

You Can Try "SALADA" GREEN TEA

Write 'Salada', Toronto, for free sample.

Triumphs of M. Jonquille

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

CHAPTER III.
Passing a centre-table, as by inadvertence, she turned down a photograph frame.

The simple, unconscious act caught the man's attention, and when he was alone he picked the thing up and turned it over. It was an old, battered, silver rim, enclosing a picture of himself cut out of an illustrated paper. The picture was yellow with age and marked around in faded ink. It showed a smart young officer above a legend of "Brilliant Achievement." He remembered distinctly the very day that a marked copy of this paper had come to him, sent out by an adoring aunt.

The brilliant achievement had been the rather clever handling of some guns in a hill fight. It was a tiny war and the correspondent was making all he could of every incident.

He held the thing a moment in his hands, trying to remember how many years ago that had been. It seemed a lifetime, and he put it back gently on the table, face down.

Immediately the girl came in with a tea-tray. She could not find a servant in the house but she was not disturbed. She was flushed and smiling; her velvety brown eyes danced, and the corners of her mouth made little dimples.

In the man's humming head the thought passed that in Eastern countries this slipping away of the servant meant something serious. Things like it had preceded the Mutiny.

But his mind was in another quarter. Did she know him? His brown hair was shot with gray now; there was hardly any brown left in it. His jaw would look lean and bony; the plenes of his face would be flattened.

She could hardly wait to show him what she had brought in with the tea. She slipped the tray onto the table and put the thing into his hands.

It was a letter written to the hero—a sheet from an old blue-ruled copy book, the words painfully printed, the letters uneven, "r" and "w" always a head taller than the rest.

"I called them 'are-ah' and 'double-ah,'" she said. "They were harder to make than the others."

Then she gave his arm a little squeeze.

"Isn't the postscript heavenly?" He thought the fingers were on his heart. He could hardly read the dim-printed line.

"And if you come over and lick the Yankees, I will love you more better." He felt himself going weak all over. This was the only love-letter that any woman had ever written him. He had got innumerable letters pretending to be, but this was the only one.

And here it was an April flower reaching him in winter. Here was youth, dimpled and red-mouthed, pulling at him, a cool finger crooped around his heart.

He felt that he was capable of committing any folly. But he said only: "It is charming."

He wished to ask for the letter, that he might keep it always, but he did not know how to put it. He was trying to think of some way, when, suddenly, in the direction of the citadel, a gun boomed. He had been folding

the letter up, turning it in his fingers, trying to think how to ask for it, and so did not see the girl go over to the window. Now she gave a little smothered cry. He put the bit of paper down and crossed at once to her.

Immediately he saw what had alarmed her. When they had entered from the car, they had left the gate unlocked and now figures were slipping in.

An Arab in a white burnoose was pushing the gate gently open. He was stooping over, and carried the dagger bayonet of a German rifle in his lean, brown hand. Behind him was a black face, and a blue caftan after that.

It is the strength of England in the East to act first and masterfully. The man knew what this furtive entering meant, what the boom of the gun meant, and he hesitated no fraction of a moment.

"Keep inside," he said, and he went out of the room and down the steps.

In the hall he looked about an instant, as for a weapon. There was none, but on a rack by the door with crops and walking sticks, there was a heavy dog whip with a long plaited lash. He caught it down as he passed.

He crossed the garden in great strides. The creatures in the gate hesitated and crowded together, only the Arab advanced, the dagger bayonet concealed under his burnoose. But the courage and the contempt of the Englishman mastered him, as the front and menace of the advancing keeper masters a snarling beast.

He struck out with his weapon, but the heavy whip lashed him, cutting his face, his neck, his shoulders and,



THE HEAVY WHIP LASHED HIM.

like a dog, he was driven back. And a moment later the whole evil-featured troop went crowding through the gate like jackals.

He shot the bolts and made the gate fast. Then he felt a hand slipped through his arm, and the girl was beside him. Her face was full of color. There was something soft and fiery in the pose of the head, the chin thrust out, and the teeth set on the velvet underlip.

"It was fine! They were afraid!" she said.

And again, all over, the man felt that heavenly warmth. Her figure in the soft light seemed rounded out. Her slender face gleamed like a flower. And he wanted to take her in his arms and clutch her to his mouth. He felt, in a sort of panic, that in a moment his head would go.

"They were only a pack of dogs," he said. Words seemed to steady him. Then, far out in the city, he heard the cackle of a machine gun, and he got himself in hand.

"We must see what this thing means," he said. "How does one go up?" and he indicated the house-top with a gesture.

She pointed out the way, her hand on his arm, now with a firm hold, now sliding along the sleeve. And, on the stair, step by step as they went up, the man felt this soft, caressing hand fingering his heart.

On the house-top the soldier understood. Islam had risen and her innumerable hordes, swarming like vermin, held the city. The whole desert had cultered under pretense of honor to the sacred corpse.

The procession had been cunningly delayed, and the English regiments, separated by the crowds of people, were being cut to pieces. Suddenly

A Pebble was the Cave Man's Candy!
It kept his mouth moist and fresh on his hot, rocky road. Calling on his cavewoman, he took her a smooth, white stone.

Today, to make a lasting, satisfying impression, take her Wrigley's.

Wrigley's Spearmint Gum
Wrigley's Doublemint Gum
Wrigley's Juicy Fruit Gum

Callouses
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KEEP CHILDREN BUSY
Destructive Tendencies Are Turned to Useful Channels.

GILLEX
FOR THE LAUNDRY AND ALL CLEANING

THE COUNTRY

Sweet is it to forsake the noisy street
For a quiet path that wanders thro'
A wood;
A path that knows not hurry, but
attunes
All life to its own leisure; sweet to
live,
Careless of time, in a wide solitude
Of deepest shade, thro' whose high
rifts the sun
Sifts like a dust of silver flecked with
green.
Sweet is it at all seasons, but most
sweet
In the unspotted sheen of early
spring,
When all the woods, even to the low-
est shrub
That caches in their shadows, stand
arrayed
In their full-foliated glory. When the
birds,
Stirred by the sunshine and the soul
of spring,
In a sweet rivalry of rapture pour
Their feelings into song, and each
to each,
Fling answering melodies diverse, but
all
Divinely sweet. The air, serenely calm,
And dewy-warm with all wild wood-
land scents,
Here takes no stain, but every hour
abides,
Like morn, in its first freshness,
sweet and pure.
—J. C. M. Duncan.

Fashon

1609

AN ATTRACTIVE NEW FROCK.
Exceedingly smart is the modish frock shown here. The bodice has a square neck and is slightly gathered in front and joined to a box-plaited skirt, while the back is in one-piece. Bands of ribbon or material are arranged across the front of the bodice and around the cuffs finishing the long sleeves and the waist. No. 1609 is for Misses and Small Women and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch material. View A requires 2 1/2 yards 2 1/2-inch ribbon. Price 20 cents the pattern.

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Mountain Named After First Yukon Gold Commissioner
Mount Ogilvie on the International boundary between British Columbia and Alaska, is 7,700 feet high. According to the Geographic Board of Canada it is named after Mr. William Ogilvie, D.L.S., who in the early nineties made the field surveys and maps which were used as the basis for determining the present International boundary, and who was later the first Gold Commissioner of the Yukon.

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Herbert was what is generally known as a "destructive" child, and Miss N—, his kindergarten teacher, had been wondering for a week just what she was going to do about it. If she had been an old-fashioned teacher, she would simply have scolded or punished. But she was a new-fashioned teacher, and so she pondered.

Herbert was unusually "bad" on Monday morning. He had mashed little Jane's "cake" which she had so carefully made in the sand pile. He had kicked over Dicky's beautiful house of blocks and he had upset blue-eyed Marian's doll carriage, right after she had got her dolly all nicely tucked in.

Looking around for new fields to conquer, he saw some of the boys busily making boats at the work-bench, and he suddenly announced: "I want to make a boat, too." Miss N— told him he would have to wait until there was room at the bench, which he patiently did. At length Teacher said, "Now it's Herbert's and John's turn at the bench"; and the two little chaps eagerly gathered together their wood and hammers and nails.

MOTIVE BACK OF REQUEST.
This was a first adventure at the work bench for both these boys, as they had but lately entered the school. Miss N— consequently glanced in their direction shortly, and saw that Herbert was hammering away lustily, but that John, who was smaller and less vigorous about his work, was having rather a hard time. "Will you help John a little with the hammering, Herbert?" she suggested. "You do it so well." Herbert at once complied. When the boats were finished, both boys proudly exhibited them to their teacher. After due admiration Miss N— turned to Herbert, saying, "That was nice of you to help John." At this remark, little John threw his arms around the bigger boy's neck, thus expressing his gratitude. A beatific expression shone in Herbert's face!

From that time on Miss N— had no further trouble with Herbert. He had discovered that it is more fun to construct than to destroy, and that it is much more satisfying to help others than to spoil the results of their efforts.

Often parents meet this same problem. Mary breaks everything, and Jack takes everything to pieces, and are frequently heard. Could not these parents adopt the methods that Miss N— used with Herbert? Could they not give their "destructive" children plenty of materials with which to construct? I am confident they would see a quick change! If children paper on the walls, why not give them paper upon which to write? If they tear up books, cannot old newspapers and magazines be substituted? Pieces of wood to hammer are much more acceptable than parlor furniture. Let us give active little hands all kinds of materials, such as plastercane, clay, sand, scissors, paste, crayons, paints, hammers, blocks, etc. Later on, there same boys and girls, too, will need work-benches and well-made tools, and the girls, and perhaps the boys, will delight in all kinds of sewing materials.

ACTIVE, CURIOS WANTS TO BE BUSY.
Children are not naturally "destructive." They are active and curious and want to be busy, and they expend their constructive energy upon whatever comes easily to hand. If they have no other materials to use, they will use the furniture or their toys.

I know a boy who wanted to use his hands every minute. As he had very little other material, the clocks and the door knobs in his home were in constant jeopardy. His father considered him "bad" and destructive, and felt that a military school, where he would be "disciplined" was the

best place for him. How unwise and unnecessary this treatment was! What this boy really needed was a work bench and tools, or better still, the privilege of joining a carpentry class!

If we want our children to take care of their toys, we must select play-things which they can manipulate, with which they can "do" something. The mechanical toys are interesting for a short while, but after they have held the stage for a time, the youngster, who always wants to be the star performer, either discards them entirely, or finds that the only really interesting thing he can do with them is to take them to pieces to discover what makes the "wheels go round." Simple, strong, serviceable toys, which act as lay figures for the child's imagination, are what he wants and needs!

Taking care of a garden, or if this is out of the question, one or two plants, gives a child's activity a splendid outlet. Who would think of thoughtlessly stepping upon a tiny growing thing, after having had the joy of caring for and nurturing his own garden!

Not only will constructive activities of all kinds cure "destructiveness," but they will be of positive value as well. They will give an outlet to the child's desire to create; through working with materials he will acquire skill, judgment and accuracy, and he will learn concentration. His imagination also will be stimulated. Perhaps hidden talents will be discovered; he will certainly learn habits of industry, and best of all, he will get the peace and joy that come from achievement.

He—"Isn't the view grand from here?"
She—"It ought to be, you're looking my way."

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