The Economy of "SALADA" GREEN TEA H466

is in the larger number of cups it gives per pound. — Delicious! — Try it.

# Woman's Sphere

THIS IS THE DAY.

"Let me see," meditated the little neighbor, finger on her notebook, eyes on the calendar. "First Thursday in the month. Yes, this is the day to look over the cellar."

Seeing my astonishment, she continued laughingly: "You think it is queer to have a particular day for looking over the cellar, don't you? Well, let me tell you, it is not.

"After I had kept house long enough for the newness to wear off I became perfectly discouraged about ever keeping everything in order. I'd carefully sweep my house all over and then discover that the silver should have been polished. I'd stock my larder with all kinds of goodies and find that the storeroom should have been put in order. I'd spend a week over the much-needed sewing or canning and the whole house seemed demoralized.

"I began to see that no woman who does all her work can hope to keep every department in perfect condition. So I worked out a sort of system.

"Once each month I go over the attic, cellar, storerooms and such parts of the house as do not receive regular daily and weekly attention. This keeps them in very presentable condition and really does not take much time because they never get actually out of order.

"I have a stated time to clean and polish the silver, clean and oil the sewing machine, clean the cupboards and do seasonable sewing. In this way all these tasks that do not come in the regular routine work never get neglected until they crowd into other duties and simply must be done.

"Of course, there is nothing rock-bound about these plans—I should never think of staying home from a picnic to go over the cellar. But generally speaking a thing gets done when 'this is the day' for it."

WHEN CHILDREN WANT TO HELP.

"Please, mother, can't I do that? I just know I could if you'd let me, and I'd be so careful." How many mothers have listened to that plea when busy and answered by saying, "No, you would just make a mess of it."

Most children, when they are little, are eager to help, anxious to learn to do things around home, but as they get older and are not allowed to do any of these things they lose interest. Of course it is a lot of bother to let Mary wash the dishes, and her work is not the best in the world. But I knew one mother who told me that she washed all her dishes over for a period of time when she was teaching her little girl to do it rather than not let the little girl learn when she was willing.

When we are busy we cannot be bothered trying to teach the children how to do things, but too many of us are inclined to use the term "busy" as an excuse. The reason so many girls grow up with so little knowledge of housekeeping and cooking is because their mothers would always rather do the work themselves than be bothered. When courses in domestic science were introduced into the schools a great many people said it was all nonsense, as the girls could learn those things at home from their mothers. It is very true that they could—but it had been conclusively proven that they didn't. High school girls were found who had never sewed on a button or mended a garment. They could not cook or serve a plain meal, and a great many could not iron a middy.

Mary or Lucy will probably waste good butter and eggs in their first attempts at cake baking, but if mother is helpful and patient it will not be long until she is telling her neighbors with pride that she never has to bake a cake any more, as the girls do it for her.

When the clothes are brought in off the rack, freshly ironed but in need of buttons before they can be put away, little fingers can make shorter work of it and maybe mother can tell a story while the mending goes on together.

Let each member of the family feel that he is carrying his share of the burden of work which no family can escape that is not surrounded by skilled servants, and he gets a bigger conception of the unity and beauty of family life. Children who are waited on from childhood up find life pretty hard when thrown upon their own resources, so in justice to the children it is only fair that we should teach them in the home all the things we can which may be of benefit for them to know some time in life.

WOODBOX ON WHEELS SAVES THE FARMWIFE.

One way to make it easier for Mother is to put casters on the coal or woodbox, so that she can roll it right up to the stove, and not have to do all that lifting and lugging.

It is a perfectly practical idea, and a good many farmwives who have tried out the idea entirely agree. They say it is both a time and strength saver.

The woodbox ought to be built large enough to hold five or six buckets of coal, or a whole day's supply of wood. It can be filled by the husband or by the children before they go to work or to school.

Of course, it ought to be tight and well-made, and high enough so that, with a tight, clean cover, it can be used as a little table, if this top is neatly covered with oilcloth.

There should be a small door near the bottom from which coal and wood can be taken without raising the top. Put stop-catch inside the box just above this door, so the coal or wood will let down evenly. A stop such as is used on phonograph lids is most convenient to support the top lid while opened to be filled.

SIX HOUSEHOLD SHORT CUTS.

Put a thimble over the end of the curtain rod. This makes it slip easily through the curtain casing. If this makes it too large, slide an empty rifle cartridge in the end of the rod.

To remove paint from cloth, apply olive oil to the spot and then drop on chloroform. When once the paint is softened, no matter how old it is, the chloroform will remove it.

The next time you blacken the stove try lathering hands plentifully with good soap and let it dry thoroughly. Then after your work is done the blacking all comes off with the soap.

In order to have custard pie an even nice brown, I sprinkle a little sugar over the top just before putting in the oven.

As I was troubled with rheumatism, one of my hard jobs was stooping to get the dust out of the corners of my kitchen, pantry, and back porch. I got around that by nailing little brass stair corners in all these corners, and it is a great help. They only cost a few cents a dozen and are neat-looking.

A NEAT AND PLEASING FROCK.

4504. The stylish side closing and the pretty basket pockets will please the little girl for whom this dress may be selected. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Gingham with collar, vest pockets, belt and cuffs in contrasting material will be good for this design. Brown linen with tan or white for trimming is also attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 3 yards of 27-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.

PREVENTS COLDS FROM SPREADING.

I heard of a wise mother who has an old-fashioned salt box which she keeps in her kitchen. When any member of the family has a cold this person's glass is kept in the salt box to prevent any other person using it until he is well. Then the glass and the box are sterilized.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.



# GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

"Pardon me, sir," I said, "but we have no time to spare and we'd like to be in Erzerum before the dark. I would beg of you to get through any formalities as soon as possible. This man," and I pointed to the sentry, "has our passports."

"Compose yourself," he said impudently; "you're not going on just yet, and when you do it won't be in a stolen car." He took the passports and fingered them casually. Then something he saw there made him cock his eyebrows.

"Where did you steal these?" he asked, but with less assurance in his tone.

I spoke very gently. "You seem to be the victim of a mistake, sir. These are our papers. We are under orders to report ourselves at Erzerum without an hour's delay. Whoever hinders us will have to answer to General von Liman. We will be obliged if you will conduct us at once to the Governor."

"You can't see General Posselt," he said; "this is my business. I have a wire from Siwas that four men stole a car belonging to one of Enver Damad's staff. It describes you all, and says that two of you are notorious spies wanted by the Imperial Government. What have you to say to that?"

"Only that it is rubbish. My good sir, you have seen our passes. Our errand is not to be cried on the housetops, but five minutes with General Posselt will make things clear. You will be exceedingly sorry for it if you delay us another minute."

He was impressed in spite of himself, and after pulling his moustache turned on his heel and left us. Presently he came back and said very gruffly that the Governor would see us. We followed him along a corridor into a big room looking out on the river, where an oldish fellow sat in an arm-chair by a stove, writting letters with a fountain pen.

This was Posselt, who had been Governor of Erzerum till he fell sick and Ahmed Fevzi took his place. He had a peevish mouth and big blue pouches below his eyes. He was supposed to be a good engineer and to have made Erzerum impregnable, but the look in his face gave me the impression that his reputation at the moment was a bit unstable.

The staff-officer spoke to him in an undertone.

"Yes, yes, I know," he said testily. "Are these the men? They look a pretty lot of scoundrels. What's that you say? They deny it. But they've got the car. They can't deny that. Here, you," and he fixed on Blenkiron, "who the devil are you?"

Blenkiron smiled sleepily at him, not understanding one word, and I took up the parable.

"Our passports, sir, give our credentials," I said.

He glanced through them, and his face lengthened.

"They're right enough. But what about this story of stealing a car?"

"It is quite true," I said, "but I would prefer to use a pleasanter word. You will see from our papers that every authority on the road is directed to give us the best transport. Our own car broke down, and after a long delay we got some wretched horses. It is vitally important that we should be in Erzerum without delay, so I took the liberty of appropriating an empty car we found outside an inn. I am sorry for the discomfort of the owners, but our business was too grave to wait."

"But the telegram says you are notorious spies!"

I smiled. "Who sent the telegram?"

"I see no reason why I shouldn't give you his name. It was Rasta Bey. You've picked an awkward fellow to make an enemy of."

I did not smile but laughed. "Rasta!" I cried. "He's one of Enver's satellites. That explains many things. I should like a word with you alone, sir."

He nodded to the staff-officer, and when he had gone I put on my most Bible face and looked as important as a provincial mayor at a royal visit.

"I can speak freely," I said, "for I am speaking to a soldier of Germany. There is no love lost between Enver and those I serve. I need not tell you that. This Rasta thought he had found a chance of delaying us, so he invents this trash about spies. Those Comitadjis have spies on the brain. . . . . Especially he hates Frau von Einem."

He jumped at the name.

"You have orders from her?" he asked, in a respectful tone.

"Why, yes," I answered, "and those orders will not wait."

He got up and walked to a table, whence he turned a puzzled face on me. "I'm torn in two between the Turks and my own countrymen. If I please one I offend the other, and the result is a damnable confusion. You can go on to Erzerum, but I shall send a man with you to see that you report to headquarters there. I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I'm obliged to take no chances in this business. Rasta's got a grievance against you, but you can easily hide behind the lady's skirts. She passed through this town two days ago."

Ten minutes later we were coasting through the slush of the narrow streets with a stolid German lieutenant sitting beside me.

The afternoon was one of those rare days when in the pauses of snow you have a spell of weather as mild as May. I remembered several like it during our winter's training in Hampshire. The road was a fine one, well engineered, and well kept too, considering the amount of traffic. We were little delayed, for it was sufficiently broad to let us pass troops and transport without slackening pace. The fellow at my side was good humored-enough, but his presence naturally put the lid on our conversation. I didn't want to talk, however. I was trying to piece together a plan, and making very little of it, for I had nothing to go upon. We must find Hilda von Einem and Sandy, and between us we must wreck the Greenmantle business. That done, it didn't matter so much what happened to us. As I reasoned it out, the Turks must be in a bad way, and, unless they got a fillip from Greenmantle, would crumple up before the Russians. In the rout I hoped we might get a chance to change our sides. But it was no good looking so far forward; the first thing was to get to Sandy.

Now I was still in the mood of reckless bravado which I had got from bagging the car. I did not realize how thin our story was, and how easily Rasta might have a big graft at head-quarters. If I had, I would have shot out the German lieutenant long before we got to Erzerum, and found some way of getting mixed up in the ruck of the population. Hussin could have helped me to that. I was getting so confident since our interview with Posselt that I thought I could bluff the whole outfit.

But my main business that afternoon was pure nonsense. It was trying to find my little hill. At every turn of the road I expected to see the *castrol* before us. You must know that ever since I could stand I have been crazy about high mountains. My father took me to Basutoland when I was a boy, and I reckon I have scrambled over almost every bit of upland south of the Zambesi, from the Hottentots Holland to the Zoutpansberg, and from the ugly yellow kopjes of Damaraland to the noble cliffs of Mont aux Sources. One of the things I had looked forward to in coming home was the chance of climbing the Alps. But now I was among peaks that I fancied were bigger than the Alps, and I could hardly keep my eyes on the road. I was pretty certain that my *castrol* was among them, for that dream had taken an almighty hold on my mind. Funnily enough, I was ceasing to think it a place of evil omen, for one soon forgets the atmosphere of nightmare. But I was convinced that it was a thing I was destined to see, and to see pretty soon.

Darkness fell when we were some miles short of the city, and the last part was difficult driving. On both sides of the road transport and engineer's stores were parked, and some of it strayed into the highway. I noticed lots of small details—machine-gun detachments, signalling parties, squads of stretcher-bearers—which mean the fringe of an army, and as soon as the night began the white fingers of searchlights began to grope in the skies.

And then, above the hum of the roadside, rose the voice of the great guns. The shells were bursting four or five miles away, and the guns must have been as many more distant. But in that upland pocket of plain in the frosty night they sounded most intimately near. They kept up their solemn litany, with a minute's interval between each—no *rafale* which rumbles like a drum, but the steady persistence of artillery exactly ranged on a target. I judged they must be bombarding the outer forts, and once there came a loud explosion and a red glare as if a magazine had suffered.

It was a sound I had not heard for five months, and it fairly crazed me. I remembered how I had first heard it on the ridge before Laventie. Then I had been half afraid, half solemnized, but every nerve had been quickened. Then it had been the new thing in my life that held me breathless with anticipation; now it was the old thing, the thing I had shared with so many good fellows, my proper work, and the only task for a man. At the sound of the guns I felt that I was moving in natural air once more. I felt that I was coming home.

We were stopped at a long line of ramparts, and a German sergeant stared at us till he saw the lieutenant beside me, when he saluted and we passed on. Almost at once we dipped into narrow twisting streets, choked with soldiers, where it was a hard business to steer. There were few lights—only now and then the flare of a torch which showed the grey stone house, with every window latticed and shuttered. I had put out my headlights and had only side lamps, so we had to pick our way gingerly through the labyrinth. I hoped we would strike Sandy's quarters soon, for we were all pretty empty, and a frost had set in which made our thick coats seem as thin as paper.

(To be continued.)

NOT WEATHER-WISE.

"He said he was laying up money for a rainy day."

"And got fooled by the first little shower that came along."

Market tolls in Covent Garden, London's fruit and vegetable market, have not been raised since 1828.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

## The Shield.

God, give me laughter for a buckler,
Lest to the blows of Life I yield;
When my head is bowed to press of foemen,
Lord, give me laughter for a shield.

Grant me will to fight, if not to conquer,
Strength to keep my spirit from eclipse,
And let me hold at midnight and at noonday
The shield of laughter on unshaking lips.

There is none so strong can overcome it,
Black rage, red scorn, or serpent guile;
Magic lives in weakliest defences—
Even in little twisted smile.

In the dusk and through the murk of conflict,
Fighting on against the driving spears,
More flags will rally round to laughter
Than ever owned the sovereignty of tears.

Though I have no armor that is trusty,
And nothing but a wooden sword to wield,
I shall go down fighting and not craven
If Thou, Lord, give laughter for a shield.

—Edna Valentine Trapwell.

## Painting the Lily.

The color of cut flowers may be altered to almost any desired hue in a remarkably short time by placing them in colored water.

For instance, if a drop or two of red ink is dropped into the water in a vase where white lilies are standing, they will turn red. But, although a white lily, colored pink, blue, or purple, may be an interesting novelty, to the artistic mind it is probably not a particularly attractive one.

Even when grown in soil, some flowers can have their colors changed or modified by the addition of something or other to the plant's diet. A good example of this is the popular hydrangea, the color of which can be changed from pink to blue by adding alum to the soil.

HIS REST TOO.

Daughter (at seashore): Why Mother, what on earth's the matter?

Mother: Just got a letter from home from your father, saying he was enjoying his vacation very much.

## Paid in Cabbages.

With the present fluctuating exchange in Germany many tradesmen and professional men refuse to take money, and are asking for accounts to be settled in kind.

Even the doctors, most conservative of professional men, have now adopted this system. Here is the tariff of a physician in one German town:

For a consultation during the day: One large loaf. For a consultation at night: Two large loaves. For an X-ray examination: Thirty loaves.

A farmer who had broken his leg and called in this doctor was charged two pounds of butter, twenty eggs, and a cabbage. For a case of rheumatism, however, a sack of potatoes was considered sufficient remuneration.

The nature of the goods demanded varies according to the trade of the patient. Thus, a butcher is asked for meat, while a draper pays his bill in cloth. But what happens when the medico visits the ice-man in the middle of winter we are not told!

### Many Kinds of Fur.

At a fur auction held in St. Louis, the list of the different kinds of furs numbered sixty-two. It is remarkable that so many different furs are on the market. Among the offers were skins of monkeys and gazelles from Africa, ponies from the steppes of Russia, giant wolves from Siberia, polar bear from the Arctic, dog skins from China, kid skins and goat skins from Greece, Turkey and Near East countries, kangaroo and fox from Australia, and strange but useful pelts of furbearers from many other distant lands.

If you press forward you will get pushes to keep you going. Those at the back seldom get a helping hand.

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

## Milk in Sponges.

So important has the sponge become in everyday life that it is now grown from "seed" like ordinary land plants.

The sponges are brought up by divers, some of whom work naked, while others wear diving costume. The sponges present a flesh-like appearance, and are covered with a firm skin in which tiny holes appear and disappear apparently at the animal's will.

The inside of the sponge, not unlike raw meat, is intersected by numerous canals and cavities. These are filled with a sticky, greyish-brown fluid known as "milk." This "milk" must be taken out at once, for it is the only part of the animal that is actually alive. Should it be left, the sponge begins to decay and lose its elastic qualities.

### Real Irish.

An Irishman was astonished to receive the following letter from his son in London:—

"Dear Father,—I am in a deuce of a hole. Kindly send me £10, and oblige,—Your loving son, Pat.

"P.S.—After writing this letter I was so stricken with remorse that I ran after the postman and tried to get it back. I can only pray that it will not reach you."

But who could be more astonished than the son when he received this reply:—

"Dear Son,—Your prayers are answered. The letter did not reach me—Father."

In the summer the descendants of a single fly will number 2,080,320.

The force of gravity on the moon is one-sixth of what it is on the earth.

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Universal Folding Bath Tub for Town & Country Homes

A pure white enamelled metal bath tub, with or without instantaneous water heater. Gives all bathing facilities of city homes. No plumbing required. When not in use, folds up out of the way. Mounted on castors, can be moved anywhere. Moderate in price and lasts a lifetime. Write for folder and trial offer, also information on Indoor Chemical Closets.

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