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H457

GREEN TEA

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Woman's Sphere

A CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT DAUGHTER WILL ENJOY.

About this time of year mothers and aunts of growing girls are searching their brains for new ideas that will bring pleasure on Christmas Day. Perhaps one of the chief puzzles is to find a book that the teen-age girl will pronounce "the best ever." Last year an unusually fine story, "Judy of York Hill," came from the pen of a Canadian writer, Ethel Hume Bennett. Thousands of girls will this year welcome a book by the same author, "Camp Ken-Jockety" (which means "Far from the madding crowd") is a wholesome tale of a summer spent near Georgian Bay in the far-famed Highlands of Ontario. Our old friend Judy Benson appears in this story, but the chief interest centres around Joyce Hamilton, an American girl, and her novel experiences as the guest of that delightful Canadian family, the Davidsons. Joyce learns all the joys of outdoor life, and finds beauty in Canadian poetry and romance in Canadian history. This attractive story is well worthy of a place on your daughter's bookshelf.

Camp Ken-Jockety. By Ethel Hume Bennett (Toronto: Thos. Allen.) $1.50.

CHILDREN AND MONEY.

We often hear the expression, "he has no more idea of how to spend money than a child." It is unfortunately true that a great many people have no sense of money value, and this is even more true of children, which is also unfortunate. Very young children cannot be taught to estimate money properly, of course, but after a child has reached school age and is studying enough arithmetic to enable him to compute sums and do addition and subtraction, he can be taught money values in both very important senses of the word.

People are coming more and more to the idea of an allowance for the child who has no way of earning money. They are delegating certain purchases to the child himself, increasing these with his age and increase in allowance, and feel that when he does reach the age that he can become a real wage-earner or own a farm or run a business for himself, he will be much more capable of the proper distribution and saving of his funds.

The reason a great many people have no sense of money values is because they never had money until they earned it themselves upon reaching maturity. Childhood lessons make much deeper impressions than those that have to be learned later in life. The child who must save his money to buy a coveted toy will also be more careful of the toy when he gets it, and he has a bigger notion of just what its value is. Though nothing seems so big as the first money he earns, he will have a more definite idea of what he can buy with it if he has learned money values.

Some parents pay children an allowance provided the children do a certain amount of work about the home. Other parents feel that they do not wish the children to get the idea that they must be paid for what they do at home. It is usually very satisfactory for farm children to be given such things as pigs and calves or a small field for the boys, and chickens or a garden plot for the girls. The results of their care and labor and the money earned develop in the children more business ability than could ever be talked into them after they have started out for themselves.

The education of children may be considered incomplete if they know only how to count money. Even in buying their clothing they can be consulted at an early age and get a more definite idea of just what is good taste and why, and can get some idea of materials. Our richest men have often been boys who had to learn the value of the dollar at a very early age, and they never forgot the lesson. Your child may not be rich but he will be able to spend what he does make more intelligently and will have more respect for a bank account if he does not have to wait until he is grown to be allowed to handle money.

OLD CATALOGUES SAVE CLEANING.

Old catalogues may be made to serve a useful purpose. If properly distributed they will save a whole lot of scouring and cleaning. Place a catalogue on the shelf or table where the small kerosene can is kept; if the can is always placed on the catalogue there will never be an oily ring to clean from the shelf.

I like two or three such catalogues in the screened cupboard where I place pies and puddings to cool so that the painted shelves never become stained. If a wood or oilcloth covered table is used in the kitchen much time is usually devoted to scouring from its surface the marks left by hot or sooty cooking utensils. If the dishes had been placed upon old catalogues all this cleaning would have been unnecessary.

The advantage of a catalogue over newspapers is that the catalogue is heavy enough to keep its place, and when its surface becomes soiled tearing off a few pages leaves it clean once more.

A CHARMING FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

4540. Here is a model with lines that are pleasing and comfortable. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a band cuff or in elbow length with a turned back cuff. Printed cotton and linene are here combined. This is a good model for checked or plaid suiting, or gingham.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 3 yards of 32-inch material. Collar and cuffs of contrasting material require ⅝ yard 32 inches wide.

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.

WASH-DAY GLOVES.

One day last winter I experienced extreme discomfort in hanging out my clothes. My old white gloves soon became wet and the freezing cold stung my fingers unmercifully. Next morning as I turned toward my kitchen window a flash of orange caught my eyes—the rubber gloves that my neighbor was wearing as she hung up her wash. Right then I marveled at my own density, but it goes without saying that the next frosty wash day my rubber gloves are going to have a share in the work.—Mrs. O. A. Moen.

HER SEWING APRON.

I know of a dressmaker who saves her customers at least three dollars each week by the use of her sewing apron. On the apron is sewed firmly a pin cushion, filled with pins and threaded needles. A tape measure hangs through a tiny strap, stitched to the apron for the purpose; shears and scissors are attached to a long, strong tape fastened to the belt. In the pockets are measuring rule, chalk, thread, silk, snaps, hooks and eyes—everything needed for sewing instantly at hand. With not a second to be wasted in searching for needed articles, the minutes saved sount into hours and the hours represent honest-to-goodness dollars at the end of every week.—L. C.

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TORONTO CANADA

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

(Copyrighted Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd.)

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)

I showed Peter what I thought the likeliest place—in the spurs of the Palantuken mountains. Peter's way of doing things was all his own. He scraped earth and plaster out of a corner and sat down to make a little model of the landscape on the table, following the contours of the map. He did it extraordinarily neatly, for, like all great hunters, he was as deft as a weaver-bird. He puzzled over it for a long time, and conned the map till he must have got it by heart. Then he took his field-glasses—a very good single Zeiss which was part of the spoils from Rasta's motor-car—and announced that he was going to follow my example and get on to the housetop. Presently his legs disappeared through the trap, and Blenkiron and I were left to our reflections.

Peter must have found something uncommon interesting, for he stayed on the roof the better part of the day. It was a dull job for us, since there was no light, and Blenkiron had not even the consolation of a game of Patience. But for all that he was in good spirits, for he had had no dyspepsia since we left Constantinople, and announced that he believed he was at last getting even with his darned duodenum. As for me, I was pretty restless, for I could not imagine what was detaining Sandy. It was clear that our presence must have been kept secret from Hilda von Einem, for she was a pal of Stumm's, and he must by now have blown the gaff on Peter and me. How long could this secrecy last, I asked myself. We had now no sort of protection in the whole outfit. Rasta and the Turks wanted our blood; so did Stumm and the Germans; and once the lady found we were deceiving her she would want it most of all. Our only help was Sandy, and he gave no sign of his existence. I began to fear that with him, too, things had miscarried.

And yet I wasn't really depressed, only impatient. I could never again get back to the beastly stagnation of that Constantinople week. The guns kept me cheerful. There was the devil of a bombardment all day, and the thought that our Allies were thundering within half a dozen miles off gave me a perfectly groundless hope. If they burst through the defence Hilda von Einem and her prophet and all our enemies would be overwhelmed in the deluge. And that blessed chance depended very much on old Peter, now brooding like a pigeon on the housetops.

It was not till the late afternoon that Hussin appeared again. He took no notice of Peter's absence, but lit a lantern and set it on the table. Then he went to the door and waited. Presently a light step fell on the stairs, and Hussin drew back to let some one enter. He promptly departed and I heard the key turn in the lock behind him.

Sandy stood there, but a new Sandy who made Blenkiron and me jump to our feet. The pelts and skin-cap had gone, and he wore instead a long linen tunic clasped at the waist by a broad girdle. A strange green turban adorned his head, and as he pushed it back I saw that his hair had been shaved. He looked like some acolyte—a weary acolyte, for there was no spring in his walk or nerve in his carriage. He dropped numbly on the divan and laid his head in his hands. The lantern showed his haggard eyes with dark lines beneath them.

"Good God, old man, have you been sick?" I cried.

"Not sick," he said hoarsely. "My body is right enough, but the last few days I have been living in hell."

Blenkiron nodded sympathetically. That was how he himself would have described the company of the lady.

I marched across to him and gripped both his wrists.

"Look at me," I said, "straight in the eyes."

His eyes were like a sleep-walker's, unwinking, unseeing. "Great heavens, man, you've been drugged!" I said.

"Drugged," he cried, with a weary laugh. "Yes, I have been drugged, but not by any physic. No one has been doctoring my food. But you can't go through hell without getting your eyes red-hot."

I kept my grip on his wrists. "Take your time, old chap, and tell us about it. Blenkiron and I are here, and old Peter's on the roof not far off. We'll look after you."

"It does me good to hear your voice, Dick," he said. "It reminds me of clean, honest things."

"They'll come back, never fear. We're at the last lap now. One more spurt and it's over. You've got to tell me what the new snag is. Is it that woman?"

He shivered like a frightened colt. "Woman!" he cried. "Does a woman drag a man through the nether-pit? She's a she-devil. Oh, it isn't madness that's wrong with her. She's as sane as you and as cool as Blenkiron. Her life is an infernal game of chess, and she plays with souls for pawns. She is evil—evil—evil. . . ." And once more he buried his head in his hands.

It was Blenkiron who brought sense into this hectic atmosphere. His slow, beloved drawl was an antiseptic against nerves.

"Say, boy," he said, "I feel just like you about the lady. But our job is not to investigate her character. Her Maker will do that good and sure some day. We've got to figure how to circumvent her, and for that you've got to tell us what exactly's been occurring since we parted company."

Sandy pulled himself together with a great effort.

"Greenmantle died that night I saw you. We buried him secretly by her order in the garden of the villa. Then came the trouble about his successor . . . . The four Ministers would be no party to a swindle. They were honest men, and vowed that their task now was to make a tomb for their master and pray for the rest of their days at his shrine. They were as immovable as a granite hill, and she knew it. . . . Then they too died."

"Murdered?" I gasped.

"Murdered . . all four in one morning. I do not know how, but I helped to bury them. Oh, she had Germans and Kurds to do her foul work, but their hands were clean compared to hers. Pity me, Dick, for I have seen honesty and virtue put to the shambles and have abetted the deed when it was done. It will haunt me till my dying day."

I did not stop to console him, for my mind was on fire with his news.

"Then the prophet is gone, and the humbug is over," I cried.

"The prophet still lives. She has found a successor."

He stood up in his linen tunic.

"Why do I wear these clothes? Because I am Greenmantle. I am the Kaaba-i-hurriyeh for all Islam. In three days' time I will reveal myself to my people and wear on my breast the green ephod of the prophet."

He broke off with an hysterical laugh.

"Only you see, I won't. I will cut my throat first."

"Cheer up!" said Blenkiron soothingly. "We'll find some prettier way than that."

"There is no way," he said; "no way but death. We're done for, all of us. Hussin got you out of Stumm's clutches, but you're in danger every moment. At the best you have three days, and then you, too, will be dead."

I had no words to reply. This change in the bold and unshakable Sandy took my breath away.

"She made me her accomplice," he went on. "I should have killed her on the graves of those innocent men. But instead I did all she asked, and joined in her game . . . She was very candid, you know . . . She cares no more than Enver for the faith of Islam. She can laugh at it. But she has her own dreams, and they consume her as a saint is consumed by his devotion. She has told me them, and if the day in the garden was hell, the days since have been the innermost fires of Tophet. I think—it is horrible to say it—that she has got some kind of crazy liking for me. When we have reclaimed the East I am to be by her side when she rides on her milk-white horse into Jerusalem . . . And there have been moments—only moments, I swear to God—when I have been fired myself by her madness . . . ."

Sandy's figure seemed to shrink and his voice grew shrill and wild. It was too much for Blenkiron. He indulged in a torrent of blasphemy such as I believe had never before passed his lips.

"I'm blessed if I'll listen to this Gol-darned stuff. It isn't delicate. You get busy, Major, and pump some sense into your afflicted friend."

I was beginning to see what had happened. Sandy was a man of genius—as much as anybody I ever struck—but he had the defects of such high-strung, fanciful souls. He would take more than mortal risks, and you couldn't scare him by any ordinary terror. But let his old conscience get cross-eyed, let him find himself in some situation which in his eyes involved his honor, and he might go stark crazy. The woman, who roused in me and Blenkiron only hatred, could catch his imagination and stir in him—for the moment only—an unwilling response. And then came bitter and morbid repentance, and the last desperation.

It was no time to mince matters. "Sandy, you old fool," I cried, "be thankful you have friends to keep you from playing the fool. You saved my life at Loos, and I'm jolly well going to get you through this show. I'm bossing the outfit now, and for all your confounded prophetic manners you've got to take orders from me. You aren't going to reveal yourself to your people, and still less are you going to cut your throat. Greenmantle will avenge the murder of his ministers, and make that bedlamite woman sorry she was born. We're going to get clear away, and inside of a week we'll be having tea with the Grand Duke Nicholas."

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

The real test of all law comes not in the court room but when in contact with the citizen.

The Stupidest Beast in Africa.

The rhinoceros is the stupidest old fellow in all Africa, according to Carl Akeley, the distinguished naturalist and chief taxidermist of the American Museum of Natural History. In his autobiography, "In Brightest Africa," Mr. Akeley tells how he discovered, quite by accident, that a rhino's charge is not necessarily fatal.

"I was going along the bank of the Tana River one day with my camera," he says. "Suddenly I was set all a-quiver by the threshings and snortings of a rhino coming through the bushes in my direction. There was nothing to climb. Between me and the thicket from which the rhino was coming was about twenty-five feet of open space. Behind me was a 30-foot drop to the crocodile-infested waters of the Tana. The only hope I saw was a bush overhanging the brink which looked as if it might or might not hold me if I swung out on it.

"I decided to try the bush and let the rhino land in the river, trusting to luck that I wouldn't join him there. The bushes were thrust aside and he come full tilt into the opening where he could see me. Everything was set for the final act. He suddenly stopped with a snort. His head dropped. His eyes almost closed. He looked as if he were going to sleep. The terrible beast had become absolutely ludicrous. While this was going on I felt a poke in my back. I reached behind and took my rifle from the gun boy who had come up with equal celerity and bravery. I drew a bead on the old fellow but I could not shoot. A stupider or more ludicrous looking object I never saw. I began talking to him, but it did not rouse him from his lethargy. There he stood, half asleep and totally oblivious, while I, with the gun half aimed, talked to him about his ugly self. About this time my porters came into hearing on a path behind the rhino. He pricked up his ears and blundered off in that direction. I heard the loads dropping as the porters made for the trees. The rhino charged through the safari and off into the bush."

Men Who Must Wear Beards.

It is one of the King's regulations that a Beefeater must wear a beard. This beard is required only on State occasions, but all members of the Yeomen of the Guard have to report to the Adjutant at St. James's Palace for beard inspection at certain regular intervals.

In the Middle Ages Beefeaters used to protect and attend the Sovereign, and it was their duty to taste and cook all food served to him. They also had to make the King's bed.

The "Yeomen Bedhangers" stuffed the mattress and arranged the curtains, while the "Yeomen Bedgoers" rolled on the bed to see that it was well made. The letters Y.B.H. and Y.B.G. are still affixed to certain names on the roll.

Since their institution in the reign of Henry VII. the costume of the Beefeaters has varied very little, and the large ruff round the neck still forms a very important part of it.

It is the wish of the King that the Yeomen of the Guard should be representative, if possible, of every regiment, but most members are drawn from the Guards.

The warders of the Tower of London are also known as Beefeaters. They form a separate body and are of more recent origin than the Yeomen of the Guard.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

The Simple Life.

A Boston lady engaged a neat elderly woman to act as cook and general maid on the woman's representation that she had had experience in such work. The first breakfast was a ghastly disappointment. The cereal was half raw, the bacon burnt, and the coffee was hopeless stuff. The lady not unnaturally protested.

"At my last place the people were satisfied with my breakfasts," said the cook with some asperity.

"What did they have for breakfast?" asked the lady.

"The master, had dry cereal, and

Women in Egypt are appealing for a law to be passed raising the marriage age for girls to sixteen.

Johnnie Hotpoint Says

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THE art of giving lies in the appropriateness of the gift. Few things lend themselves so well, for Christmas presents, as Hotpoint Servants.

Irons, toasters, percolators, curling irons, chafing dishes, immersion heaters, all of the famous Hotpoint standard of manufacture, enable you to select a suitable gift for everyone on your list.

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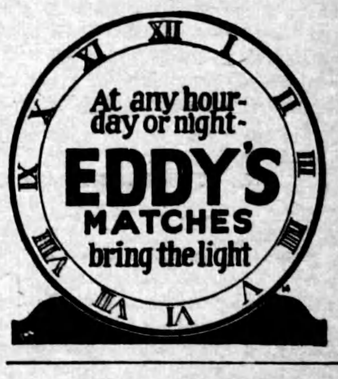
New Dominion Law says all eggs must be sold by grade only. That means openings for Government Egg Inspectors—more graders, candlers and men trained in the egg business. Truck farmers are now making extra money buying eggs and grading themselves. Country merchants are paying 25c to 50c a case for grading. Learn egg grading and egg business in spare time by mail through Shaw's Egg Grading Course. Approved by authorities. Prepare now for the many openings the April rush will create. Get full information. Write Prof. C. K. Graham, Dept. 58, Shaw Schools, Limited, 46 Bloor St. W., Toronto.



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