When You Try

"SALADA"

TEA H478

you will realize the difference between "Salada" and "just tea."

Woman's Sphere

TELLING CHILDREN STORIES.

What sort of bed-time stories do you tell to your children; and what sort of an impression do they make on the little tots? Do you sometimes wonder why the longer you tell your little son or daughter stories the wider awake they become? If this is the case, you may be sure that there is a very good reason for it. What kind of stories do your children ask for? One is safe in assuming that if the child is acquainted with Little Red Riding Hood, Jack the Giant Killer, etc., that they are his favorite stories. But have you allowed the child to become acquainted with these characters of story-lore?

A friend once complained to me that the longer she told her little daughter "good-night" stories the wider awake she became. "The more stories I tell her, the more she wants," the mother complained. "She wants tales of ogres and giants and Indians, and she won't go to sleep without them—and she can't go to sleep with them, sometimes 'till ten o'clock. And she gets so nervous that she often cries out in her sleep."

Although a woman of unusual intelligence, she did not seem to realize that it was the sort of stories she told to her little daughter that caused the sleeplessness. Suppose that she had told the child stories of a soothing nature? You know there are stories of that sort—stories that have a repitition of soft, drowsy sounds that naturally have the effect of producing sleepiness. Or, if she preferred, she might have told the little one stories that, even though they did not have the effect of producing sleepiness, may be told at bedtime, with perfect sofety. In fact, any story that does not contain the least element of fear may be safely told. But if a mother desires that her child shall sleep well, she should never tell him, or allow him to be told, stories that frighten him. Such stories are also poor brain-developers.

Only a few evenings ago our little brother, seven years old, began after he had been put to bed, to tell the story that his teacher had read to his class in school that doy. It was hard to get him interested in any other story. The "teacher's story" had made such an impression on him that it seemed he could not get it out of his mind. I did not get much meaning from his rather incoherent version, but I know the story was full of beheadings, giants and ogres, and that it was not fit for any child's mind. It was with difficulty that I interested the child in a simple little nature story.

Perhaps the child's teacher is not to blame as she is only a girl and this is her first school. Anyway, our little brother took some stories to school with him the next day—just such stories as he is used to having told and read to him—and the teacher seemed pleased to get them, and to prove it, read them aloud to the class. And as a result brother did not have any difficulty in keeping his mind on his own good-night story when he went to bed. His little mind was not full of horrible, fear-instilling thoughts, and by the time my story was finished, he was ready to go to sleep.

THEIR GREATEST LABOR SAVERS.

When a certain farm woman figured that she was traveling 114 miles a year, bringing water from her back porch into the kitchen, it did not take her long to persuade the men-folks to pipe the water into the house. Facts are stubborn and sometimes startling, and often the simplest changes spell the difference between drudgery and pleasure in doing housework.

"What is the greatest labor saver in your home?" was the question asked at a home-improvement meeting the other day.

Electric lights, electric iron, and electric washer of course came in for their due share of praise; but many of the things mentioned were within the limits of even the slenderest pocketbook, and some of these things require no outlay of money whatever, only a little thought and ingenuity.

"A high stool in the kitchen," said one woman.

"Hooks to hang utensils where they are needed," said another.

"A chamois skin for washing windows and mirrors," volunteered a third.

Other things found helpful were drop shelves to supply extra room, wire dish cloth, dustless dust mop, oil cloth on shelves, traveling table, and oil stove.

Just read this over again, and see if there isn't at least one of these labor savers that you need and can have without much expenditure of time or money.

A SIMPLE, DAINTY SACK.

4463. Filet lace and crepe de chine are here combined. The model is comfortable and pretty, and may be developed in crepe of two colors, or in batiste with veining and hemstitching for a finish.

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 2¾ yards of 32-inch material. For the yoke of contrasting material 1 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.

HANGING-BASKET PLANTS.

Hanging-basket plants, I have learned, must be hardy and not easily injured by heat or temporary neglect. The air up where they are is likely to be much hotter than the normal living-room temperature, and, being above the level of the eyes, they are likely to be neglected. Drying out fast, they need more watering than pots below, and usually get less.

The Bermuda buttercup oxalis has been about the best blooming hanging-basket plant I have ever grown. Both foliage and flowers have long stems, and droop down over the sides as they mature. One or two bulbs will make a fine basket. A large fleshy root stores moisture, which makes it drought-resistant. This is the case also with *Asparagus sprengeri* another excellent basket plant with beautiful feathery foliage but no worth-while bloom. Wandering Jew and weeping lantana are trailing plants often used, but either of the above I have found to be better.—A. H.

PATCHING NEW GARMENTS.

Patching new garments sounds drastic, but is much easier and more inspiring than working on old ones that are faded and out of shape. Patches, like the nose on the face, have a habit of coming in the same places. So it is a simple matter to put them on after a new garment has been shrunk, or, if made at home, after it has been finished. In the latter case some of the material can be used, but if clothes are ready-made some similar material will do just as well.

The tail of an old shirt is often good enough to be cut into patches for the elbows or pieces large enough to come down over the shoulder blades in the back. Cut the patches round for the elbows and pin or baste into place. Do not turn in the edges. Catch-stitch the patch to the sleeve very lightly. When putting in double backs shape the patch like the top of the shirt, pin into place, turn in the edges and hem to sleeves, shoulder and collar seams.

Overcast the lower edge and tack to the shirt in several places so as to hold it in place. Knees and seats of new trousers will be much slower to come through if re-enforced in this way while new. Underwear and pajamas will need almost no attention in later life when they are patched before showing too much wear. You will be surprised to experience a wonderful feeling of freedom when you outdistance the family patching.

The City of Cloud.

When I am a-weary of people and towns
And the fret and the worry and woe
Of life at its best, to a little gray rock
In the heart of the meadows I go,
And there in the silence, sequestered and sweet,
Away from the riotous crowd,
My fanciful spirit slips out of the flesh
And visits the City of Cloud.

Its domes and its minarets, turrets and towers
Are silver and mother of pearl,
And white satin banners with fringes of silk
From its spires in the azure unfurl.
The steep terrace stairs and the avenues broad,
The gates and the palaces proud
Are of pure alabaster and ivory carved
In the glorious City of Cloud.

Only lilies unclose in its gardens and groves,
Ships snowy sailed float to its piers,
No sound ever shatters the quiet supheme,
No calendar reckons the years;
But at sunrise and sunset its shimmering roofs
With splendor untold are endowed,
Then a-glitter with amethysts, rubies and gold
Is the beautiful City of Cloud.

I meet in the streets all the hopes and the dreams
That melted alas! into air,
And young Love who died of too ardent a kiss,
And Truth who was slain with a hair,
And none are unhappy or sick or in pain,
There are neither a crutch or a shroud
Or a whip or a weapon or hunger or tears
In the marvelous City of Cloud.

To eyes that are blind to the beauty of star
And blossom and billow, behold!
My city enchanted is only a mass
Of cumuli fold upon fold,
But to world beaten hearts like my own it's the place
Where no shadow of strife is allowed,
And my spirit untrammeled may dance with the sun
In the wonderful City of Cloud.

—Minna Irving.

The Reason.

The story of how Paderewski was expelled from Russia years ago by Emperor Alexander III., after Paderewski had played before the court, is worth telling.

"You are a great artist, and an honor to Rusia," the Emperor is reported to have said.

"Pardon, Your Majesty," replied Paderewski. "To Poland."

The next day the pianist received an order to leave Russia, and he has never returned since.

Tea and eggs are in the same class. You insist on fresh eggs, and since tea deteriorates even more rapidly if exposed to the air, you should insist on tea sealed like "SALADA" in air-tight aluminum to keep it fresh. Do not accept bulk teas of questionable age.

Make It Snappy.

Farmer (to train caller)—"What do you do?"

Train Caller—"I call trains."

Farmer—"Well, call me one. I'm in a hurry."

Once a month remove the rear wheels and wash the brake lining in kerosene. This removes all oil and grease which, if present, takes the "bite" out of the brakes. Never oil brake lining.

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

(Copyrighted Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd.)

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

"What came you forth to seek?" Hilda von Einem asked. "You are not like the stout American Blenkiron, a lover of shoddy power and a devotee of a feeble science. There is something more than that in your face. You are on our side, but you are not of the Germans with their hankerings for a rococo Empire. You come from America, the land of pious follies, where men worship gold and words. I ask, what come you forth to seek?"

As she spoke I seemed to get a vision of a figure, like one of the old gods looking down on human nature from a great height, a figure disdainful and passionless, but with its own magnificence. It kindled my imagination, and I answered with the stuff I had often cogitated when I had tried to explain to myself just how a case could be made out against the Allied cause.

"I will tell you, Madam," I said. "I am a man who has followed a science, but I have followed it in wild places, and I have gone through it and come out at the other side. The world, as I see it, had become too easy and cushioned. Men had forgotten their manhood in soft speech, and imagined that the rules of their smug civilization were the laws of the universe. But that is not the teaching of science, and it is not the teaching of life. We had forgotten the greater virtues, and we were becoming emasculated humbugs whose gods were our own weaknesses. Then came war, and the air was cleared. Germany, in spite of her blunders and her grossness, stood forth as the scourge of cant. She had the courage to cut through the bonds of humbug and to laugh at the fetishes of the herd. Therefore I am on Germany's side. But I came here for another reason. I know nothing of the East, but as I read history it is from the desert that the purification comes. When mankind is smothered with shams and phrases and painted idols a wind blows out of the wilds to cleanse and simplify life. The world needs space and fresh air. The civilization we have boasted of is a toy-shop and a blind alley, and I hanker for open country."

This confounded nonsense was well received. Her pale eyes had the cold light of the fanatic. With her bright hair and the long exquisite oval of her face she looked like some destroying fury of a Norse legend. At that moment I think I first really feared her; before I had half hated and half admired. Thank Heaven, in her absorption she did not notice that I had forgotten the speech of Cleveland, Ohio.

"You are of the Household of Faith," she said. "You will presently learn many things, for the Faith marches to victory. Meantime I have one word for you. You and your companion travel eastward."

"We go to Mesopotamia," I said. "I reckon these are our passports," and I pointed to the envelope.

She picked it up, opened it, and then tore it in pieces and tossed it in the fire.

"The orders are countermanded," she said. "I have need of you and you go with me. Not to the flats of the Tigris, but to the great hills. To-morrow you will receive new passports."

She gave me her hand and turned to go. At the threshold she paused, and looked towards the oak cupboard. "To-morrow I will relieve you of your prisoner. He will be safer in my hands."

She left me in a condition of pretty blank bewilderment. We were to be tied to the chariot-wheels of this fury, and started on an enterprise compared to which fighting against our friends at Kut seemed tame and reasonable. On the other hand, I had been spotted by Rasta, and had got the envoy of the most powerful man in Constantinople locked in a cupboard. At all costs we had to keep Rasta safe, but I was very determined that he should not be handed over to the lady. I was going to be no party to cold-blooded murder, which I judged to be her expedient. It was a pretty kettle of fish, but in the meantime I must have food, for I had eaten nothing for nine hours. So I went in search of Peter.

I had scarcely begun my long-deferred meal when Sandy entered. He was before his time, and he looked as solemn as a sick owl. I seized on him as a drowning man clutches a spar.

He heard my story of Rasta with a lengthening face.

"That's bad," he said. "You say he spotted you, and your subsequent doings of course would not disillusion him. It's an infernal nuisance, but there's only one way out of it. I must put him in charge of my own people. They will keep him safe and sound till he's wanted. Only he mustn't see me." And he went out in a hurry.

I fetched Rasta from his prison. He had come to his senses by this time, and lay regarding me with stony, malevolent eyes.

"I'm very sorry, sir," I said, "for what has happened. But you left me no alternative. I've got a big job on hand and I can't have it interfered with by you or any one. You're paying the price of a suspicious nature. When you know a little more you'll want to apologize to me. I'm going to see that you are kept quiet and comfortable for a day or two. You've no cause to worry, for you'll suffer no harm. I give you my word of honor as an American citizen.

Two of Sandy's miscreants came in and bore him off, and presently Sandy himself returned. When I asked where he was being taken, Sandy said he didn't know. "They've got their orders, and they'll carry them out to the letter. There's a big, unknown area in Constantinople to hide a man, into which the *Khafiyeh* never enter."

Then he flung himself into a chair and lit his old pipe.

"Dick," he said, "this job is getting very difficult and very dark. But my knowledge has grown in the last few days. I've found out the meaning of the second word that Harry Bullivant scribbled."

"*Cancer?*" I asked.

"Yes. It means just what it reads and no more. Greenmantle is dying—has been dying for months. This afternoon they brought a German doctor to see him, and the man gave him a few hours of life. By now he may be dead."

The news was a staggerer. For a moment I thought it cleared up things. "Then that busts the show," I said. "You can't have a crusade without a prophet."

"I wish I thought it did. It's the end of one stage, but the start of a new and blacker one. Do you think that woman will be beaten by such a small thing as the death of her prophet? She'll find a substitute—one of the four Ministers, or some one else. She's a devil incarnate, but she has the soul of a Napoleon. The big danger is only beginning."

Then he told me the story of his recent doings. He had found out the house of Frau von Einem without much trouble, and had performed with his ragamuffins in the servants' quarters. The prophet had a large retinue, and the fame of the minstrels—for the Companions were known far and wide in the land of Islam—came speedily to the ears of the Holy Ones. Sandy, a leader of this most orthodox coterie, was taken into favor and brought to the notice of the four Ministers. He and his half-dozen retainers became inmates of the villa, and Sandy, from his knowledge of Islamic lore and his ostentatious piety, was admitted to the confidence of the household. Frau von Einem welcomed him as an ally, for the Companions had been the most devoted propagandists of the new revelation.

As he described it, it was a strange business. Greenmantle was dying and often in great pain, but he struggled to meet the demands of his protectress. The four Ministers, as Sandy saw them, were unworldly ascetics; the prophet himself was a saint, though a practical saint with some notions of policy; but the controlling brain and will were those of the lady. Sandy seemed to have won his favor, even his affection. He spoke of him with a kind of desperate pity.

"I never saw such a man. He is the greatest gentleman you can picture, with a dignity like a high mountain. He is a dreamer and a poet, too— a genius if I can judge these things. I think I can assess him rightly, for I know something of the soul of the East, but it would be too long a story to tell now. The West knows nothing of the true Oriental. It pictures him as lapped in color and idleness and luxury and gorgeous dreams. But it is all wrong. The *Kaf* he yearns for is an austere thing. It is the austerity of the East that is its beauty and its terror. . . . It always wants the same things at the back of its head. The Turk and the Arab came out of big spaces, and they have the desire for them in their bones. They settle down and stagnate, and by and by they degenerate into that appalling subtlety which is their ruling passion gone crooked. And then comes a new revelation and a great simplifying. They want to live face to face with God without a screen of ritual and images and priestcraft. They want to prune life of its foolish fringes and get back to the noble bareness of the desert. Remember, it is always the empty desert and the empty sky that cast their spell over them—these, and the hot, strong, antiseptic sunlight which burns up all rot and decay. . . . . It isn't inhuman. It's the humanity of one part of the human race. It isn't ours, it isn't as good as ours, but it's jolly good all the same. There are times when it grips me so hard that I'm inclined to forswear the gods of my fathers!

"Well, Greenmantle is the prophet of this great simplicity. He speaks straight to the heart of Islam, and it's an honorable message. But for our sins it's been twisted into part of that damned German propaganda. His unworldliness has been used for a cunning political move, and his creed of space and simplicity for the furtherance of the last word in human degeneracy. My God, Dick, it's like seeing St. Francis run by Messalina."

"The woman has been here tonight," I said. "She asked me what I stood for, and I invented some infernal nonsense which she approved of. But I can see one thing. She and her prophet may run for different stakes, but it's the same course."

(To be continued.)

The Little Things.

He came a little sooner
Than the other fellow did,
And stayed a little longer
Than the other fellow would.
He worked a little harder
And he talked a little less,
He was never really hurried,
And he showed but little stress,
For every little movement
His efficiency expressed.
He saved a little money
In a hundred little ways,
And banked a little extra
When he got a little raise.
Of course, it's little wonder that
He murmurs with a smile,
As his dividends come regular,
"Are the little things worth while?"

Another Question.

Mother—"Don't ask so many questions, Elsie. Don't you know that curiosity killed the cat?"

Elsie—"What did the cat want to know, mother?"

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

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

Dreamers.

Is it a dream that we are different?
Can it be true we are the same as they—
Those beasts forever tearing at their prey,
Seeming so sleek yet always on the scent?
Our talons hide in pale pear blossom flesh,
Cold cunning lurks beneath our fragile skin—
Oh, we are strange and terrible within,
Our slender hands can lay a snaring mesh!
Still, do beasts hold hushed visions as they go?
By toiling sweat do they stretch spires high—
Aching to wring a solace from the sky
And crying of a High White Thing they know!
Are we mere beasts and cruel as we seem,
Or are we different because we dream?

—Power Dalton.

Argentina's Meteorite.

A giant meteorite which fell in the territory of Chaco, Argentina, 300 years ago, but which was "lost" shortly before 1812, has been rediscovered, according to explorers for the Argentine government. The mass is reported to weigh nearly sixty tons. Since 1912 several expeditions have tried to locate it. In 1873 a reward of $2,000 was offered for its recovery. About the middle of the seventeenth century the presence of the meteorite was first reported by Spaniards who had been guided to the spot by Vilelas Indians. The object lay half-buried in the sand. Analysis showed that it consisted of meteoric iron and pure nickel and cobalt. Several pieces were sent to musums. Two pistols were made from some of the metal and were presented to a president of the United States in appreciation of his sympathy with Argentine independence.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Oleomargarine.

Belgium now uses about 1,600,000 pounds of oleomargarine each month, about 3½ times the quantity a few years ago.

Toronto Bond Exchange
Limited
DOMINION BANK BLDG., TORONTO

ATTENTION
1923 VICTORY BONDS
may now be exchanged for
Dominion of Canada
5% Bonds
under the following conditions:

Holders may clip and retain interest coupons due Nov. 1st, 1923 and send their bonds to be exchanged for the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds maturing in 5 or 20 years.

In exchanging for DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds due 1928 they will receive the following amounts in cash, in addition to the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA Bonds on each:

$100	Bond	Cash	$ 1.00
$500	"	"	5.00
$1,000	"	"	10.00

In exchanging for DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds due 1943 they will receive the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds in addition to a cash payment of:

$100	Bond	Cash	$ 1.75
$500	"	"	8.75
$1,000	"	"	17.50

For bonds from which the Nov. 1st coupon has not been clipped the cash balance will be as follows:

For 1928 Bonds.

$100	Bond	Cash	$ 3.75
$500	"	"	18.75
$1,000	"	"	37.50

For 1943 Bonds.

$100	Bond	Cash	$ 4.50
$500	"	"	22.50
$1,000	"	"	45.00

Forward your bonds by REGISTERED MAIL to the Toronto Bond Exchange Limited, Dominion Bank Bldg., Toronto.

State plainly the maturity of DOMINION OF CANADA BONDS you wish—1928 or 1943

Receipts will be sent in order of acceptance.

Universal Portable and Folding Bath Tub

with or without instantaneous water heater attached, permits all bathroom comforts of a millionaire in the room. No plumbing. Equally suitable for country or town home. 30 days' trial. Moderate price. Ask about our indoor chemical closets.
Universal Metal Products Company
86 Assumption St., Walkerville, Ont.

EDDY'S
MATCHES
On the C.P.R. and C.N.R.
-where *quality* counts-
Eddy matches are served to patrons
ALWAYS, EVERYWHERE IN CANADA
ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES

Gives you lasting uplift—Bovril