FACTS ABOUT TEA SERIES—No. 7

The Advent of Tea to England

Tea was not used to any extent in England till about the middle of the seventeenth century, although knowledge of the wonderful qualities of the beverage had reached Europe as early as 1517. During the seventeenth century, all tea was imported from China and cost from $25.00 to $50.00 per pound. Not until 1836 did any tea reach England from India. In that year the first shipment was made from the now famous tea growing district of Assam. India today supplies fully half the world's tea requirements and provides some of the finest teas grown. The rich body of "SALADA" is due to the select India teas used in the blend.

"SALADA"

The Backsliding of Barbara

It Brought Happiness and Awoke Love in Four Lives.

BY COURTENAY SAVAGE.

PART I.

It was twenty minutes before eight and a June morning. A bluebird flashed his wings as though he challenged June's blossoms to be more beautiful than he.

Barbara Midgely was standing in the doorway drinking deep of all this beauty. She was rather a good-looking young woman but too severely groomed to allow such beauty as she possessed to assert itself. Her light brown hair was plastered back from her forehead and pinned in a hard knot. Her plain dress of dark blue linen was buttoned high about her throat and had long sleeves cuffed with white at the wrists. Her eyes, however, danced with the love of life. When people first looked at Barbara they wondered why a young woman should make herself so unattractive. Then they would learn that Barbara's whole life was lived according to the dictations of Miss Hattie Midgely, Barbara's aunt.

Aunt Hattie, tall, slender and sharp featured, was the younger sister of Barbara's father. She had never known but one love and that was money. She was a stern woman who talked a great deal about Christian duty and that duty was working and saving and, under the head of saving came the banishment of all luxury and almost all the comforts of ilfe.

"Well!" Aunt Hattie called when she saw Barbara standing idle in the doorway. "Ain't you goin' to work?"

"There's lots of time."

"That ain't any excuse for wastin' it. Get to the store a little early for once."

Barbara was thinking how wonderful it would be if she dared put a bunch of those roses in her belt. How she wished that she did not have to be indoors on such a day! She had often felt that way in the spring and sometimes in the fall of the years when the hills were flaming with color but now it seemed as if she must run away into the heart of the summer day.

"Well! Ain't you goin'?"

"Yes, ma'am. Good-bye."

"Good-bye." Aunt Hattie seemed relieved as Barbara started down the steps. "Be good now. Do your work—and no backsliding."

Barbara did not answer. She had heard Aunt Hattie say those same words so man times.

Do your work! Barbara already had done almost a day's work and it was not yet eight. She had risen at five-thirty and finished a batch of bread, fed the chickens, strained the milk, prepared breakfast, washed the dishes and had then dressed to go down to Joe Baxter's store and "clerk" until six that night. Then she would come home and help with the work about the place until it was time to go to bed.

Yes, Barbara did her work. She had been following that exact routine since sixteen and now she was nearly twenty-six. She had never complained. It had been a case of duty to be done. In winter she had plowed through the snow drifts, in summer through pelting rains or dust or heat. On Wednesday nights the store was open until eight, on Saturdays until ten.

There had been no "backsliding" as Aunt Hattie termed any break from rigid attention to duty—that is, not until this morning for while she had dreamed of rushing away from the narrow sordidness of the life she led, until this very morning Barbara had never allowed those dream to take practical form.

Revolt! That was it. Last night as she had hurried home before the storm she had felt that she must soon have a day to herself, a day in which to follow the brooks that hurried across the meadow, a day in which she might tramp towards the hills that lay between Wallonboro, her home town, and the next village which was Camdentown, the county town.

When she reached the point where the lane met the turnpike, Barbara stopped. Which should it be? To the right lay Wallonboro, it's church steeples showing above the tree-tops; the prosaic little town where women came and asked for samples of gingham, a card of buttons or perhaps bought a few yards of dress materials. To the left lay—what? Beauty! That was it—beauty. She was starved for it, just as other women starved for it. All the soul of her was crying for it.

She looked back towards the squat stone house that Aunt Hattie had inherited from her parents. It was ugly. Her life was ugly. And yet there were God's beautiful hills! She ground her heel into the dust and a sudden determination filled her. When she started to walk she went towards the left!

For an hour Barbara walked with a sense of determination. She was deliberately running away from duty. She hardly saw the houses that she passed, hardly noted the lumbering farm wagons and the automobiles.

Presently she knew that she had walked three miles for she was passing the Higgon's place. Just ahead of her the road started up over Culver's Hill, and there, she knew, she would come to the pine woods that in mid-summer were used as a picnic ground. She kept on until she reached the woods then she turned off from the road and dropped at the foot of a great tree.

Sense of time and place were not. She sat there listening to the chatter of the red squirrels and the bird calls. Presently, however, impelled by thirst, she rose and looked around. Back of her she heard the noise of a brook. She knelt close to a miniature waterfall and drank from her hands. Then she knelt there looking at her reflection.

Barbara poised there, deep in thought. Then she swirled her hair to a soft knot on the top of her head, letting it fall across her temples and over her ears. She unfastened the collar of her dress and turned it back, disclosing the full white throat that had never before been bared in public.

The young woman drew a long breath when she saw her reflection. All the grimness was gone and in its place was a soft beauty. She rolled back the cuffs of her dress until they reached her elbow. Her arm was plump and pretty.

Thus transformed Barbara felt that she must let the world look upon her new-found loveliness. She picked up the straight-brimmed hat she had been wearing but did not put it on. She was afraid to spoil the effect of her hair.

Barbara went back to the turnpike and on over Culver's Hill. She walked slowly. Once a farmer on an empty hayrack offered her a lift and a woman driving a car drew up and asked if she wanted a ride. Barbara refused both offers. The spirit of adventure was strong within her.

She kept on, crossed over the Hill and was traveling through the rich country known as the Camdentown Valley. She saw fine farms, noted the prosperous houses and outbuildings and a longing began to creep over her. She wanted to talk with someone. She realized that the sun was hot and that she was thirsty.

The girl was now approaching a house that was most inviting. When she was quite close she saw that the house was new, a long low building, painted white, with green blinds. It was of Colonial design and the brass knocker on the door seemed to invite her. It was really a beautiful house as were the grounds; a well-kept lawn with flower beds, gravel walk and driveway and a hedge of flowering shrubs. Beyond the house Barbara saw rows of fruit trees, orderly and well cared for and she decided that the place must be a prosperous fruit farm.

She hesitated at the entrance of the driveway, wondering if it were just the place for her to ask for a drink of water. To Barbara the house seemed to speak of such grandeur that it seemed possible they might refuse. Still, she was thirsty. It would be an added incident to her adventure to enter the grounds.

As she started up the drive an Airdale puppy came from the shadow of one of the shrubs that dotted the lawn. He pricked up his ears, cocked his head to one side and viewed her with grave interest. Then he decided to be cordial. He started forward with a shrill bark, wiggling from the tip of his nose to the end of his stubby tail. Babara bent down to pat him and he snuggled his wet nose into the palm of her hand. It was as if they were cementing a life-long friendship.

Escorted by the puppy, Barbara made her way towards the back door. Timidly she crossed the low-roofed stoop and knocked. She waited. A full minute passed and there was no answer. She knocked again and then a third time. Wondering at the lack of sound from the house, Barbara went towards one of the kitchen windows and peered in. She started back with a little cry of amazement!

Barbara had never seen a room quite as disorderly as the one she had looked into. The sink was piled with dishes and saucepans, the kitchen table was covered with similar articles while the stove, rusted and covered with grease, boasted a couple of unwashed frying pans and a kettle. There was a pile of dirty tea towels on one chair, a heap of clothing on another and the floor covering cried for a soapy mop and a pail of hot water.

Barbara stood awed and excited. Something was wrong, terribly wrong. This house was far too lovely to possess such a kitchen. The folks that laid out the garden were not the type that left unwashed pots and pans in the kitchen sink.

She saw the puppy stretched out on the grass and beside the puppy, also stretched out in the shade, was a small boy of four or five!

At her first glance Barbara thought the child was dead. In terror she ran forward but as she drew closer she realized that the boy was sleeping. He was a good looking youngster with a mop of dark hair and long dark eyelashes that swept his cheeks. His face and hands were dirty; so were the well-made garments that he wore, but the grubby uncleanliness was of recent acquisition. Earlier in the day this handsome boy had been washed and dressed wtih care.

Barbara dropped to her knees beside the child and the puppy, thinking it a signal for play, jumped to his feet with a shrill yap.

The boy stirred and stretched. Then, slowly, he opened his eyes. For a minute he regarded Barbara with the same intent expression that the puppy had used. Then he smiled.

Barbara sat down on the grass. "Hello! Been asleep?"

"Yes, who are you?"

"Oh, I'm just a lady taking a walk. My name's Barbara; what's yours?"

"Richard; it's John Richard Howell. Daddy doesn't want people to call me Dick." He spoke with a deliberate choice of words that told of his training, carefully studying Barbara as he talked. "Are you going to live here with us?"

"Oh, no, I just came to ask if I might have a drink of water. There wasn't anybody home when I knocked."

"Maybe sister's in the barn. She can climb up and sleep in the hay but daddy says I musn't. She's bigger than me." He jumped to his feet and uttered a yell. Barbara had never heard such a sound before and it startled her.

"She'll come! That's our signal," the boy announced calmly.

Come she did, racing madly, a long-legged girl of seven or eight with bobbed hair flying, brown eyes bright with excitement at the sight of a stranger.

"How do you do?" she dropped a curtsey when she was close.

"How do you do?" Barbara rose to her feet at this formality. "I was passing and wondered if I might have a drink of water. I knocked but no one answered the door. Perhaps your mother's upstairs."

"Mother's gone to heaven,' the boy observed quickly and with great cheer.

"She died," the girl supplemented, as further explanation.

"And Mrs. Nelson went away. She said the country made her crazy." This from the boy.

Barbara nodded. She did not know the part that Mrs. Nelson played in the lives of these children but she understood the untidiness of the kitchen.

"Who was Mrs. Nelson?" she inquired.

"She was the lady Daddy hired to look after us and the house. When Mammy went away Aunt Ethel came, but she got married and has a house of her own. Then Mrs. Nelson stayed all winter but she said she couldn't stand the noise of the bullfrogs and the birds and things. She doesn't like the country." This was offered by the girl, who, upon inquiry, said that her name was Sheila.

"Where's Daddy?" Barbara asked.

"Oh, he's right here and he's going to get another Mrs. Nelson or somebody when he has a chance, but of course," she sighed, mimicking an older woman, "Mrs. Nelson just had to go right in the middle of strawberries when Daddy hasn't a minute to spare from the picking and packing."

(To be continued.)

ISSUE No. 21—'28.

A Sweet Breath at all times!

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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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S-58

Sunlight Soap

Common Sense.

Common sense is the application of the ordinary intelligence possessed by every sane man and woman, as opposed to exceptional gifts or knowledge obtained by education.

Some people have, or at least show, more of it than others, but everyone not mentally deficient has at least something of this natural knowledge.

As we grow up we must gain experience of some sort, and our degree of common sense is shown by the manner in which we learn the lessons that experience offers us. So prudence, tact, foresight, and observation all go to make up our quality of common sense, which in short we might say consists of being sensible and practical.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

British Columbia Salmon.

According to statistics for 1924, compiled by the Department of Fisheries, the British Columbia salmon pack was the second largest on the Pacific coast, only being exceeded by Southwestern Alaska. The total pack of the province last year amounted to 1,738,31' cases.

What About the Blackfeet.

The Snake Indians were so called because of the characteristics of these natives in quickly concealing themselves when once discovered. They seemed to glide away in the grass, sage-brush and rocks and disappear with all the subtlety of a serpent.

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself.—J. R. Lowell.

Tunnel Under Hospital.

Excavators at Sheffield Infirmary have revealed an underground passage 12 feet below the surface.

"DIAMOND DYES"

COLOR THINGS NEW

Beautiful home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

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More Important.

"Jack dear, why not let us end it all right now?"

"For the simple reason that I have five bottles of Scotch home that I haven't touched yet."

The First One.

The original cross-word puzzle was the first argument between the first automobile driver and the first traffic cop.

Defective Brains Accused.

Defective brains are responsible for quite as many automobile accidents as are defective brakes. But brakes can be adjusted!

The Right Way to Boil Potatoes

Put the potatoes in an SMP Enameled Potato Pot. Cover with water. Add salt to taste. Boil until soft. When finished, drain off *all* the boiling water through the strainer spout. No danger of steam scalding the hands because the handle securely locks the cover on. If your family uses potatoes, you require one of these.

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