When Exposed to Air

tea loses its freshness and flavor.

"SALADA" TEA

H561

For that reason is never sold in bulk.

Woman's Sphere

STIMULATE DIGESTION WITH BRAN.

One of the first steps in analyzing our daily diet is to check up on the amount of roughage we are eating. To keep digestive tract in the prime of condition, Nature demands that we eat a goodly supply of bulky foods, especially those containing a residue. These foods assist in stimulating the excretion of all digestive juices along the canal through which it passes and are thus conducive of a normal elimination of bodily waste.

When the family begins to get grouchy and they get up in the morning with the pink faded from their cheeks, try feeding them some of these good things made of bran, and watch the results.

Bran Muffins—¼ cup sugar, shortening size of egg, 1 egg, 1 cup sour (or sweet) milk, 1 cup bran, 1¼ cups flour, 1 level teaspoon soda (or 2 teaspoons baking powder if sweet milk is used), pinch of salt. Cream shortening and sugar together. Mix and sift dry ingredients. This will make twelve large muffins.

Steamed Bran Pudding—3 tablespoons beef suet or any preferred fat, ½ cup molasses, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup bran, ½ cup milk, 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 cup dates, stoned and cut fine. Melt suet and mix with molasses, milk and egg well beaten. Sift flour, salt and soda together. Add one cup of bran and combine wet and dry ingredients. Stir into the batter one cup of dates, stoned and cut up fine, turn into buttered cups, having cups half full. Steam one hour. If steamed in one large mold, three hours' cooking is required. Serve with hard sauce or lemon sauce.

Bran Nut and Raisin Bread—¼ cup brown sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 cup flour, 1 cup bran, ½ cup water, ½ cup English walnut meats (cut in slices), ¼ cup molasses, 2 teaspoons of baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup raisins. Mix in the order given, sifting flour, baking powder and salt. Add raisins and nut meats dusted well with flour. Pour into buttered bread pan, having pan three-quarters full. Bake slowly two hours or longer. Nut meats may be omitted.

Bran Doughnuts—1½ cups bran, 1½ cups flour, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons of baking powder, ¼ cup sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt. Cream butter and sugar. Add egg well beaten. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add to the first mixture. Roll on a floured board. Cut with a doughnut cutter. Fry in very hot deep fat.

A LESSON IN TIDINESS.

Even though my little girls had a closet all their own in which to hang their clothes, they quite often left them lying around on chairs, on the bed or even on the floor. This in spite of my frequent reminders that untidiness is a most distressing habit.

I hit upon a plan that has solved the problem satisfactorily; in fact, I never have to pick their clothes up now. I bought several wooden hangers, a can of blue and a can of pink enamel, a can of shellac and a small brush. I let the girls watch me make those plain hangers into wonderfully attractive things with the enamel. When they were dry I cut from old magazines tiny heads and figures. On the hangers for party dresses I pasted fairy figures and butterflies. On the hangers for coats I pasted winter scenes. On the ones for play dresses I pasted appropriate figures. There was even a hanger for the nightie, with the figure of the cunningest sort of a sleeping baby pasted on.

I gave all the hangers a coat of shellac and to one girl I gave all the pink hangers and to the other all the blue ones. It's fun now for them to hang their garments each on the proper hanger.—M. H. M.

VARNISH TILE WALLPAPER.

Tile wallpaper, which is widely used for decorating bathrooms and kitchens, will last twice as long if a protecting coat of clear varnish is applied soon after the paper is hung. The glazed surface of the tile paper itself will not stand much washing, but when re-enforced with a thin coat of good varnish, spots may be wiped off with a wet cloth without affecting the paper. Thus a continued sanitary condition of the walls is easily possible.

Even when walls have been papered for some length of time it pays to go over the glazed surface with a good varnish. It is surprising how much fresher the room will look and how much longer the paper will last.

A HOME PAPER SUPPLY.

A neighbor farm woman has hit upon a novel scheme for always having a supply of good, unwrinkled wrapping paper on hand. A roll was bought at a grocery store which had been reduced to about four inches in diameter, for very little cost. This was set up on one end of the table top under the shelves in the pantry by means of two short wood blocks which were bored for the broom-handle shaft.

The finish strip along the lower edge of the overhead doors was removed and a cut made with a rip-saw two feet from one end. The strip was replaced and after the edge of the paper had been placed in this cut, the left hand end of the strip was drawn together so that there was a slight pressure on the paper at all times.

To pull the paper out for the next piece to be torn off, a notch was cut just large enough for the thumb and finger. The paper tears smoothly along the wood strip. Whether the paper is wanted for lunches for the men in the field or whether a package is to be sent through the mails, paper is thus always on hand and, being located in the corner, takes up but little room. The arrangement might be placed in a less-used spot by building a device to take the place of the wood strip under the pantry shelves.—D. R. V. H.

A HOUSE DRESS "NEAT AND TRIM."

4488. The House Dress of to-day has a very important place in the wardrobe of every woman. The model here illustrated is suitable for the stout and slender figure. Gingham, crepe, ratine or printed cotton, as well as linen may be used for its development. The width at the foot is 2⅛ yards. The closing is at the left side in front.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4⅝ 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 Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Make yourself a sheep and the wolves will eat you.

A herd of caribou, estimated at three million, has been seen in the Arctic regions.

Earthquakes occur so frequently in Japan that the average number of shocks each year is about 1,300.

"Drink one tumblerful of water three times a day for every fifty pounds of your weight," says Toronto's medical officer of health. "It is better to drink too much water than too little."

LEARN BARBER TRADE

In few weeks. Positions guaranteed. Steady employment. Write for Free Catalogue. MOLER SYSTEM OF COLLEGES, 198 Queen St. E., Toronto.

ISSUE No. 46—'23.

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

(Copyrighted Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd.)

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

The lieutenant did the guiding. We had to present our passports, and I anticipated no more difficulty than in landing from the boat at Boulogne. But I wanted to get it over, for my hunger pinched me and it was fearsome cold. Still the guns went on, like hounds baying before a quarry. The city was out of range, but there were strange lights on the ridge to the east.

At last we reached our goal and marched through a fine old carved archway into a courtyard, and thence into a draughty hall.

"You must see the *Sektionschef*," said our guide.

I looked round to see if we were all there, and noticed that Hussin had disappeared. It did not matter, for he was not on the passports.

We followed as we were directed through an open door. There was a man standing with his back towards us looking at a wall map, a very big man with a neck that bulged over his collar.

I would have known that neck among a million. At the sight of it I made a half-turn to bolt back. It was too late, for the door had closed behind us, and there were two armed sentries beside it.

The man slewed round and looked into my eyes. I had a despairing hope that I might bluff it out, for I was in different clothes and had shaved my beard. But you cannot spend ten minutes in a death-grapple without your adversary getting to know you.

He went very pale, then recollected himself and twisted his features into the old grin.

"So," he said, "the little Dutchman! We meet after many days."

It was no good lying or saying anything. I shut my teeth and waited.

"And you, Herr Blenkiron? I never liked the look of you. You babbled too much, like all your damned Americans."

"I guess your personal dislikes haven't got anything to do with the matter," said Blenkiron, calmly. "If you're the boss here, I'll thank you to cast your eye over these passports, for we can't stand waiting for ever."

This fairly angered him. "I'll teach you manners," he cried, and took a step forward to reach for Blenkiron's shoulder—the game he had twice played with me.

Blenkiron never took his hands from his coat pockets. "Keep your distance," he drawled in a new voice. "I've got you covered, and I'll make a hole in your bullet head if you lay a hand on me."

With an effort Stumm recovered himself. He rang a bell and fell to smiling. An orderly appeared to whom he spoke in Turkish, and presently a file of soldiers entered the room.

"I'm going to have you disarmed, gentlemen," he said. "We can conduct our conversation more pleasantly without pistols."

It was idle to resist. We surrendered our arms, Peter almost in tears with vexation. Stumm swung his legs over a chair, rested his chin on the back, and looked at me.

"Your game is up, you know," he said. "These fools of Turkish police said the Dutchmen were dead, but I had the happier inspiration. I believed the good God had spared them for me. When I got Rasta's telegram I was certain, for your doings reminded me of a little trick you once played me on the Schwandorf road. But I didn't think to find this plump old partridge," and he smiled at Blenkiron. "Two eminent American engineers and their servant bound for Mesopotamia on business of high Government importance! It was a good lie; but if I had been in Constantinople it would have had a short life. Rasta and his friends are no concern of mine. You can trick them as you please. But you have attempted to win the confidence of a certain lady, and her interests are mine. Likewise you have offended me, and I do not forgive. By God," he cried, his voice growing shrill with passion, "by the time I have done with you your mothers in their graves will weep that they ever bore you!"

It was Blenkiron who spoke. His voice was as level as the chairman's of a bogus company, and it fell on that turbid atmosphere like acid on grease.

"I don't take no stock in high-falutin'. If you're trying to scare me by that dime-novel talk I guess you've hit the wrong man. You're like the sweep that stuck in the chimney, a bit too big for your job. I reckon you've a talent for romance that's just wasted in soldiering. But if you're going to play any ugly games on me I'd like you to know that I'm an American citizen, and pretty well considered in my own country and in yours, and you'll sweat blood for it later. That's a fair warning, Colonel Stumm."

I don't know what Stumm's plans were, but that speech of Blenkiron's put into his mind just the needed amount of uncertainty. You see, he had Peter and me right enough, but he hadn't properly connected Blenkiron with us, and was afraid either to hit out at all three, or to let Blenkiron go. It was lucky for us that the American had cut such a dash in the Fatherland.

"There is no hurry," he said blandly. "We shall have long happy hours together. I'm going to take you all home with me, for I'm a hospitable soul. You will be safer with me than in the town goal, for it's a trifle draughty."

Again he gave an order, and we were marched out, each with a soldier at his elbow. The three of us were bundled into the back seat of the car, while two men sat before us with their rifles between their knees, one got up behind on the baggage rack, and one sat beside Stumm's chauffeur. Packed like sardines we moved into the bleak streets, above which the stars twinkled in ribbons of sky.

Hussin had disappeared from the face of the earth, and quite right too. He was a good fellow, but he had no call to mix himself up in our troubles.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPARROWS ON THE HOUSETOPS.

"I've often regretted," said Blenkiron, "that miracles have left off happening."

He got no answer, for I was feeling the walls for something in the nature of a window.

"For I reckon," he went on, "that it wants a good old-fashioned copper-bottomed miracle to get us out of this fix. It's plumb against all my principles. I've spent my life using the talents God gave me to keep things from getting to the point of rude violence, and so far I've succeeded. But now you come along, Major, and you hustle a respectable middle-aged citizen into an aboriginal mix-up. It's mighty indelicate. I reckon the next move is up to you, for I'm no good at the housebreaking stunt."

"No more am I," I answered; "but I'm hanged if I'll chuck up the sponge. Sandy's somewhere outside, and he's got a hefty crowd at his heels."

I simply could not feel the despair which by every law of common sense was due to the case. The guns had intoxicated me. I could still hear their deep voices, though yards of wood and stone separated us from the upper air.

What vexed us most was our hunger. Barring a few mouthfuls on the road we had eaten nothing since the morning, and as our diet for the past days had not been generous we had some leeway to make up. Stumm had never looked near us since we were shoved into the car. We had been brought to some kind of house and bundled into a place like a wine cellar. It was pitch dark, and after feeling round the walls, first on my feet and then on Peter's back, I decided that there were no windows. It must have been lit and ventilated by some lattice in the ceiling. There was not a stick of furniture in the place: nothing but a damp earth floor and bare stone sides. The door was a relic of the Iron Age, and I could hear the paces of a sentry outside it.

When things get to the pass that nothing you can do can better them, the only thing is to live for the moment. All three of us sought in sleep a refuge from our empty stomachs. The floor was the poorest kind of bed, but we rolled up our coats for pillows and mode the best of it. Soon I knew by Peter's regular breathing that he was asleep, and I presently followed him . . . .

I was awakened by a pressure below my left ear. I thought it was Peter, for it is the old hunter's trick of waking a man so that he makes no noise. But another voice spoke. It told me that there was no time to lose and to rise and follow, and the voice was the voice of Hussin.

Peter was awake, and we stirred Blenkiron out of heavy slumber. We were bidden take off our boots and hang them by their laces round our necks as country boys do when they want to go barefoot. Then we tiptoed to the door, which was ajar.

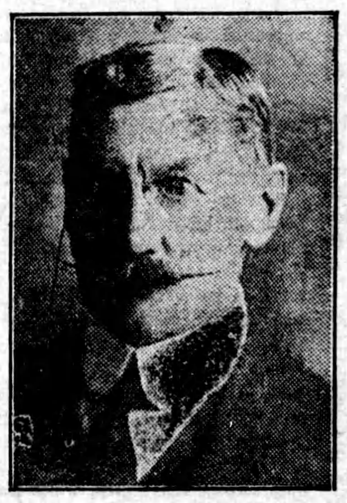
Outside was a passage with a flight of steps at one end which led to the open air. On these steps lay a faint shine of starlight, and by its help I saw a man huddled up at the foot of them. It was our sentry, neatly and scientifically gagged and tied up.

The steps brought us to a little courtyard about which the walls of the houses rose like cliffs. We halted while Hussin listened intently. Apparently the coast was clear, and our guide led us to one side, which was clothed by a stout wooden trellis. Once it may have supported fig-trees, but now the plants were dead and only withered tendrils and rotten stumps remained.

It was child's play for Peter and me to go up that trellis, but it was the deuce and all for Blenkiron. He was in poor condition and puffed like a grampus, and he seemed to have no sort of head for heights. But he was as game as a buffalo, and started in gallantly till his arms gave out and he fairly stuck. So Peter and I went up on each side of him, taking an arm apiece, as I had once seen done to a man with vertigo in the Kloof Chimney on Table Mountain. I was mighty thankful when I got him panting on the top and Hussin had shinned up beside us.

We crawled along a broadish wall, with an inch or two of powdery snow on it, and then up a sloping buttress on to the flat roof of the house. It was a miserable business for Blenkiron, who would certainly have fallen if he could have seen what was below him, and Peter and I had to stand to attention all the time. Then began a more difficult job. Hussin pointed out a ledge which took us past a stack of chimneys to another building slightly lower, this being the route he fancied. At that I sat down resolutely and put on my boots, and the others followed. Frost-bitten feet would be a poor asset in this kind of travelling.

(To be continued.)



C. W. ROMANS

of St. John, N.B., the secretary of the Association of Canadian Clubs, an organization which keeps the Canadian clubs all over the Dominion in touch with progress being made in the various provinces, and provides means of securing the services of famous speakers.

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.

THE IMPERIAL ZOO

The British Lion: "Be careful, my dear. That may be a nice plaything—but it looks to me uncommonly like a horrid bomb."

—From London Opinion.

Swift Return.

She—Last night I was singing "In Old Madrid" and—

He—Good heavens! What make airplane did you come back on?

The rapidity with which the chameleon strikes with its tongue at a flying insect is such that the tongue cannot be detected with the naked eye.

A man of few words does not have to take so many of them back.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

WRIGLEY'S

Take it home to the kids

Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.

After Every Meal

Sealed in its Purity Package

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM PEPPERMINT

The Oyster Season.

Oyster: Well, I guess we'll get stewed now.

Ladybirds are systematically bred in Italy and France to produce the larvae which destroy insect pests of the vines.

WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Dye or Tint Worn, Faded Things New for 15 cents.

Diamond Dyes

Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.

Christmas Gifts for the Kiddies

Buy now. $1.00 brings Dressed Doll, Cut-out Toy, Clockwork Model, Art Crayons, Painting Book. Postage Paid. Address:—Rainbow Novelties, 873 Broadview, Toronto.

EDDY'S MATCHES

Remember to ask for *Eddy's* when you order matches

ON SALE EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

this winter go to **California**

Santa Fe

Fred Harvey

"all the way

Santa Fe superior service and scenery plus Fred Harvey meals-your assurance of a pleasant journey there Pullmans via Grand Canyon National Park *-open all the year*

Mail this

239

F. T. HENDRY, Gen. Agt. Santa Fe Ry. 404 Free Press Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

Please mail to me the following Santa Fe Booklets CALIFORNIA PICTURE BOOK - GRAND CANYON OUTINGS CALIFORNIA LIMITED

Also details as to cost of trip