the German boost they'll be strung up like Haman, and the Germans can't afford to neglect any ally. Consider what would happen if Turkey got sick of the game and made a separate peace. The road would be open for Russia to the Ægean. Ferdy of Bulgaria would take his depreciated goods to the other market and not waste a day thinking about it. You'd have Roumania coming in on the Allies' side. Things would look pretty black for that control of the Near East on which Germany has banked her winnings. Kaiser says that's got to be prevented at all costs, but how is it going to be done?"

Blenkiron's face had become very solemn again. "It won't be done unless Germany's got a trump card to play. Her game's mighty near bust, but it's still got a chance. And that chance is a woman and an old man. I reckon our landlady has a bigger brain than Enver and Liman. She's the real boss of the show. When I came here I reported to her, and presently you've got to do the same. I am curious as to how she'll strike you, for I'm free to admit that she impressed me considerable."

"It looks as if our job were a long way from the end," I said.

"It's scarcely begun," said Blenkiron.

That talk did a lot to cheer my spirits, for I realized that it was the biggest of big game we were hunting this time. I'm an economical soul, and if I'm going to be hanged I want a good stake for my neck.

Then began some varied experiences. I used to wake up in the morning, wondering where I should be at night, and yet quite pleased with the uncertainty. Greenmantle became a sort of myth with me. Somehow I couldn't fix any idea in my head of what he was like. The nearest I got was a picture of an old man in a turban coming out of a bottle in a cloud of smoke, which I remembered from a child's edition of the *Arabian Nights*. But if he was dim, the lady was dimmer. Sometimes I thought of her as a fat old German crone, sometimes as a harsh-featured woman like a schoolmistress with thin lips and eyeglasses. But I had to fit the East into the picture, so I made her young and gave her a touch of the languid houri in a veil. I was always wanting to pump Blenkiron on the subject, but he shut up like a rat-trap. He was looking for bad trouble in that direction, and was disinclined to speak about it beforehand.

We led a peaceful existence. Our servants were two of Sandy's lot, for Blenkiron had very rightly cleared out the Turkish caretakers, and they worked like beavers under Peter's eye, till I reflected I had never been so well looked after in my life. I walked about the city with Blenkiron, keeping my eyes open, and speaking very civil. The third night we were bidden to dinner at Moellendorff's, so we put on our best clothes and set out in an ancient cab. Blenkiron had fetched a dress suit of mine, from which my own tailor's label had been cut and a New York one substituted.

General Liman and Metternich the Ambassador had gone up the line to Nish to meet the Kaiser, who was touring in those parts, so Moellendorff was the biggest German in the city. He was a thin, foxy-faced fellow, cleverish but monstrously vain, and he was not very popular either with the Germans or the Turks. He was polite to both of us, but I am bound to say that I got a bad fright when I entered the room, for the first man I saw was Gaudian.

I doubt if he would have recognized me even in the clothes I had worn in Stumm's company, for his eyesight was wretched. As it was, I ran no risk in dress-clothes, with my hair brushed back and a fine American accent. I paid him high compliments as a fellow engineer, and translated part of a very technical conversation between him and Blenkiron. Gaudian was in uniform, and I liked the look of his honest face better than ever.

But the great event was the sight of Enver. He was a slim fellow of Rasta's build, very foppish and precise in his dress, with a smooth oval face like a girl's, and rather fine straight black eyebrows. He spoke perfect German, and had the best kind of manners, neither pert nor overbearing. He had a pleasant trick, too, of appealing all round the table for confirmation, and so bringing everybody into the talk. Not that he spoke a great deal, but all he said was good sense, and he had a smiling way of saying it. Once or twice he ran counter to Moellendorff, and I could see there was no love lost between these two. I didn't think I wanted him as a friend—he was too cold-blooded and artificial; and I was pretty certain that I didn't want those steady black eyes as an enemy. But it was no good denying his quality. The little fellow was all cold courage, like the fine polished blue steel of a sword.

I fancy I was rather a success at that dinner. For one thing I could speak German, and so had a pull on Blenkiron. For another I was in a good temper, and really enjoyed putting my back into my part. They talked very high-flown stuff about what they had done and were going to do, and Enver was great on Gallipoli. I remember he said that he could have destroyed the whole British Army if it hadn't been for somebody's cold feet—at which Moellendorff looked daggers. They were so bitter about Britain and all her works that I gathered they were getting pretty panicky, and that made me as jolly as a sandboy. I'm afraid I was not free from bitterness myself on that subject. I said things about my own country that I sometimes wake in the night and sweat to think of.

Gaudian got on to the use of water power in war, and that gave me a chance.

"In my country," I said, "when we want to get rid of a mountain we wash it away. There's nothing on earth that will stand against water. Now, speaking with all respect, gentlemen, and as an absolute novice in the military art, I sometimes ask why this God-given weapon isn't more used in the present war. I haven't been to any of the fronts, but I've studied them some from maps and the newspapers. Take your German position in Flanders, where you've got the high ground. If I were a British general I reckon I would very soon make it no sort of position."

Moellendorff asked, "How?"

"Why, I'd wash it away. Wash away the fourteen feet of soil down to the stone. There's a heap of coalpits behind the British front where they could generate power, and I judge there's an ample water supply from rivers and canals. I'd guarantee to wash you away in twenty-four hours—yes, in spite of all your big guns. It beats me why the British haven't got on to this notion. They used to have some bright engineers."

Enver was on the point like a knife, far quicker than Gaudian. He cross-examined me in a way that showed he knew how to approach a technical subject, though he mightn't have much technical knowledge. He was just giving me a sketch of the flooding in Mesopotamia when an aide-de-camp brought in a chit which fetched him to his feet.

"I have gossiped long enough," he said. "My kind host, I must leave you. Gentlemen all, my apologies and farewells."

Before he left he asked my name and wrote it down. "This is an unhealthy city for strangers, Mr. Hanau," he said in very good English. "I have some small power of protecting a friend, and what I have is at your disposal." This with the condescension of a king promising his favor to a subject.

The little fellow amused me tremendously, and rather impressed me too. I said so to Gaudian after he had left, but that decent soul didn't agree.

"I do not love him," he said. "We are allies—yes; but friends—no. He is no true son of Islam, which is a noble faith and despises liars and boasters and betrayers of their salt."

That was the verdict of one honest man on this ruler in Israel. The next night I got another from Blenkiron on a greater than Enver.

He had been out alone and had come back pretty late, with his face grey and drawn with pain. The food we ate—not at all bad of its kind—and the cold east wind played havoc with his dyspepsia. I can see him yet, boiling milk on a spirit lamp, while Peter worked at a Primus stove to get him a hot-water bottle. He was using horrid language about his inside.

"My God, Major, if I were you with a sound stomach I'd fairly conquer the world. As it is, I've got to do my work with [illegible] of my mind, while the other half is swelling in my intestines. I'm like the child in the Bible that had a fox gnawing at its vitals."

He got his milk boiling and began to sip it.

"I've been to see our pretty landlady," he said. "She sent for me and I hobbled off with a grip full of plans, for she's mighty set on Mesopotamy."

"Anything about Greenmantle?" I asked eagerly.

"Why, no, but I have reached one conclusion. I opine that the hapless prophet has no sort of time with that lady. I opine that he will soon wish himself in Paradise. For if Almighty God ever created a female devil it's Madame von Einem."

He sipped a little more milk with a grave face.

"That isn't my duo-denal dyspepsia, Major. It's the verdict of a ripe experience, for I have a cool and penetrating judgment, even if I've a deranged stomach. And I give it as my con-sidered conclusion that that woman's mad and bad—but principally bad."

(To be continued.)

Power of a Thunderstorm.

When a great storm is raging, with flashes of lightning illuminating the sky and thunder crashes deafening our ears, we realize something of the stupendous powers of electricity.

If a cat's back is rubbed in the dark during hot, dry weather, sparks will often fly from it. They are perfectly harmless, though they are identical with lightning flashes, and the crackling that accompanies them is thunder on a small scale.

In a thunderstorm the earth represents your hand and the clouds are the cat's back. The pressure that causes a flash of lightning may be as much as 1,000,000,000 volts—that is, 5,000,000 times greater than that which is used for household lighting.

Could we collect and harness the power set free by a single flash of lightning, we should have at our disposal a force greater than anything that can be produced by man.

In a famous scientist's laboratory the experiment was tried of producing a million-volt spark. It leapt a ten-foot gap with a noise like the explosion of a bomb and came near to wrecking the entire building. This is the highest pressure that has so far been produced artificially.

Most of the lightning in a thunderstorm does not come near the earth, but flashes from cloud to cloud. Occasionally a fork tongue leaps from cloud to earth, and then anything in its path is destroyed.

Evidence Too Strong.

"So they convicted your friend of selling bad butter? Was there no way for him to get out of it?"

"No; the evidence was too strong."

The flavor of tea deteriorates rapidly if the tea is exposed to the air. You should never, therefore, accept bulk tea when you can buy "SALADA," which is sealed in air-tight aluminum to preserve its delicious freshness.

Pert Clerk.

Customer—"I'd like to try on that pair of shoes in the shoecase."

Clerk—"Better try 'em on out here, lady; 'taint big enough."

Why Brag.

Jr.—"Pop, what is an ancestor?"

Sr.—"Well, I'm one.

Jr.—"Yes, I know, but why do people brag about them?"

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

To make grape gelatine for lunch dissolve one-half box of gelatine in one cup of cold grape juice, let soften for five minutes. Put three cups of the grape juice in a saucepan and add one cup of sugar, bring to a boil, pour over the softened gelatine. Cool and serve with whipped cream. Any fruit juice may be used.

On Lake Superior, the largest expanse of fresh water in the world, which has an area of 31,800 square miles, splendidly appointed passenger steamers of nearly 4,000 tons ply, where only Indian canoes sailed 300 years ago.

Grease spots on wall paper can be removed by rubbing it with camphorated chalk.

Marry the woman whom you would choose for a friend if she were a man.

Corrugated Galvanized Steel Roofing

Direct from Manufacturers to Consumer

WRITE FOR PRICES

W. E. DILLON CO., Limited

189 - 191 George St. - Toronto

Mr. Man—

You *feel* Lifebuoy's healthiness right down into the pores.

After Lifebuoy — you feel cleaner than you have ever felt before.

The delight and comfort of using Lifebuoy are famous around the world.

The odour vanishes quickly after use.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

L.b66

ISSUE No. 36—'23.

A VIEW FROM AUSTRALIA

Humanity—"See, she is sinking! Are you not going to help?"
Uncle Sam—"Don't fuss, sis—the body will drift to the shore."
—From the Sydney Bulletin.

Woman's Sphere

SEVENTY.

The laughing welcome on Julia's lips died unspoken at sight of Maisie's face. For after a bewildered glance at her Maisie stared past her down the street, and her eyes were sharp with anxiety.

"What is it, Maisie? Has Benjie run away? Can't I hunt for him?"

"Oh, Benjie's all right," Maisie replied. "I didn't mean to be rude, Julie. Do come in. You see, I've been expecting Aunt Rebecca for the last two hours. She's been gone since ten o'clock, and I'm so worried!"

"Good for Aunt Rebecca!" Julia retorted. "I hope she's having a great old time. She must need it if you watch over her like that."

"But, Julia, she's seventy!" Maisie's voice was full of consternation.

"What's seventy if you don't feel it? Aunt Rebe has all her faculties and more interest in life than half the people you know. Do let her alone, Maisie!"

"But she may get run over! You don't seem to realize—"

"As far as automobiles are concerned, seventy isn't half so dangerous an age as seven. I've known at least two old ladies who counted hospital experiences the great adventures of their lives! Don't rob your aunt of any fun that's coming to her!"

"Julia Durant, you're positively flippant!"

"Not inside, Maisie; truly, I'm not. I'm just thinking how I'd loathe being watched and worried over!"

"There she comes at last!" cried Maisie, running to the door.

Aunt Rebecca came in; her hair was disordered and her hat awry, but her eyes were bright, and there was a happy color in her face. And then at Maisie's greeting all the happiness fell from her like a garment.

"Aunt Rebe, where have you been? I've been nearly wild!"

"It was such a nice day," Aunt Rebecca pleaded. "I thought I'd just run out to 'Liza Saunders. I was so glad I did, for she's had such a hard winter—"

But Maisie was not at all interested in 'Liza Saunders. "You go right upstairs and lie down till dinner," she ordered. "Be sure to cover yourself up."

"But I ain't tired a mite," her aunt protested. "I feel freshened up. All the light had faded from her eyes.

"Maisie," Julia said abruptly, "I'm going to take Aunt Rebe home for the night. We'll be back sometime! You needn't worry; if we die, we'll die together!"

"But you haven't room," Maisie protested.

"I'll make room!"

Ten minutes later Julia and Aunt Rebecca were headed for the subway. "Aunt Rebe," the girl said to her solemnly, "can you sleep on a couch? And go to a show to-morrow? And—"

The sudden flooding joy in the old lady's face brought tears to Julia's eyes. "I'll never tell her she's old," she vowed to herself. "Never, never! Not if she lives to be a hundred!"

PLANNING THE LAYETTE.

My three young sons have necessitated my obtaining considerable miscellaneous information concerning a layette.

I have always preferred a simple, practical outfit, as it is less wearing on the mother to prepare it, and is so quickly outgrown.

The money saved this way can be much more advantageously used for a skillful doctor and nurse, a two weeks' complete rest for the mother, and the advice of a food specialist for the baby's feeding if the mother is unable to successfully feed her baby. The baby's life and future health are too important to neglect giving him the best possible start.

Three of each of the following articles are necessary, four would be safer in case daily washing were delayed.

Flannel bands; skirts; pinning blankets; flannel skirts, "Gertrude" style; wrappers or nightgowns buttoning in back; stockings; bootees; warm jackets or sweaters; three dozen diapers, twenty-seven inches square, will be required; so will nainsook skirts and dresses; a cap, cloak; blankets; pads, and a small hot-water bottle.

Some points in baby's care I have been most watchful of:

No pacifiers or soothing syrups. Find the cause of its discomfort; warm water enemas offer wonderful relief for gas pain.

See that baby has at least one good bowel movement each day. The same rule for nursing mothers.

Regular feeding hours for baby. No excitement and unnecessary handling.

In changing and dressing baby I put him on a softly padded card table, slipping his skirts and dress up over his feet.

As scrupulous cleanliness as possible in the personal care of the baby; handling utensils for his feeding, and particularly the hands of whoever cares for him.—Mrs. G. C.

HINGED VERANDAH FURNITURE.

Verandah days are invariably the busiest days on the farm. And looking after verandah furniture is just one more task. That is why hinged furnishings, especially for the side or back verandah, prove so convenient. They also save space.

A table hinged to the wall makes a handy place to do sitting-down kitchen tasks or to hold the sewing materials in the afternoon. It is well to have it large enough to hold Sunday-night lunches.

Seats at either end of the verandah that let down are generally handier than stationary benches, as they are out of the way when not needed and shed rain and snow better than benches. Another advantage of hinged furnishings is that they are always ready for use—no storing away in the fall until spring comes.

A PRACTICAL ONE-PIECE MODEL FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

4442. Linen or ratine, with embroidery or contrasting material for collar and cuffs, would be good for this style. The closing is at the left side under the plait.

This Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material. Collar and cuffs of contrasting material require ⅜ yard 40 inches wide.

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.

CAN GREENS FOR WINTER USE.

To can kale or greens for winter use, one should be rather careful with every detail as a very poisonous bacteria forms sometimes. To prepare the greens for canning, wash them carefully in cold water and blanch 4 to 5 minutes in boiling water. This allows them to shrink so that they may be packed very easily in the jars. The jars should be well filled, but not too firmly packed as they may not be thoroughly sterilized in the centre of the can if the mass is too firm. To each quart jar add one teaspoon salt and what other seasoning desired, chipped beef or other meat; then adjust rubbers in position and take one turn back. Process them three hours in hot water bath, or 60 minutes under 10 lbs. of steam pressure.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Busy Sister.

"And how is your little baby sister, Ronald?" asked the vicar, who was making a call.

"Oh, she's only fairly well, thanks. You see, she's just hatching her teeth."

THE FREEMASON, Toronto. Forty-third year of publication. Subscription $1. Sample Copies 10c. Cowan & Co., Publishers.

After Every Meal

A universal custom that benefits everybody.

Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.

WRIGLEY'S

a good thing to remember

Sealed in its Purity Package

THE FLAVOR LASTS

EDDY'S MATCHES

East-West EDDY'S Best

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BOX

KELSEY Healthy HEAT

Kelsey Heating is *Right* Heating

The Kelsey warm air generator will heat every room in your house. It is easy to operate and costs less for fuel than any other heating method.

Heats both small and large houses with equal satisfaction

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

CANADA FOUNDRIES & FORGINGS LIMITED

JAMES SMART PLANT BROCKVILLE ONT.

Bovril makes you feel ten years younger