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GREEN TEA

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When Private Doyle Winked at the General.

During the Great War Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, well past the age for active military service, joined a volunteer regiment of reserves intended for home defense in case of invasion. His experiences as he records them in his recent reminiscences were sometimes amusing.

"I remember," he says, "a new adjutant arriving and reviewing us. When he got opposite me his eyes were caught by my South African medal.

" 'You have seen service, my man,' said he.

" 'Yes, sir,' I answered.

"He was a little cocky fellow who might well have been my son as far as age went. When he had passed down the line he said to our commanding officer, St. Quintin:

"Who is that big fellow on the right of the rear rank?'

" 'That's Sherlock Holmes,' said the c. o.

" 'Good Lord!' said the adjutant. 'I hope he does not mind my "my-maning" him!'

" 'He just loves it,' said St. Quintin, which showed that he knew me."

An experience at a review a dozen years or so earlier, just before the campaign in which Sir Arthur won his South African medal, was less enjoyable at the time, though amusing when it was over.

"We were reviewed by the old Duke of Cambridge in some drill hall in London," he says. "We were drawn up in our new khaki uniforms and were wearing our tropical helments for the royal duke's inspection. I was standing in front on the right flank. With my eyes fixed rigidly before me I was aware nevertheless that the old duke with his suite was coming across to begin at my end. Presently he halted in front of me and stood motionless. I remained quite rigid, looking past him. He continued to stand so near me that I could hear and almost feel his puffy breath.

" 'What on earth!' I wondered, but I gave no sign.

"At last he spoke. 'What is this?" he asked, then louder, "What is this?' and finally, in a sort of ecstasy, 'What is it?'

"I never moved an eyelash. There was whispering among the suite; something was explained, and the funny old man passed on. It seems that what was worrying the dear old gentleman—he was aged about eighty at the time—was that my tunic buttons had no mark upon them——a thing he had never seen in Her Majesty's army."

Buttons were not counted so important in the Great War, and even the rigidity of military forms was occasionally relaxed. Theoretically a private may not wink at a general, yet Private Doyle winked and was not court-martialed. He was standing by the roadside when a newly made general whom he had known well in old times in Egypt glanced along the ranks and their eyes encountered.

"Surprised out of all military etiquette," says Sir Arthur, "he smiled and nodded. What is a private in the ranks to do when a general smiles and nods? He can't formally stand to attention and salute. I fear that what I did was to close and then open my left eye!"

Newfoundland Seal Catch.

The season's kill of the Newfoundland sealing fleet amounted to approximately 127,000 seals, which is considered fair in comparison with other years. Ten vessels were engaged in the hunt this year. One vessel was destroyed.

After eating or smoking Wrigley's freshens the mouth and sweetens the breath. Nerves are soothed, throat is refreshed and digestion aided. So easy to carry the little packet!

WRIGLEY'S

-after every meal/ 883

ISSUE No. 25—'25.

Monkeys in Warfare.

The use of monkeys in warfare goes back many thousands of years. The Chinese used one species that because of its peculiar and harsh cry was called the "wah-wah." The monkeys' task was to capture enemy flags, which was a highly important part of early Chinese warfare.

The war monkeys were captured when very young, and their training continued for several years. A company of young monkeys were taken to a secluded hut where the trainer was the only human being they saw. Before the hut were little flags of different colors—red, blue and yellow. They were fastened to little sticks that were thrust into the ground. The training began by tying a cord round the neck of a monkey so that it could not escape from the trainer. The creature was allowed to run out to the flags, where its naturally mischievous disposition made it seize a flag and carry it back to the hut. If the monkey was being trained against an enemy blue flag he was petted and fed when he brought back a flag of that color; if he brought back a flag of different color, he was punished.

As the training proceeded the monkey made no mistake and, shrieking fiercely, would eagerly bring in a flag of a certain color. After a time the cord was removed, and a monkey would bring in the right flag from a distance of two miles or more.

Each separate group of monkeys was trained against a particular color of flag. In warfare a commander would have in cages monkeys that would capture an enemy flag of any color. The color of the flag that a monkey had been trained against was painted on the back of the animal. On the night before an attack the monkeys that were to be sent out to capture enemy flags were painted thickly with luminous paint; they had previously been starved for several days. Eagerly they made off and, uttering their wild cries, entered the encampment of the enemy like a pack of luminous, shrieking devils. Seizing the flags, the colors of which they could see by the light of the great camp fires that in ancient warfare were always kindled, the monkeys would triumphantly carry them off.

What Every Boy Should Do.

"Can you drill a larger hole in the end of this?" the stranger asked the machinist, holding up the propeller shaft of a boat motor.

"Sure," was the genial reply. Then, fixing the shaft in his vice, he touched his file to it and said: "Can't do it—case-hardened. Possibly Old Mose can do it."

The stranger sought out Old Mose and found him in a small, rickety frame building that looked like a junk shop. As he entered Mose glanced over his glasses at him; they were perched far out on his slender nose. His eyes had an indifferent gaze; he looked tired.

"They tell me you can mend anything," the stranger said cheerily.

"Oh, I can mend some things," he replied drearily as he adjusted the broken leg of an old stove preparatory to welding the pieces together. "I have been at this kind of work for fifty years, and I'm tired of it. It is not the only kind of work I can do."

"What is your other work?" asked the stranger.

There on the wall was a framed landscape painting, somewhat conventional to be sure, but not without merit.

"That is the kind of work I like," he said, "but I never had a lesson in my life."

When the two were back in the little shop he pointed to a little portrait, neatly framed, that the stranger had not noticed. "I did that mornings while waiting for the milk man to come," he causually remarked. His talent was beyond question.

"My great mistake," he continued, "was that I wouldn't go to school when I was a boy. I just took the first job that I could get to earn a little money and drifted into this machine shop business. Every boy ought to go to school until he has found out what he is good for and would enjoy doing all his life. The greatest thing in life is to enjoy your work. I discovered that too late. I am sixty-eight years old; it is too late now."

"But you can be an artist in the work you are doing," the stranger suggested.

"Yes, I suppose so," he replied musingly, "but it is a great thing really to love your work."

On the Jump.

A fellow has to be something of a sprinter to keep up with his good intentions.

"Don't worry" makes a better motto when you add "others."

It Pays To Advertise

BY LEO NOBLE BURNETT.

PART II.

"Name and address, please. You'll be notified when your turn comes. Oh, yes, pretty long list." With that, an officious secretary would call the interview to a peremptory conclusion.

Sara's experiences were similar. It was interesting to read that an aigrette had been lost between Wabash and Sixteenth on the evening of the twenty-first; and that a graduate masseuse in Swedish massage and medical gymnastics desired a position, but it did not help her.

Once she obtained a position as a pastry cook. Now it was this way: Sara was an estimable girl; her disposition was beyond reproach; her character was undefiled; she could bake bread; but pastry—no.

Morning after morning, the girl appeared in the park, her handbag stuffed with clippings.

Morning after morning Oliver met her there, want ads in every pocket.

Sara was not naturally deceptive, but she wanted McNabb to think she was getting on. She told him that she had been promoted to head girl of the office. A day or two later, Oliver, not wishing to be excelled, announced that the company had taken him in from the shop and given him a desk in the sales office.

Sara's skirt (and she had but one) was growing shiny. Her straw hat was becoming dreadfully unseasonable. Continued washings had revealed that her fifty-nine cent waist was a fifty-nine cent waist. Nor were Oliver's trousers in the best possible state of preservation.

It was the last of August. It was the middle of September. It was the latter part of September. The days grew alarmingly short. People hurried more rapidly. The stores were showing overcoats and furs. Thanksgiving was suggested and Christmas was intimated. Every day the family of the unemployed took in more members.

Now and then, Oliver and the girl would get a job for a day or two, but when October stared from the calendar, Oliver's savings had dwindled to a few dollars and Sara could pay room rent for but one week more. The city which had thrilled her sickened and frightened her as the mercury went down. Oliver had a thought or two of the country himself. As a last resort he could go back.

It was a morning of penetrating chill, one of those fall mornings on which rain would have been colder than snow. A wind caught up some dry leaves from the dull brown lawn of the park and scraped them across the cement walk, where some stuck in a rift at the edge of the fountain. People scurried along with their heads bent. Few wore overcoats. They looked worried. They were worried. McNabb came five minutes early. He half intended to confess this morning that he had been coming at seven all the time just for her. He knew that she would admire him for it. He wondered just how she would express her sentiments when she learned that he had been making sacrifices all along. He would tell her he was going away—to the country—that he would remember her—that sometimes perhaps— It struck seven. The last quaver of the seventh stroke evaporated. Where was Sara? Had she lost her position?

Then, far down the walk, he saw her coming. As she came nearer and nearer it seemed, somehow, that she was changed. He hadn't noticed it so much until now. He recalled how she looked those spring mornings. To-day she was stooped or smaller, or something. Poor girl! she ought not to work in a laundry. The morning was so gray and he was so huddled that she didn't notice him at first. Several feet away he could see the intense paleness of her face, the face once so fresh and freckled. Dark tracings beneath her eyes intensified the whiteness.

She smiled when she saw him. "Oh, you waited. I was so late I thought perhaps you went on. I hope I haven't made you late." She glanced up at the clock. "It's lots after seven, isn't it? If you don't mind, I'll hurry right along. You had better hustle, too. I do hope I haven't made you late at the factory."

Her departing smile had a seriousness about it which he was able to appreciate—two hours later.

He walked to the river front. Two large pleasure craft stood deserted at the dock. The water lapped cold and hard about the piers. He took some worn clippings from his pocket. Here was a place he would like to fill, although he couldn't answer all of the requirements, but he had tried everything else, absolutely everything. He would take a chance and get turned down again.

A two-mile walk brought him to a pleasant modern residence. He rang the bell. It was answered by an oldish lady. Did some one at this address advertise for help?

The woman assured him he was at the right place. She admitted him in to the hall. "Wait here a moment," she directed. "My husband is busy with some one just now, but he will see you presently." She left him sitting on the hall seat. "A young man waiting to see you, Will," he heard her say as she passed through the next room.

The door opening into the front room from the hallway was ajar. There were two voices—a man's and a girl's.

Man: "No, it isn't large, but you could never manage. And it would be lonesome for you. I wouldn't feel right if I let you have it."

Girl: "But I am willing, sir. I love that kind of work and have always done it. I know I could manage as well as a man."

Oliver thought he recognized the tones. His eyes wide with partial understanding, he leaned forward to catch every syllable.

Masculine Voice's negative to the girl's plea was firm.

The door opened.

"Sara!"

She uttered a little scream. "And you, too—you—you—"

They both saw that politeness should precede dramatics. McNabb told her to wait for him outside. She assented.

McNabb went into the front room with the man. When he came out at the end of a few minutes he was smiling. His gray eyes were blue.

"I believe you can manage, Mr. McNabb," sadi the man. "If you will return to-morrow—er—at this same time, let us say, we can arrange the details. It's a fine place and I think you will like it. I was sorry for your young friend, but it would have been a great deal too much for the child. Good morning, Mr. McNabb."

She was waiting at the foot of the porch steps. They said nothing until they passed the hedge and were in the street.

Sara held her handkerchief to her face. "I didn't mean anything wrong when I lied that way every morning," she managed to say. "But you were the only friend I had, and I did so hate to lose you. It was all a lie, the promotion and everything. I—I have not had a job for seven weeks!" She removed her handkerchief Here eyes and nose were a bit red.

"But I lied, too," he was saying. "I haven't had a job either; and I wanted to see you. All of the time I kept thinking I would get another place. I thought—well, let's forget that now because now I have a place. I just got one—back there."

She looked in amazement.

"You—got—that—place? You mean you are—" Her eyes grew bright and angry and dry. "That spoils it so. You weren't fair with me or with her!"

He laughed. "Listen. You don't understand. I lied to that man. I am not what you think I am—not yet. But I hope to be. And Miss—Miss—Sara, it's all up to you."

Anger surrendered to confusion.

Understanding came a-creeping.

Somewhere, faintly but clearly, a clock was striking.

They both heard.

"It's sev—it's nine o'clock," he said. "Before it stops striking you must say that I can make good the lie I told to get this job, this wonderful job."

Five—six—seven—

Sara's unblushable face was furious with blushing. Her independent nose was funny it was so pink from crying.

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"Nine," concluded the clock.

He took her arm as they walked along and held her as close as propriety permitted; in fact, he strained propriety a bit.

From his pocket he took the worn clipping. They read it together:

WANTED—Young married couple to care for house and small farm in suburb.

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

Canada's Woods.

There are approximately 160 arborescent species of hardwoods, and 31 species of conifers, or softwoods, in Canada. Of these, only 23 species of softwoods and 32 species of hardwoods can be considered as commercially important. The conifers form over 80 per cent. of the standing timber, and 95 per cent. of the lumber and pulpwood produced. The hardwoods are chiefly used for fuel, but they also furnish considerable lumber for flooring, interior finish, cooperage, turnery and other wood-working industries.

The word chaperon is not feminine, although it is generally applied to a woman. It means a hood, and when used metaphorically signifies that the married woman shields her youthful protegee as the hood shields the face.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

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Just dip them up and down in the abundant Lux lather. No rubbing, to roughen their delicate texture or streak and fade the lovely colours.

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It is foolish to pray for a high powered car when the Lord knows you can't afford the upkeep.

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Holding Out for Better Terms.

Among the ready and ruthless wits of an earlier generation in London was Lord Marcus Beresford, a member of the famous family to which Admiral Charles Beresford belonged. A lively book of reminiscence entitled Uncensored Recollections tells about one of his sharp retorts The incident occurred at the Turf Club.

A man whom everyone expected to be blackballed somehow was elected to the club. A member saw him about the lounge and asked him what he was doing there. The new member explained that he had been elected. His questioner thereupon offered him £500 if he would take his name off the list. The newly elected member glared at him, slammed the door without replying and was going downstairs when he met Lord Marcus coming up.

"What 's the matter with you, X? You look upset," said the genial Lord Marcus. Then the other told him that he had been elected to the club, and that he had just been grossly insulted by a member

Lord Marcus mused for a moment; mock seriousness overspread his good-natured face. At last he said: "He offered you five hundred, did he?"

"Yes, confound him!"

"Well," said Marcus blandly as he passed up the stairs, "sit tight, X, sit tight, and I dare say he'll make it a thousand!"

For First Aid—Minard's Liniment.

The production of aluminum from bauxite ore was carried on in Canada during 1923 at Shawinigan Falls, Quebec. Ten other plants, all in Ontario, fabricated aluminum products. The value of the total output from these plants was $7,017,830.

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Fill an SMP Enameled Tea Kettle. Set it on the stove. No Kettle will boil water quicker. That means convenience, time saved, too. All SMP Enameled utensils are very fast coming to the boil and in their job of cooking. Not only quicker to cook with, but easier, more quickly cleaned after. The best any way you look at it. Think this over.

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