

# The Economy

## of "SALADA" GREEN TEA

is in the larger number of cups it gives per pound. — Delicious! — Try it.

### "GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT."

One day, in a shabby little house, in a quiet little street, a woman died. Cheap, clean curtains hung at the windows. There was nothing about the house to distinguish it from its neighbors, except the flowing black symbol that hung crookedly on the door. In the tiny parlor, which, in spite of furniture removed, was stuffy and crowded, the woman lay. The box that encased her was cheap, and the shabby silk dress that enveloped her was old-fashioned. The Doorkeeper, who had come to help, wondered if the whimsical curve around her mouth, was caused by the revelation of her passing on, or if she had always worn it.

In the early morning hours, when all but the Sleeper had begun to stir, a big policeman rang the bell.

"I wonder if I could be seen' her now," he said to the Doorkeeper. "I wouldn't like to intrude, but—" He stepped lightly into the little room, and looked down on the quiet face. "It's many a hot cup of coffee she gave me on bitter winter nights," he said. "An' 's many a cold drink of lemonade on bollin' summer days. I was on this beat a long time. I saved her kitten from a dog once, and she never forgot. Ah, well—she's restin' now, anyway." He went out, his face grim with pent-up emotion, in the cold, early light.

Later came children in a little group and cried openly.

"She came in when my mother died," said one, "and hugged and hugged me."

"She sat up nights when my daddy was sick," sobbed a small, towsey boy, "and the doctor said he wouldn't have got better if it hadn't a bin for her."

One small girl carried two faded roses.

"The man in the flower store gave them to me," she said, "do you think she would like them?" The Doorkeeper assured her that she would.

"An' do you think she knows I brought 'em?" The Doorkeeper explained, that, while it was a disputed point in theology, she, personally, thought she did. So the flowers were laid beside her, and they stumbled out, a sorrowful little group.

At night came two girls, one frightened and shivering, a brainless little sheep, born to be led; the other defiant of eye, and hard of mouth.

"I'd like to see her," she said abruptly. They went into the dimly lit room. Their complexions were works of art, and their finery, subdued though it was, to fit the occasion, flared like a red light in that quiet place. A breeze from the window blew a strand of hair across the face of the Sleeper. The defiant-eyed one bent and put it back.

"It always did that," she said, "blew across her face like that!"

"Was she a friend of yours?" the Doorkeeper asked quietly.

"Oh Lord no! That is—she wouldn't have minded—she was a regular thoroughbred. She was awful decent to me once—'bout the only person who was!" she added bitterly. "Come on, Kit; I'm glad I seen her."

"I'm glad you did, too, my dear," said the Doorkeeper gently. The defiant eyes flashed her a reckoning glance—the glance of an alley cat, at a bit of unexpected kindness. Then the tears came, making sad havoc with the wonders of her complexion. They went out into the darkness—into the streets—

And neighbors came, and stood in groups, and talked. The Sleeper wore no decorations, but, when the Doorkeeper listened to the little stories, it seemed as if a Distinguished Service Order should have been pinned on her breast. A little woman in black crept in. She shed no tears; her eyes seemed drained of tears.

"She stayed with me when my husband was killed," she said, "and she helped me get work. And she got a girls' club to look after Jean and a boys' club to look after my boy. Seems queer she should go, when so many people are left. Her kind ought to stay till the very last."

And after it was all over, and everyone, including the Sleeper, had gone, the Doorkeeper found herself repeat-

ing a verse that began: "It is better to be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord"—no, it was not sacrilege, for what could be nearer the house of the Lord than the place where the Sleeper had dwelt?

### Wanted—A King!

Albania wants a king, "an Englishman, gentleman preferred." The salary is not stated, but the civil list of the new monarch, whoever he may be, is unlikely to be a very extravagant one, seeing that the entire revenue of the country amounts to no more than about £800,000.

This, by the way, is not the only occasion on which a European principality has been "in the market," so to speak. The late Duke of Edinburgh, afterwards Duke of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha, Queen Victoria's second son, was once offered the throne of Greece, and so certain were the Greeks that he would accept that they actually had him proclaimed King at Athens.

Not only this, but a number of coins were struck bearing the new "monarch's" effigy. These are now greatly prized by collectors. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that, on news of these events reaching Windsor, the proffered honor was promptly declined.

Some time previously the Greek throne had been offered to the grandfather of the present Earl of Derby, who also declined it. Following the refusal, the vacant throne was hawked round amongst half the princelings in Europe, to be eventually accepted by the Grand Duke Otho of Bavaria, whom his ungrateful subjects later deposed.

In 1878, following on the Russo-Turkish war, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff might, had he so minded, have been king of the then newly-formed principality of Rumania.

He was acting at the time as British High Commissioner there, when one morning a delegation of leading notables came to offer him the throne, assuring him of the support of Russia, and suggesting that he should be crowned forthwith at Philippopolis.

Sir Henry pretended to treat the matter as a huge joke; whereat the delegates retired in high dudgeon. The after-history of the torn and distracted little country showed that the astute Englishman's self-abnegation in refusing a kingdom was a wise move on his part.

This same crown was afterwards declined by Prince Alexander Vogorides, probably for a similar reason to that which had previously induced the Count of Flanders to decline the honor of ruling over the turbulent populace of the sister principality of Rumania.

Said this astute individual, when offered the crown by the President of the Council of Ministers: "If you can guarantee that I shall not be assassinated, as was M. Catargi, or interned for life in a dungeon, like M. Petrovski, my answer is 'Yes.' Otherwise it is 'No.'" The Ministers looked askance at each other, then silently withdrew.

Not always, however, have offers of this description been declined. Many years ago Sir James Brooke, an ex-officer in the old East India Company's service, was offered, and accepted, the crown of Sarawak, in Borneo, over which country his descendant, the present Rajah Brooke, still reigns, it having been constituted an independent State under British protection in 1888.

### The Three F's.

The three F's in the transfer of disease are flies, food and fingers. A knowledge of the three F's is just as important as the old curriculum of the three R's.

**Flies**—The common house fly breeds in filth and carries on its legs thousands of disease germs. The fly lights on the baby and leaves the germs. It gets into milk and poisons it.

**Food**—Food handled by unclean hands; food exposed to dirt and flies, becomes contaminated and may plant the germs of disease directly in the human system.

**Fingers**—The fingers collect germs and dirt from stair rails, from car straps, from shoes, rubbers, from ordinary objects in everyday use. And the fingers are constantly making trips to the mouth.

### The Shield.

God, give me laughter for a buckler,  
Lest to the blows of Life I yield;  
When my head is bowed to press of foemen,  
Lord, give me laughter for a shield.

Grant me will to fight, if not to conquer,  
Strength to keep my spirit from eclipse,  
And let me hold at midnight and at noonday  
The shield of laughter on unshaking lips.

There is none so strong can overcome it,  
Black rage, red scorn, or serpent gulle;  
Magic lives in weakest defences—  
Even in little twisted smile.

In the dusk and through the murk of conflict,  
Fighting on against the driving spears,  
More flags will rally round to laughter  
Than ever owned the sovereignty of tears.

Though I have no armor that is trusty,  
And nothing but a wooden sword to wield,  
I shall go down fighting and not craven

If Thou, Lord, give laughter for a shield.

—Edna Valentine Trapwell.

### A Gull at Rest.

A lone bird on a ragged rock  
Looks outward to the sea,  
His wings are old desires at rest,  
His eyes are dreams to be.

He does not sing; he has no song  
Whose youth too reckless flew  
From wave to wave; he never learned  
The songs that land birds knew.

A wanderer he—like those of earth  
Who shun the ties of home  
He followed long down windy ways  
White ribbon roads of foam.

And in his dreaming eyes is proof  
He chose the better part;  
But sometimes under folded wings  
Lost songs pull at his heart.

—Ilen I'azee-B we.



### NOT WEATHER-WISE.

"He said he was laying up money for a rainy day."

"And got fooled by the first little shower that came along."

### Milk in Sponges.

So important has the sponge become in everyday life that it is now grown from "seed" like ordinary land plants.

The sponges are brought up by divers, some of whom work naked, while others wear diving costume. The sponges present a flesh-like appearance, and are covered with a firm skin in which tiny holes appear and disappear apparently at the animal's will.

The inside of the sponge, not unlike raw meat, is intersected by numerous canals and cavities. These are filled with a sticky, greyish-brown fluid known as "milk." This "milk" must be taken out at once, for it is the only part of the animal that is actually alive. Should it be left, the sponge begins to decay and lose its elastic qualities.

### Many Kinds of Fur.

At a fur auction held in St. Louis, the list of the different kinds of furs numbered sixty-two. It is remarkable that so many different furs are on the market. Among the offers were skins of monkeys and gazelles from Africa, ponies from the steppes of Russia, giant wolves from Siberia, polar bear from the Arctic, dog skins from China, kid skins and goat skins from Greece, Turkey and Near East countries, kangaroo and fox from Australia, and strange but useful pelts of furbearers from many other distant lands.

Ostriches in the Zoo obtain all the thirst-quenching material they want from a diet of clover, chaff, lettuce, maize, cabbage, bones, and stones. They are not supplied with drinking water.

Bear this in mind—he wins the noblest fight who slays his sins.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

### The Diary of a British Journalist

One of the funniest stories told by Sir Henry Lucy in "The Diary of a Journalist," is that concerning Mr. Lloyd George and his chauffeur. It was night, and Mr. Lloyd George was returning home through the country. The chauffeur was ordered to light the lamps.

As the process took some time, Mr. Lloyd George got out of the car and went round to the back to see if all was right with the rear lamp. At the same moment the chauffeur, concluding that his passenger was inside, started off at full speed and the car disappeared in the distance.

### Mistaken for a Lunatic.

Mr. Lloyd George set off to walk home, and presently, reaching the county lunatic asylum, he sought the aid of the authorities for a lift.

The porter shook his head, and prepared to close the door. "But," said the wayfarer, "I am the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"Yes, yes," said the porter, gruffly, "we've got six of 'em inside. You'll go out the gate, turn to the left, and you'll get home before morning."

Here are some more stories told by Sir Henry:

A doctor in Bristol was engaged by the war office during the war to examine the condition of a wounded man sent home from the Front, and report upon the possibilities of his being again fit for military service. He replied that having had an arm amputated the man was permanently incapacitated. Back came the searching official inquiry: "How do you know Private—has only one arm?" "Sir," replied the medical man, "I counted it!"

One day at luncheon at the home of Prince Bismarck, the Princess went up to her husband and deftly adjusted his necktie, which had got almost under his right ear.

"For fifty years," said Bismarck, "I have been battling with my necktie. The bow will never remain in its place, but always turns round, and ever to the same side."

In a certain club an old Admiral was pointed out to Sir Henry Lucy as a man who had an extraordinary habit of contradicting anyone with whom he conversed. He once, Sir Henry was told, flatly contradicted Queen Victoria.

He attended one of the Queen's receptions and was presented to Her Majesty, who had heard something of his propensity.

"I hear, Admiral, you contradict everyone who speaks to you," said the Queen.

"Your Majesty is misinformed," replied the Admiral, gruffly. "I do nothing of the sort."

### A Postcard Comedy.

An American lady, whose husband was a millionaire, saw a vase for sale in London priced \$7,500. She wrote to her husband in Chicago, giving a glowing account of the treasure and asking him to telegraph if he were prepared to pay so much.

Back came the reply, "No price too high."

Jubilantly repairing to the auction room, she became the proud possessor of the vase. It was afterwards she learned that what her husband had telegraphed was, "No; price too high."

Lord Harcourt once showed Sir Henry a postcard which had reached him and which read: "Many thanks for your note with enclosure. Sir Edward's message sent to me at Members' Mansions was duly forwarded. We shall be up on Wednesday at noon and will lunch in the study. Ask Lang at stores to give you a tender steak (narrow cut, such as I choose), and boll some rice for one o'clock lunch."

Inquiry brought a quite reasonable explanation. Interrupted when halfway through the missive, the lady, after a brief interval, returned to her desk and, being under the impression that she had started a postcard containing instructions to the cook, continued the message on the card addressed and duly delivered to the bewildered viscount. The signature was that of Sir Henry's wife.

At a garden party Sir Henry once ment Mr. William Lowther, father of the ex-Speaker of the House of Commons (Lord Ullswater), just after the son had become Speaker. Sir Henry asked if the new Speaker was at the party.

"No," was the reply; "he has gone to play cricket."

"Well," was the rejoinder. "I do

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## WRIGLEYS

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### THE FLAVOR LASTS

hope the ball won't catch the Speaker's eye."

### Princess Mary Rebuked.

Sir Ernest Shackleton was once presented to the ex-Kaiser at Berlin. Before being introduced, he was warned that he must refrain from controverting any of the Emperor's statements. The Kaiser made enquiries as to the habits of white bears in the region of the South Pole.

"There are no white bears there, your Majesty," said Shackleton.

"No white bears!" exclaimed the Kaiser, regarding the explorer with a withering glance. "Why not?"

On the evening of Coronation Day, Princess Mary was met on the stairs at Buckingham Palace by one of the gentlemen in attendance, who remarked: "Well, little lady, so it's all over."

The Princess went straight to her mother and protested, "He ought not to speak to me like that. I am a Princess."

"Yes," said the Queen, "you are Princess now. I hope by and by you may be a lady. You may go and tell—I said so."

### Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

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