Superior
to the finest Japans,
"SALADA"
GREEN TEA H434
is the best at any price—Try it.

Woman's Sphere

A VARIETY OF COOKIES.

Now that the task of fixing school lunches is in full swing, the children are insisting on home-made cookies. There are a hundred and one different varieties of cookies, crackers and wafers to be bought at the grocery stores these days, and at first thought it would seem foolish for the busy farm woman to use her precious time to make the crisp home-made dainties, but there is a difference in the taste, and in this difference lies the charm of the "cookies like Mother used to make." The school lunch seems incomplete without them, and nothing quite takes the place of them. They are easy to make and convenient to serve for light refreshments when the Women's Institute meets.

The modern cook should know that the cookies are much better if the dough is thoroughly chilled before using; this leaves the butter hard and so does not require so much flour. The less flour used, the better the cookies are. The oven must be watched carefully, especially for molasses cookies.

The following recipes are tried and true, easy to make, and not expensive.

Fruit cookies—Cream one cup of butter, add one and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup of milk, one egg, four level teaspoons of baking powder, a level teaspoon of grated nutmeg and one-third cup of raisins or currants chopped fine. Mix with flour to make a stiff dough, cut in rounds, wet the tops with milk and sprinkle with sugar. Bake quickly.

Plain cookies—Mix one-half cup of butter and one-half cup of lard with two cups of sugar, one cup of milk and two well-beaten eggs. Sift six level teaspoons of baking powder with four cups of flour, and use as much of the flour as is needed to make a dough that will roll out; of some kinds of flour, the whole four cups will be needed. After the cookies have been placed in the pan, press a raisin into the top of each.

Cocoanut cookies—Beat one cup of sugar and one cup of thick sour cream together, add one beaten egg, one level teaspoon of soda and flour enough to mix as soft as possible, and roll out. Sprinkle the top of each cookie with shredded cocoanut and press lightly. Bake in quick oven. These cookies should be rolled about half an inch thick.

Sugar cookies—Cream two-thirds of a cup of butter, and one cup of sugar, and one-half cup of sour milk. Stir in one-half of a level teaspoon of soda, one egg, a little nutmeg and as little pastry flour as can be used and roll them out thin. Cut in shapes and bake in quick oven.

Molasses Cookies—Use one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup butter, one-half cup hot water in which one level teaspoon of soda has been dissolved. Mix with one rounding teaspoon of ginger and enough flour to make a dough that can be rolled out half an inch thick.

Grandma's ginger snaps—Mix thoroughly, one cup of molasses with two-thirds cup of lard, one egg, one cup of sugar, three level teaspoons of soda, three rounding teaspoons of ginger, one of cloves and one of cinnamon. Add flour enough to roll. Roll a piece as big as a marble till round; place in a pan two inches apart. Care must be taken not to get too much flour.

CHEERFUL OBEDIENCE.

"Dear me," sighed Mrs. Fayne, momentarily forgetting the truth concerning the ever-alert "ears of small listeners," "Aunt Jane certainly is the bossiest person I ever knew. I do not enjoy a whole week of being constantly ordered about."

"Neither do I," agreed small Laura sympathetically. "I do not like having orders, one bit, and you order Joe and me lots and lots, mother. Truly you do!"

Well, well! Every mother knows how it feels to be brought up like this by the small son or daughter, and if we are wise we do not too soon forget. Truth to tell, there is no great gulf fixed between us and the children; they are men and women in very small editions, and what we enjoy or dislike is apt to affect the children in the same way. If we do not enjoy orders, we cannot reasonably expect the children to do so.

"Let's see if you can do this," holds a challenge and an opportunity to show off that is almost invariably accepted cheerfully by little folks. And whatever their motive, the children acquire a habit of cheerful obedience that is of great value.

"Help mother do this, will you, please?" has a note of companionship wholly lacking in an order to "come instantly and do this work." "If we are going to have time for a story we'll have to hustle and set this room in order," adds joy and anticipation to a task that is made hateful by a sharp "Put every one of those toys where they belong and be quick about it."

Quite naturally the children do not enjoy orders. It doesn't take much study to acquire the habit of putting our requests in a pleasant way and it means all the difference between cheerful and reluctant obedience.

WHY NOT A DUMB WAITER?

A labor-saving built-in fixture that should be found in many homes is the dumb-waiter. If the cellar is cool a dumb-waiter operating between the kitchen and cellar is not only a great step-saver, but to a certain extent it will take the place of an ice box.

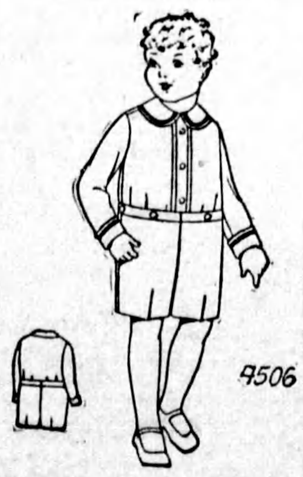
Such a waiter can be put into a kitchen already built. Construct it in such a manner that when the waiter is lowered into the cellar the four corner posts, attached to the bottom of the dumb-waiter, will rest on the cellar floor. Thus the bottom of the dumb-waiter will be a few feet up from the cellar floor. The top of the waiter reaches the kitchen floor and should be finished the same as the kitchen floor. Thus when the waiter is in the cellar the top fills the kitchen floor opening.

Two sides of the waiter should be screened, so foods are protected from pests, and at the same time it provides good circulation.

If the cellar is not cool enough a pit may be dug four to six feet below cellar floor level and cemented on the bottom and sides.

With this device the housewife will be spared many trips up and down the cellar steps.

A POPULAR STYLE FOR THE "LITTLE MAN"



4506. One could have this in jersey weaves, in flannel or serge. It is also a good model for linen, seersucker and gingham.

The Pattern is cut in 2 Sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

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.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Ordinary Sunsets.

Mr. Swankley had been a great traveller and couldn't keep quiet about it. Everything reminded him of something else that took place in Timbuctoo or the Cannibal Isles. His friend Martin was admiring a beautiful sunset one evening.

"Ah," said Swankley, "you should just see the sunsets in the east."

"I should like to," said Martin. "The sun always sets in the west in this ordinary old country."

"A mind content both crown and kingdom is."—Greene.

RAW FURS WANTED
Highest Prices Paid for
Skunk, Coon, Mink, Fox, Deer-Skins, Hides, Calfskins, &c.
Ship to
Canadian Hide & Leather Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

(Copyrighted Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)

It was a bad step for Blenkiron, and we only got him past it by Peter and I spread-eagling ourselves against the wall and passing him in front of us with his face towards us. We had no grip, and if he had stumbled we should all three have been in the courtyard. But we got it over, and dropped as softly as possible on to the roof of the next house. Hussin had his finger to his lips, and I soon saw why. For there was a lighted window in the wall we had descended.

Some imp prompted me to wait behind and explore. The others followed Hussin and were soon at the far end of the roof, wher a kind of wooden pavilion broke the line, while I tried to get a look inside. The window was curtained, and had two folding sashes which clasped in the middle. Through a gap in the curtain I saw a little lamp-lit room and a big man sitting at a table littered with papers.

I watched him, fascinated, as he turned to consult some document and made a marking on the map before him. Then he suddenly rose, stretched himself, cast a glance at the window, and went out of the room, making a great clatter in descending the wooden staircase. He left the door ajar and the lamp burning.

I guessed he had gone to have a look at his prisoners, in which case the show was up. But what filled my mind was an insane desire to get a sight of his map. It was one of those mad impulses which utterly cloud right reason, a thing independent of any plan, a crazy leap in the dark. But it was so strong that I would have pulled that window out by its frame, if need be, to get to that table.

There was no need, for the flimsy clasp gave at the first pull, and the sashes swung open. I scrambled in, after listening for steps on the stairs, I crumpled up the map and stuck it in my pocket, as well as the paper from which I had seen him copying. Very carefully I removed all marks of my entry, brushed away the snow from the boards, pulled back the curtain, got out and refastened the window. Still there was no sound of his return. Then I started off to catch up the others.

I found them shivering in the roof pavilion. "We've got to move pretty fast," I said, "for I've just been burgling old Stumm's private cabinet. Hussin, my lad, d'you hear that? They may be after us any moment, so I pray Heaven we soon strike better going."

Hussin understood. He led us at a smart pace from one roof to another, for here they were all of the same height, and only low parapets and screens divided them. We never saw a soul, for a winter's night is not the time you choose to saunter on your housetop. I kept my ears open for trouble behind us, and in about five minutes I heard it. A riot of voices broke out, with one louder than the rest, and, looking back, I saw lanterns waving. Stumm had realized his loss and found the tracks of the thief.

Hussin gave one glance behind and then hurried us on at a break-neck pace, with old Blenkiron gasping and stumbling. The shouts behind us grew louder, as if some eye quicker than the rest had caught our movement in the starlit darkness. It was very evident that if they kept up the chase we should be caught, for Blenkiron was about as useful on a roof as a hippo.

Presently we came to a big drop, with a kind of ladder down it, and at the foot a shallow ledge running to the left into a pit of darkness. Hussin gripped my arm and pointed down it. "Follow it," he whispered, "and you will reach a roof which spans a street. Cross it, and on the other side is a mosque. Turn to the right there and you will find easy going for fifty metres, well screened from the higher roofs. For Allah's sake keep in the shelter of the screen. Somewhere there I will join you."

He hurried us along the ledge for a bit and then went back, and with snow from the corners covered our tracks. After that he went straight on himself, taking strange short steps like a bird. I saw his game. He wanted to lead our pursuers after him, and he had to multiply the tracks, and trust to Stumm's fellows not spotting that they all were made by one man.

But I had quite enough to think of in getting Blenkiron along that ledge. He was pretty nearly foundered, he was in a sweat of terror, and as a matter of fact he was taking one of the biggest risks of his life, for we had no rope and his neck depended on himself. I could hear him invoking some unknown deity called Holy Mike. But he ventured gallantly, and we got to the roof which ran across the street. That was easier, though ticklish enough, but it was no joke skirting the cupola of that infernal mosque. At last we found the parapet and breathed more freely, for we were now under shelter from the direction of danger. I spared a moment to look round, and thirty yards off, across the street, I saw a weird spectacle.

The hunt was proceeding along the roofs parallel to the one we were lodged on. I saw the flicker of the lanterns, waved up and down as the bearers slipped in the snow, and I heard their cries like hounds on a trail. Stumm was not among them: he had not the shape for that sort of business. They passed us and continued to our left, now hid by a jutting chimney, now clear to view against the sky line. The roofs they were on were perhaps six feet higher than ours, so even from our shelter we could mark their course. If Hussin were going to be hunted across Erzerum it was a bad look-out for us, for I hadn't the foggiest notion where we were or where we were going to.

But as we watched we saw something more. The wavering lanterns were now three or four hundred yards away, but on the roofs just opposite us across the street there appeared a man's figure. I thought it was one of the hunters, and we all crouched lower, and then I recognized the lean agility of Hussin. He must have doubled back, keeping in the dusk to the left of the pursuit, and taking big risks in the open places. But there he was now, exactly in front of us, and separated only by the width of the narrow street.

He took a step backward, gathered himself for a spring, and leaped clean over the gap. Like a cat be lighted on the parapet above us, and stumbled forward with the impetus right on our heads.

"We are safe for the moment," he whispered, "but when they miss me they will return. We must make good haste."

The next half hour was a maze of twists and turns, slipping down icy roofs and climbing icier chimney-stacks. The stir of the city had gone, and from the black streets below came scarcely a sound. But always the great tattoo of guns beat in the east. Grandually we descended to a lower level, till we emerged on the top of a shed in a courtyard. Hussin gave an odd sort of cry, like a demented owl, and something began to stir below us.

It was a big covered wagon, full of bundles of forage, and drawn by four mules. As we descended from the shed into the frozen litter of the yard, a man came out of the shade and spoke low to Hussin. Peter and I lifted Blenkiron into the cart, and scrambled in beside him, and I never felt anything more blessed than the warmth and softness of that place after the frosty roofs. I had forgotten all about my hunger, and only yearned for sleep. Presently the wagon moved out of the courtyard into the dark streets.

Then Blenkiron began to laugh, a deep internal rumble which shook him violently and brought down a heap of forage on his head. I thought it was hysterics, the relief from the tension of the past hour. But it wasn't. His body might be out of training, but there was never anything the matter with his nerves. He was consumed with honest merriment.

"Say, Major," he gasped, "I don't usually cherish dislikes for my fellow men, but somehow I didn't cotton to Colonel Stumm. But now I almost love him. You hit his jaw very bad in Germany, and now you've annexed his private file, and I guess it's important or he wouldn't have been so mighty set on steple-chasing over those roofs. I haven't done such a thing since I broke into neighbor Brown's woodshed to steal his tame 'possum, and that's forty years back. It's the first piece of genooine amusement I've struck since old Jim Hooker told the tale of 'Cousin Sally Dillard' when we were hunting ducks in Michigan and his wife's brother had an apoplexy in the night and died of it.

To the accompaniment of Blenkiron's chuckles I did what Peter had done in the first minute, and fell asleep.

When I awoke it was still dark. The wagon had stopped in a courtyard which seemed to be shaded by great trees. The snow lay deeper here, and by the feel of the air we had left the city behind and climbed to higher ground. There were big buildings on one side, and on the other what looked like the lift of a hill. No lights were shown. The place was in profound gloom, but I felt the presence near me of others besides Hussin and the driver.

We were hurried, Blenkiron only half awake, into an outbuilding, and then down some steps to a roomy cellar. There Hussin lit a lantern, which showed what had once been a storehouse for fruit. Old husks still strewed the floor and the place smelt of apples. Straw had been piled in corners for beds, and there was a rude table, and a divan of boards covered with sheepskins.

(To be continued.)

Days.

Some days one touches lightly
As seagulls touch the foam,
Finding no joy, for dreaming
Of joy that is to come.

Or luring ghosts of laughter
Down dim forgotten ways
Where light winds stir the ashes
Of buried yesterdays.

To-day I have lived deeply,
On currents strong and free
As those that sweep the ocean
This day has carried me.

Where Yesterday is only
A faint receding shore,
And somewhere lurks to-morrow
An island to explore.

But I am kin to neither;
For me does naught exist
Save wide gray seas of water
And freedom and a mist.

No day has been save this one,
No day shall ever be,
All else I will touch lightly
To keep this memory.

—Helen Frazee-Bower.

There is no such things as a born criminal, and it is impossible to maintain that criminality as such is inherited to any great extent. Childish crime is, as a rule, simply an overabundance of constructive energy, blocked or misdirected.

Make it easy to do right, hard to do wrong, for yourself and everybody.

ISSUE No. 47—'23.

Ships' Gardeners.

"What do you do when you go to sea, daddy?"

"I look after the flowers, my son."

At first sight this looks ridiculous, but it is not really so. Many men spend the best part of their lives at sea looking after plants, and their number is steadily on the increase.

Everyone does not realize how large a proportion of sailors have nothing to do with seacraft. Nowadays every large liner carries gardeners as an essential part of its crew. It would not be possible for the luxurious floating hotels of to-day to carry on without them.

Liners such as the Mauretania, Aquitania, and Majestic are very much "garden cities" in parts, and banks of flowers, evergreen shrubs and trees in tubs and boxes, hanging baskets of growing things, small table plants, and a huge quantity of cut flowers in vases are used for decorative purposes during every voyage that is taken. It does not require much imagination to realize that looking after and arranging all these garden bits aboard is a whole-time job for one man. Hence the gardener-sailor.

The tea-garden and grand lounge on a great liner take scores of plants to make them look pretty, and there is a host of other rooms, to say nothing of private suites, to be kept furnished with plants during the voyage. Every day, too, dozens of vases for dinner and other tables have to be supplied with freshly-cut blooms. Some of the latter are taken aboard ready cut and kept in cold storage still required, but very many are obtained from flowering plants, which the ship's gardener keeps specially for cutting purposes.

The gardener aboard must combine artistry with horticultural proficiency, for he would soon lose his job if the liner's garden bits looked ugly and "thrown together," however well cared for the actual plants might be. Remarkable skill is shown in achieving good decorative results, and on special occasions, or in rooms which demand it, the gardener manages to make his flowers match the general design.

It is the gardener-sailor, too, who looks after special flowers which passengers are anxious to have arrive on the other side in good condition.

Incidentally, gardeners aboard ship learn a lot about plants which no amount of land life would teach them, especially regarding their qualities as sailors. Bay-trees, aspidistras, and many sorts of ferns are good travellers, and so are chrysanthemums and carnations, but roses do not like the life on board ship.

Appreciated Attention.

Traffic Cop—"Didn't you see me wave to you? Why didn't you stop?"

Miss Passay (pleasedly excited)—"I didn't see you at all, officer! Now what is it?"

Germans Have Eclipse Data.

German astronomers who observed the recent eclipse of the sun from a point in Mexico feel sure their photographs are the best taken and are hastening to the observatory at Potsdam to develop the plates and work up the data. It will be remembered that several expeditions, notably those stationed at San Diego, Cal., were badly handicapped by clouds at the moment of total obscuration.

Prof. Hans Ludendorff, brother of the German General, was in charge of the German astronomers, and he will be assisted by Prof. Einstein, who has left Holland for Berlin, in determining just what the observations prove. It will take months, however, for the data to be worked up and full conclusions drawn. An American expedition and one from France also observed the eclipse under good conditions in the Mexican mountains, and the completion of the work really makes a three cornered scientnific race.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Impossible.

The wife was greatly pleased with her success at the women's meeting. On her return home she said to her husband: "Yes, I was absolutely outspoken at the meeting this afternoon."

Her husband looked incredulous.

"I can hardly believe it, my dear," he said. "Who outspoke you?"

ARMY GOODS SALE
We wish to announce that this store will be discontinued shortly.
Every article in this store must be sold. Prices have been cut down practically to cost. Write and convince yourself. Get our PRICE LIST. Mail orders promptly attended to.
Army Supply Store
347 Queen Street E., Toronto.

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
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
THE FLAVOR LASTS

Even deep-seated rust on steel or iron can be removed by applying a coat of unsalted lard, then dusting over this very fine powdered lime and letting it remain until rust disappears.

If you want a happy home, see to it that your wife's husband helps toward the happiness.

Find what you like to work with, and stick to it. Success lies in the man and not in his materials.

FARMERS' BOOKLETS
Sent Free
Any of the following may be had free on application to the Publications Branch
Department of Agriculture
Ottawa
How Should Canada Export Beef Cattle?
Winter Egg Production.
Wintering Bees in Canada.
Crate Feeding.
Dairying in New Zealand and Australia.
Dressing and Cutting Lamb Carcasses.
Finishing Lambs for the Block.
Simple Methods for the Storage of Ice.
Is Cow Testing Worth While?
The Maple Sugar Industry.
Interim Report of the Dominion Animal Husbandman.
Report of the Dominion Field Husbandman.
Cleaning Seed.
Cream Cheese.
The Feeding of Dairy Cattle.
The All-Year Hog Cabin.
The Self-Feeder for Hogs.
Feed Racks and Troughs for Sheep.
The Sheep Barn.
The Economical Production of Pork.
List of Publications.
Name .....
Post Office .....
R.F.D. No. ..... Prov. .....
(No stamp required).

WOMEN! DYE FADED THINGS NEW AGAIN
Dye or Tint Any Worn, Shabby Garment or Drapery.
Diamond Dyes
Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Choose any color at drug store.

EVERYWHERE IN CANADA
silent-but eloquent-
EDDY'S MATCHES
render the maximum of helpful service.
ALWAYS ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES

Bovril makes you feel a new man