

Be better nourished
GOVIT
prevents that sinking feeling

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

In about a fortnight, I calculated, I would be dead. Shot as a spy—a rotten sort of ending! At the moment I was quite safe, looking for a taxi in the middle of Whitehall, but the sweat broke on my forehead. I felt as I had felt in my adventure before the war. But this was far worse, for it was more cold-blooded and premeditated, and I didn't seem to have even a sporting chance. I watched the figures in khaki passing on the pavement, and thought what a nice safe prospect they had compared to mine. Yes, even if next week they were in the Hohenzollern, or the Hairpin trench at the Quarries, or that ugly angle at Hooge. I wondered why I had not been happier that morning before I got that infernal wire. Suddenly all the trivialities of English life seemed to me inexpressibly dear and terribly far away. I was very angry with Bullivant, till I remembered how fair he had been. My fate was my own choosing.

When I was hunting the Black Stone the interest of the problem had helped to keep me going. But now I could see no problem. My mind had nothing to work on but three words of gibberish on a sheet of paper and a mystery of which Sir Walter had been convinced, but to which he couldn't give a name. It was like a story I had read of St. Theresa setting off at the age of ten with her small brother to convert the Moors. I sat huddled in the taxi with my chin on my breast, wishing that I had lost a leg at Loos and been comfortably tucked away for the rest of the war.

Sure enough I found my man in the Grill Room. There he was, feeding solemnly, with a napkin tucked under his chin. He was a big fellow with a fat, yellow, clean-shaven face. I disregarded the hovering waiter and pulled up a chair beside the American at the little table. He turned on me a pair of full sleepy eyes, like a ruminating ox.

"Mr. Blenkiron?" I asked.
"You have my name, sir," he said. Mr. John Scantlebury Blenkiron. I wish you good morning if I saw anything good in this damned British weather."

"I come from Sir Walter Bullivant," I said, speaking low. "Sir Walter is a very good friend of mine. Pleased to meet you, Mr.—or I guess it's Colonel."

"Hannay," I said; "Major Hannay." I was wondering what this sleepy Yankee could do to help me.

"Allow me to offer you luncheon, Major. Here, waiter, bring the carte. I regret that I cannot join you in sampling the efforts of the management of this hotel. I suffer, sir, from dyspepsia—duodenal dyspepsia. It gets me two hours after a meal and gives me hell just below the breastbone. So I am obliged to adopt a diet. My nourishment is fish, sir, and boiled milk and a little dry toast. It's a melancholy descent from the days when I could do justice to a lunch at Sherry's and sup off oyster-crabs and

MOTHER! MOVE CHILD'S BOWELS

"California Fig Syrup" is
Child's Best Laxative



Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." A teaspoonful never fails to clean the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the souring food and nasty bile out of the stomach and bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California's" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Woman's Sphere

A Candlelight Party.

A charming and novel compliment to a bride is a candlelight party. The soft light of candles heightens the attractiveness of any room and for the party should be the only light, except perhaps the glow from an open fire.

A race with lighted candles makes a lively beginning and will afford much fun if, after it is over, the contestants are informed that it is the one whose candle first went out that is to be the next bride, and not she whose candle kept alight longest.

When that is over the guests gather in a circle and with a lighted candle in the centre of the group, and each one in turn contributes a part of a continued story that relates to imaginary scenes and incidents in the future married life of the bride.

By the previous agreement the guests bring candles for the different rooms in the bride's new home—the more artistic and unusual they are the better—and each set or candle should be accompanied by cards bearing original verses.

If there is a clever story-teller or a good singer among the guests, let her entertain the company with "candlelight stories" or the old songs that are forever new and that leave lasting memories in the minds of those who hear them in the light of the candles.

For refreshments serve candle salad and salted wafers. A slice of pineapple with a ring of green pepper for a handle forms the candlestick. The candle is half a banana topped by a cherry to represent the flame or a clove for an unlighted wick. A leaf of lettuce and a spoonful of dressing complete the salad. Small cakes topped with lighted candles can be added if more substantial refreshments are desired.

Children Describe Value of Milk.

No one knows the influence to come from teaching school children the value of drinking milk. The good to be accomplished is inestimable.

Here are some testimonials written by children themselves, showing in a variety of ways, how the dairy diet is building strong bodies and minds for our boys and girls. The reading of them will make you laugh and, possibly, cry. Robert Glen Harvey, a real school-boy, gives us this straight-from-the-shoulder message:

"When you drink milk you grow strong and fat. It is better to drink milk because it makes you strong, but when you eat candy you get a toothache. If you drink milk you will be a good boxer. So if any boy comes along and gets wise with you and puts up a fight you can give him a wallop in the nose. Then you can say to him, 'I drank milk and you didn't, so I got the best of you.'"

"When you drink milk and the school nurse comes along for you to get weighed, you will be sure to weigh enough. Before milk came around to the schools the children used to grow very hungry at recess time. Before milk came the children used to sit still and look very weak. But now they make a mad rush for the milk. Milk will give you good health and strength. When you drink milk, you grow big and tall. It is not good to be a little boy because all the big boys

will be the size of Mount Everest, but if you run out to meet it, it will be a hickory you can jump over. The grizzly looks very fierce when you're taking your ticket for the Rockies and wondering if you'll come back, but you got the right of your rifle on him. I won't think about risks till I'm up to my neck in them and don't see the road out."

I scribbled my address on a piece of paper and handed it to the stout philosopher. "Come to dinner to-night at eight," I said.

"I thank you, Major. A little fish, please, plain-boiled, and some hot milk. You will forgive me if I borrow your couch after the meal and spend the evening on my back. That is the device of my noo doctor."

I got a taxi and drove to my club. On the way I opened the envelope Sir Walter had given me. It contained a number of letters, the dossier of Mr. Blenkiron. He had done wonders for the Allies in the States. He had nosed out the Dumba plot, and had been instrumental in getting the portfolio of Dr. Albert Von Papen's spies have tried to murder him, after he had defeated an attempt to blow up one of the big gun factories. Sir Walter had written at the end: "The best man we ever had. Better than Scudler. He would go through hell with a box of bismuth tablets and a pack of Patience cards."

I went into the little back smoking-room, borrowed an atlas from the library, poked up the fire, and sat down to think. Mr. Blenkiron had given me the fillip I needed. My mind was beginning to work now, and was running wide over the whole business. Not that I hoped to find anything by my cogitations. It wasn't thinking in an armchair that would solve the mystery. But I was getting a sort of grip on a plan of operations. And to my relief I had stopped thinking about the risks. Blenkiron had shamed me out of that. If a sedentary dyke could show that kind of nerve, I wasn't going to be behind him.

I went back to my flat about five o'clock. My man Paddock had gone to the wars long ago, so I had shifted to one of the new blocks in Park Lane where they provide food and service

will call you 'shrimp,' 'shaver,' and 'rat.' It is better to drink milk and get your health than not to drink milk and get your wealth, because health is better than wealth."

Other testimonials are as follows: "When I was in the sixth grade I was not doing good work. I knew that I was going to be put back. Then I started to drink milk and it helped me out a lot. I was not kept back, so you see what the milk did."

"I feel much stronger now. I drink a quart and a pint every day."

"I drink milk now and like it. When I drank milk before it made me kind of sick. But I know a girl that did not like milk but she took it and it made her big and strong, so we started to get milk at school. I also made up my mind to take it. I have taken it quite a while now and like it very much. Milk is very good for you and people ought to drink more of it. I am sorry I did not force myself to take it long before I did."

"Before taking milk I was not very strong. When I started to drink milk I got very strong and big."

"I think milk is better than candy. I am not going to eat so much candy any more."

"My New Year's resolution this year was, 'no more candy.' I am going to spend some of my money for milk at school instead."

"Each year a doctor comes to the school and weighs us. This year I weigh 101 pounds, and only about two months before when I weighed myself I only weighed 94 pounds."

"I drink milk for breakfast, dinner and supper. It is better fun to drink it with a straw."

Beauty of Gray Hair.

An eminent physician is said to have remarked that the only sensible thing to do for gray hair is to admire it. Gray hair is, as a rule, vastly becoming, softening the lines of the face, for Nature is cunning and changes the color of the hair with the age of the individual in order to suit the changes in the skin.

The whitening of the hair may be premature, due to some temporary cause, as anxiety or poor health, a process which may cease on the removal of the cause. The change in color is usually permanent and is caused by obscure changes in the nutrition of the hair papilla which interfere with the production of pigment (coloring matter). Prolonged residence in either a very hot or very cold climate will also cause the hair to turn gray.

The hair usually whitens first at the temples, then on top of the head. Hairs first turn gray at the roots, and as the roots are embedded in the hair follicles they can not be reached by fluids applied to the scalp. As hair grows from the root and not at the ends, it will be understood that in a very short time after the application of a so-called "restorer" the hair will show its natural color near the scalp, while the rest of its length will have the artificial color. There is always danger in using hair dyes because so many of them contain lead, and serious cases of lead poisoning have resulted from their use.

Silvery gray hair is much admired, and red hair sometimes turns to pale yellow shade which is also attractive.

I kept the place on to have a home to go to when I got leave. It's a miserable business holidaying in an hotel. Sandy was devouring tea-cakes with the serious resolution of a convalescent.

"Well, Dick, what's the news? Is it a brass hat or the boot?"

"Neither," I said. "But you and I are going to disappear from His Majesty's forces. Seconded for special service."

"O my sainted aunt!" said Sandy. "What is it? For Heaven's sake put me out of pain. Have me to tout deputations of suspicious neutrals over my head, or take the shivering motorist in a motor-car where he can imagine he sees a Boche?"

"The news will keep. But I can tell you this much. It's about as safe and easy to go through the German lines with a walking-stick."

"Come, that's not so dusty," said Sandy, and began cheerfully on the nuffins.

(To be continued.)

Dye Dress, Skirt or Faded Curtains in Diamond Dyes

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

He Would Not Give In.

First Farmer—"Why don't you get rid of that horse if he's so vicious?"

Second Farmer—"Well, you see, I hate to give in. If I was to sell that horse he'd regard it as a personal victory. He's been tryin' for the last six years to get rid of me."

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

J. D. GALBRAITH, JR., Station, Ont.

Yellowish tinges which are not admired may be caused by jaundice, or by perspiration, or the too frequent use of hot curling-irons (injurious to hair of any color) or darkly colored hair tonics. As gray hair soils easily, persons possessing it should wear dust-caps while about their household tasks, and closely fitting hats and veils when driving. Gray hair should be washed at least every two weeks, in soft water or rain-water, and rinsed with great care. If the hair is entirely white, it will look better if a little bluing is added to the last rinse water. Use just enough to give the water a slightly bluish tinge; more than this would give the hair an unnatural tint.

In answer to many letters concerning gray hair, I might add that nothing can be done to hasten the change of color so that it will become more uniform. Nature follows her own course and takes her own time. A change of color might be prevented or arrested by freedom from care and worry, good health or change of climate. There is a possibility that foods rich in iron, such as spinach and raisins, might also benefit.

His Ambition.

Dick's parents are well-meaning but a trifle too strict, believing that "to spare the rod is to spoil the child."

When Dick was asked by a friend of the family what he would like to be when he grew up, he replied readily, "An orphan."

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

Which Made a Difference.

Wife—"I don't see why you never use me for a model. My first husband always did."

Artist—"Yes, my dear, but your first husband was an illustrator of comic papers."

Rubber in Tires.

According to an English authority, more than two-thirds of the rubber produced in the world is being manufactured into tires of various kinds.

Spider's Thread.

A spider's thread is really composed of four smaller threads, each of which consists of 1,000 separate tiny threads, so that the thread we see is spun of 4,000 films.

The only monument to Adam, the first man, is to be found at Baltimore, U.S.A., where it has been standing for thirteen years.

The most suitable sheet brass for making brass instruments comes from France.

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It also keeps the teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen.

The Great Canadian Sweetmeat



Where Jones Put the Paint.

May (looking at Jones' newly-painted barn)—"I understand that Jones put most of the paint on himself."

Day—"He did. Then he hired Eben Gray to put what was left on the barn."

INVENTIONS

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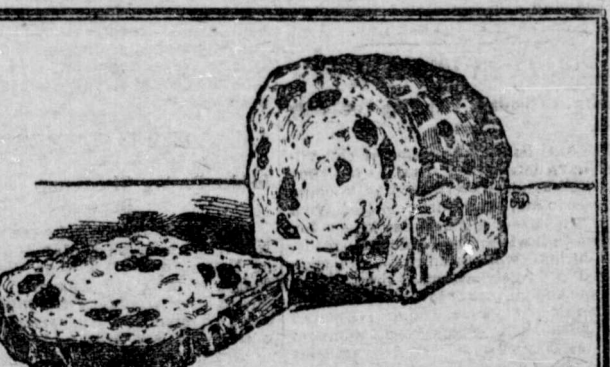
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