Particular People

choose

"SALADA"

TEA

H515

The most delicious blend procurable.

About the House

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 to be careful in blending to the right color and taste. Adapting it to your water is the duty of experts along the line, and "tea tasters" must have in the blend a product of certain characteristics, a certain quality and just the right amount of strength. But the curing, and the blending, are not the only essentials to the best tea. Even the best tea in the world can be spoiled by careless making and serving.

Water.—Have it freshly boiled; a pitcher boiled with the tea kettle as a cat watches a mouse hole and when it "sings softly" as the Orientals say, pour for it.

Second.—Use an earthen ware pot, heat 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.

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.

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.

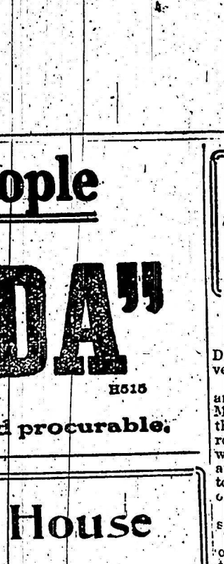
Where a house is not heated by a furnace it is often a good idea to have the baby wear a little nightcap, as his little bald head is apt to get very cold and there is sometimes danger of ear troubles on this account. A very young baby is more comfortable in a basket than in any crib with open bars, for 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.

Rid Your Poultry of Lice

The new scientific discovery makes it easy to get rid of vermin. Stop greasing, dusting, spraying and other unsatisfactory methods of fighting lice. Simply drop into the drinking water a harmless mineral tablet, it does the trick, it makes and keeps the birds clean and healthy. Warranted not to impart any odor to flesh or eggs. Sold under a money back guarantee. Thousands of poultry raisers are using them. Send one dollar for trial box. F. G. Davies, Dept. H., 30 Leopold Street, Toronto.

ISSUE No. 1—'24.

A NEAT AND SIMPLE HOUSE FROCK IN "SLIP ON" STYLE.



4552 Printed cotton, figured percale, chintz, ratine, linen and other washables may be used for this model. It is also good for wool crepe or jersey cloth.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot is 2 yards. For facing and collar of contrasting material as illustrated ¼ yard of 36-inch material is required.

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

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.

The Marriageable Age.

"When is the proper age for a girl to marry?"

"Any age at which he is able to make money enough to live in style."

The March of Music.

The spirit of the new music was in no way different from the spirit which informed the music of all the classical composers. In these days of quick and rapid thinking, and still more rapid action, it was not to be wondered at that in music, as in all art, these characteristics of speed were making themselves felt.

There could not be ugliness in any music worth the name. The ordinary noises of the street might become unpleasant if reiterated too often, but in nine cases out of ten they were not ugly.

The noise of a sawmill, in certain conditions, might be just as beautiful as the sound of the conventional babbling brook.

Modern music was only modern in so far as it reflected emotions and feelings in modern terms.

A ton of water from the Atlantic, when evaporated, yields 81 lbs. of salt; a ton of Pacific water, 79 lbs.; the water of the Dead Sea, 187 lbs. to the ton.

The Hidden Hour

BY J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)

"I think you are right, sir," said Detective-Inspector Kane. "It's a very ticklish job."

"And it's not as if we should gain anything by arresting Merrington," Mr. Crust continued. "To begin with, the net is not drawn quite tightly round him as yet. And even if it were, no jury would convict a man, and no judge would sentence a man to death, when the man is incapable of putting up a defence."

"I suppose he is not shamming, sir?"

"No. Sir Walter tested him thoroughly. It's a genuine case of partial amnesia. I had a long talk with Sir Walter yesterday. I didn't tell him just how matters stood, but I said we wanted Merrington's evidence. Sir Walter was quite explicit on the point."

"Then I suppose, sir, if Mr. Merrington never recovers his memory, he will get off, even if we can prove beyond doubt that——"

"I won't go so far as to say that, Kane. But at present we cannot prove our case without—well, here are the facts, Kane, so far as they are known to us. There is no doubt that Merrington did purchase a bottle of pink noyeau a week before his wife's death. He bought it from a Dutch artist, who had some of the stuff before the war. This artist returned to Holland the day before Paula Merrington's death, and that is why he did not come forward at the inquest. He returned to England a week ago, and hearing about the case came round to us and gave information. Now there was no reason why Merrington should not have purchased this liqueur, but the odd thing is that the servant in the flat knew nothing about it. Our theory is that Merrington kept it at the studio, put the poison in it, and posted it to his wife. We also know now that Paula Merrington herself purchased some cyanide of potassium at a chemist's shop in Brighton for photographic purposes. This might point to suicide but for the very strong evidence against that theory. It would, of course, have been easy enough for Merrington to have obtained some of this poison and have put it in the liqueur. The production of this evidence was also delayed owing to the severe illness of the man who sold the poison. It was only a few days ago that he saw a picture of the poor woman in some illustrated paper, and recognized her as the woman who had purchased the cyanide of potassium."

"But the motive, sir? Are we quite clear about that?"

"Not quite clear as yet, Kane. We want to prove that Merrington was on bad terms with his wife and that he wished to marry some other woman. We are looking for that other woman, and we believe that Merrington was actually going off with her on the day of his accident. Of course, even if we can prove that, it does not follow that Merrington murdered his wife. I can never understand why a man should murder his wife in order to live with another woman. But it often happens and in this case there was, of course, the temptation of the money. Paula Merrington had two hundred a year of her own. Now that's roughly how we stand at present, and Merrington has to be kept under observation."

"He's not likely to give us any clue, sir, is he?"

"No, but I'm afraid of that fellow Ardington. He may know something about this business, as I told you when I first came down here."

"Yes, sir, you hinted at that, but you never told me why you suspected Mr. Ardington. I haven't been able to find out anything against him."

Mr. Crust was silent for a few seconds. Then he said, "You working under me in this, Kane, but it is not necessary to tell you everything. In fact, if I told you of all the ridiculous ideas that came into my head, you'd only be worried and confused. I want Ardington shadowed and I want a full report of his movements—a daily report. That's all you need know. As for Mr. Merrington—well, he mustn't be allowed to slip through our fingers, that's all. Now about Mrs. Jurby. Has she had any more anonymous letters?"

"Not since the last one I showed you, sir—that was the third."

"Yes, and nothing in it—just vulgar abuse. I wouldn't worry about Mrs. Jurby just now. But tell her you're working hard on her behalf, and that you expect to get hold of the scoundrel"—Mr. Crust paused and laughed—"well, very soon. By-the-by, I had another letter from Ditton this morning, posted in Philadelphia."

Mr. Kane made no comment on this statement. The first letter from Ditton, received three weeks after his disappearance and posted in New York, had come as a shock and surprise not only to Mr. Crust, to whom it had been addressed, but to everyone at Scotland Yard. Detective-Inspector Ditton, according to his own letter, had retired from the force and forfeited his pension, in order, so Ditton had stated, to save his life. He had implored Mr. Crust and his colleague to keep his whereabouts a secret and let the public believe he was dead.

There had been no address at the top of the letter, but a request (in a postscript) that no attempt would be made to find him. "I am a coward," the ex-detective had written, "and have purchased my life by flight and silence. One day you may have to do the same."

It had all been most astounding—incredible—and scarcely to be explained even by the fact that Ditton had taken leave of his senses. The second letter lacked the violent shock of the first, and Mr Kane did not even say, "Oh, indeed, sir."

"Yes, a second letter," Mr. Crust continued, "but of no importance. Ditton merely besecches us to make no effort to find him. He has heard—and he's right there, Kane—that we have put the American police on his track. Well, I cabled New York this morning before I left town, and I showed the letter to the same handwriting expert who examined the first."

"Same verdict, sir?"

"Yes—Ditton's handwriting—without doubt. Not that I put much faith in these experts. A really clever forger is too much for them."

"A pity we cannot find the chap who called himself Mr. Vernon."

"Yes, indeed, Kane. But the fellow has vanished as completely as though he had been swallowed up by the earth. We don't even know if he ever got to London. Still—we've plenty to go upon in this case—almost too much, in fact." He paused and offered Kane a cigar. "I must be going now," he continued. "I'll send two good chaps down to-morrow as soon as I can. One of them will stay here as a gentleman of independent means who wants to buy a house in the neighborhood. The other—well, Mr. Ardington is looking for a footman—"

"Oh, that would be Peters, sir," laughed Mr. Kane. "I never saw a better manservant outside a play."

"Yes, Peters. You'll work in the open—Kane, this is a big job."

"Is it, sir?"

"Yes—a far bigger job than you think." He paused and looked round the old panelled room, "and this is just the scene for it."

Mr. Kane shrugged his shoulders, but when Mr. Crust had departed the detective sat down and stared gloomily at the fire.

Ditton might be dead and someone else impersonating him. It was not pleasant to think of that. On the other hand, Ditton might be alive and might really have written those letters.

"And if that is the case," said Kane to himself, "we are up against something stupendous."

CHAPTER XX.

John Merrington sat in the warmth of the spring sunshine and smoked his pipe. The old grey paving under his feet was already chequered with lines of green where small rock plants and even weeds were pushing their way up between the slabs of stone. Behind him rose the beautiful irregular mass of Ardington's Tudor house, with its many mullioned windows and its dull pink walls and its roof of lichened tiles and its curious twisted chimneys. Until this visit Merrington never remembered a time when it had not been a pleasure just to look at the house and walk through the gardens. Dedbury Priory was precisely the kind of house that Merrington himself would have liked to own. It was not too large, and it was beautiful, and it lacked the somewhat stiff formality of more important and better-known buildings of that period. Part of it, for instance, was faced with half-timbered walls that dated back to the middle of the fifteenth century, and incorporated in the building were fragments of the old stone priory which had been destroyed, not by the zeal of the "Defender of the Faith" but by fire in the fourteenth century.

To Merrington it was, and always had been, a place of amazing beauty and interest, and though, in the stress of sorrow that had swept over him, it no longer gave him any pleasure, it was the place above all others where he would have liked to be in that first terrible agony of mind and soul. Here, so it seemed to him, he could hide himself from the world and make an effort to rebuild his life. And there was nothing here to remind him of Paula, his dear little wife. Paula had never been to Dedbury. Paula had not have faced even a day in the flat, nor could he have worked in his own studio. But here—with his friend Ardington—he could wait and make an effort to work with some chance of success.

As yet he had not been able to think coherently of Paula's death, but so far as he had been able to reason at all it seemed to him that there must have been some accident. He could not believe that Paula had killed herself, and he would not admit that she had been murdered. He had not even read the account of the inquest. He had relied entirely for his information on what Trehorn and Ardington had told him.

All that he remembered was that birthday party when Paula had been so happy and full of fun and so—beautiful. He was thinking of that birthday party as he sat out in the paved garden and stared across the green lawns at a tall yew hedge that ran like a black wall on the farther side of them.

At the sound of footsteps he looked round and saw Ardington, who had just emerged from the house.

"I've done three hours' solid work," said Ardington, with a smile, "and you are going to start to-morrow. I've got a commission for you to paint a portrait."

(To be continued.)

MAKING SUNSHINE FATAL

Sunshine is ordinarily a fine thing and is now being systematically used in the cure of wounds, tuberculosis sores and rickets. On the other hand an overdose of solar rays may cause sunstroke or, in lesser exposure—as many of us found last summer—a mighty uncomfortable case of skin scorching.

But it has recently been discovered that the human body may be so sensitized by certain substances that even a brief exposure to ordinary sunshine is dangerous or fatal.

The discovery came about in a curious way. A Munich chemist, Herman von Tappeiner, wanted to test the physiological effect of a certain coal tar dyestuff called acridin.

It is customary to begin such experiments with the littlest of living things and, if the results prove interesting, to work on up the scale of animals to man. By steeping hay in water one can get millions of lively little swimming creatures to work with. Then the chemical to be tested is dropped into the water in measured quantities until they are killed off. In this way the fatal dose can be easily and accurately determined. Tappeiner set a pupil testing the poisonousness of acridin in this way but he got conflicting results. On one day the animalcules would all be killed by a small dose of the dye, and on another day a hundred times that quantity would leave them alive and wiggling.

Finally after much futile work the reason was found. If the glass of water colored with the acridin was exposed to the light the little creatures died, but if it was kept in the dark they were unharmed by the presence of the dye even in large quantity.

This clew was followed up. Other kinds of dyes were investigated and tried on higher forms of life. A colored substance obtained from blood, known as hematoporphyrin, was found to be fatal to white animals in sunlight. If a little of this is injected into a white mouse it is all right as long as it lives in the dark. But as soon as it is taken into the sunshine its skin begins to itch and burn. The ears, nose and other hairless or thinly covered parts turn red and the mouse scratches its body and rolls upon the floor to ease the irritation. Soon it shuts its eyes and sinks into a comatose state out of which it never wakes.

After experimenting upon animals it is customary for a scientist to experiment on himself. Accordingly a German physicist, Fritz Meyer-Betz, injected a shot of hematoporphyrin into his own blood. He felt no ill effects while in the shade, but when he exposed himself to sunlight he began to feel like the white mice and only saved himself by a hasty flight into the house. Evidently then it is possible to sensitize a human being to sunlight as we can sensitise a photographic plate by certain dyes so that even red light will fog it.

It has long been known that certain plants will so sensitize animals that they may die from exposure to the sun's rays. White pigs that feed on buckwheat are sometimes so affected. The disease is called fagopyrism from the Latin name of buckwheat, fogopyrum. Other plants have the same effect under certain circumstances, among them paintroots, St. John's wort, alsike clover and knotweed.

Cattle, pigs and sheep may feed on these plants with impunity while living in the shade, but on coming out into the sunlight, even a week or more later, they may be afflicted with an eruption of the skin. If taken out of the sun they may recover in a few days, but if they remain exposed they dash about in frenzy and perhaps finally fall dead. Dark skinned or heavily haired animals are not affected except possibly on white or bare spots.

Since such violent symptoms can be caused by sensitizing with these substances it may be that there are other and ordinary foods which may in the long run make stock or people supersensitive to the sun. Possibly certain articles of diet, harmless to those who live in houses or in northern climates, may be the reason why the white man cannot endure the tropical sun that his colored brother sustains with impunity. If this should prove to be so then the equatorial portions of the earth might be made habitable to the Caucasian race.

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."

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

Whistling Healthful as Well as Musical.

Alice Miriam Heller, of Reading, Pa., a teacher of whistling, declares that there is an art of whistling which belongs to the higher musical accomplishments. She said recently:

"It is perfectly possible to have a chorus of trained whistlers that is certainly as lovely, if not lovelier, than the ordinary choral work. In Los Angeles, which boasts the only school for professional whistlers in the world, we had a group of forty whistling voices and the results obtained were remarkable and very beautiful.

"Nor is whistling good just to listen to. It may also be made a form of healthful exercise that is without parallel for lung development. In addition, the person who whistles never has to make the old and time-worn excuse of the pianist or player of other instruments, 'I am sorry, but I have left my music at home.' Nor has the whistler ever to worry about colds, since they rarely, if ever, affect the vocal cords used in the production of a whistling tone. Last, but not least, the whistler possesses an instrument of expression that is no trouble, that is never left at home by mistake, and that does not depend on correct temperature of the room or any other variable medium."

His Request.

Judge—Have you anything further to say?

Prisoner—"I should like to ask that the time occupied by counsel's speech for the defence be deducted from my term of imprisonment."

It is 6.05 p.m. by the clock in Paris when it is noon in Toronto.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to women, having the required education and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has the eight-hour system. The pupils' uniforms of the School, allowance and travelling expenses from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Surnames and Their Origin

JENNINGS.

Variations—Jenkins, Jenkinson, Jenks, Jennison.
Racial Origin—Middle English, also Welsh.
Source—A given name.

Though you would not think so to look at them, the name of Jennings and the foregoing variations are simply one classification of the innumerable host of family names which have developed from that most common of all given names, John.

From its original Hebrew form of Jehohanan, the name of John has developed into nearly every sort of sound around which the human tongue can twist, through pagan as well as Christian races. Indeed, it is held that the name of Hannibal, the egreat Carthaginian warrior who crossed the Alps with his elephants and nearly smashed ancient Rome, was simply a variation of John. Carthage was founded by Phoenicians, who came from the coast near Palestine.

But in England the name of John came to be spelled in many different ways according to the linguistic tendencies of individual localities. It is found as Jon, Jan and Jen, among other forms too numerous to mention. Jen-kin (little Jen), was a very common development from the latter, from which the surname of "Jenkin's son," or Jenkinson was derived quite normally, being shortened in the course of time into the variations noted. Where the name Jennings traces back to Ireland it was formerly MacShoneen (descendants of John), changed to the English form under the pressure of English laws which at various times in various sections of that country forbade the use of native family names.

CLEVELAND

Variations—Clive, Cliff, Cleve.
Racial Origin—Middle English.
Source—A geographically descriptive word.

Cleveland and its variations trace back to old Anglo-Saxon geographically descriptive term, as do Grover and its variations.

The old word was "clough." It meant a cleft or fissure between hills in those days and its modern use as a cliff was probably a secondary meaning.

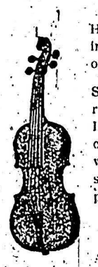
The variations, Clive, Cliff and Cleve, are developments of the original spelling, and are useful in determining in what general sections of England a family may have lived at various periods. Hyls only in very modern times that spelling has been standardized. Throughout the middle ages people spelled very much as they pronounced, and there were many differences in pronunciation and spelling in the different parts of England. Originally such names as Clive, Cliff and Cleve were written Atte Clive (at the cliff), Atte Cliff and Atte Cleve, or in earlier periods, when French was used more commonly as the judicial language, Atte Cliffe (of the cliff).

Cleveland, as a family name, is a distinctly English one, being found in the earliest times in the city of Middlesex and the county of Yorkshire, which was known as Cleveland in the days of Middlesex.

What Is YOUR Favorite Instrument

Violin, Mandolin, Cornet, Saxophone, Banjo?

Haven't you wished you had one of these instruments of your own? Nearly everyone has.



See our new catalog. It contains exact reproductions of every instrument. It makes a special free trial offer. It contains a startling easy-term proposal, which will enable anyone to enjoy the instrument of his choice while it is being paid for.

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A complete course of lessons on how to play each instrument is also outlined in this novel catalog. It shows just what every music-lover wants to know. And it's free to those who send in this coupon at once. Just tear it out, sign your name to it and slip it in an envelope to-day addressed to us, and the complete book will arrive in your mail right away.

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THE COMPANY is in touch with large numbers of good farm laborers in Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Holland, Switzerland and other European countries and through its widespread organization can promptly fill applications for help received from Canadian farmers.

In order to have the help reach Canada in time for the Spring operations, farmers needing help should arrange to get their applications in early, the earlier the better, as naturally these applications which are received early will receive first attention.

Blank application forms and full information regarding the service may be obtained from any C.P.R. agent or from any of the officials listed below. THE SERVICE IS ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE.

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