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GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

"What about the Germans here?"

Blenkiron laughed. "It is no sort of a happy family. But the Young Turks know that without the German boost they'll be strung up like Haman, and the Germans can't afford to neglect any ally. Consider what would happen if Turkey got sick and made a separate peace. The road would be open for Russia to the Aegean. Ferdy of Bulgaria would take his depreciated goods to the other market and not waste a day thinking about it. You'd have Roumanian coming in on the Allies' side. Things would look pretty black for that control of the Near East on which Germany has banked her winnings. Kaiser says that's got to be prevented at all costs, but how is it going to be done?"

Blenkiron's face had become very solemn again. "It won't be done unless Germany's got a trump card to play. Her game's mighty near lost, but it's still got a chance. And that chance is a woman and an old man. I reckon our landlady has a bigger brain than Enver and Liman. She's the real boss of the show. When I came here I reported to her, and presently you've got to do the same. I am curious as to how she'll strike you, for I'm free to admit that she impressed me considerably."

"It looks as if our job were a long way from the end," I said.

"It's scarcely begun," said Blenkiron.

That talk did a lot to cheer my spirits, for I realized that it was the biggest of big game we were hunting this time. I'm an economical soul, and I'm going to have a long and a good stake for my neck.

Then began some varied experiences. I used to wake up in the morning, wondering where I should be at that time. Greenmantle became a sort of myth with me. Somehow I couldn't fix any idea in my head of what he was like. The nearest I got was a picture of an old man in a turban coming out of a bottle in a cloud of smoke, which I remembered from a child's edition of the Arabian Nights. But if he was dim, the lady was dimmer. Sometimes I thought of her as a fat old German crone, sometimes as a schoolmistress with thin lips and eyeglasses. But I had to fit the East into the picture, so I made her young and gave her a touch of the languid hour in a veil. I was always wanting to pump Blenkiron on the subject, but he shut up like a rat-trap. He was looking for bad trouble in that direction, and was disinclined to speak about it beforehand.

We led a peaceful existence. Our servants were two of Sandy's lot, for Blenkiron had very rightly cleared out the Turkish caretakers, and they worked like beavers under Peter's eye. I reflected I had never been so well looked after in my life. I walked about the city with Blenkiron, keeping my eyes open, and speaking very civil. The third night we were bidden to dinner at Moellendorff's, so we put on our best clothes and set out in an ancient cab. Blenkiron had fetched a dress suit of mine, from which my own tailor's label had been cut and a New York one substituted.

General Liman and Metternich the Ambassador had gone up the line to Nish to meet the Kaiser, who was

touring in those parts, so Moellendorff was the biggest German in the city. His dress, with a smooth oval face like a girl's, and rather fine straight black eyebrows. He spoke perfect German, and had the best kind of manners, neither pert nor overbearing. He had a pleasant trick, too, of appealing all round the table for confirmation, and so bringing everybody into the talk. Not that he spoke a great deal, but all he said was good sense, and he had a smiling way of saying it. Once or twice he ran counter to Moellendorff, and I could see there was no love lost between these two. I didn't think I wanted him as a friend—he was too cold-blooded and artificial; and I was pretty certain that I didn't want those steady black eyes as an enemy. But it was no good denying his quality. The little fellow was all cold courage, like the fine polished steel of a sword.

I fancy I was rather a success at that dinner. For one thing I could speak German, and so had a pull on Blenkiron. For another I was in a good temper, and really enjoyed putting my back into my part. They talked very high-flown stuff about what they had done and were going to do, and Enver was great on Gallipoli. I remember he said that he could have destroyed the whole British Army if it hadn't been for somebody's cold feet—at which Moellendorff looked daggers. They were so bitter about Britain and all her works, that I gathered they were getting pretty panicky, and that made me as jolly as a sandboy. I'm afraid I was not free from bitterness myself on that subject. I said things about my own country that I sometimes take back in the night and sweat to think of.

Gaudian got on to the use of water power in war, and that gave me a chance.

"In my country," I said, "when we want to get rid of a mountain we wash it away. There's nothing on earth that will stand against water. Now, speaking with all respect, gentlemen, and as an absolute novice in the military art, sometimes ask why this God-given weapon isn't more used in the present war. I haven't been to any of the fronts, but I've studied them some from maps and the newspapers. Take your German position in the mountains, where you get the high ground. If I were a British general I reckon I would very soon make it no sort of position."

Moellendorff asked, "How?"

"Why, I'd wash it away. Wash away the fourteen feet of soil down to the stone. There's a heap of coalpits behind the British front where they could generate power, and I judge there's an ample water supply from rivers and canals. I'd guarantee to wash you away in twenty-four hours—yes, in spite of all your big guns. It beats me why the British haven't got on to this notion. They used to have some bright engineers."

Enver was on the point like a knife, far quicker than Gaudian. He crossed examined me in a way that showed he knew how to approach a technical subject, though he mightn't have much technical knowledge. He was just making a sketch of the flooding in Mesopotamia when an aide-de-camp brought in a chit which fetched him to his feet.

"I have gossiped long enough," he said. "My kind host, I must leave you. Gentlemen all, my apologies and farewells."

Before he left he asked my name and wrote it down. "This is an unhealthy city for strangers, Mr. Hanau," he said in very good English. "I have some small power of protecting a friend, and what I have is at your disposal." This with the condescension of a king promising his favor to a subject.

The little fellow amused me tremendously, and rather impressed me too. I said so to Gaudian after he had left, but that decent soul didn't agree.

"I do not love him," he said. "We are allies, yes; but friends—no. He is no true son of Islam, which is a noble faith and despises liars and boasters and betrayers of their salt." That was the verdict of our honest

man on this ruler in Israel. The next night I got another from Blenkiron on a greater than Enver.

He had been out alone and had come back pretty late, with his face grey and drawn with pain. The food we ate—not at all bad of its kind—and the cold east wind played havoc with his dyspepsia. I can see him yet, boiling milk on a spirit lamp, while Peter worked at a Primus stove to get him a hot-water bottle. He was using horrid language about his inside.

"My God, Major, if I were you with a sound stomach I'd fairly conquer the world. As it is, I've got to do my work with half my mind, while the other half is dwelling in my intestines. I'm like the child in the Bible that had a fox gnawing at its vitals."

He got his milk boiling and began to sip it.

"I've been to see our pretty landlady," he said. "She sent for me and I hobbled off with a grip full of plans, for she's mighty set on Mesopotamia."

"Anything about Greenmantle?" I asked eagerly.

"Why, no, but I have reached one conclusion. I opine if time with that lady, I opine that he will soon wish himself in Paradise. For if Almighty God ever created a female devil it's Madame von Einem."

He sipped a little more milk with a grave face.

"That isn't my duo-denial dyspepsia, Major. It's the verdict of a ripe experience, for I have a cool and penetrating judgment, even if I see a deranged stomach. And I give it as my considered conclusion that that woman's mad and bad—but principally bad."

(To be continued.)

Power of a Thunderstorm.

When a great storm is raging, with flashes of lightning illuminating the sky and thunder crashes deafening our ears, we realize something of the stupendous powers of electricity.

If a cat's back is rubbed in the dark during hot, dry weather, sparks will often fly from it. They are perfectly harmless, though they are identical with lightning flashes, and the crackling that accompanies them is thunder on a small scale.

In a thunderstorm the earth represents your hand and the clouds are the cat's back. The pressure that causes a flash of lightning may be as much as 1,000,000,000 volts—that is, 5,000,000 times greater than that which is used for household lighting.

Could we collect and harness the power set free by a single flash of lightning, we should have at our disposal a force greater than anything that can be produced by man.

In a famous scientist's laboratory the experiment was tried of producing a million-volt spark. It leapt a teat-foot gap with a noise like the explosion of a bomb and came near to wrecking the entire building. This is the highest pressure that has so far been produced artificially.

Most of the lightning in a thunderstorm does not come near the earth, but flashes from cloud to cloud. Occasionally a fork tongue leaps from cloud to earth, and then anything in its path is destroyed.

"So they convicted your friend of selling bad butter? Was there no way for him to get out of it?"

"No; the evidence was too strong."

The flavor of tea deteriorates rapidly if the tea is exposed to the air. You should never, therefore, accept bulk tea when you can buy "SALADA," which is sealed in air-tight aluminum to preserve its delicious freshness.

Pert Clerk.

Customer—"I'd like to try on that pair of shoes in the showcase."

Clerk—"Better try 'em on out here, lady; 'tain't big enough."

Why Brag.

Jr.—"Pop, what is an ancestor?"

Sr.—"Well, I'm one."

Jr.—"Yes, I know, but why do people brag about them?"

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

To make grape gelatine for lunch dissolve one-half cup of gelatine in one cup of cold grape juice, let soften for five minutes. Put three cups of the grape juice in a saucepan and add one cup of sugar, bring to a boil, pour over the softened gelatine. Cool and serve with whipped cream. Any fruit juice may be used.

On Lake Superior, the largest expanse of fresh water in the world, which has an area of 31,800 square miles, splendidly appointed passenger steamers of nearly 4,000 tons ply, where only Indian canoes sailed 300 years ago.

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A VIEW FROM AUSTRALIA

Humanity—"See, she is sinking! Are you not going to help?"
Uncle Sam—"Don't fuss, sis—the body will drift to the shore."
—From the Sydney Bulletin.

Woman's Sphere

SEVENTY.

The laughing welcome on Julia's lips died unspoken at sight of Maisie's face. For after a bewildered glance at her Maisie stared past her down the street, and her eyes were sharp with anxiety.

"What is it, Maisie? Has Benjie run away? Can't I hunt for him?"

"Oh, Benjie's all right," Maisie replied. "I didn't mean to be rude, Julia. Do come in. You see, I've been expecting Aunt Rebecca for the last two hours. She's been gone since ten o'clock, and I'm so worried!"

"Good for Aunt Rebecca!" Julia reported. "I hope she's having a great old time. She must need it if you watch over her like that."

"But, Julia, she's seventy!" Maisie's voice was full of consternation.

"What's seventy if you don't feel it? Aunt Rebe has all her faculties and more interest in life than half the people you know. Do let her alone, Maisie!"

"But she may get run over! You don't seem to realize—"

"As far as automobiles are concerned, seventy isn't half so dangerous an age as seven. I've known at least two old ladies who counted hospital experiences the great adventures of their lives! Don't rob your aunt of any fun that's coming to her!"

"Julia Durant, you're positively flippant!"

"Not inside, Maisie; truly, I'm not. I'm just thinking how I'd loathe being watched and worried over!" cried Maisie, running to the door.

Aunt Rebecca came in; her hair was disordered and her hat awry, but her eyes were bright, and there was a happy color in her face. And then at Maisie's greeting all the happiness fell from her like a garment.

"Aunt Rebe, where have you been? I've been nearly wild!"

"It was such a nice day," Aunt Rebecca pleaded, "I thought I'd just run out to Liza Saunders. I was so glad I did, for Liza had such a hard winter."

But Maisie was not at all interested in Liza Saunders. "You go right up stairs and lie down till dinner," she ordered. "Be sure to cover yourself up."

"But I ain't tired a mite," her aunt protested. "I feel freshened up. All the light had faded from her eyes."

"Maisie," Julia said abruptly, "I'm going to take Aunt Rebe home for the night. We'll be back sometime. You needn't worry; if we die, we'll die together!"

"But you haven't room," Maisie protested.

"Ten minutes later Julia and Aunt Rebecca were headed for the subway. "Aunt Rebe," the girl said to her solemnly, "can you sleep on a couch? And go to a show to-morrow? And—"

The sudden flooding joy in the old lady's face brought tears to Julia's eyes. "I'll never tell her she's old," she vowed to herself. "Never, never! Not if she lives to be a hundred!"

PLANNING THE LAYETTE.

My three young sons have necessitated my obtaining considerable miscellaneous information concerning a layette.

I have always preferred a simple, practical outfit, as it is less wearing on the mother to prepare it, and is so quickly outgrown.

The money saved this way can be much more advantageously used for a skillful doctor and nurse, a two weeks' complete rest for the mother, and the advice of a food specialist for the baby's feeding if the mother is unable to successfully feed her baby. The baby's life and future health are too important to neglect giving him the best possible start.

Three of each of the following articles are necessary, four would be

A PRACTICAL ONE-PIECE MODEL FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

4442



4442. Linen or ratine, with embroidery or contrasting material for collar and cuffs, would be good for this style. The closing is at the left side under the plait.

This Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. Collar and cuffs of contrasting material require 3/4 yard 40 inches wide.

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.

safer in case daily washing were delayed.

Flannel bands; skirts; pinning blankets; flannel skirts; "Gertrude" style; wrappers or nightgowns buttoning in back; stockings; booties; warm jackets or sweaters; three dozen diapers, twenty-seven inches square, will be required; so will nainsook skirts and dresses; a cap, cloak; blankets; pads; and a small hot-water bottle.

Some points in baby's care I have been most watchful of:

No pacifiers or soothing syrups. Find the cause of its discomfort; warm water enemas offer wonderful relief for gas pain.

See that baby has at least one good bowel movement each day. The same rule for nursing mothers.

Regular feeding hours for baby. No excitement and unnecessary handling.

In changing and dressing baby I put him on a softly padded card table, slipping his skirts and dress up over his feet.

As scrupulous cleanliness as possible in the personal care of the baby; handling utensils for his feeding, and particularly the hands of whoever cares for him.—Mrs. G. C.

HINGED VERANDAH FURNITURE.

Verandah days are invariably the busiest days on the farm. And looking after verandah furniture is just

After Every Meal

A universal custom that benefits everybody. Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.

WRIGLEYS

a good thing to remember

Sealed in its Purity Package

THE FLAVOR LASTS



one more task. That is why hinged furnishings, especially for the side or back verandah, prove so convenient. They also save space.

A table hinged to the wall makes a handy place to do sitting-down kitchen tasks or to hold the sewing materials in the afternoon. It is well to have it large enough to hold Sunday-night lunches.

Seats at either end of the verandah that let down are generally handier than stationary benches, as they are out of the way when not needed and shed rain and snow better than benches. Another advantage of hinged furnishings is that they are always ready for use—no storing away in the fall until spring comes.

CAN GREENS FOR WINTER USE.

To can kale or greens for winter use, one should be rather careful with every detail as a very poisonous bacteria forms sometimes. To prepare the greens for canning, wash them carefully in cold water and blanch 4 to 5 minutes in boiling water. This allows them to shrink so that they may be packed very easily in the jars. The jars should be well filled, but not too firmly packed as they may not be thoroughly sterilized in the centre of the can if the mass is too firm. To each quart jar add one teaspoon salt and what other seasoning desired, chipped beef or other meat; then add just rubbers in position and take one turn back. Process them three hours in hot water bath, or 60 minutes under 10 lbs. of steam pressure.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Busy Sister.

"And how is your little baby sister, Ronald?" asked the vicar, who was making a call.

"Oh, she's only fairly well, thanks. You see, she's just hatching her teeth."

THE FREEMASON, Toronto.

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MINING SITUATION IN THE DOMINION

DEVELOPMENT AND EXPANSION IN 1923.

Substantial Progress Indicated With Especially Bright Prospects for the Near Future.

The mining situation in Canada continues bright, and there is left no vestige of doubt that the figures recorded at the end of the year will show a substantially increased production of practically all Canadian minerals. This, combined with the very fair prices prevailing in the general market, augurs a prosperous year for the industry and the definite emergence from depression of Canadian mining affairs.

The outstanding feature of 1923 is essentially development and expansion, and the full effect of the new works undertaken this year will not be experienced until 1924 and subsequently. Never before has foreign capital exhibited such an interest in Canadian mining. Not only is American money coming into Canada at a very healthy rate to promote this development, but a large share of British funds which are beginning to find their way to new mining areas.

The mining report for the first quarter of the year in Ontario shows a very encouraging increase, though there is a decrease in the production of gold and silver. Substantial increases are reported in the production of nickel and copper, cobalt, cobalt-oxide, nickel-oxide and nickel-cobalt-oxide. Important interests have taken up options in Goudreau, a comparatively new field, and development work on this claim is proceeding.

Favorable Conditions Extend into 1924.

It has now been definitely proven that the geological conditions that have produced the important mines of the Porcupine and Kirkland Lakes areas in Ontario extend over the provincial boundary into Quebec on a belt some hundred miles in length and several miles in width in the country of Tamskaming. In consequence, a decided rush of prospectors has taken place and upwards of 90,000 acres of claim have been staked within six weeks. On several of these properties important development work, backed by both United States and British capital, will be carried out this season. There is every reason to confidently anticipate that this development work will disclose possibilities of important productive mines on some of these prospects. Assays of samples from this area are remarkable for the gold values which they have disclosed.

In Nova Scotia some interest still attaches to gold prospects and examination is being conducted by Government authorities. Coal mining which was at brisk activity, is temporarily paralyzed from labor troubles. Shipments of iron ore from Newfoundland to Germany, temporarily discontinued, have been resumed, and create brighter conditions in that area.

Prospects are particularly rosy in the Province of British Columbia, where an unusual amount of new development work is taking place. Mines long closed down are being reopened, and fresh areas being opened up. The amount of American and British capital entering into the mining development of this province is particularly heavy.

Activity in Prairie Provinces.

A greater diversity of activity than usual prevails in the Prairie Provinces, which are receiving a larger share of attention than in prior years. A special investigation of the whiteware clay deposits of Southern Saskatchewan is being made for the benefit of a British syndicate which contemplates establishing a pottery in the province. In Alberta, experimental work is being continued, taking place on the bituminous sands north of Edmonton, a company being engaged at the present time in testing the output of crude products of bitumen for street-paving and road-making purposes.

In a year that is outstanding in many respects in Canada the mining situation is gratifying. Not only is there every indication that the end of the present year will show outputs of most minerals with substantial increments over the immediately preceding years, but developments are taking place and expansions being undertaken which will have their effect only in the years to come and auger greatly the importance of the Canadian mining industry.

The Ones Who Suffered.

Maud (newly married)—"You look very melancholy, George; are you sorry you married me?"

George—"No, dear, of course not. I was only thinking of all the nice girls I can't marry."

Maud—"Oh, George, how horrid of you! I thought you cared for nobody but me."

George—"No more I do. I wasn't thinking of myself, but of the disappointment for them."

A frowning friend is better than a smiling enemy.

When people speak of a "fond parent," they would often be more correct if they said "fool parent."

SEVENTY FOREIGN YOKOHAMA, T.

Casualty List in Japan

Neither Tokio Nor Y.

dential Districts B.

A despatch from London.

The appalling nature of the earthquake, fire and tidal waves, the greatest loss of life and of any similar catastrophe in times, continues to be tallied and unconnected press dispatches and private messages from districts and tourists who have returned. But Europe's graphic story of the shock to pieces and the flames Japan's capital and towns around Tokio Bay, the great commercial port.

The loss of life is estimated varying figures, in some instances into hundreds of thousands, any certainty of the exact possible while communications the devastated districts is they are.

He, the whole, the news Thursday is of a more hopeful nature since the disaster, a message from the naval official at Yokohama, deaths of foreigners in the seventy and stating that a number of dead, which is compared with first reports for a foreign colony thousands and indicates life of life among the natives may reach the highest figures.

The only official estimate from Home Office informs Tokio that the loss of life 20,000, but Yokohama is have suffered much more of the capital city, and the figures do not attempt consideration the one but of coast-line towns and in the path of the tidal waves.

SOLE SURVIVOR FATE OF ARCTIC

Crawford Expedition

British Flag on W.

at Cost of Liv.

A despatch from New says:—An Eskimo woman survivor of the Crawford expedition, which left here for Weymouth off the northern coast of the fall of 1921, described the four white men on the expedition. The trip was Vilhjalmur Stefansson, principal officer of raising the over the island, which had been by the Soviet government.

Three of the party—Ford, of Toronto, leader; Maurer, New Philadelphia; Milton Gale, New Brun-

swick, the second white man, were seen by the Eskimo and never returned.

The remaining man, Knight, McMillanville, 39 years June 20, 1923, was brought back by the dition, headed by Capt. Noyce, which left here Ad-

stein Noyce said his post the Donaldson, but it reaching the island.

The first evidence of party found by Captain dition was a bottle in a bag containing the names of Wrangel Island in the of George of Great Britain.

Adm. Foster, when the of the Noyce party and she told the tale of the dition, headed by Capt. Noyce, which left here Ad-

stein Noyce said his post the Donaldson, but it reaching the island.

Last December, Adm. and two other men, maintained, but through- landed near Ford's Is-

two weeks returned. Knight was the last to Ford, Maurer and Mc-

Siberia, taking one day and very little. Kila said they were strag- gling, moving in the direction, moving forward.

The Tragedy of Island.

Return home.

This is the tale of the fall of 1921, was only the first of the expedition's ad-

venture, moving in the direction, moving forward.

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