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## Woman's Sphere

THE SECRET OF TRUE MOTHER-LOVE.

"My dear," said one woman to another, "I hear your son is going to be married. Your poor heart must be broken."

The mother laughed. "I am not an object of pity," she said; "I am a subject for congratulation."

"What!" cried the first woman. "Do you mean to tell me that you are willing to give up your only child to another woman?"

"Willing and glad," replied the mother, "for I want my son to be happy."

"Children are ungrateful creatures," said the first woman, bitterly. "We spend our lives toiling and sacrificing for them, and as soon as they are big enough they leave us. I remember when your husband died, we wondered how you would get along. Well, you did, by working your fingers to the bone."

"You went without everything yourself, but your boy was always fed and clothed, and by hook or crook you put him through school. Now he forsakes you for a pretty girl. I say his duty is to you. He has no right to marry as long as you live."

"Nonsense," replied the mother. "I did my duty to my child, but am I a female shyleek to exact a pound of flesh in payment for having taken care of him while he was young and helpless?"

"I know there are mothers who think that their children belong to them body and soul, and that they have a perfect right to exact any sacrifice of them. I have known talented women who have been balked in their ambitions by tyrannical and exacting mothers, and I have seen pretty girls grow into faded old maids nursing neurotic mothers who would not employ an attendant."

"And I've known more than one whining old woman who kept a bachelor son dancing attendance upon her, and who told you how it would have killed her for her son to marry; how she made him promise he would never leave her; how she broke off a love affair that he had in his youth, and how she knew he was so much happier with her than he would have been with a wife, because no wife would have been as particular about cooking him the things he wanted as she was."

"Personally, I feel that I could do no more wicked thing than keep my son from marrying. He is, to begin with, a born family man, the sort of man who could never be happy living in clubs, playing cards, and listening to men's gossip for a lifetime. He must have his own home, his own wife and children, and I would be worse than a fiend if I kept him from the sweetness of a wife's love and companionship, and the joy of feeling his baby's arms about his neck."

"My son loves me. We are unusually companionable. I am an old and experienced housekeeper. Doubtless I make him far more comfortable than his young wife will. But I am not foolish enough to think that my home is really home for him, or that a mother's love takes the place of a wife's love."

"And so, while he is young and capable of loving and inspiring love, I desire to see him marry. Nothing brings out all that is best and strongest in a man as does having a wife and child."

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

**WRIGLEYS**  
a good thing to remember  
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THE FLAVOR LASTS

ISSUE No. 39-23.

A NEAT AND SERVICEABLE APRON.



## GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XV.  
AN EMBARRASSED TOILET.

I was soaked to the bone, and while Peter set off to look for dinner, I went to my room to change. I had a rub down and then got into pajamas for some dumb-bell exercise with two chairs, for that long wet ride had stiffened my arm and shoulder muscles. They were a vulgar suit of primitive blue, which Blenkiron had looked from my London wardrobe. As Cornelius Brandt I had sported a flannel nightgown.

My bedroom opened off the sitting-room, and while I was busy with my gymnastics I heard the door open. I thought at first it was Blenkiron, but the briskness of the tread was unlike his measured gait. I had left the light burning there, and the visitor, whoever he was, had made himself at home. I slipped on a green dressing-gown Blenkiron had lent me, and sallied forth in investigation.

My friend Rasta was standing by the table, on which he had laid an envelope. He looked round at my entrance and saluted.

"I come from the Minister of War," he said, "and bring your passport for to-morrow. You will travel by . . ." And then his voice tailed away and his black eyes narrowed to slits. He had seen something which switched him off the metals.

At that moment I saw it too. There was a mirror on the wall behind him, and I could not help seeing my reflection. It was the exact image of the engineer on the Danube boat—blue jeans, laden cloak, and all. The accursed mischance of my costume had given him the key to my identity, which was otherwise buried deep in the Bosphorus.

I am bound to say for Rasta that he was a man of quick action. In a trice he had whipped round to the other side of the table between me and the mirror, where he stood regarding me wickedly.

By this time I was at the table and stretched out a hand for the envelope. My one hope was nonchalance.

"Sit down, sir," I said, "and have a drink. It's a filthy night to move about."

"Thank you, no, Herr Brandt," he said. "You may burn these passports, for they will not be used."

"Whatever's the matter with you?" I cried. "You've mistaken the house, my lad. I'm called Hans—Richard Hannu—and my partner's Mr. John S. Blenkiron. He'll be here presently. Never knew any one of the name of Brandt, barring a tobacconist in Denver City."

"I have never been to Rustchuk," he said with a sneer. "Not that I know of. But, pardon me, sir, if I ask your name and your business here. I'm darned if I'm accustomed to Dutch names, and I had a queer instinct that Rasta could not be toger liking. So I spoke the truth."

"I must tell you that there's an other guest here to-night. I reckon he's a first-class character. At present he's prussed up on a shelf in that cupboard."

"She did not trouble to look round. 'Is he dead?' she asked calmly. 'By no means,' I said, 'but he's fixed so he can't speak, and I guess he can't hear much.'"

"He was the man who brought you this," she asked, pointing to the envelope on the table which bore the big blue stamp of the Ministry of War.

"The same," I said. "I'm not perfectly sure of his name, but I think they call him Rasta."

"Not a flicker of a smile crossed her face, but I had a feeling that the news pleased her. 'Did he thwart you?' she asked. 'Why, yes. He thwarted me some. His head is a bit swelled, and an hour or two on the shelf will do him good.'"

"I don't value him at two cents," said I, though I thought grimly that as far as I could see the value of him was likely to be about the price of my neck.

"Perhaps you are right," she said with serious eyes. "In these days no enemy is dangerous to a bold man. I have come to-night, Mr. Hanau, to talk business with you, as they say in your country. I have heard well of you, and to-day I have seen you. I may have need of you, and you assuredly will have need of me. . . ."

"This man is too dangerous to let go," he said, as if his procedure were the most ordinary thing in the world. "He will be quiet now till we have time to make a plan."

At that moment there came a knocking at the door. That is the sort of thing that happens in melodrama, just when the villain has finished off his job neatly. The correct thing to do is to pale to the teeth, and with a rolling, conscience-stricken eye glare round the horizon. But that was not Peter's way.

"We'd better tidy up if we're to have visitors," he said calmly. Now there was one of those big oak German cupboards against the wall which must have been brought in in sections, for complete it would never have got through the door. It was empty now, but for Blenkiron's hat-box. In it he deposited the unconscious Rasta, and turned the key.

"There's enough ventilation through the top," he observed, "to keep the air good." Then he opened the door. A magnificent kavass in blue and silver stood outside. He saluted and proffered a card on which was written in pencil, "Hilda von Einem."

I would have begged for time to change my clothes, but the lady was behind him. I saw the black mantilla and the rich sable furs. Peter vanished through my bedroom, and I was left to receive my guest in a room littered with broken glass and a senseless extravagance that they key up the spirit to meet them. I was almost laughing when that stately lady stepped over my threshold.

"Madam," I said, with a bow that shamed my old dressing-gown and strident pyjamas. "You find me at a disadvantage. I came home soaking from my ride, and was in the act of changing. My servant has just upped a tray of cracker, and I fear this room's no fit place for a lady. Allow me three minutes to make myself presentable."

"She inclined her head gravely and took a seat by the fire. I went into my bedroom, and as I expected found Peter lurking by the other door. In a hectic sentence I bade him get Rasta's orderly out of the place on any pretext, and tell him his master would return later. Then I hurried into dressing-gown and slippers, and went to find my visitor in a brown study.

At the sound of my entrance she started from her dream and stood up on the hearthrug, slipping the long robe of fur from her slim body. "We are alone," she said. "We will not be disturbed."

Then an inspiration came to me. I remembered that Frau von Einem, according to Blenkiron, did not see eye to eye with the Young Turk, and I had a queer instinct that Rasta could not be toger liking. So I spoke the truth.

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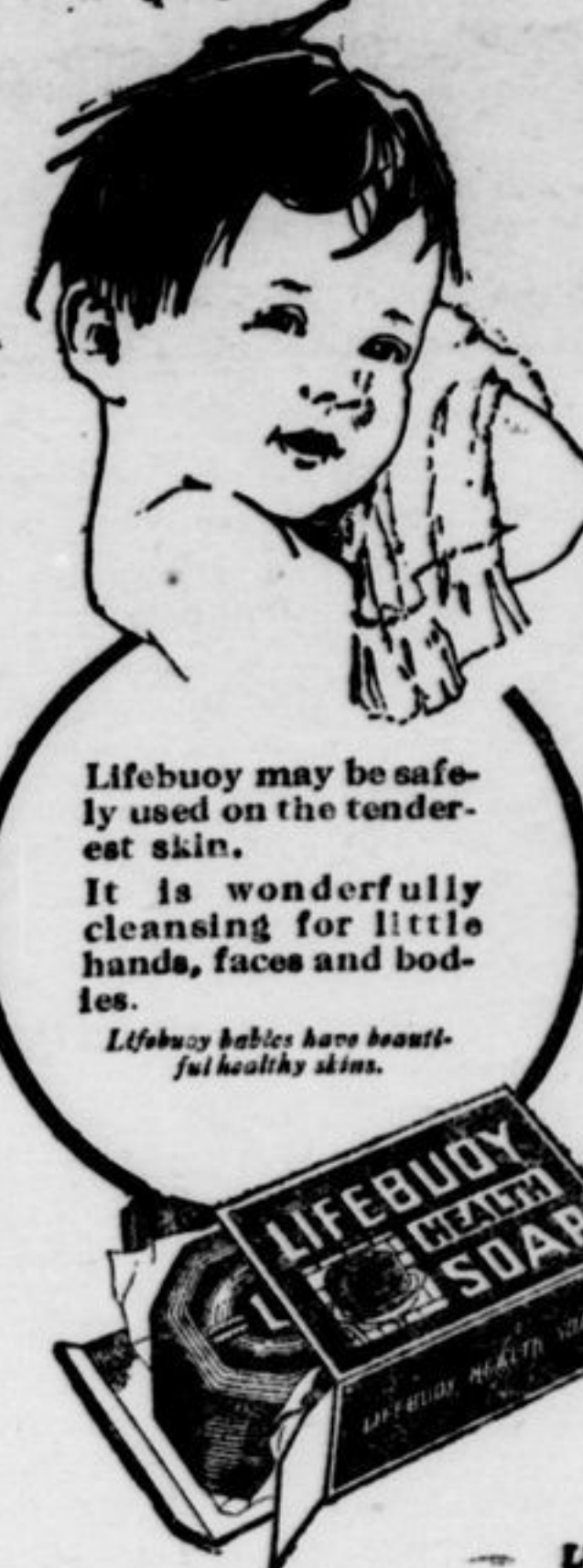
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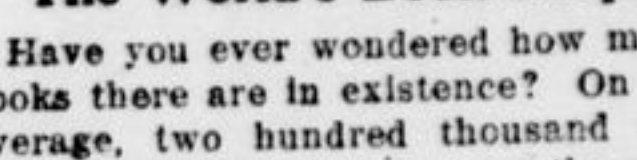
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She broke off, and again her strange potent eyes fell on my face. They were like a burning searchlight which showed up every cranny and crack of the soul. I felt it was going to be horribly difficult to act a part under that compelling gaze. She could not mesmerize me, but she could strip me of my fancy dress and set me naked in the masquerade.

(To be continued.)



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The World's Book-Shop.

Have you ever wondered how many books there are in existence? For on the average, two hundred thousand volumes are published each year throughout the world, and, as eight and a half million books appeared last century, one can obtain a fairly good idea of the size of the world's book-shop. Adding together the number of volumes published in each century since printing was invented, the astonishing total of sixty millions is reached. The amount of energy, time, paper, and printer's ink which have gone to produce all these books is incalculable. A great many of these publications are each worth more than five thousand pounds, and the total value of the world's book stocks must run into many millions. Stacked together, they would form a fair-sized mountain, the ascent of which would take several hours.

The three largest libraries in the world are the British Museum Library, which has four million volumes; the Bibliotheque Nationale, at Paris, which has three millions; and the Library of Congress, Washington, with just half a million less. Thus, between them alone, these three great institutions possess nine and a half million books of all kinds.



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"No, my husband and I try to get along without fighting."

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## EX-EMPRESS MARIE IS TRAGIC FIGURE

DRIVEN FROM RUSSIA, IS LIVING IN ENGLAND.

Queen Alexandra's Sister Still Cherishes Hope That Ex-Czar and Family Are Alive.

England, ever an asylum for exiled royalty, has seldom sheltered a more tragic figure than the aged ex-Empress Marie Feodorovna of Russia, says a Russian despatch.

A frail, delicate woman, now bearing the fourscore mark, she has passed through agonies during the last few years that might well have broken the body and mind of even a younger woman.

Once Empress of a land that embraced one-seventh of the earth's surface, she is now virtually destitute and dependent in large measure upon the bounty of her sister, the Dowager Queen Alexandra of England.

In the last half dozen years she has seen her son, Czar Nicholas, lose his throne. Next came the murder of the Czar and Czarina and their five children, and now her aged eyes see the proud Russian Empire broken, distracted and ruined. Those of her kin and immediate friends who did not meet cruel deaths are scattered to the four corners of the earth, and most of them, like the aged ex-Empress, are sunk in poverty.

Copenhagen and London. The consort of the late Emperor Alexander divides her time between Copenhagen, where she was born, and London. Here England's venerable Queen Mother shares her stately home, Marlborough House, with her unfortunate sister, whenever it is Marie's wish to accept its shelter. She has now been with Alexandra for several months, although reports that she would adopt permanent residence here are denied.

In London the ex-Empress' life is one of the utmost simplicity. She frequently drives out with Queen Alexandra, but takes no part in state ceremonies.

Thus the two sisters are together in their old age as they were in their girlhood days sixty years ago in the Yellow Palace, Copenhagen, both daughters of King Christian IX. of Denmark. Few lives could be in more striking contrast than theirs. Few royal personages in these days, when monarchies are crumbling all over Europe, have had a more unquenchable existence than Queen Alexandra. It would be hard to imagine sorrows more poignant than those through which the aged Marie has passed.

It is surprising but a fact that Marie still cherishes the hope that her son, ex-Czar Nicholas, is alive. This hope is Marie's chief consolation. To her intimates she often confides her belief that Czar Nicholas and his family are still alive and in concealment somewhere and that the rumor of their tragic murder has been spread for some secret purpose and serves to shield their concealment.

Witnessed Czar's Arrest. Little credence in England, belief that the Czar and Czarina and their children still survive is said to be spreading among the Russian peasantry. A myth it probably is, but none the less it has taken hold of the imagination not only of the aged royal exile but of the peasantry whose lot has steadily grown worse in the land from which Marie was banished.

Thus a consoling hope or pious memory or myth—whatever one chooses to call it—makes a wide appeal and is rapidly becoming a legend such as those which hitherto have been noticed in Russian history and in the history of other nations under the yoke.

Empress Marie was an eye-witness to the last scene at Mohileff, when the Czar was arrested. Through the closed windows of her railway carriage she watched the departure of her fallen son. She never saw him afterward.

Then followed the period of her personal persecution. Robbed of her jewelry and personal belongings, she was driven by the Bolsheviks out of first one refuge in Russia and then another. She finally sought protection under the British flag in Malta.

A New Lake. Recent explorations in the very centre of Australia have resulted in the discovery of a hitherto unknown fresh water lake. During the rainy season it has a circumference of 29 miles. The surface was described as "a moving mass of ducks." At Alice Springs, in the MacDonnell range, where settlements have already been made many miles beyond the terminus of the railway, the climate in July and early August is described as ideal. There are frosts at night and sometimes ice in the morning. Fruits and vegetables are excellent and surprisingly prolific. "The white children of the pioneers in this remote district look like English children and the adults are pictures of health"—at least in the eyes of Australia's enthusiastic explorers.

The English language contains between 400,000 and 500,000 words.

Cucumbers contain approximately ninety per cent. of water.

## DYING FROM X-RAY TO SAVE OTHER

AWARDED A CARN MEDAL FOR LIFE WORK

French Priest Swallows Shot and Photograph Effects in Body.

"It may be suicide, but God forbid me," is the comment of a small, leige, priest of a small town, Pontigny, who has been awarded a medal for devoting his life to the service of science and humanity. A Paris despatch. He has been elected as the result of X-rays received while trying to solve the problem of finding foreign objects in human body.

Early in the war the abbe, alarmed over the large number of deaths due to inability to remove shell fragments or bullet lodged. He decided to use both as experimenter and subject for his experiments, although without assurance that he was well with success.

"I was not attached to any but I decided to try out my own method," explained the priest. For several months he received daily a dose of small X-ray photographs, and his alimentary system, and perfected a method of photographing the effects. I turned all my attention to my work.

Thousands Saved. The result was that thousands of lives were saved. But as this no assistance in conducting experiments he frequently consulted. Although he took himself into the hands of his life he was not paralyzed and the other that he cannot lift a pound. One of his kidneys is cut. In the last few weeks his teeth have begun to fall out and he has begun to suffer from anemiasis, one of his eyes developed scleritis, but the abbe has over this misfortune and as his other eye remains he continues his researches.

The abbe's plight has terrified here in the back which the French Government such heroes and it is to create a special insurance, will enable scientists to work with the assurance that are crippled or blinded or engaged they will be prepared for during their last days.

Tunes on Pocket-Horns. A piece of tissue paper have long survived as the music—or of record? The invention in this manufacture is that of the pocket-horn. It is claimed that a pocket horn or a pillow-case can be used in an instrument of a simple process of invention. The patentee of this development claims that it will impose eleven new tunes, a piece of material, and experienced man can turn out of the new records in less than a minute. It takes an expert to play a phone record of the arduous work of a handkerchief, or known piece of clothing been played, was taken in cloth, tarred across the neck, on, replaced on the machine to repeat the tune exactly.

A Pretty Good. It is a valuable opportunity to appear on groups of children for a tract and hold their attention. The song as well as usual bring her treatment, play and visit the street, pause and listen all things she must be done and effort to please.

It will not do to tell a story only half true. Another thing, if a child of any age is to be taught to read, the first step is to teach her to read. The first step is to teach her to read. The first step is to teach her to read.

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