RED ROSE COFFEE

For particular people

Pure! No chicory or any adulterant in this choice coffee C-2

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

The hero of this story, though no longer pasha of a great city, still lives in peace and tranquillity in one of the secluded coast towns of Morocco. The tale of his magnificence in other days is not lost, nor is the story how he once met the demands of an income overspent. It was as ingenious as it was dishonest—which is saying much. The Tangier correspondent to the London Times writes:

At length the pasha's situation became serious. The crops of the year before had been poor, and he had drained every possible source of revenue, legal and illegal, just and unjust. The Jews would lend no more. The tribesmen of the country round threatened revolt, but every day the expenses of his household increased. It was a matter of pulling through till the harvest—but the harvest was still a couple of months ahead. Two or three thousand pounds would suffice for the most pressing needs—the rest might wait; but how to raise even that paltry, insignificant sum? For the whole of one night he pondered, and in the morning he issued an edict.

There was danger, this document stated, from the surrounding tribes, whose loyalty to the Sultan was in doubt. The walls were sufficient to defend the city, but it was of vital importance that the suburbs should not be raided, as the population was largely dependent for its food supplies on the gardens and granaries situated outside. The military forces under his command, though sufficient to protect the town, were quite inadequate to venture outside and patrol the suburbs, and there was no cavalry. In these circumstances he proposed to raise a troop of horsemen. The men were to hand but there were no horses, and the edict terminated in inviting every merchant of the town to provide a horse.

Now, unlike the Arab tribesmen of the country districts, the town Moor is no rider. He climbs now and again on the padded crimson saddle of a fat mule and ambles to his place of business or to pay a visit, but a horse is to him an annoying and dangerous quadruped, possessed of only two ideas: to fight every other horse it meets—for in Morocco only stallions are ridden—and to throw its rider. Accordingly not a single merchant possessed a horse and determined not to buy one until the absolute necessity arose, on the principle of "wait and see."

A few nights later about ten o'clock, when all the inmates of his house were asleep, there was a tremendous knocking at the nail-studded door of the house of one of the principal merchants of the city. Hastily donning such garments as were within his reach, and wrapping his bed blanket around him, for the night was cold, the elderly gentleman called out from within and asked what was wanted.

"Open, in the name of the pasha!"

With a drawing of many bolts and the turning of great keys the door was opened by the merchant himself, who tim[illegible] asked the reason of this late visit.

"We have called for your horse," replied the master of the pasha's household, who stood without, surrounded by half a dozen particularly evil-looking soldiers.

"My horse?"

"Yes, the horse you were commanded to buy. The tribes are in open revolt, and the horse is required at dawn."

"Oh, sir," replied the now affrighted merchant, "I have been looking for a horse ever since the pasha's edict was published, but in vain. I have searched high and low, but I couldn't find one. I left no hole or corner unexplored, but all without success—so help me all the saints of Islam, may peace be upon them!"

"Then you have no horse?" asked the pasha's representative roughly.

"Alas! my lord, to-night I have none—to-morrow I will endeavor—"

"To-morrow you will have no opportunity. My orders are to arrest and imprison every merchant who has not got his horse."

"Arrest! Imprison!" cried the miserable blanket-wrapped old gentleman.

"Yes, arrest and imprison."

"Pity! I beg pity!" he cried, weeping copiously. "You are a good and worthy man. Soften your heart. Find me some solution to this tragedy."

The master of the pasha's household seemed to ponder the matter deeply for a moment and then said, "Indeed I pity you with all my heart, but I must obey my orders—unless—"

"Unless?"

"I am ready to make a sacrifice. My own horse is here. I will sell it to you, and you can hand it over to the pasha."

"Oh, thank you. And the price?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Three hundred dollars!" almost shrieked the merchant. "Three hundred dollars? Impossible!"

"I see you don't want to buy it." And, calling up his ill-looking soldiers, he ordered them to arrest the unfortunate man.

"I will pay! I will pay!" cried the merchant, and, leaving his blanket in the hands of the soldiers, he escaped indoors, to emerge a few moments later with a bag of coin.

"There is more than three hundred dollars there," he said, "far more, but it does not matter."

The master of the pasha's household ordered a man who led a horse by a rope to hand it over to the merchant. In the flickering light of the lamp the miserable individual found himself face to face with the object he most dreaded in the world, a horse; and what a horse! It appeared in the darkness immense; its eyes seemed to him to glow with unearthly fire, and as he unconsciously took hold of the rope it reared and neighed. With a cry of terror the merchant sought refuge inside his doorway.

"Come, come," said the pasha's representative, "you must take the horse," holding out the halter.

"Where—where can I take it?" piteously asked the merchant. "I have no stable."

"Your house—"

"My house! There are only women in my house, and even the courtyard is carpeted. Everyone would die of fright; besides, it would certainly kill me long before I got it in." And a fresh flood of tears staved his words.

"Well, take it you must—unless—"

"Unless?"

"Unless I take it round to the pasha's stable to-night instead of to-morrow at dawn."

"Oh, my god friend, my savior, take it!" and he pressed more money into the officer's hand.

The cavalcade moved off, and, crying and shivering, the merchant closed his door. It was only then that he remembered that the soldiers had not given him back his blanket.

When the merchants of the city met to attend to their business on the following day it was evident that they were all suffering from nervous shock. At first they guarded a discreet silence, but at length our friend related the episode of the previous night. Curiously enough, they had all had the same experience—and, more curious still, in every case it had been a ferocious untamable gray horse, with fiery eyeballs, which had screamed and reared, that they had one and all been obliged to buy at a wickedly exorbitant price for the pasha's cavalry.

The same day the pasha announced that he had been able to make peace with the surrounding tribes, and that all danger was over. As he sat in his garden he ordered one of his slaves to bring him a certain horse from the stable. A few minutes later, with a bound and a neigh, a vicious-looking stallion was led before him. He looked at it for a little while and smiled; then said, "Let that good horse have a double feed of barley to-night," and, feeling kindly disposed to all the world, and generous, he ordered his workmen to be paid three days' pay out of the twenty-six that he owed them; and went into the house to count the dollars.

The Costly Arctic.

Roald Amundsen deserves a better reward than permission to file a voluntary petition in bankruptcy at Christiania. The Norwegians themselves should organize a fiscal rescue expedition, if none else will undertake it. For the doughty explorer who was first to attain the South Pole has stimulated geographic enterprise throughout the world. His researches in magnetism and in trend of ocean currents have resulted in valuable contributions to knowledge, and he has put new land on the Antarctic map which may prove one day to be of great commercial value.

Amundsen in his exploration has had to live by faith like other sailors before and since Columbus. The latter received a few hundred dollars for discovering America. Nansen, international altruist that he is, has had to write books to finance his journeys. Shackleton was compelled to pass the begging-bowl vigorously to supply the little "Quest" for his final adventure. The first American polar voyager, Kane, of Philadelphia, could not have financed his undertaking without the generous aid of a New Yorker, as Peary, after strenuous lecture tours and much writing, owed his supreme encouragement to another broad-minded citizen. The annals of discovery are filled with the experience of determined navigators who sailed toward the unknown with incomplete equipment and strong faith, and who on their return were miserably recompensed, though others richly profited by their pioneer activity.

At this late day it ought not to be necessary to urge prompt aid for the gallant mariner of Norway. The world in his debt should enable him to meet obligations he incurred for the benefit of the race.

WHEN BABY IS ILL

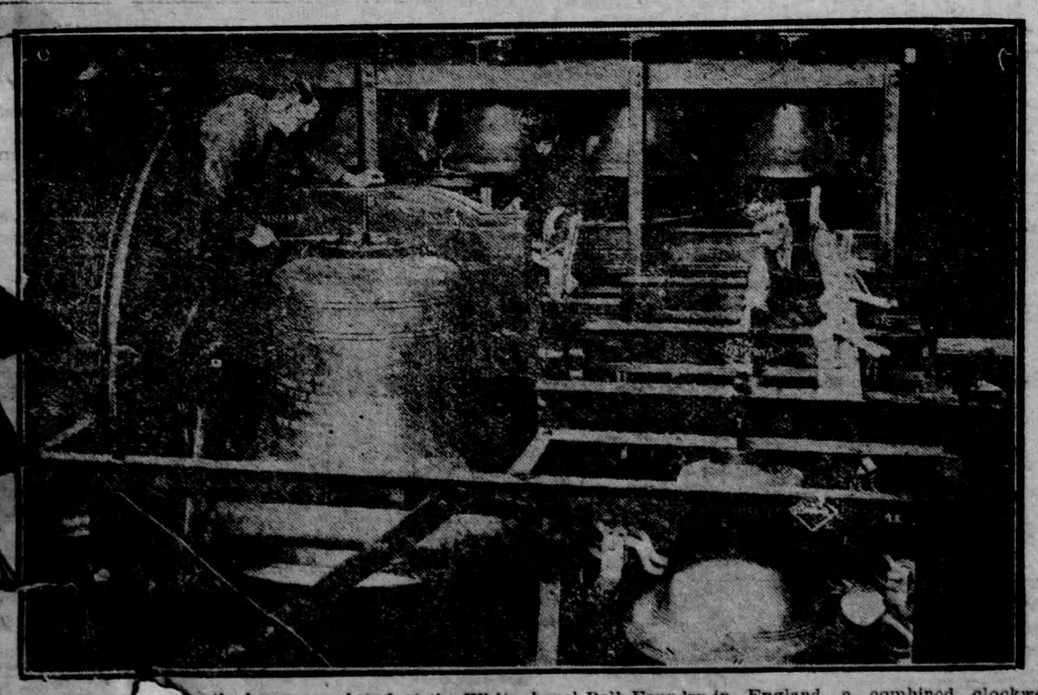
When the baby is ill; when he cries a great deal and no amount of attention or petting makes him happy, Baby's Own Tablets should be given him without delay. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach and thus drive out constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make teething easy. They are absolutely guaranteed to be free from opiates and narcotics and can be given to even the new-born babe with perfect safety and always with beneficial results. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Too Late.

Wandering aimlessly about the farm the city boarder happened to see Uncle Si and the hired man cutting up a hog they had just killed, and with visions of pork chops in the near future, made the remark that he was very fond of fresh pork.

"No fresh pork from this one," said Uncle Si. "We're going to cure him."

"Cure him!" exclaimed the city boarder. "Good Lord! You are too late to cure him now; you should have tried that before he died."



There has recently been completed at the Whitechapel Bell Foundry in England, a combined clockwork and hand-played carillon of fifteen bells for installation in a church at Oshawa, Ontario. The largest bell weighs two and a half tons.

WHEN FOOD FAILS

Defective Digestion is the Cause and Misery Follows.

There are thousands of people who do not get the proper nourishment from the food they eat, because their digestion is defective. Food that lies undigested in the stomach is not merely wasted, but will ferment and poison your system. Flatulence and sour risings in the throat follow and unless you are careful you will become a chronic dyspeptic.

By toning up the stomach to do the work nature intended, you will remove the cause of the trouble. Nothing will more promptly restore the digestive organs than good new blood. Stomach, nerves and glands all depend on the blood, and when it gets thin and watery they are at once weakened. It is because of their action in building up and enriching the blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved successful in so many cases of indigestion where ordinary medicines have failed. The new rich blood quickly tones up the digestive organs; the appetite improves and you are able to eat with comfort and get full nourishment from your food.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Foreigners.

Among the broadening influences in our lives, one of the most potent is an acquaintance with those who have lived in other lands and have a range of intellectual interests and spiritual inclinations that are new and fresh and stimulating. Those who put a girdle round the earth and have not the powers of sympathy and imagination, enabling them to feel and to see deeply, are traveling in a physical sense, but they might as well remain at home for all the gain they make in the knowledge of the world and in the understanding of their fellowmen.

In a little, isolated country men lead narrow, egocentric lives and boast that their tethered daily round circumscribes all that is worth while. Oliver Wendell Holmes said of a New England city that you could not pry the inhabitants loose from their idea that it was the hub of the solar system. In Lhasa, capital of Tibet, the belief of each ignorant, simple soul is that the filthy, smelly town is the centre of everything. The mountain villages of the Andes are filled with folk who scratch for fleas, postpone till "manana" what ought to be done to-day and indulge the chauvinistic pretense that no land is like their own, no glory comparable with its glory. But the like conceit persists and runs at large in parts of our own Dominion. Too sufficient unto ourselves, we inveigh against the alien as unassimilable when we ought to be teaching those whom we would find docile enough in most instances if we cared to teach them.

It is a sign of savage ignorance and of imperfect civilization to feel resentment against another man merely because he comes from a land we never saw and uses a dialect with which we are unfamiliar. If we are mentally hospitable, we shall eagerly welcome the chance to hear wonder tales of strange climes and peoples and adventures with "beasts, men and gods" such as are denied to our shut-in lives except through the medium of literature. It argues a purblind, miserable satisfaction with the groove we move in when we are unwilling to step out of it with an outheld hand of personal greeting to a "foreigner."

Those who most want the peace of the world are those who sedulously cultivate all ways and means of international intercourse. They do their best to give the desirable stranger to feel at home and at ease among us. Because they seek to establish a universal friendliness, they are of one mind to discourage the anarchist and his seditious principles. They would not inundate Canada with those who would demoralize and destroy. That kind of foreigner they would repel, but the others are welcome guests, and the desire of every lover of his own land is to make friends of them for the advantage of the entire comity of civilized lands.

Rescuing Coal.

Large deposits of coal thrown overboard by various warships stationed near the island of Crete during the war have been recovered in a curious, not to say laughable, manner. The thrifty islanders, being without dredging apparatus, attached an octopus to a line and lowered it to the bottom. As soon as the tentacles of the creature closed round a lump of coal they pulled it up. To the ordinary American the thought of coupling the octupus and coal will seem both natural and fitting.

A September Rondel.

Fair summer dies—she fades away;
The truth is hard to realize;
Yet though he lingers, fain to stay,
Fair summer dies!

She smiles to hide it from our eyes,
And golden day succeedeth day;
The world in languorous stillness lies,
Vain hopes are fostered by delay
To cheat death of his lovely prize;
With flush of beauty in decay
Fair summer dies!

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Canada's Bill for Firewood.

If the Canadian forests could render an account for the firewood supplied by them in 1922, it would read something like this: "The Canadian Public, to the Forests of Canada: 8,860,846 cords of firewood, $38,228,702." And then the bill would represent only the original value.

To produce this enormous quantity of firewood required 841,780,560 cubic feet of standing timber, the largest amount consumed by any of our many forest products.

To the unthinking person this fire wood output is but one of the many uses to which our timber producing areas are put, and is passed by with the same unconcern as day and night, says the Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior. If, however, he were travelling from Halifax to Vancouver, and, looking out of the car window he should see a pile of firewood seven feet high on either side of the track, with no break through the 3,494 miles he would cover in his trip from coast to coast, he would get a visual demonstration of the importance of Canada's annual cut of firewood.

Piled four feet high it would make a wall 12,832 miles in length, or a wall across Canada fourteen and one-half feet high and four feet thick.

Almost all species of wood are used for fuel purposes, depending upon the area in which it is cut and the market. In Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces the firewood is mostly composed of hardwood, maple, beech and birch predominating. In the Prairie Provinces large quantities of poplar and jackpine are used, while in British Columbia, owing to the very large variety of timber available, many species are used.

When it is remembered that Canada's forests are annually providing over a cord of firewood for every man, woman and child in the country, and that the warmth and comfort of millions of our people are dependent upon the continuance of this fuel supply, the value of the forests of Canada will be more fully appreciated. Large areas of Canada, particularly in the central portion, are devoid of other local fuels, and dependence must be placed upon wood or imported coal. It is therefore the part of wisdom to protect the forests from fire that the supply of firewood for domestic and power purposes may be assured.

Teacher Was Slow.

A school teacher was talking to the mother of a boy who had reached third book.

"He's got all the learning he'll ever want," said the mother.

The teacher replied: "I was at school until eighteen, and spent four years at college, yet I know very little."

"Ah, ma'am," said the mother, "some folks are much slower at learning than others."

A powder made from fish, which will increase human height, is announced by a Japanese scientist.

Pay your out-of-town accounts by Dominion Express Money Orders.

The total area in orchards in New Zealand has been estimated by the New Zealand Ministry of Agriculture at 30,000 acres.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Pain.

Mrs. Noorich (to chauffeur turning a corner—"Don't put your hand out that way; keep both hands on the wheel. I'll tell you when it is raining."

Insurance Agent—"Come with me, you can get damages for this." Negress (hit by truck)—"Good Lawd, man, ah don't need no mo' damages—what ah needs is repairs."

Marsh marigolds and water lilies will last longer in water than almost any other cut flower.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer Aspirin"

INSIST! Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 24 years.

Safe — Accept only a Bayer package which contains proven directions

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

To Gain Weight

Druggists guarantee Bitro-Phosphate to rebuild shattered nerves; to replace weakness with strength; to add body weight to thin folks and rekindle ambition in tired-out people. Price $1 per pkge. Arrow Chemical Co., 25 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Classified Advertisements

MONEY TO LOAN.

FARM LOANS MADE—Mortgages purchased. Reynolds, 77 Victoria St., Toronto.

FOR SALE

APPLE BARRELS, ALSO BARREL Staves, Mill Slab Wood, and Cord Wood. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ontario.

HELP WANTED

ANY PERSON DESIROUS OF making from $10 to $20 weekly in spare time, without interfering with present employment, send for particulars or free sample book "Imperial Art" Personal Christmas Cards. Manufacturers, 122 Richmond W., Toronto.

AGENTS - SALESMEN - CANVASSERS

Wanted in every city to sell the most essential household combination. One small handy tool combines a knife and scissor sharpener, can opener, glass cutter, bottle opener, ice pick, etc. Send at once for a sample with our special agents proposition. Samples may be had for 35 cents, and money back unless satisfactory.

Berk Bros., Ltd. 220 Bay St., Toronto

Soft-Fleshed Fish.

The softness of the flesh of many deep-water fish is due to the pressure at the great depths where they spend their lives. When they are brought to the surface this pressure is taken off; they then expand and their flesh becomes soft.

Sensitive plants in the Tropics protect themselves from cattle by drooping and seeming to die. There are also sharp spurs on the stalks which prick the tongues of hungry animals.

Use MURINE NIGHT & MORNING & KEEP YOUR EYES CLEAN CLEAR AND HEALTHY
WRITE FOR FREE EYE CARE BOOK · MURINE CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

Hurt?

Stop the pain with Minard's. It stops inflammation, soothes and heals.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Cuticura Complexions Are Smooth And Clear

Use Cuticura Soap daily for the toilet and have a healthy, clear complexion free from blackheads and pimples. Assist when necessary by Cuticura Ointment. Cuticura Talcum is ideal for powdering and perfuming.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Cuticura, P. O. Box 2616, Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

WORKING GIRL'S EXPERIENCE

Read How She Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Arnprior, Ontario.—"I must write and tell you my experience with your medicine. I was working at the factory for three years and became so run-down that I used to take weak spells and would be at home at least one day each week. I was treated by the doctors for anemia, but it didn't seem to do me any good. I was told to take a rest, but was unable to, and kept on getting worse. I was troubled mostly with my periods. I would sometimes pass three months, and when it came it would last around two weeks, and I would have such pains at times in my right side that I could hardly walk. I am only 19 years of age and weigh 118 pounds now, and before taking the Vegetable Compound I was only 108 pounds. I was sickly for two years and some of my friends told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I had taken a bottle of it I felt a change. My mother has been taking it for a different ailment and has found it very satisfactory. I am willing to tell friends about the medicine and to answer letters asking about it."—Miss HAZEL BERNDT, Box 700, Arnprior, Ontario.

A day out each week shows in the pay envelope. If you are troubled with some weakness, indicated by a run-down condition, tired feelings, pains and irregularity, let Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound help you. C

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