Particular People

choose

"SALADA"

TEA H515

The most delicious blend procurable.

Woman's Sphere

ON "THE CUP THAT CHEERS."

There is black tea and green tea—do you know why? The black leaves have been fermented and are milder, the tannin is changed and made less soluble, so you get less of the bitter principal in your beverage; and then the leaves must be carefully fired or exposed to the sun, to check the fermentation, and the heat must be just right, so as to remove the moisture but not drive off the volatile oils.

All along the line, from the hand picking by women and children, the curing, the shipping and the blending, your tea calls for delicacy, care and judgment. That is the reason it is such a culinary crime to abuse it when it is handed over to you for the final making and serving.

The Raw Material—The little green leaves of the first harvest are the finest, picked in April in China and Japan they spell delicacy; successive pickings give somewhat lower quality. In Ceylon, where many of your best known brands originate, tea-picking goes on the year round at ten-day intervals. The tea from different "gardens," as tea plantations are picturesquely called, varies in character, so you see that you must trust your tea merchant for the careful blending of the final product. Adventure till you find what suits your taste and stick to it. The blending of teas calls for experts along the line, and "tea tasters" must have all the skill, and more, of the connoisseur of fine vintages, to produce a product of even quality and the same characteristics from the varying teas received.

"Orange pekoe" is a general quality designation, not a kind of tea, and alone is not enough to designate the sort of tea you may like best. Flowery pekoe, orange pekoe, and just pekoe, mean the three smallest leaves from the top of the plant, size and quality varying in the order named. But teas also vary according to climate, the time of picking, the curing, and with the altitude at which they are grown. Like humans, the plants that grow on the heights have the best character!

The Finished Beverage—In the making there are just three essentials, very simple ones and easy to attain, and too often they are all neglected. First have freshly boiled water, a jumping boil; watch the tea-kettle as a cat watches a mouse hole and when it "surges wildly" as the Orientals say, jump for it!

Second, use an earthenware, porcelain or china pot—not metal, and preheat it by rinsing in hot water.

Third, pour on the water (one cup to each teaspoon of tea let it steep not less than three nor more than five minutes. Tea that steeps too long or boils (horrible thought!) is a tannin stew of bitterness and unwholesomeness that one dislikes to contemplate. Its fragrance is gone, its delicacy has fled, and the whole party is completely spoiled, for either health or pleasure.

KEEPING BABY WARM.

In severe weather every mother knows that it is extremely difficult to keep the baby's hands from pushing down the covers and getting almost blue with the cold. We can put stockings on his feet or let him wear the little sleepers with feet in them and thus protect his lower limbs, but those lively pink fingers are a problem. A very simple solution for this is to take his old white cotton stockings, which he will not wear in cold weather and which would very likely be too small for him next summer, cut out the feet and stitch across firmly on the machine. These make nice elastic mittens that can be pulled up over his hands and pinned to his sleeves in such a way that he cannot pull them off. Then mother will not shiver and refer to his fingers as icicles when morning comes.

Where a house is not heated by a furnace it is often a good idea to have the baby wear a little nightcap, as his little bald head is apt to get very cold and there is sometimes danger of ear troubles on this account. A very young baby is more comfortable in a basket than in any crib with open bars, for the reason that no drafts can get in from the sides as is the case with the cribs. A clothes basket is the most convenient kind of basket to use if the baby's outfit does not include a regular bassinet.

APPLE LOLLIPOPS.

When children tire of the customary and wholesome apple which forms a part of the noontime lunch, give them a delightful surprise by putting in a candy-coated one.

Make a syrup of one pound of granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar and two cupfuls of water. Boil this till it spins a thread, but do not stir or it will get sugary. Add a little red cake coloring if you have it on hand. Insert thin sticks about four inches long in the stem ends of bright red apples. Next dip the apples into the hot syrup, holding them by the sticks; then set them on waxed paper to cool. You have transformed common apples into lollipops, which will make an instant appeal to the imagination and palate.

If yellow apples are used drop a bit of butter color into the syrup and pretty golden glazed apples will be the result.

TRY A LEMON.

An astringent that I have found entirely satisfactory is leman juice. It also has a slightly whitening effect. Cut a lemon in half and rub the cut end over the face, massaging gently with an upward motion for the special benefit of sagging muscles. An application a week is really enough for the average skin, as it causes a general tightening of the tissues, and using oftener than this might be unpleasant. —J. W.

A SERVICEABLE HOUSE DRESS

4554. Here is a good style for the slender or stout figure. A good model for a maid's or nurses's uniform, and one that is suitable for any of the materials now in vogue for morning dresses.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 7⅜ yards of 27 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver by the Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

Merely Prevention.

Willie was under orders never to go in swimming. And mother meant to see that he obeyed. So one day she became suspicious.

"Willie, your clothes are wet," she said. "You have been in the water again."

"Yes, mother; I went in to save Charlie Jones."

"My noble darling! Did you jump in after him?"

"No, mother. I jumped in first so as to be there when he fell in."

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GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

Then out of the mist there came a voice.

It was a woman's voice, high, penetrating, and sweet, but it spoke in no tongue I knew. Only Sandy understood. He made a sudden movement as if to defend himself against a blow.

The speaker came into clear sight on the glacis a yard or two away. Mine was the first face she saw.

"I come to offer terms," she said in English. "Will you permit me to enter?"

I could do nothing except take off my cap and say, "Yes, ma'am." Blenkiron, snuggled up against the parapet, was cursing furiously below his breath.

She climbed up the *kranz* and stepped over the edge as lightly as a deer. Her clothes were strange—spurred boots and breeches over which fell a short green kirtle. A little cap skewered with a jewelled pin was on her head, and a cape of some coarse country cloth hung from hr shoulders. She had rough gauntlets on her hands and she carried for weapon a riding-whip. The fog-crystals clung to her hair, I remember, and a silvery film of fog lay on her garments.

I had never before thought of her as beautiful. Strange, uncanny, wonderful, if you like, but the word beauty had too kindly and human a sound for such a face. But as she stood with heightened colour, her eyes like stars, her poise like a wild bird's, I had to confess that she had her own loveliness. She might be a devil, but she was also a queen. I considered that there might be merits in the prospect of riding by her side into Jerusalem.

Sandy stood rigid, his face very grave and set. She held out both hands to him, speaking softly in Turkish. I noticed that the six Companions had disappeared from the *castrol* and were somewhere out of sight on the farther side.

I do not know what she said, but from her tone, and above all from her eyes, I judged that she was pleading—pleading for his return, for his partnership in her great adventure; pleading, for all I knew, for his love.

His expression was like a death-mask, his brows drawn tight in a little frown and his jaw rigid.

"Madam," he said, "I ask you to tell your business quick and to tell it in English. My friends must hear it as well as me."

"Your friends!" she cried. "What has a prince to do with these hirelings? Your slaves, perhaps, but not your friends."

"My friends," Sandy repeated grimly. "You must know, Madam, that I am a British officer."

That was beyond doubt a clean staggering stroke. What she had thought of his origin God knows, but she had never dreamed of this. Her eyes grew larger and more lustrous, her lips parted as if to speak, but her voice failed her. Then by an effort she recovered herself, and out of that strange face went all the glow of youth and ardour. It was again the unholy mask I had first known.

"And these others?" she asked in a level voice.

"One is a brother officer of my regiment. The other is an American friend. But all three of us are on the same errand. We came east to dstroy Greenmantle and your devilish ambitions. You have yourself destroyed your prophets, and now it is your turn to fail and disappear. Make no mistake, Madam; that folly is over. I will tear this sacred garment into a thousand pieces and scatter them on the wind. The people wait to-day for the revelation, but none will come. You may kill us if you can, but we have at least crushed a lie and done service to our country."

I would not have taken my eyes from her face for a king's ransom. I have written that she was a queen, and of that there is no manner of doubt. She had the soul of a conqueror, for not a flicker of weakness or disappointment marred her air. Only pride and the stateliest resolution looked out of her eyes.

"I said I came to offer terms. I will still offer them, though they are other than I thought. For the fat American, I will send him home safely to his own country. I do not make war on such as he. He is Germany's foe, not mine. You," she said, turning fiercely on me, "I will hang before dusk.'"

Never in my life had I been so pleased. I had got my revenge at last. This woman had singled me out above the others as the object of her wrath, and I almost loved her for it.

She turned to Sandy, and the fierceness went out of her face.

"You seek truth," she said. "So also do I, and if we use a lie it is only to break down a greater. You are of my household in spirit, and you alone of all men I have seen are fit to ride with me on my mission. Germany may fail, but I shall not fail. I offer you the greatest career that mortal has known. I offer you a task which will need every atom of brain and sinew and courage. Will you refuse that destiny?"

I do not know what effect this vapouring might have had in hot scented rooms, or in the langour of some rich garden; but on that cold hill-top it was as unsubstantial as the mist around us. It sounded not even impressive, only crazy.

"I stay with my friends," said Sandy.

"Then I will offer more. I will save your friends. They, too, shall share in my triumph."

This was too much for Blenkiron. He scrambled to his feet to speak the protest that had been wrung from his soul, forgot his game leg, and rolled back on the ground with a groan.

Then she seemed to make a last appeal. She spoke in Turkish now, and I do not know what she said, but I judged it was the plea of a woman to her lover. Once more she was the proud beauty, but there was a tremor in her pride—I had almost written tenderness. To listen to her was like horrid treachery, like eavesdropping on something pitiful. I know my cheeks grew scarlet and Blenkiron turned away his head.

Sandy's face did not move. He spoke in English.

"You can offer me nothing that I desire," he said. I am the servant of my country, and her enemies are mine. I can have neither part nor lot with you. That is my answer, Madam vou Einem."

Then her steely rstraint broke. It was like a dam giving before a pent-up mass of icy water. She tore off one of her gauntlets and hurled it in his face. Implacable hate looked out of her eyes.

"I have done with you," she cried. "You have scorned me, but you have dug your own grave."

She leaped on the parapet and the next second was on the glacis. Once more the mist had fled, and across the hollow I saw a field-gun in place and men around it who were not Turkish. She wavd her hand to them, and hastened down the hillside.

But at that moment I heard the whistle of a long-range Russian shell. Among the boulders there was the dull shock of an explosion and a mushroom of red earth. It all passed in an instant of time: I saw the gunners on the road point their hands and I heard them cry; I heard too a kind of sob from Blenkiron—all this before I realised myself what had happened. The next thing I saw was Sandy, already beyond the glacis, leaping with great bounds down the hill. They were shooting at him, but he heeded them not. For the space of a minute he was out of sight, and his whereabouts was shown only by the patter of bullets.

Then he came back—walking quite slowly up the last slope, and he was carrying something in his arms. The enemy fired no more; they realised what had happened.

He laid his burden down gently in a corner of the *castrol*. The cap had fallen off, and the hair was breaking loose. The face was very white, but there was no wound or bruise on it.

"She was killed at once," I heard him saying, "Her back was broken by a shell-fragment. Dick, we must bury her here. . . . You see, she . . . she liked me. I can make her no return but this."

We set the Companions to guard, and with infinite slowness, using our hands and our knives, we made a shallow grave below the eastern parapet. When it was done we covered her face with the linen cloak which Sandy had worn that morning. He lifted the body and laid it reverently in its place.

"I did not know that anything could be so light," he said.

It wasn't for me to look on at that kind of scene. I went to the parapet with Blenkiron's field-glasses and had a stare at our friends on the road. There was no Turk there, and I guessed why, for it would not be easy to use the men of Islam against the wearer of the green ephod. The enemy were German or Austrian, and they had a field-gun. They seemed to have got it laid on our fort; but they were waiting. As I looked I saw behind them a massive figure I seemed to recognize. Stumm had come to see the destruction of his enemies.

To the east I saw another gun in the fields just below the main road. They had got us on both sides, and there was no way of escape. Hilda von Einem was to have a noble pyre and goodly company for the dark journey.

Dusk was falling now, a clear bright dusk where the stars pricked through a sheen of amethyst. The artillery were busy all around the horizon, and towards the pass on the other road, where Fort Palantuken stood, there was the dust and smoke of a furious bombardment. It seemed to me, too, that the guns on the other fronts had come nearer. Deve Boyun was hidden by a spur of hill, but up in the north white clouds, like the streamers of evening, were hanging over the Euphrates glen. The whole firmament hummed and twanged like a taut string that has been struck. . . .

As I looked, the gun to the west fired—the gun where Stumm was. The shell drpped ten yards to our right.

A second later another fell behind us.

Blenkiron had dragged himself to the parapet. I don't suppose he had ever been shelled before, but his face showed curiosity rather than fear.

"Pretty poor shooting, I reckon," he said.

"On the contrary," I said, "they know their business. They're bracketing. . . ."

(To be Continued.)

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So tiny seemed the little house,
Scarce room for bed and board;
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In heaping measure poured.
But now too large the little house,
For one has gone away,
And through the high and empty rooms
The joyless echoes stray.
Still ever round the little house
The sweetest memories cling
Of laughing face and dancing feet,
That made our hearts to sing.
Oh, Father, keep the little house;
Bring balm and tender care;
May smiles again of happiness
In Thy good time be there.

—E. Lillian Morley.

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Under the Moscow Government marriage in Siberia is only a matter of taking out a license to wed; divorce is equally easy.

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Next Best Thing.

"Can you speak French?" asked the manager.

The applicant for a job seemed nonplussed. Then she brightened up.

"Not exactly," she explained, "but I'm engagd to a young man who's a French polisher."

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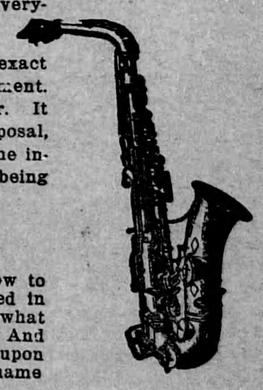

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