FACTS ABOUT TEA SERIES—No. 8

The Consumption of Tea

Tea as a beverage is used in nearly every country in the world. It is estimated over 200 billion cups are consumed annually. Australia leads in tea drinking with an annual per capita consumption of about nine pounds, which means that every Australian consumes from six to eight cups of tea every day. The consumption per capita in England is 8½ lbs., and in Canada nearly 5 lbs. In the United States, it is less than 1 lb., but this is largely because Americans have not been able to get fine teas until comparatively recently. "SALADA" is considered one of the choicest blends on the market, and is the largest selling tea in either United States or Canada.

"SALADA"

The Backsliding of Barbara

It Brought Happiness and Awoke Love in Four Lives.

BY COURTENAY SAVAGE.

PART II.

"Then she's been gone several days," Barbara understood the disorder of the kitchen—the tragedy of a man who tried to care for his two children and his work on the farm, "and nobody's been keeping house?"

"Nobody but Daddy and us. Jim, he lives in the barn and he helps, but the rest are just fruit men."

Barbara debated for a minute before she asked if Daddy was coming home to lunch. An idea had flashed to her.

"Oh, no, 'cause the strawberries are in the way off lot. He left us some cold cereal and cookies from the store. He said we were to be good and we could each have a banana."

Barbara weighed the plan that had suggested itself to her mind. There were points against it but they were overruled.

"Suppose that instead of eating cold cereal I were to cook you something nice for lunch?" she asked suddenly. "What would you like?"

"Omelet!" Richard decided with a shout. "Omelet!"

"Can you cook omelet?" the girl asked. "And can we have toast and jam?"

"Yes, we can have omelet and toast and jam. Come on." She offered a hand to each child and they led the way to the kitchen.

It was really a great picnic that followed. Barbara, thinking of it in after days, recalled the mad tea party that Alice had attended in Wonderland. Certainly the March Hare and the Mad Hatter had never given a more remarkable meal. Her first duty had been to hastily tidy the kitchen. Then she had beaten up the eggs, browned the toast and found a jar of strawberry jam. In the ice box were bowls of milk.

The children ate ravenously and Barbara was as hungry as they. It seemed to her that she had never enjoyed a meal more.

"What shall we do now?" Richard demanded when the last crumb had been disposed of.

"I'm going to wash dishes," Barbara declared.

"I'll dry and Richard can put some of the things away. He knows how," said Shelia.

They went to work. The stack of dirty dishes disappeared and then Barbara mopped up the floor. It was three o'clock before she finished and she realized with a pang that her day was fast slipping away and that she had spent part of it at work.

"Daddy'll be terrible surprised," Richard told her as they surveyed the clean, orderly room. "He said we'd have to wash the dishes to-night no matter what happened. And he said we'd have to have new sheets."

"Clean sheets, Daddy said," Shelia corrected. "I like clean sheets, don't you?"

Barbara nodded. That was an idea. She had cleaned up the kitchen and had not thought of the rest of the house. She asked the children to show her where they slept.

It was really a wonderful house. There was a big, cheerful dining room, a long low living room furnished with big comfortable furniture and an open fireplace, bedrooms and baths—all new and handsome but lacking care.

Barbara found a broom, dust cloths, clean bed linen and towels. Then she went to work. She could not be as thorough as she wished but when she finished she saw that the shadows were lengthening across the lawn.

"I think I'd better go now." She felt a sudden panic pass over her.

"Don't go, don't,' both children cried and there was a droop to the corners of Richard's mouth.

"But I've got to go back to my home."

"Can't you be at home here?" Richard demanded.

"You said that you didn't have any boys and girls. Can't you look after us?" This from Shelia.

"And make us omelets?" Richard was a true man, giving thought to his stomach.

Barbara dropped to her knees.

"I'm sorry but I can't stay. Daddy'll get somebody to care for you soon."

"Not like you," Shelia flattered.

"Stay and make Daddy an omelet," Richard suggested.

Barbara pondered on the subject. Why not stay? She did not know anything of the father of these children; she had not even noticed his picture about the house, but she felt that he was young and lonely and perplexed. Also she knew that he would welcome a good meal.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she made up her mind. "You run outside and play and I'll get supper for Daddy."

They agreed eagerly. Barbara put on a big apron and started on a search of the ice box and pantry.

Barbara had cooked all her life it seemed, but this meal was different. In the storeroom she found a ham from which she cut two thick slices. In the garden was a bed of asparagus. She would have mashed potatoes, hot biscuits and an old-fashioned strawberry shortcake.

As the meal cooked she set the table with the fine linen cloths and the silver she found. On the centre of the table she placed a huge bowl of flowers.

A little before six she heard the children call as a heavy truck lumbered by, and looking out, saw that it was a market wagon loaded with crates of berries. She guessed that this meant the end of the day's work and that Daddy would be home soon. She called the children in, washed and dressed them in fresh clothing. She did her hair over, powdered her face, and put on a frilled white apron which she found. She was growing rather nervous.

A shout from the children told her that their father was approaching. A panic seized her but her fear vanished in a moment as she turned to face the man who stood in the kitchen doorway, a child hanging to each hand. Daddy was probably thirty-two or three, a broad-shouldered man with dark hair and big brown eyes such as the children had. He stood there with such a puzzled happy expression as if he could not believe his eyes. Barbara knew she had no cause to be afraid.

"How do you do?" Barbara could not help but laugh at the man's amazement. "I hope you won't be angry at my taking command in this way." She was amazed that she did not feel the least bit shy.

"How-do-you-do," he stammered. "The children said that a lady named Barbara had cooked their lunch and washed the dishes . . . and . . ."

"It's a long story—the hows and the whys I am here. I can't tell you now for I've got to look after the finishing touches of dinner. You go and get ready while I dish it up."

By the time the last dish was on the table the man was ready, his tanned face scrubbed, linen trousers and a soft-collared shirt in place of the work clothes he had worn.

"And now you tell me all about it?" he demanded as he finished the serving. "I'm not overburdened with curiosity but when a real live lady walks into a man's house and transforms it from bedlam into a quiet orderly dwelling, well—I want to know."

So Barbara told him. She sketched out incidents that showed the emptiness of her life and how she had decided that she was going to run away for a day and do just as she wanted.

"But what an odd way to spend a stolen vacation, working like a slave in the house of someone you had never even heard of."

"Yes, I thought of that but I've been very happy all day. I guess work isn't hard when you know you are doing something for others. I've been very happy to-day."

"Because you were making others happy. That's the secret of contentment."

Then he told her of himself. How he had married when he left college, of his work on big fruit farms for practice and how he had bought this land and built the house. He had prospered materially but the swift messenger of death had robbed him of his wife and left him with the care of the two children. He told the story simply but Barbara felt that there were tears back of her eyelids.

(To be concluded.)

The Next Thing.

He has not learned to live aright who cannot turn from a dead and buried, irrevocable incident to face the next crowded hour in the calendar. It is not given us to lift the veil and look into the far future. All we can do is to brace ourselves and meet with valor what comes next. We are less fruitful in service to the race, less satisfactory to ourselves, less efficient for the task that engages mind and hand, if we carry over from what has happened any survival of unavailing regret into what we are about to do. The only form of penitence that counts is the renewed attempt of our fixed determination to do better.

From the day of Lot's wife or of Orpheus, people have lost precious things by looking back instead of going on. Few of us can afford the superb confidence of Nurmi, who now and then turns his head to see how far behind him a rival is wearily chugging along. The best rule for the average mortal in life's race is to face forward and make the best speed he can and not be anxious lest he be overtaken and passed. We must press on to that which is before. Many a man of business seems aggrieved because so much confronts him that he does not know what he shall turn to next. But, privily, he may be gratified that there is such abundant preoccupation. It is a sign that he is of value. The reason so much is intrusted to him is that he has shown a rare ability to get things done. Affairs of moment are intrusted to the exceedingly busy people, not the drones. Those who sit idle, though prone to offer the plea that they are too busy, are not asked to do things because whatever is assigned to them is fairly certain to be left undone or so tardily accomplished as to be futile.

The strong man is not held back by a detaining hand of yesteryear or of twenty minutes ago. Sufficient unto itself is the past happening. Radiant with promise is the future, into which the current moment is for him an open door. But he will not fix his eyes on a far horizon and stumble on the threshold under his feet. He will go step by step, in firmness, unafraid, to meet whatever may come next, and as he goes he will help another to be of good courage, discard the impedimenta of the bygone and march on.

To Mothers.

Never, never has one forgotten his pure, right-educating mother! On the blue mountains of our dim childhood, towards which we ever turn and look, stand the mothers who marked out to us from thence our life; the most blessed age must be forgotten ere we can forget the warmest heart. You wish, O woman, to be ardently loved, and forever, even till death. Be, then, the mothers of your children.—Richter.

Our troubles come often from this: we do not live according to the light of reason, but after the fashion of our neighbors.

"Hello Daddy - don't forget my Wrigleys"

Slip a package in your pocket when you go home to-night.

Give the youngsters this wholesome, long lasting sweet - for pleasure and benefit.

Use it yourself after smoking or when work drags. It's a great little freshener.

WRIGLEY'S "after every meal"

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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.

Where Old Men Rest in Peace.

Of the many interesting sights in the City of Algiers, on the North African coast, one of the most striking is the great hordes of old Arabs sitting carelessly around in coffee houses and the pretty parks. When the tourist steps off the steamer and enters the town the first thing that attracts his attention is, of course, the strange dresses of the native women and the flowing mantels and headgear of the men.

The second thing that attracts the attention of the curious tourist is the fact that the whole Arabian city seems to be filled with old men, none under fifty, and many so old that the creases in their faces are half an inch deep.

These old men never work, their days of labor are at an end. Just as soon as an Algerian has raised his family to the point where that family can work the old man is told to take a rest, his children will support him. So he gets a few packages of cigarettes, some money for coffee, and goes down town to spend the days in gossip, argument and poetic imaginings.

Unless something terrible happens the old man never again takes up the burden of hard labor, but sits around and offers sage advice and the strange fact is that the children are actually delighted that they are able to keep the father in luxury and ease, while inside the house the routine is handled by the mother, while the daughters either sit in the shade or go out to gossip with the neighbors.

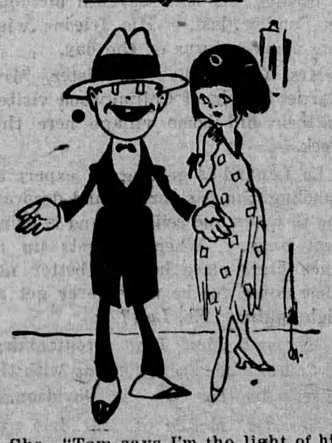
Bonnet Sonnet.

What lady knows a hat as well as I?
Let her come forward with a finer flair!
I like them small, sophisticated, spry,
Or gravely drooping with a trustful air;
I like them lined with white and rather pure;
Or dangerous, and dark as any crow;
I like them reckless, mocking, never sure;
I like a sailor—strictly yes or no.

A pirate turban's priceless for a talk;
A rose-wreathed leghorn when one's feeling vain;
I fancy tricornes for the morning walk,
And a little leather London slouch for rain;
Wide, wistful tulles for tea; for windy weather,
A tam o' shanter with a wicked feather.

—Jacqueline Embry.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.



She—"Tom says I'm the light of his life."

He—"And then probably asked you to keep it dark."

Left Behind.

The children were amusing themselves by turning over the pages of an old illustrated religious paper. They came across a picture of the Deluge, and the youngest child was puzzled because an elephant was shown drowning in the foreground.

Then ensued the following monologue: "Wonder why that elephant didn't get in the Ark?" There was a pause. Then he remarked: "'Spose he must have been packing his trunk when the Ark went out!"

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by Sheila Bayne

OUR LITTLE BOY'S SUIT.

These days of spring and summer sewing always bring the mother a problem, that of dressing the little boy. If she desires a goodlooking, as well as a practical outfit, her quest will begin with very attractive boy's suit No. 1100. The waist has the desired fulness for the little fellow, introduced by the slashes at the armholes. The round collar is comfortable and well fitting. For warm weather the boy will find the short sleeves delightful, while for more practical wear the long sleeve is used. The trousers which worry many mothers are simple to construct, having few seams. They are straight and fasten to the waist by buttons and buttonholes on the inside of the waistband. This suit may be made in lightweight rep for the entire suit and give ease and wear during the play hours, or, for afternoons, rep or coarse linen for the trousers and dimity or fine linen for the waist will be found suitable. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 years requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern 20 cents.

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. Orders filled by return mail.

No Attraction.

"Look here, now, Harold," said father to his little son who was naughty, "if you don't say your prayers, you won't go to heaven."

"I don't want to go to heaven," sobbed the boy. "I want to go with you and mother."

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A Queen's Investment.

Through the good advice of Disraeli, her chief adviser, Queen Victoria of England invested in Suez Canal stock and was thus enabled eventually to leave additional millions to her children. She also was one of the original owners of a share in the New River Water Company, which provided the water supply for London.

The water shares, originally worth a pound, enhanced in value to where they were worth millions, and even the richest of others like the Rothchilds were forced to be content later with a sixteenth or a thirty-second of a share.

Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair.

The Word Botulism.

Botulism, the technical term for a food poisoning, cases of which have been reported from eating preserved olives and spinach, is derived from the Latin word "botula," a sausage, and was originally called "sausage poisoning."

Short Women Barred.

Women under 4 feet 11 inches in height are not admitted to Australia as emigrants.

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