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THE KING OF EGYPT SITS UPON A QUAKING THRONE; LIVES IN A PALACE BUT HIS JOB IS HARD

(Chicago News.)

Egypt is a pawn between three men. The first is Lord Lloyd, British high commissioner. The second is the venerable nationalist leader, Zaghlul Pasha, over 70 now but still fighting. The third is the king.

Yes, Egypt has a king. His name is Fuad. Strictly speaking, he is not an Egyptian at all, since he is the youngest son of the Khedive Ismail, the Albanian despot whose misrule forty years ago first brought intervention.

Fuad lives in the royal palace, has his name on coins, visits the British residency in quest of information, performs the titular and ritualistic functions of kingship, and so it is reliably said, employs a royal taster who inspects his food. Egypt is not all that it should be in the way of civilized modernity. Political assassination is common. Fuad almost never shows himself on the streets and perhaps regards his taster as strictly necessary.

A Trembling Throne.

Any king nowadays has a hard job and Fuad is no exception. He has a difficult role to fill. His office was created to bridge a gap between British occupation and Egyptian independence. Any slight move Fuad makes is likely to plunge him into the chasm between the two extremes.

He came to power first in 1917, succeeding his brother Hussein. In those days he was called a "sultan." Egypt then being officially a British protectorate. Hussein as sultan had succeeded Abbas II, the Turkish khedive, who was deposed when Britain took over the country at the beginning of the war.

From 1917 until 1922, when British commissioners and Egyptian officials were busy seeking some sort of satisfactory formula for governing Egypt, Fuad had an uneasy time. As sultan, he held a nominal position. As a ruler, what with Lord Allenby in the country as high commissioner, he had no power whatever.

Fuad Becomes King.

But in 1922, persuaded by Allenby, the British government gave Egypt its theoretical independence. Fuad was raised from sultan to king. He took rank as Fuad I, the first nominally independent potentate Egypt has seen in over a thousand years. Since that time, for almost four years now, he has had his throne in the Atreine palace, an anomalous king in an anomalous position. His picture is on the postage stamps and that is about all.

Fuad has two things to do. According to the Allenby proclamation, the Egyptian government, headed by the king, has charge of internal Egyptian affairs. That is Fuad's first job. But he has not been too successful. As a constitutional monarch, he rules through parliament. And it has happened that his parliaments have been intractable. The nationalists consider him a British puppet. They openly declare him a treacherous tool. Zaghlul and the nationalists detest him even more heartily than they detest the British themselves.

Fuad's first job is thus keeping his own people in line. His second is co-operation with the British officials who remain in the country.

Britain Controls Nile.

For by terms of the agreement

INTENTIONS OF THE MAYOR NOT SO BAD

(Detroit News.)

The Mayor of Lynn, Mass., is a bright guy. Annoyed by the flappers parading the streets in bathing suits, he decreed that any girl so clad should be arrested and photographed for the "Flapper Rogues Gallery" just as she was.

No reports are at hand about the mob of bathing suited flappers clamoring around the jail doors next morning, but to get into a bathing suit rogues gallery is just what the little rogues seem to want. If the Mayor has promised to make and exhibit movies of them he would have had the girls flocking into Lynn from miles around.

The stories would have been raided for bathing suits. Roads would have been clogged with machines laden with self-elected bathing beauties. The girl who parades in a bathing suit wants to be noticed. The more notice the better. And pictures! Oh dear me!

If flappers can vote, this lad is going to be Mayor of Lynn forevermore.

which gave Egypt its independence Britain reserved to herself a good many qualifications. That is, England is to control the Suez canal. She is to protect foreigners. She is to guard against any foreign aggression. She is to superintend Egypt's international relations. And she is jointly to control the Sudan—the great territory to the south whence Egypt gets water.

The Nile is the life blood of Egypt—it has been such for thousands of years. The British guard the Nile.

The Egyptians, especially the nationalists who consider him only a British agent, find Fuad an expensive luxury. His civil list amounts to over \$4,000,000 per year—almost as much as the civil list of the king of England, and about twice as much as the Egyptian parliament was able to grant last year to education.

Most impartial observers in Cairo consider Fuad an intelligent, educated, essentially right-headed man. But they admit he is impotent except over internal affairs. And day by day opposition to him among the Egyptian people themselves grows stronger. Perhaps some day Fuad may be merely a sultan again. Or perhaps merely a man.

SPORTSMEN WAS FOILED BY MOOSE BLINDNESS; COULD NOT SEE GAME AFTER LOCATING IT

Going suddenly blind is a terrible affliction under any circumstances. But, if you are a hunter and are within gunshot of big game at the time, it's tragic, to say the least, writes Adolf Muller in Forest and Stream.

Nevertheless, the prize trophy of my twenty years of hunting North American big game, "the mammoth moose of the White River Country," hangs on my office wall because a strange blindness prevented me from seeing another moose into whose covert my guides and I had walked a few minutes before sighting the big moose.

It was only a partial loss of eyesight, though, for it allowed me vision of everything except the moose. The only classification I can give it was that it was some form of "buck fever," though I thought that I had passed the "buck fever" stage years back and was immune. These were not my first moose, either.

Hunter Peeved.

It was exasperating, I can assure you, when the moose I had seen a moment or so before and which my guide excitedly told me was standing on the same spot, "faded out of the picture," so far as I was concerned. The next minute the moose "faded" in earnest, for the excited guide's voice sent him scurrying.

I was a sore hunter until, a few minutes later, we came upon the biggest moose I ever saw. I didn't go blind this time, and I bagged him. But every time I look up at his immense head, I think of how I went blind and that, if I hadn't gone blind and had taken that shot the blindness deprived me of, the big moose, of whose presence in an adjoining covert I was then unaware, would have fled, and I'd never known he was there.

This happened up in Yukon Territory, in the fall of 1921.

I was on a hunting trip with Dr. J. B. Care, of Norristown, Pa., and when I shot the moose we were on Wolverine Creek, beyond Lake Klunahne, on the old St. Claire Moraine, within fifteen miles of the White River. We were hunting caribou, Rocky Mountain sheep and mountain goats. I recommend this practically virgin territory to big game hunters, for there is some fine sport to be had.

59-Inch Antlers.

Each antler of the big moose is 59 inches in length, from extreme tip to extreme tip. These antlers are of more solid formation than any I have ever seen. The two have a total weight of eighty-five pounds. Each antler measures twenty-two inches at its broadest part.

The moose, notwithstanding the immense weight it carried, held its head high and was in mien a veritable "king of the forest." The animal weighed 1,600 pounds and stood seven feet five inches from tail to hind hoofs. With its antlered head raised in the air, its height, from topmost antler to fore hoof, was twelve feet.

Previous to my getting the big moose, Dr. Care and I had bagged some mountain goat and sheep, but hadn't seen any moose trails.

One morning I started off early with one of the guides, an Indian named Albert Allen, to see if we could find moose trails. If not, we hoped to bag a sheep or two.

We went afoot, deciding we would seek the elevated places, where we could get a good view of the terrain and scan closely for moose signs. Luck was surely with us, for we had gone hardly a half mile from camp when we came upon fresh moose tracks.

Take Up Trail.

"We get moose if we can," said Albert Allen. "We trail him until we can see for dark."

The guide had provided himself and me with moccasins. We carried little else, except a snack of lunch and my gun, a U. S. Springfield .30. The guide was not armed, for it is my hunting rule not to permit the guides to have guns while tracking game with me. So often have they, when armed, grown excited and spoiled the hunter's sport when he did not fire at the moment they thought he should.

The guide examined the moose trail and said there was a bull and several cows. We stripped to our trousers, shirts and moccasins and set off at as rapid a pace as the ground would permit. After proceeding about ten minutes we came upon a trampled circle in the snow, where the moose had foraged for grass.

Here we seemed to have lost the trail for, scan it as we might, we could detect no place where the trail left the circle. We spent ten or fifteen minutes examining the circle and were in a quandary until it occurred to the guide to look outside. Then he dis-

covered that the moose had made a leap of about twenty feet out of the circle into the underbrush and that the trail continued from there.

The only explanation of this strange action that we could arrive at was that the animals had scented us and were thus endeavoring to throw us off the trail.

We kept on the trail for four hours, scrambling over hills and down declivities and through underbrush and woods. This was very hard on me, through being in moccasined feet and unused to it. Finally, we entered a glade of about fifty or a hundred acres in area. It was carpeted with grass about four inches high. At the farther end were two small trees and a larger one. As we entered the glade I saw a big moose standing behind the trees. We came to a quick halt and I brought my gun up to fire, when, most phenomenally, the moose disappeared from my sight. I thought at first that he had fled, for I could not see him, though I could see the trees plainly enough.

The Indian grew excited and exclaimed: "Why you no shoot? Big moose right here." But, for the life of me I couldn't see him.

I have heard of this strange blindness seizing hunters when ready to take aim at game. It is probably a nervous reaction, though at the time I seemed to be in full control of myself and in possession of my other senses—and of my sight, too, except as for seeing the moose. I could distinguish every detail of the landscape, but no moose.

The guide got more and more excited when I still refrained from firing. "Why you no shoot?" he hissed. "You no can see moose?" he added, sensing my predicament. "Heem right by tree. You no can miss heem." "No," I said, "I do not see him, and I won't shoot until I do." I took the guide's word that the moose was there, but I was determined I wouldn't shoot until I could see him, even if he got away.

Then, for an instant, I caught the flicker of his antlers—but, alas, he was gone again in a flash. He had really gone this time; the guide assured me of that. A moose has the faculty of disappearing faster than a hummingbird in a blackberry bush, and, take it from a naturalist, that is fast.

"Let's follow him," I said to the guide, in my excitement. "No use," replied the Indian. "That moose gone thirty miles before he stop."

"Well," I replied, "Let's go over the hill there, in the direction the moose went. There's a lake I want to see." On the other side of the glade rose another hill.

We started off and were clambering up the hill when the Indian held up his hand for me, who was following, to halt. He pointed, and at a distance stood the biggest moose I ever dreamed of seeing.

Lured to Doom.

The moose wasn't in a good position for a shot, and the Indian, anxious that he shouldn't get away, began to call him. The big fellow looked up and came a little way toward us. I took aim, and, when he was in a good position, I fired, the bullet taking effect behind the right shoulder. He shook his huge antlered head, but he didn't stumble or fall.

I tried to fire again, but the next four shells would not explode. The Indian, disgusted, said: "That moose gone. We got bad luck."

But the next shell went off, and the bullet hit the animal in the stomach and penetrated his heart, as we found afterward. The creature was not down yet, and he went about thirty yards before he came down.

When we came up to him, the Indian danced for joy. "Him the big moose of White River country," he shouted. "Boss lucky to shoot big moose."

"We hastened back to camp, much more slowly, however, than we had traveled along the moose trail, for I was almost exhausted. Going through the woods at the pace we had been making, and in moccasins, and the reaction from the exciting moments we had just passed through, had their effect upon me.

Make Camp.

We finally made camp and told about our moose. We decided to go for the carcass the next day, but that night our horses broke away. The hunt for the horses took some time, but they were finally brought back and our horse wrangle mounted one and, leading another, went out for my moose. On returning, he told of having come across a moose trail.

"That must be the one that got away from me when I lost my eyesight," I said. Dr. Care was going out



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with a guide, and I said to him: "To-day is your lucky day. You are going to get that moose I lost yesterday."

Sure enough, following the tracks, he came upon a moose which answered the description of the one I had lost through inability to see him. The animal, strange to say, had come back into the territory where he had seen him the day before. Dr. Care was able to bag him, and, although he was not as large as mine, nor had he the antlers, he was a fine specimen.

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HOW do you spell "financially?" asked a college student of his roommate.

"F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y," said the room-mate, spelling out the word slowly. As an afterthought, he added: "And 'embarrassed' has two r's and two s's."

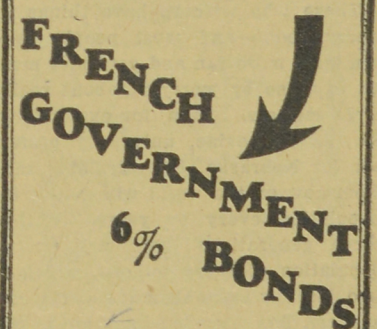
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