

THE FINEST GREEN TEA

produced in the world is grown on the mountain slopes of Ceylon and India. These rare teas, specially blended, give to

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA H371
a flavor beyond compare - JUST TRY IT.

Woman's Sphere

MAKING THINGS STICK.

Besides being of invaluable aid in the medicine chest or cabinet, adhesive tape may be used as first aid in innumerable cases of household emergency. It may be made so useful that the housewife should never be without it.

After cementing broken glass or china it may be applied to the outside to hold the parts in place until they become thoroughly dry.

When the glass in the oven door accidentally gets broken a very satisfactory temporary repair may be effected by applying adhesive tape to each side of the break.

If the glass top of the percolator seems to suddenly leap from its proper position and cleaves asunder upon the floor it may be mended with adhesive tape until another may be purchased.

When paring any hard fruit or vegetable, protect the inside of the thumb and forefinger with pieces of adhesive tape.

When ripping seams with a knife or razor blade, wrap the blade with adhesive tape to within an inch of the end to prevent injury to the fingers and fabric.

In case a break comes in your rubber gloves apply a patch of adhesive tape to the underside of the cut or break. It may be used in the same manner to mend kid gloves, using a bit of dye or ink to stain the patch to match the gloves.

Use adhesive tape to cover the opening in the bottom of salt or pepper shaker instead of cork, which is often hard to remove and often slips inside.

When small cuts or breaks appear in the table oilcloth they may be mended by applying a strip of adhesive tape to the underside.

THE SUMMER BRIDE'S KITCHEN PAD.
Do the brides of your neighborhood have the various fads that change and vary as much as the new styles and fashions? They do in our section, and a fad that is very popular with

WRIGLEYS

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.

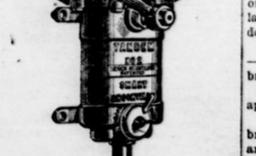
After Every Meal
Sealed in its Purity Package

WRIGLEYS DOUBLEBEAM CHERRY MINT CHEWING GUM

Here is the Pump You Need
SMART'S TANDEM
DOUBLE ACTING PUMP

Pumps more easily, more silently and more efficiently than the Wing type model which it has definitely replaced. Repairs easily made with household tools. Can be drained to prevent freezing. Easily primed.

ASK ABOUT IT AT YOUR HARDWARE STORE
JANIS SMART PLANT
BROOKVILLE, ONT.



ISSUE No. 29-23.

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

"You're an old Trojan, Peter," I said; "but go on. How did you get to that landing-stage where I found you?"

"It was a hard journey," he said meditatively. "It was not easy to get beyond the barbed-wire entanglements which surrounded Newery—yes, even across the river. But in time I reached the woods and was safe, for I did not think any German could equal me in wild country. The best of them, even their foresters, are but babes in wilderland compared with such as you. . . . My troubles came only from hunger and cold. Then I met a Peruvian smouse," and sold him my clothes and bought from him these. I did not want to part with my own, which were better, but he gave me ten marks on the deal. After that I went into a village and ate heavily." ("Polish-Jew pedlar.")

CHAPTER X.

THE GARDEN HOUSE OF SULMAN THE RED.

"I do not think so. They had gone north, as I expected, and were looking for me at the railway stations which my friends had marked for me. I walked happily and put a bold face on it. If I saw a man or woman look at me suspiciously I went up to them at once and talked. I told a sad tale, and all believed it. I was a poor Dutchman travelling home on foot to see a dying mother, and I had been told that by the Danube I should find the main railway to take me to Holland. There were kind people who gave me food, and one woman gave me half a mark and wished me God speed. . . . Then on the last day of the year I came to the river and found many drunkards."

"Was that when you resolved to get on one of the river boats?"

"Yes, Cornelis. As soon as I heard of the boats I saw where my chance lay. But you might have knocked me over with a straw when I saw you come on shore. That was good fortune, my friend. . . . I have been thinking much about the Germans, and I will tell you the truth. It is only boldness that can baffle them. They are a most diligent people. They will think of all likely difficulties, but not of all possible ones. They have not much imagination. They are like steam engines which must keep to prepared tracks. There they will hunt any man down, but let him trek for open country and they will be at a loss. Therefore boldness, my friend; if they wear spectacles, which means that they are always peering."

Peter broke off to gloat over the wedges of geese and the strings of wild swans that were always winging across those plains. His tale had buckled me up wonderfully. Our luck had held beyond all belief, and I had a kind of hope in the business now which had been wanting before. That afternoon, too, I got another fillip. I came on deck for a breath of air and found it pretty cold after the heat of the engine room. So I called to one of the deck hands to fetch me my cloak from the cabin—the same I had bought that first morning in the Greif village.

"Der grune mantel?" the man shouted up, and I cried, "Yes." But the words seemed to echo in my ears, and long after he had given me the garment I stood strating abstractedly over the bulwarks, my gaze manning held beyond all belief, and I had a kind of hope in the business now which had been wanting before. That afternoon, too, I got another fillip. I came on deck for a breath of air and found it pretty cold after the heat of the engine room. So I called to one of the deck hands to fetch me my cloak from the cabin—the same I had bought that first morning in the Greif village.

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"Very well. I will have a word to say to General von Oesterzee, and many to this fellow who flouts the Committee." And he strode away like an impudent boy.
(To be continued.)

Canada's Love for Great Britain.

We love those little rock-bound isles Which nestle in the sea,
We love her towers and bulwarks grand,
Their glorious history.

We love Old England's mossy dells,
Proud Scotia's mountains hoar,
Erin's sweet fields of "living green,"
Their minstrelsy and lore.

Dear Aven's banks, where "free to roam,"
Sweet songs sang glorious "will";
Ye banks and braes of Bonny Doon,
Where "Rab's" ghost wanders still.

Where "Irish Nora's eyes grow dim,"
Where Moore's sweet songs of love
Diffuse their mystic brightness round,
Like incense from above.

The cities by "Old Father Thames,"
Whence wealth and culture flow;
The "Silver Firth," "Dunedin's" towers,
Their glamor and their glow.

The purple hills of proud Argyle,
Loch Katrine's rugged shore,
Where Scott writ tales of love and hate,
To charm us evermore.

In thought we fly to Flodden Field,
Where Scotia's noblest fell,
Gaiest serried ranks of the gallant South,
As ancient records tell.

When tartan'd clans fierce battle fought,
With bucker and claymore,
Where Meiriose shed her mystic light,
Amidst the clash of war.

We glory in Great Britain's fame,
Brave sons and daughters fair;
Her mighty strength, her vast renown,
And her protecting care.

Let us, "The Maple Leaf Forever,"
With loyal voices sing,
In union with each patriot's song,
"God Save Our Gracious King."
—Robert Stark.

Breaking the News.
A guest at a country hotel gave instructions that he wished to be called early. The next morning he was disturbed by a loud tauto upon the door. "Well!" he demanded, sharply. "I've got a message for you, sir."

Yawning until he strained his face, the guest jumped out of bed and unlocked the door. The bellboy handed him an envelope and went away quickly. "The guest opened the envelope and took out a slip of paper bearing the words, "It's time to get up."

Minard's Liniment for Coughs and Warts
The sun gives 800,000 times more light than the moon.



Lifeguard may be safely used on the tenderest skin.
It is wonderfully cleansing for little hands, faces and bodies.

Lifeguard babies have beautiful healthy skins.



Two lines of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," spoken by the late Lord Tennyson, are recorded on a phonograph record owned by a South African.

Keep Your Shoes Neat
2 IN 1
WHITE
Shoe Dressing
CAKE OR LIQUID

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

Mustard is valuable in the diet
Did you know that mustard not only gives more zest and flavor to meats, but also stimulates your digestion? Because it aids assimilation it adds nourishment to foods.
but it must be Keen's



Put up lots of
STRAWBERRIES
with
LILY WHITE
Corn Syrup

"Lily White" cuts down the cost of preserving—keeps the fine natural color and fresh flavor of the berries—and prevents "sugaring".

For all your Preserving, use half sugar and half "Lily White" Corn Syrup.

At all grocers—in 2, 5, and 10 lb. tins.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED

MIDSUMMER WITCHERY

In France, Midsummer Eve is spoken of as the Eve of the Nativity of Saint John Baptist, and in Brittany, if you chance to be out of doors on this night, a strange sight will meet your eyes, for from every hill-top a beacon light gleams and glows.

These are the Fires of Saint John, and in remote Finistere the event is spoken of as the Night of Fires.

In Provence the villagers assemble, each carrying some household utensil, which they beat, making as much noise as possible. A procession goes round the village, prayers being recited at intervals for the success of the cross, for it is a general belief that upon this night depends the success of the vineyard, fruit-orchard, and harvest.

Magic Spells in Sussex.
Indeed, this belief in magic spells tribes a bundle of firewood to the bonfire built on the Eve of Saint John is allowed one handful of the ashes next day, and these are strewn about his garden or scattered over his field.

The Bretons say that crops will flourish and the harvest will be successful when this is done. But they take care not to disturb the ashes until at least an hour after cockcrow, for on Midsummer Eve the fairy folk are abroad, and who can say what will happen?

Indeed, this belief in magic spells being loosed on this night seems pretty general, says an English writer. I have met with it in the Midlands, I have been warned in Cornwall not to stir out on Midsummer Eve lest the "little folk" should do me harm, and in Sussex an old shepherd solemnly told me that on this night "spells were cast and the Pharisees were out."

Pharisees in the Sussex name for fairy folk of the hills.

In many parts of Spain there is a belief that sheets are set free on this one night of the year, therefore it is dangerous to stir abroad. In Andalusia men and women light bonfires and sit and drink together, never looking behind them "lest they see something that is not good."

Where is the "Witch Elder"?
Throughout Western Europe, indeed, there seems to be a mass of superstition and quaint legend associated with the Eve of Saint John, and universal belief in the wonderful power of the Wee Folk on this night, so that we believe anyone who crosses them.

In North Oxfordshire, where village folk still believe in witchies, and where quaint tales are told of spells and charms, lies a lonesome region, indeed, and here, quite off the beaten track, is a perfect Druid Circle, a miniature Stonehenge, the boary stones having been there for centuries.

The Rowditch country, with its old folk tales and witch stories, is well worth a visit, and here within the circle, it is said, one may see fairies on Midsummer Eve.

To make doubly sure, however, one should gather fern seed on the Eve of All Hallows and keep it against the Night of Saint John Baptist, for with the fern seed lightly held in your left hand, it is said you may walk invisible.

There is a wonderful old legend about this place, which tells the story of the Witch of the Rowditch, who changed herself into "an elder tree." It is solemnly stated that, if you find this elder bush on Midsummer Eve and cut it, the sap will run out as blood. Again and again have I hunted for this tree, hoping to discover the witch lady; but, as elders grow pretty plentifully thereabouts, my search has been in vain.

Can't You See Them?
Seated in that magic circle with the grey stones of the Rowditch around, with the lonesome pines crooning overhead, it is easy to believe in elves and fairies and in the strangest happenings. But to feel its magic atmosphere, take my advice and visit the Druid Circle on Midsummer Eve, when fairy spells are loosed and the Wee Folk are abroad.

Whether you have the charm of the fern seed, or the magical spray of Saint John's Wort, which is supposed to ward off all danger, or whether you have safely tucked in your bosom a Midsummer rose, plucked last Midsummer Day, and since laid away in muslin; or whether you go as a sceptic and unbeliever, and are unarméd with any of the time-honored charms, I warrant you will come away convinced that there is still magic on Midsummer Eve.

Old Lamps for New.
"The little girl across the way Turned up her nose at me to-day, And all because her daddy's got A wireless set, and we have not; And she can hear Dame Melba sing, And concertos, and that sort of thing, She listens in, when she's in bed, To fairy tales by Radio— A gentleman she does not know, away! Who speaks a hundred riddles. "Oh! she's a lucky girl, you'll say. Well, yes, she is, I think so too, And yet I don't believe—do you? That any wireless tune can beat Our blackbird singing clear and sweet, Or thrushes, with their merry song About the garden all day long. Or, when it's dark, our nightingale Or—talk about a fairy-tale!— I don't think Mr. Radio Has Mummie's voice, so dear and low, And though he's very smart and wise, He hasn't Mummie's sparkling eyes!"
—"G. G." in the Morning Post.

The AUTO

YOUR SHINY NEW

Servant or master a car. The "owner" is first the servant, later the comfortable. There is a certain joy in the possession of a motor car, but the vast bulk of satisfaction is in the latter state. For a car is meant to be used for the pleasure of mankind; they were not primarily and essentially intended to wait on and dry-nurse.

I have lived through the phases of motor association you and the other fellow, slave, hand and foot, for a while, and I sort of get with eyes and heart as to those of any pot-bellied. Later on, I find, pristine magnificent, on me, wheel and engine faithfully, dependably, and itself the good old family car.

When first the new car is delivered into your hands like the morning sun, you are Those makers certainly do not get a glitter on that mighty alluring. The glow is able, yet elegant; the motor usates like a sparkling gem, the rays of sunlight as though superfluous and intrusive, outfit is speakless and. You look at the equipment with emotion. You call out. They must be impressed, with one not that is the way a car is not only at first, but What's the need for a any other way any time.

"There, now, is the way to keep that car. Look and pains and expense are have been expended on a work, and for what? To have it soon looking less piece of junk. Is that that way? Are we going to mistake so many months the thing soon dingy and banged and dented and dusty and scuffed? Ah!

With one voice you with-pride family answer. "No, siree! We are her looking just as she is. And the whole business is it.

You do so for awhile, go out in the rain with a stay at home from a tickets to. You would avoid an intersection to avoid possibility of the shades slight collision; you rub oiled chassis before you forth in the morning; you bright work with exact sort of metal polish; you your bare hand on its hot Eddie stay in a dust of hours because he dropped it.

Epi He Only Miss Sharpe's scheme, is it, Mr. Raggie?—Yes; it is—aw—mind's eye. Miss Sharpe's your wanting to get I'm sure.

Pop's Point: "Pop, I got in trouble day and it's all your fault. How's that, my son? "Well, you remember, you how much a million. "Yes, I remember. "Well, teacher asked me 'helluva lot' isn't that right?"

Taking off the shoes, hands is a link with the was done to show that concealed.

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