Superior

to the finest Japans,

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA H434

is the best at any price—Try it.

Woman's Sphere

JOY FOR STORMY DAYS.

It was just an ordinary farm home and one could see at a glance that the task of making both ends meet was far from an easy one. Mrs. Blakeslee did all her own work, helped in the garden and coaxed dozens of chicks into plump broilers. And to Cousin Belle, visiting there for the first time, it seemed as though the three little folks, Maisie and Mildred and baby Jim, must surely be allowed to run loose and that they would doubtless, after the first few hours of "company manners," prove annoying beyond the average.

It was quite to her amazement, then, that on the morning after her arrival, with the wind blowing the snow into drifts out of doors, she was greeted by three sunny little faces.

"Isn't it a lovely morning?" Maisie asked seriously.

"Why do you think it lovely?" Cousin Belle asked in surprise.

"Oh, there are so many nice things to do on a day like this," Mildred put in. "That's why we're hurrying so to get our dusting done. Mother's going to let us choose what we want from our surprise cupboard."

"I'll have to explain to cousin Belle," laughed Mrs. Blakeslee as she stepped about briskly putting the livingroom in order. "You see, I've quite a job on my hands, taking it all around. But I call these three the most important part of it. Much of the time they are happy out of doors or playing with their dolls. I've tried to teach them to amuse themselves. When days like this come and times when other amusements grow tiresome and I am too busy to give them much attention, their happiness must be considered. These are the times when our surprise cupboard is a big help."

"We're all ready, Mother," Mildred announced. "We've dusted every corner and taken care of everything, as neat! And we've all decided what we want to take first."

"I want the Nose ark," Jim shouted.

"I'd like the sewing cards," Mildred said.

"I made some new ones the other evening for a surprise," Mother returned, taking the box from the shelf.

"You see," she explained to cousin Belle, "the nice box of sewing-cards they had for Christmas were soon used up. So now I watch for suitable outline pictures, collect bits of cardboard, lay the two together and prick around the edge of the picture with a hat-pin or big needle. The children love them. We have needles with big eyes, and Maisie has learned to thread them. Mildred can, too, unless the yarn is too heavy. We use all sorts of odds and ends of colored thread and yarn. After the needle is threaded we pass the point through the two threads a few inches down, draw the needle through, and that fastens it so it can't slip out. A little wax helps in threading it and drawing the entire thread over the wax prevents knots and tangles.

"I'd like the old catalogs and scissors and paper doll things," Maisie announced.

Cousin Belle was interestedly looking over the remaining articles in the surprise cupboard. There were bubble pipes, home-made peg-boards, crayons and pencils, odds and ends of wrapping and waxed paper cut neatly in rather small sheets or made into little books, modelling clay, a small hammer, tacks and a soft-wood board into which little Jim loved to pound the tacks and pull them out again. A small washboard, flat iron, moulding board and rolling pin were there, also.

"What are these for?" cousin Belle inquired, opening a box of dried peas.

"We soak them over night," Mrs. Blakeslee explained, "and the children use them to fasten toothpicks together and make all sorts of things, tables and chairs and letters and stars, men and animals.

"Where do you get all your ideas!" he cousin exclaimed.

"I have attacked this problem as I would any other. A happily employed child is usually a good child. It takes less time to get this busy-work ready and show them how to use it than it does to be continually scolding and punishing, and is far better both for them and for me.

"See what I'm doing, cousin Belle," called Maisie from near the window.

"Why! I thought that was another cupboard," exclaimed cousin Belle.

"It looks like one until you pull back the curtain," laughed Maisie. "Then it's a doll-house. Father made it for us out of boxes and Mother helped us paper the rooms. We had some pasteboard furniture given us and we used that for patterns to make more. Sometimes we play with paper dolls in it and sometimes with our littlest china dolls."

"I must go out and attend to the chickens now," Mrs. Blakeslee announced.

"I'll write some letters while you are gone." Cousin Belle settled herself to write in peace and quietness so absorbed were they all in their occupations from the Surprise Cupboard.

A NEW DOLL SET.

4196. The little doll mother may not only make dolly's clothes but also the doll, from the models supplied herewith. The body may be of drill, unbleached muslin, oil cloth or sanitas, with a stuffing of bran, kopak, or cotton. Eyes of shoe buttons, nose and lips of yarn, or, the features may be embroidered or painted.

Dressed as a clown this doll will be very attractive. The suit may be of calico, cretonne or scraps of silk or satin. One or two colors of materials may be used. For the Rompers—cretonne or gingham is pleasing. Dolly will be so glad of the dear little pockets in her rompers, and "Pierrot" the clown will do all sorts of tricks in his comfortable costume, if his arms and legs are fastened so as to be movable.

The Pattern, comprising the Doll and the garments, is cut in 3 Sizes: Small—12 inches, Medium—16 inches, Large—20 inches in length. The Doll requires for a Medium size ½ yard. The Rompers ⅞ yard. The Suit and Hat, 1¼ 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. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

DECORATING CURTAINS.

I saw a thrifty little woman make new curtains out of some old scrim affairs with faded stencil border. The material was still good for considerable wear but the faded borders spoiled the curtains' looks and apparently made them useless.

But my friend gave the old curtains a careful laundering, boiling them to remove all stains and the remnant of tinting in the less sun-faded places.

They were next put through a thin starch to which a little strained ochre water had been added, to give the material a pretty cream color. Doubtless many other tinting colors would have done as well.

The resourceful housewife then bought a few yards of inexpensive light-weight flowered cretonne and cut it into strips of a width to cover the old borders. The cretonne was neatly stitched to the scrim.

When hung, the curtains were most attractive and gave a fresh, cheery look to the room.—Josephine E. Toal.

Ten Greatest Inventors.

In an article called "The Ten Greatest Inventors," the author, John S. Seymour, names the following:

Eli Whitney, Elias Howe, Charles Goodyear, Sir Henry Bessemer, Samuel F. B. Morse, Thomas A. Edison, Alexander Graham Bell, Nikola Tesla, Cyrus Hall McCormick, Wilbur Wright.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Make a Start This Year!

Have you increased your Investments during the year just closed? If you are unable to buy a BOND or some selected STOCK for Cash, why wait—use our Monthly Payment Plan, particulars of which we will gladly mail you on application.

H. R. Brereton & Company
Government and Corporation Bonds
Industrial and Mining Shares.
Dominion Bank Building - Toronto
Send Us Your Inquiries.

ISSUE No. 1—'24.

GREEN MANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

(Copyrighted Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd.)

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

"Be still," whispered Peter in German; "I mean you no harm. We are friends of the same purpose. Do you speak German?"

"*Nein*," said a muffled voice.

"English?"

"Yes," said the voice.

"Thank God," said Peter. "Then we can understand each other. I've watched your notion of signalling, and a very good one it is. I've got to get through to the Russian lines somehow before morning, and I want you to help me. I'm English—a kind of English—so we're on the same side. If I let go your neck will you be good and talk reasonably?"

The voice assented. Peter let go, and in the same instant slipped to the side. The man wheeled round and flung out an arm but gripped vacancy.

"Steady, friend," said Peter; "you musn't play tricks with me or I'll be angry."

"Who are you? Who sent you?" asked the puzzled voice.

Peter had a happy thought. "The Companions of the Rosy Hours?" he said.

"Then are we friends indeed," said the voice. "Come out of the darkness, friend, and I will do you no harm. I am a good Turk, and I fought beside the English in Kordofan and learned their tongue. I live only to see the ruin of Enver, who has beggared my family and slain my twin brother. Therefore I serve the *Muscov ghiaours*."

"I don't know what the Musky Jaws are, but if you mean the Russians I'm with you. I've got news for them which will make Enver green. The question is, how I'm to get to them, and that is where you shall help me, my friend."

"How?"

"By playing that little tune of yours again. Tell them to expect within the next half-hour a deserter with an important message. Tell them, for God's sake, not to fire at anybody till they've made certain it isn't me."

The man took the blunt end of his bayonet and squatted beside the bell. The first stroke brought out a clear, searching note which floated down the valley. He struck three notes at slow intervals. For all the world, Peter said, he was like a telegraph operator calling up a station.

"Send the message in English," said Peter.

"They may not understand it," said the man.

"Then send it any way you like. I trust you, for we are brothers."

After ten minutes the man ceased and listened. From far away came the sound of a trench-gong, the kind of thing they used on the Western Front to give the gas-alarm.

"They say they will be ready," he said. "I cannot take down messages in the darkness, but they have given me the signal which means 'Consent.'"

"Come, that is pretty good," said Peter. "And now I must be moving. You take a hint from me. When you hear big firing up to the north get ready to beat a quick retreat, for it will be all up with that city of yours. And tell your folk,too, that they're making a bad mistake letting those fool Germans rule their land. Let them hang Enver and his little friends, and we'll all be happy once more."

"May Satan receive his soul!" said the Turk. "There is wire before us, but I will show you a way through. The guns this evening made many rents in it. Remember there is much wire before the other lines."

Peter, with certain directions, found it pretty easy to make his way through the entanglement. There was one bit which scraped a hole in his back, but very soon he had come to the last posts and found himself in open country. The place, he said, was a graveyard of the unburied dead that smelt horribly as he crawled among them. He had no inducements to delay, for he thought he could hear behind him the movement of the Turkish working party, and was in terror that a flare might reveal him and a volley accompany his retreat.

From one shell-hole to another he wormed his way, till he struck an old ruinous communication trench which led in the right direction. The Turks must have been forced back in the past week, and the Russians were now in the evacuated trenches. The thing was half full of water, but it gave Peter a feeling of safety, for it enabled him to get his head below the level of the ground. Then it came to an end, and he found before him a forest of wire.

The Turk in his signal had mentioned half an hour, but Peter thought it was nearer two hours before he got through that noxious entanglement. Shelling had made little difference to it. The uprights were all there, and the barbed strands seemed to touch the ground. Remember, he had no wire-cutter; nothing but his bare hands. Once again fear got hold of him. He felt caught in a net, with monstrous vultures waiting to pounce on him from above. At any moment a flare might go up and a dozen rifles find their mark. He had altogether forgotten about the message which had been sent, for no message could dissuade the ever-present death he felt around him. It was, he said, like following an old lion into bush when there was but one narrow way in and no road out.

The guns began again—the Turkish guns from behind the ridge—and a shell tore up the wire a short way before him. Under cover of the burst he made a few yards, leaving large portions of his clothing in the strands. Then quite suddenly when hope had almost died in his heart, he felt the ground rise steeply. He lay very still, a star-rocket from the Turkish side lit up the place, and there in front was a rampart with the points of bayonets showing beyond it. It was the Russian hour for stand-to.

He raised his cramped limbs from the ground and shouted, "Friend! English!"

A face looked down at him, and then the darkness again descended.

"Friend," he said hoarsely. "English."

He heard speech behind the parapet. An electric torch was flashed on him for a second. A voice spoke, a friendly voice, and the sound of it seemed to be telling him to come over.

He was now standing up, and as he got his hands on the parapet he seemed to feel bayonets very near him. But the voice that spoke was kindly, so with a heave he scrambled over and flopped into the trench. Once more the electric torch was flashed, and revealed to the eyes of the onlookers an indescribably dirty, lean, middle-aged man with a bloody head, and scarcely a rag of shirt on his back. The said man, seeing friendly faces around him grinned cheerfully.

"That was a rough trek, friends," he said; "I want to see your general pretty quick, for I've got a present for him."

He was taken to an officer in a dug-out, who addressed him in French, which he did not understand. But the sight of Stumm's plan worked wonders. After that he was fairly bundled down communication trenches and then over swampy fields to a farm among trees. There he found staff officers, who looked at him and looked at his map, and then put him on a horse and hurried him eastwards. At last he came to a big ruined house, and was taken into a room which seemed to be full of maps and generals.

The conclusion must be told in Peter's words.

"There was a big man sitting at a table drinking coffee, and when I saw him my heart jumped out of my skin. For it was the man I hunted with on the Pungwe in '98—him whom the Kaffirs called 'Buck's Horn,' because of his long curled moustaches. He was a prince even then, and now he is a very great general. When I saw him, I ran forward and gripped his hand and cried, '*Hoe gat het, Mynheer?*' and he knew me and shouted in Dutch, 'Damn, if it isn't old Peter Pienaar!' Then he gave me coffee and ham and good bread and looked at my map.

"'What is this?' he cried, growing red in the face.

"'It is the staff-map of one Stumm, a German *skellum* who commands in yon city,' I said.

"He looked at it close and read the markings, and then he read the other paper which you gave me, Dick. And then he flung up his arms and laughed. He took a loaf and tossed it into the air so that it fell on the head of another general. He spoke to them in their own tongue, and they too laughed, and one or two ran out as if on some errand. I have never seen such merrymaking. They were clever men, and knew the worth of what you gave me.

"'Then he got to his feet and hugged me, all dirty as I was, and kissed me on both cheeks.

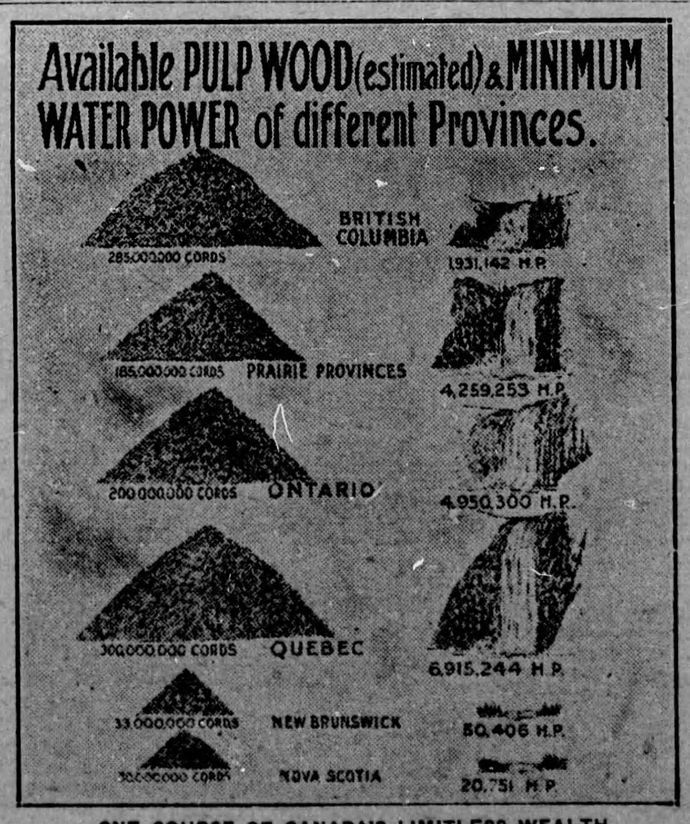
"'Before God, Peter,' he said, 'you're the mightiest hunter since Nimrod. You've often found me game, but never game so big as this!'"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LITTLE HILL.

It was a wise man who said that the biggest kind of courage was to be able to sit still. I used to feel that when we were getting shelled in the reserve trenches outside Vermelles. I felt it before we went over the parapets at Loos, but I never felt it so much as on the last two days in that cellar. I had simply to set my teeth and take a pull on myself. Peter had gone on a crazy errand which I scarcely believed could come off. There were no signs of Sandy; somewhere within a hundred yards he was fighting his own battles, and I was tormented by the thought that he might get jumpy again and wreck everything. A strange Companion brought us food, a man who spoke only Turkish and could tell us nothing; Hussin, I judged, was busy about the horses. If I could only have done something to help on matters I could have scotched my anxiety, but there was nothing to be done, nothing but wait and brood. I tell you I began to sympathize with the general behind the lines in a battle, the fellow who makes the plan which others execute. Leading a charge can be nothing like so nerve-shaking a business as sitting in an easy-chair and waiting on the news of it.

(To be continued.)



ONE SOURCE OF CANADA'S LIMITLESS WEALTH

The chart shows in a graphic way the wealth in Canada's undeveloped natural resources of timber and water-power.

Inventions Needed.

Further suggestions have been made to the list of things wanted. The latest contributor is Prof. A. M. Low, the inventor and man of science, who has made the following entries:

A process of instantaneous color photography.

A selective method of radio communication with really sharp tuning.

A light, efficient, slow-speed internal combustion engine.

An internal combustion turbine.

Greatly simplified clothing, not strange in appearance.

A loud speaker that can be controlled without distorting the sound.

Improved methods of electrical storage and power transmission.

A cheap house-warmer that can be installed by anyone.

A new game of skill.

A new method of conveying speech direct and readably to paper.

But there are some things spiritual and not material that are needed more than anything in this list, and they are things that any man can find for himself if he will without the services of any inventive genius.

IN THE LUNCH BOX.

A country school, where the brevity of the noon hour and lack of time to make earlier preparations made it impractical to serve a hot lunch, has worked out a very satisfactory solution of the problem. Each child brings a potato in his or her lunch box. At recess the potatoes are tucked into the ashes in the front of the heating stove. By dinnertime they are well done and form a satisfying supplement to the contents of the lunch boxes and pails.—Dorothy Porter.

Cause Found.

Poet—"My wife declares that last poem of mine you published almost stopped her heart."

Editor—"Ha! So that's why our circulation was set back!"

Much skill is required to select and shape feathers used on fish-hooks.

Kindness to animals is a theme that ought to be touched upon frequently by every preacher and every writer whose aim is to make this world better.

Artificial lighting has been found so to hasten the growth of plants with large leaves that they blossom approximately eight days sooner than when grown under sunlight only. In the winter five hours of additional light in the greenhouse seems to mean five hours of additional growing. To florists who wish to bring their plants to full bloom for a holiday the discovery will be of considerable value.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Her Courage.

In a missionary school in the mountains of the Southern States there has been for several years a girl who when she came into the class had, as a patient teacher put it, "few peers for uncouthness of manner and density of mind." Year after year the place at the bottom of the class has remained hers. Yet she is the one girl whom the principal of the school and aslo the teachers are most anxious to keep.

She is a cripple and is halting in speech. She came from a home of ignorance and poverty. Her handicap was so heavy that at first it seemed impossible for her to overcome it. Yet under its terrible weight stirred a living, struggling will. That was the interest, the dramatic conflict, that made all the lookers-on want to help the crippled girl forward.

She herself knew her limitations, but she had an ambition, and she pressed toward it daily, forgetting self. She was not discouraged; she had a living faith in God. Though she could only stammer slowly, she determined to start family worship in her home when she went back in the vacation. Never had a prayer been heard in the poor little hut. "My knees shook," she said to her teacher afterward, "and so did my voice. But I wasn't ashamed." Every day she presevered, and when she left home for school again her mother promised to continue reading the Bible daily.

The poverty of the cripple has always been extreme; during her years in the school she has been able to earn little money. Yet by patient effort she has earned enough to give a small weekly offering. At Thanksgiving one year when all united in a thank offering she brought one dollar and a half, earned and saved through no one knows what toil and sacrifice, but given with a grateful heart, for she is happy in her school, in her teachers and in her opportunities.

Her mind may stay at the foot of her class, but her soul is at the head of it and is always advancing. Is it any wonder that even with her dull mind and her halting speech she has still a power beyond eloquence upon all about her?

The Complete Liar

"Why do you believe he is so entirely a liar?"

"He told me he couldn't believe his own eyes."

The Russian Winter.

Keeping warm in Russia is a feat. The people of the lower classes in Russia encase themselves for the winter in shaggy sheepskins and look unkempt indeed, but with such a warm covering these people have great powers of endurance and can stand certain kinds of work in the cold that would kill a Canadian. For instance, every house has a "concierge" or porter, and it is his custom to take his seat on a chair just outside the front porch at nine o'clock in the evening and stay there all night long to protect and safeguard the house. Another odd sight seen in every large Russian city, is the great cones of fire built up at the intersections of the streets where drivers and footmen may remain in order to warm themselves and be comfortable, while their masters are at a ball or opera.

The basis of education should be sure before a superstructure of accomplishments is raised upon it.—Bishop Welldon.

Troubles come to all men; but those who are looking for them will have the largest share.

ARTISTS—INSIST ON HAVING the best. Winsor & Newton's colors,—the standard of the world. Order through your dealer, and if not available, write direct to Department A, The Hughes Owens Company, Ltd., Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, or to Department A, The Art Metropole, Toronto.

At any hour—day or night—
EDDY'S
MATCHES
bring the light