FACTS ABOUT TEA SERIES—No. 5

What 'Orange Pekoe' Means

Many buyers of tea have come to ask for 'Orange Pekoe' believing that it signifies fine quality. This is not, however, necessarily the case. In the trade 'Orange Pekoe' is only a name given to the first leaf below the bud or tip on any Indian or Ceylon tea bush. An 'Orange Pekoe' leaf grown at a high elevation usually possesses a very fine flavour. If, however, the plant is grown at a low elevation, it may still be 'Orange Pekoe' but also be of very poor quality. The consumer's only safeguard is to buy a tea of recognized goodness. High grown 'Orange Pekoes' comprise a large part of every blend of "SALADA" and give to "SALADA" its unequalled flavour.

"SALADA"

They Were Most Properly Ashamed

A STORY FOR THOUGHTFUL PARENTS.

BY WARREN KIMSEY.

PART I.

A diary found in a private desk revealed the loneliness and innermost thoughts of Old Man Townsend. He had been a quiet man, attending strictly to his own affairs; a lonely man without relatives. He wished to be friendly but lacked the knack of making friends. Because of his wealth and timidity people had misunderstood him. Many had called him a miser. Almost everybody had left him alone. In spite of this neglect, the rich old man had risen to the supreme height of unselfishness. He had given his wealth in an effort to stamp out that which had brought him the greatest sorrow.

His will provided that a handsome gold medal and five hundred dollars should be awarded annually to the person living in Meadville who performed the most truly unselfish service during the year. All of his wealth had gone to maintain this fund.

Three years passed. Three worthy persons, according to the committee, had been awarded the medal and cash prize. The appropriation long since had been dignified by a name in keeping with the object of the fund. "The Townsend Foundation" was a household word over the state. Because of this favorable publicity, the obscure town of Meadville had sprung into sudden prominence and the annual presentation of the Townsend Foundation medal and prize had become the great event of the year. Even the children cast eyes of hope toward the golden prize.

Tommy Feaster, according to his mother's opinion, never could qualify. He certainly "kept her guessing" but she felt quite certain of this one thing.

"Thank goodness, Tommy, for one thing! You're not twins nor triplets. I was going to use that water to wash my hair and for a number of other things. Now look at it!"

Tommy's gaze was not toward the rain-water barrel. Instead he eyed anxiously two saucer-like mud turtles poking cautiously away in the direction of the back fence. How was he going to stop the progress of the turtles and not arouse the subsiding anger of his mother. If he made a dash for them, she would call him back instantly and without doubt make him stay in the house for an hour or more. Then the turtles would be hopelessly gone. If he kept still, he might yet save them. It was a difficult situation for a boy of twelve.

"What you can see in those turtles is more than I can understand. Now, Tommy, this is final! Don't you ever dare put anything in the rain-water barrel! Another prank like this and if your father doesn't take a hand, I shall."

Tommy's heart beat joyfully. He did not hear his mother's last words, but the tone of her voice told him the interview was over.

Mrs. Feaster walked slowly toward the house. The instant the screen door banged, he bolted, ran across the back yard and a few seconds later, was combing about in the hot and dusty weed patch in an effort to locate the turtles.

Mrs. Feaster knew Tommy would put no more turtles in the rain barrel. She also knew from past experiences that he would continue to put his objectionable treasures some place about the house. Hadn't she found dried-up grasshoppers in the pockets of trousers that had been laid away for a time? Weren't there butterflies in the empty fruit jars every year when the canning season came on? Hadn't she been scared half to death by big black spiders that escaped from hidden bottles? She recalled that even when a toddling baby, Tommy would go about the yard poking at the tiny ant hills, trying to catch the gorgeous butterflies among the flowers and watching with enraptured gaze the birds that came and went. Recalling these pictures, her heart would soften. Then would come an episode like the turtles in the rain barrel and her patience would be tried to the breaking point.

"John, I actually believe you encourage the boy to act like a savage!" Mrs. Feaster said to her husband. "Just what does he admire about mud turtles?"

"Well, Margaret, I admit my inability to figure out the workings of Tommy's mind. There are a few things that I believe worth mentioning in this connection. He never has given us much trouble like other boys. He seems never to lack for a playmate. He is perfectly satisfied to go off by himself and chase butterflies or hunt birds' nests. I believe we should encourage these qualities."

"Yes, I know, John, but what is to be the outcome? Are we raising a lion tamer or a long-haired butterfly-chasing professor?"

"We might do worse. I have noticed that Tommy doesn't hang around on the streets like some other boys I could name. Our little savage may make us quite proud of him some day. I would rather see him develop into a good lion tamer than a loafer."

Some traits of importance were true of Tommy. He was really industrious. He was obedient to his parents in all things save in not bringing his objectionable pets and collections to the house. It seemed impossible for Tommy to carry out his mother's wishes in this respect.

Early one spring he captured an unusually large toad that made a special appeal to him because of its enormous size. The next question was, where to keep it? After some thought he tied it up under the front porch.

This arrangement was quite distasteful to the toad which hopped and lunged about in a vain effort to break away. In the meantime the creature did not suffer for food. He brought it a very choice assortment of bugs and moths and insects of all kinds were placed at its disposal and then —like many another person who has attempted to carry a vast array of details in his head, Tommy forgot the prisoner until several months later he chased a ball under the porch. A white string attracted his attention and he pulled into view a perfectly dried-up and thoroughly dead toad. The situation unfolded itself to the lad—because of his neglect, the toad had starved to death!

Tommy carried the remains to a secluded spot and cried. No mourner ever wept more sincerely. When the flow of tears stopped he was confronted with a big question. How could he atone for his carelessness? An idea came to Tommy. He gathered a few of his closest and choicest friends together for a funeral.

"We are now assembled together to preach the funeral of a toad," Tommy informed the audience and then he told the story of the unfortunate animal, not sparing himself for the part he had played. His concluding remarks are worth recording. The boys and girls listened with thoughtful, serious faces.

"You see, I didn't want to hurt him. I just wanted to find out how many different kinds of bugs he would eat. Some folks say toads make warts on our hands. That ain't so. And some say they're ugly. Well, that ain't nothing. Lots of folks are ugly, too, and lots of them don't do as much good as toads. Anyway, toads are all right. Don't you ever step on them or throw rocks at them. And don't you girls scream at them. They won't hurt you."

The youthful champion of toads made a deep impression upon his listeners. This was due largely to the fact that during the discourse the dried remains lay in full view of the audience. A suitable small box had been provided for a coffin. With the grave rounded up, Tommy produced a marker made from a white pine board. With the marker in place an inscription was visible, the printed letters rather crooked but well done on the whole! "He Died for a Noble Cause."

Most of Tommy's nature study was carried on alone for who would lie for an hour of more behind an old rail fence just to watch a mother bird to her nest? Who would dig worms on a hot day and then climb a tree to a robin's nest to stuff the hungry fledglings with worms until they could no longer be coaxed to open their greedy yellow throats? And then climb down and watch the queer actions of the parent birds when they came home with worms their babies refused? Tommy knew all about this and many other things.

He knew that when one sat down upon a bumblebee, the stinger made a sore spot that swelled to large proportions. A pin did nothing of the kind. A bumblebee stinger was much smaller than a needle—Tommy had examined one when the bee was dead. He wondered why the stinger seemed to be red hot. At least, that was the way it felt to him whenever a bee made a successful contact. He had heard the stingers were poisonous. How poisonous were they? He wanted to know!

Such curiosity as this led Tommy into one of the most trying situations of his career. Much thought upon a certain subject had developed a theory in his mind. He set out to test his theory.

Carrying a large-mouthed pickle bottle, he set out for a pond a mile from town. He met some boys on the way. Concealing the bottle under his coat he went on about his business. It was to be a lone job for no one in his sphere could be made to understand.

At the pond Tommy slipped about through the long grass trying to catch a spotted leaping frog. Again and again he failed. The frogs sat low in the grass, well protected. In most cases one long flying leap would carry the frog from a sitting start into the water. In some instances a frog sitting far back would need two flying leaps before he reached the water. Each frog as he leaped would give a tantailzing "cherk!" Tommy, however, was not to be outdone. He changed his method of stalking. Instead of approaching from the rear he got down close to the water and worked back up through the grass.

The first two frogs aroused by the new system had narrow escapes. The third fellow was not so fortunate. A long leap from the grass brought him squarely against Tommy's chest. Tommy made a quick grab but the frog was quicker. Without time to calculate direction, the frog made a wild leap and was carried away from the pond. Tommy sprang like a cat and caught the frog on the second jump. Shortly afterwards with the frog in the pickle bottle, the young man of science trudged back home.

He was ready for the other factor of his experiment. This proved to be more difficult. With another bottle he worked patiently among the flowering bushes in the yard. He was nearly successful dozens of time. It was a delicate task, that of trying to drive a bumblebee from a flower into a bottle. It required no small amount of patience and ingenuity because a bumbebee extracting honey from a flower was in no frame of mind to be bothered. Tommy worked upon quite a number of bees. Most of them, too wise to get caught, tired of the play and flew off to quieter spots.

But it was only a question of patience with Tommy. He had set out to catch a live, healthy bumblebee and catch it he would. A loud, angry buzzing in the bottle ended the quest. A bee was captured.

Ordinarily Tommy would have retired to a secluded spot for such an important experiment as he now had in mind. Eagerness, however, to make the test caused him to overlook his usual caution. All was quiet about the house. Tommy knew his mother should be taking her afternoon nap. He saw no good reason why he should wait longer.

(To be concluded.)

Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair.

A farming implement has been invented to strip rice from the stalks while standing, so that the straw can be harvested separately.

The Argentine Government has started to put up the most southerly wireless station in the world. It is in the South Orkney Islands.

The wife of a Southern archdeacon sent his vestments to be washed. The next morning she answered the telephone. "Miss Mary, do de archangel want his shroud starched?"

PANTY FROCK FOR THE TINY TOT.

There are many ways to trim this little slip-on party frock, and in many of the figured materials no trimming at all is necessary. The panel front and back are joined on shoulders, the kimono sleeves cut in one with side-front and side-back sections. Narrow belts, which hold in the fullness at sides, may be omitted. This little frock, with either round or square neck, is slashed down at centre-front and tied with a ribbon bow, or it may be caught together with hooks and eyes. The frock pictured here is made of blue and white percale, the only trimming being white linen bindings; the belts at sides are also of white linen. Chambray, gingham and soft woollen fabrics are practical materials for making it. For dressy wear, taffeta, printed silks or wash silks are very striking. Child's panty dress, No. 1015, cut in sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards material 36 or 40 inches wide.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

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—says Mrs. Experience who has long ago made her choice in soap

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"I wash the linoleum and paint-work with Sunlight, too, because it's less work the Sunlight way.

"After all, you can't beat a pure, honest soap for economical cleaning, so give me Sunlight — and nothing else — every time. I always use it for the dishes because Sunlight is so easy on the hands. It is made by the largest soap-makers in the world, Lever Brothers Limited."

S-59

Sunlight Soap

On the Loneliest Isle.

"We were two years without news," says the Rev. Martyn Rogers, a missionary, who has just returned to England with his wife and son from Tristan da Cunha, referring to his experiences on the loneliest island in the Empire. "Our baby was born there three years ago, soon after we arrived.

"There are 140 inhabitants, who are all related. There are only five different names on the island. Women predominate, owing to the fact that twenty-five years ago seventeen men put off on a sailing ship for food and were drowned. The people are half-colored, they speak English, and are very patriotic. They asked us to name our baby Edward, which we did, in honor of the Prince of Wales.

"The inhabitants rarely see meat and they live by barter among themselves. All marriages were performed by one of the men."

Some Pincher, Too.

Lobster Cop—"Hey, move on now if you don't want to get pinched!"

Cherries were first brought to Europe from Kerasunt, on the Black Sea, by Lucullus about 70 B.C.

A Sedentary Pursuit.

"I'm surprised you should say such a healthy looking girl is much given to a sedentary pursuit."

"She's been trying all winter to learn how to skate."

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Paris and London wireless concerts have been heard clearly at Sarafand, twelve miles north of ancient Tyre. Sarafand is really Zarephath, or Zarepta, where Elijah's widow lived.

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"Costs little - helps much"

WRIGLEY'S

ISSUE No. 19—'25.

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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