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JUST TRY IT

Woman's Sphere

TRAINING THE CHILDREN.

Vacation time brings with it added problems in discipline. We make a mistake when we think of discipline as only "making children mind." That, properly understood, it is an effort on the parent's part so to regulate the instinctive desires of the child that by his own efforts he gradually fits himself to be of worth to his generation.

The ideal is fine and helpful, but two little daughters, aged six and nine, sometimes cause me almost to lose sight of it. They are quite different in temperament and I find that what works with one is not efficacious with the other. The younger child loves to visit at a neighbor's, and after she had been over several times recently, I suggested that she should play at home that afternoon. When she disobeyed and went over there, I brought her home, gave her her supper, and put her to bed. It was only an hour before her usual bedtime, but she so loves to sit up after daddy comes in that it has kept her from running away since. Sometimes she gets angry and strikes. Then I tie a carpet rag loosely around her arm, telling her that when daddy sees that, it will make him know that the little arm has been naughty again. She would rather be punished in any way than to wear the rag on her arm. I never have to leave it on more than a few minutes before she comes to me repentant and begs me to forgive her.

The above methods do not work at all on the older child, and never did. It would only make her sullen. She loves to read, and when I want to get her to do the things "that fit her to be of worth," all that is necessary is to say, for example, "Jane, you may read after you have practiced your music, not before, remember." To be denied her book is far more of a punishment than to be disciplined in any other way.

But these ways don't always work.



A DAINTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

This will be charming in organdy, crepe, or voile. It is also nice for linen, with the gimpes of contrasting material. The sleeve may be in wrist length with a band cuff, or in short length as illustrated.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-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.

Sometimes I get so discouraged that I do not for my little bedtime talks, when the girls and I go over the mistakes of the day and resolve to make a fresh start with the new morning. I should feel like giving up entirely. And yet, I know that there is nothing more worth while.—Mrs. W. H. K.

A NEW IRONING-BOARD.

When everything doesn't go right, when the ironing board wobbles and must be lifted and rearranged every time a skirt or little frock is to be put on it, then ironing is nothing but a tiresome job. With the latest in ironing boards at which to do one's work, all these troubles are avoided. The board rests on its own stand and it is so braced and arranged that its steadiness itself; yet it is not a big cumbersome affair, but light and easily handled. There is no brace at the one end, so that one may slip the frocks and all the other garments which must be put on the board to be ironed right over it without moving a thing. Imagine how much more quickly the work can be finished with a board of this kind. When one has finished the ironing the board may be folded and placed out of the way, so that it takes up no more room than the old kind which requires supports.

LAUNDERING SUMMER DRESSES.

When washing gingham and other delicate fabrics that are apt to fade, I never apply soap directly to them. I place small pieces of bar soap or soap chips in the cheesecloth bag and then make my suds. This prevents small pieces of soap adhering to and spotting the material, and also every bit of soap is utilized.—G. S.

Keep on Going.

It is an unwritten law of the universe that the only way to keep up is to keep going. This law may be broadly applied. It is applicable to many things and to all people.

It is a long trail that has no turning. We have been following its rough and rugged course already far beyond where the turn should have been; still it is not in sight. Shall we give up and stop? When the bicycle stops it falls over.

There is but one safe thing for us to do, and it is the only way of keeping our place in the sun, and that is to keep on going.

To prevent depredation by rats and other rodents silos for the storage of grain in Mexico are made of concrete.

The United States consumes about 2,000,000 tons of newspaper a year.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER X.

"You are Mr. Kuprasso," I said. "I wanted to show this place to my friend. He has heard of your garden-house and the list there." "The Signor is mistaken. I have no garden-house." "Rot," I said. "I've been here before, my boy. I recall your shanty at the back and many merry nights there. What was it you called it? Oh, I remember—the Garden-House of Sulliman the Red."

He put his finger to his lips and looked incredibly sly. "The Signor remembers that. But that was in the old happy days before we came. The place is long since shut. The people here are too poor to dance and sing." "All the same I would like to have another look at it," I said, and I slipped an English sovereign into his hand.

He glanced at it in surprise and his manner changed. "The Signor is a Prince, and I will do his will." He clapped his hands and the negro appeared, and at his nod took his place behind a little side-counter.

"Follow me," he said, and led us through a long, noisome passage, which was pitch dark and very unevenly paved. Then he unlocked a door and with a swirl of the wind caught it and blew it back on us.

We were looking into a mean little yard, with on one side a high curving wall, evidently of great age, with bushes growing in the cracks of it. Some scraggy myrtle and some crooked pots, and nettles flourished in a corner. At one end was a wooden building like a dissenting chapel, but painted a dingy scarlet. Its windows and skylights were black with dirt, and its door, tied up with rope, slumped in the wind.

"Behold the Pavilion," Kuprasso said proudly.

"That is the old place," I observed. "What times I've seen there! Tell me, Mr. Kuprasso, do you ever open it now?"

He put his thick lips to my ear. "If the Signor will be silent I will tell him. It is sometimes open—not often. Men must amuse themselves, even in war. Some of the German officers come here for their pleasure, and but last week we had the ballet of Mademoiselle Cici. The police approve—but not often, for this is no time for too much gaiety. I will tell you a secret. To-morrow afternoon there will be dancing—wonderful dancing! Only a few of my patrons know. Who, think you, will be there?"

He bent his head closer and said in a whisper—

"The Compagnie des Heures Roses."

"Oh, indeed," I said with a proper tone of respect, though I hadn't a notion what he meant.

"Will the Signor wish to come?"

"Sure," I said. "Both of us. We're all for the rosy hours."

"Then the fourth hour after mid-day. Walk straight through the cafe and one will be there to unlock the door. You are new-comers here? Take the advice of Angelo Kuprasso and avoid the streets after nightfall. Stambul is no safe place nowadays for quiet men."

I asked him to name an hotel, and he rattled off a list in which I chose one that sounded modest and keeping with our get-up. It was not far off, only a hundred yards to the right at the top of the hill.

When we left his door the night had begun to drop. We had gone twenty yards before Peter drew very near to me and kept turning his head like a hunted stag.

"We are being followed close, Cornelis," he said calmly.

Another ten yards and we were at a cross-road, where a little place with a biggish mosque. I could see in the waning light a crowd of people who seemed to be moving towards us. I heard the high-pitched voice cry out a jabber of words, and it seemed to me that I had heard the voice before.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COMPANIONS OF THE ROSY HOURS.

We battled to a corner, where a job of building stood out into the street. It was our only chance to protect our backs, to stand up with the rib of stone between us. It was only the work of seconds. One instant we were groping our solitary way in the darkness, the next we were pinned against a wall with a throaty mob surging round us.

It took me a moment or two to realize that we were attacked. Every man has one special funk in the back of his head, and mine was to be the quarry of an angry crowd. I hated the thought of it—the mess, the blind struggle, the sense of unleshed passions different from those of any single backward. It was a dark world to me, and I don't like darkness. But in my nightmares I had never imagined anything just like this. The narrow, fetid street, with the icy winds fanning the filth, the unknown tongue, the hoarse savage murmur, and my utter ignorance as to what it might all be about, made me cold in the pit of my stomach.

"We've got it in the neck this time, old man," I said to Peter, who had out the pistol the commandant at Rastchuk had given him. These pistols were our only weapons. The crowd saw them and hung back, as if they chose to rush us it was a much of a barrier two pistols would make. Rastchuk's voice had stopped. He had done his work and had retired to the background. There were shouts from the crowd, "Atem!" and a word "Kha-yeh!" constantly repeated. I didn't know what it meant at the time, but now I know that they were after us because we were Rothes and spies. There was no love lost between the Constantinople scum and their new

masters. It seemed an ironical end for Peter and me to be done in because we were Rothes. And done in we should be. I had heard of the East as a good place for people to disappear in; there were no inquisitive newspapers, or incorruptible police.

I wished to Heaven I had a word of Turkish. But I made my voice heard for a second in a pause of the din, and shouted that we were German sailors who had brought down big guns for Turkey, and were going home next day. I asked them what the devil they thought we had done? I don't know if any fellow there understood German; anyhow, it only brought a pandemonium of cries in which that ominous word Khafiyeh was predominant.

Then Peter fired over their heads. He had to, for a chap was pawing at his throat. The answer was a clatter of bullets on the wall above us. It looked as if they meant to take us alive, and that I was very clear should not happen. Better a bloody end in a street scrap than the tender mercies of that bandbox bravo.

I don't know what happened next. I pressed down at me and I fired. Some one squealed, and I looked the next moment to be strange. And then suddenly the scrimmage ceased, and there was a wavering splash of light in that pit of darkness.

I never went through many worse minutes than these. When I had been hunted in the past weeks there had been mystery enough, but no immediate peril to face. When I had been up against a real, urgent, physical risk, like Loos, the danger at any rate had been clear. One knew what one was in for. But here was a threat I couldn't put a name to, and it was in the future, but pressing hard at our throats.

And yet I couldn't feel it was quite real. The patter of the pistol bullets against the wall, the rattle of the crackers, the faces felt rather than seen in the dark, the clamor which to me was pure gibberish, had all the madness of a nightmare. Only Peter, cursing steadily in Dutch by my side, was real. And then the light came, and made the scene more eerie!

It came from one or two torches carried by wild fellows with long hair who drove their way into the heart of the dark. The flickering glare ran up the steep walls and made monstrous shadows. The wild swung the flame into long streamers, dying away in a fan of sparks.

And now a new word was heard in the crowd. It was *Chinganeh*, shouted not in anger but in fear.

At first I could not see the newcomers. They were hidden in the deep darkness under their canopy of light, for they were holding their torches high, the full stretch of their arms. They were shouting, too, wild shrill cries ending sometimes in a gush of rapid speech. Their words did not seem to be directed against us, but against the crowd. A sudden hope came to me that for some unknown reason they were on our side.

The press was no longer heavy against us. It was thinning rapidly and I could hear the scuffle as men made their way to the side streets. My first notion was that the fall street of Turkish police. But I changed my mind when the leader came out into a patch of light. He carried no torch, but a long staff with which he belabored the heads of those who were too tightly packed to flee.

It was the most elderly apparition you can conceive. A tall man dressed in skins, with bare legs and sandals, and a wisp of scarlet cloth hung down by his shoulders, and drawn over his head down close to his eyes, was a skull-cap of some kind of felt with the tail waving behind it. He capered like a wild animal, keeping up a strange high monotone that fairly gave me the creeps.

I was suddenly aware that the crowd had gone. Before us was only this figure and his half-dozen companions, some carrying torches and all wearing cloths of skin. But only the one who seemed to be their leader wore the skull-cap; the rest had bare heads and long tangled hair.

The fellow was shouting gibberish at me. His eyes were glassy, like a man who smokes hemp, and his legs were never still a second. You would think such a figure no better than a mountebank, and yet there was nothing comic in it. Fearful and sinister and uncanny it was; and I wanted to do anything but laugh.

As he shouted, he kept pointing with his staff up the street which climbed the hillside.

"He means us to move," said Peter. "For God's sake let's get away from this witch-doctor."

I couldn't make sense of it, but one thing was clear. These maniacs had delivered us for the moment from Rasta and his friends.

Then I did a dashed silly thing. I pulled out a sovereign and offered it

to the leader. I had some kind of notion of showing gratitude, and as I had no words I had to show it by deed.

He brought his stick down on my wrist and sent the coin spinning in the gutter. His eyes glazed, and he made his weapon sing round my head. He cursed me—oh, I could tell cursing well enough, though I didn't follow a word; and he cried to his followers and they cursed me too. I had offered him a mortal insult and stirred up worse hornet's nest than Rasta's push.

(To be continued.)

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LIFEBOATS AS FUEL

Before leaving Buenos Aires, bound for the Strait of Magellan and then north to Valparaiso, the captain sends for his chief engineer.

"Plenty of coal on board, chief?" he asks. "We have twelve days' steaming to Coronel. How much have you?"

"Four hundred tons," replies the other; "sufficient for seventeen days. That's plenty; besides, coal is expensive here."

Out from Buenos Aires and down into the Roaring Forties they go, where always the west wind blows with screaming force, piling up mountains of seething water.

Gale forces slowly and slowly, very slowly, the trampsteamer plugs her way south. Coal is flung into the furnace with generous hands, but a bare six knots is the result.

An Anxious Time.

Through the Magellan Strait after ten weary days, and then up the Patagonian coast. But here it is no better; the westerly gales blow straight across the Pacific on the rocky coast to leeward, and the ponderous gait of the old ship is as heart-breaking to the weary officers, tramping up and down the spray-sodden bridge, as to the engineers, who, with anxious eyes, see the small stock of coal rapidly dwindling.

Eight bells, and those ragged clouds to windward speak of another night of shrieking wind and high-running seas. The chief engineer, clad in overalls, climbs against the wind to the upper bridge, in search of the captain.

In the chart-room he finds him.

"Sixty tons is all we have," he laconically remarks.

But the captain, with tired eyes pouring over the chart, does not reply. He is measuring the uncomfortably long line between the ship and the nearest coal depot—at Coronel.

"Six hundred miles is the exact distance," he says "and if the weather was at all decent we could do it; but as it is—"

He taps the barometer, and the chief sees the indicator full of friction. "Oh, well, chief, we can but do our best! Better reduce her to half-speed; she won't burn so much."

No Coal and Fifty Miles to Go.

Another day and another night pass over, and still the old ship covers those long miles all too slowly, at a tremendous cost in fuel.

Fifty miles to go, the last shovelful is gone, and if once the steam goes back very far it will be almost an impossibility to raise it again.

Something must be done to get her over the last lap, especially as the weather looks better.

So then it is that the last drastic resource is used. The ship must be burnt to drive the engines.

First the paint and the varnish and the whole contents of the bos'n's stores go down to the stokehold and into the drying furnace. Already the H.P. crankshaft goes over with a more determined thrust, and the flames leap out of the ship's funnel.

Now the derrick-booms are unstripped, cut into short lengths, soaked in coaler, and thrown to the flames.

Slowly, very slowly, the patent log records the miles as we pass along. Now the distance to go is down to forty miles; another watch brings it down to thirty, but the emergency-fuel rations are running low.

Next, the cabin furniture; bunks are ripped out. Gaily-painted chests, relics of Limehouse and Commercial Road, E., all make their contribution to the common cause. Bookcases, chairs, tables, and all the paraphernalia of cabins are remorselessly burnt.

Burning Their Boats.

Here is someone's trouser press, there a mahogany bridge table. It is heart-breaking to have to part with the companions of many a long voyage; but it has to be, for the alternative will be infinitely worse.

The last resource is used. The ship, and every man hopes that they, above all other things, can be saved. But no, there still remains the last ten miles, so the carpenter and a couple of seamen start with axes on the captain's dinghy, and the broken ribs, planks, and seats are handed down below.

In the red glow of the dawning a hall comes from the lookout: "Something ahead, sir!"

Biscuits are whipped out and levelled. Is it? Yes. Coronel piers are no more than two miles away; we shall save our boat, at least.

A tired smile flits across the captain's weather-beaten face when at length he gives the order: "Prepare to coal ship."

The Decoy.

A clergyman, taking occasional duty for a friend in a remote country parish, was greatly scandalized on observing the old ferry who had been collecting the offertory quietly abstract a fifty-cent piece before presenting the plate at the altar rail.

After service he called the old man into the vestry and told him with some emotion that his crime had been discovered.

The ferryer looked puzzled for a moment. Then a sudden light dawned on him.

"Why, sir, you don't mean that old half-dollar of mine? Why, I've led off with that for the last fifteen years!"

Do you plan your schedule of work day by day, and as far as possible, live up to it?

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