FACTS ABOUT TEA SERIES—No. 4

The Two Types of Tea

There are two distinct types of tea, namely Black Tea and Green Tea. Both are made from the same bush and both are equally pure. The difference is in the process of manufacture which gives each a different flavour. Black Tea after it is plucked is withered and partially "fired" or dried, then allowed to oxidize by being exposed to the air. This gives Black Tea its dark reddish colour when drawn. Green tea is immediately steamed after plucking, which prevents oxidization. There are delicious blends of "SALADA" in both of these types and also a unique blend of Black and Green Tea Mixed. All are sold in four qualities.

"SALADA"

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

"So you were there! Is it your play?" Carlotta asked, with a thrill of anxiety in her voice.

"My first—my only effort. Rambler—as you call me—I've never had the courage to send one on, and it was too good of Vida to play me this trick, of course, she did it on purpose—and that is a story one can't go into here."

Carlotta rose to her feet.

"If I can do it I will. I'll go now, and you may expect me back punctually at three o'clock."

Madox suffered her to go without further parley, though, after she was gone, he did nothing of helplessness, a kind of blind fury with himself. He let him, in truth. He had surely been guilty of a stupendous act of folly, and Carlotta accepted—as his unconscious assured him she probably would—what more certain than that disaster awaited the production of "The Searchlight"?

If there was a more thoroughly miserable and anxious man in the whole of London than Graham Madox he would have been difficult to find.

Punctually at three o'clock Miss Carlyon was announced once more, and Madox was conscious of a thrill of excited anticipation as he rose to receive her.

Much might depend on that moment, perhaps his own reputation as a dramatist, which he was about to put to the public test, for the first time.

"Well?" he asked, with a somewhat startled glance at the small, brown-paper packet she carried under her arm.

Carlotta laid it down on the desk.

"I can do it."

"You can—sure?"

"Sure; if you will trust me so far!"

It was a beautiful thing. If I had been given choice in the whole world, I could not have asked for anything better. Let me do it. I know I can!"

It was the right note to strike with a man in the throes of a nervous apprehension. Her calm confidence, her shining eyes, her air of lofty purpose, inspired him and gave him both courage and hope.

"You've been sent to me at the critical moment, I don't doubt," he said in the dull tones of a man who feels rather deeply what he is saying. "Let us talk it over."

"It is a beautiful thing," repeated Carlotta, as her hand dropped, with a caressing touch, on the folded paper. "So beautiful that it will be an honor to help to give it to the world. If only—if only it is not too fine for their perception! Do you think the world has ever grasped allegorical truths? It has always seemed to me that it wants nothing but realism, bald, hideous, unashamed."

"We'll have a try, anyway, he answered, and his look was somewhat shame-faced, almost that of a boy caught in a fault. "Miss Fancourt did not like the part. In fact, she tried to ban the whole thing, Miss Carlyon! She wanted ——".

Here he drifted off into technical details, regarding the plot, to which Carlotta listened with incredulous wonder and indignation.

"How thankful you ought to be that she gave up at the last moment! Even withdrawal would have been infinitely better than such a presentment." Of course, I have hardly the right to speak like that to a man of your experience, only there is a kind of intuition—you know what I mean?"

"I know, perfectly! I repeat that you have been sent to me at the critical moment, and if we fail——". He added, "Well, we shan't be much worse off than we were before."

"There will be no failure. There is a message here, so exquisitely conveyed, that the world will listen to it with joy!" said Carlotta firmly. "You are not afraid of my inexperience?"

"How can I be, when you are not yourself afraid?"

"I have no fear," she said, with a little breathless laugh. "I feel exactly as if this was something I had been waiting for, and which has been sent to me."

CHAPTER XIII.

With Alan in London.

For the next hour Carlotta and Madox were busy going over the details connected with the production of the play.

It was only when at length she rose to go, because Madox, playing in another piece that evening, could spare no longer time, that she proffered what was, to her, a most important request.

"You must find a name for me, Mr. Madox. I don't want to use my own ——"

"For your father's sake, I suppose—and partly for other reasons I can't go into here," she answered with a faint heightening of color. "I shall write to my home people to-night, telling them I shall not be able to return in a day or two, as I expected. Probably, if all goes well, I shall leave Scotland and come up to London to be with me."

"You shall find a name without difficulty, and we shall keep the secret intact. I shall not give Miss Fancourt the chance of knowing what I mean to do, and, as far as possible, I will get the rest of the company to fall in with your plans. They are ready, to a man, to stand or fall with me this time, and they are all furious with her. If we score the success I am quite accepted—as his unconscious assured him she probably would—what more certain than that disaster awaited the production of "The Searchlight"?

"Are you playing with fire now?" said Carlotta, as she said good-bye.

Madox mentioned the name of the piece and gave her a pass for the stalls.

She played for her that night, and though the piece was not one in which its powers had justice, it interested Carlotta immensely to study him on the boards. It seemed to give her a sort of key to what she herself have to do presently.

The woman who had left him in the lurch had the leading part. She was a beautiful creature, but remorseless, cold and calculating. Ponderously on the part in the new production which Miss Fancourt had tried to have recast for herself, Carlotta was obliged to admit that she could not have played it, as conceived by Madox.

She went back to her third floor bedroom in the Bloomsbury boarding-house, her head a strange whirl of feelings, thoughts, and desires. Above all, and beyond all, however, rose one shining like a solitary star. But that she buried deep in her heart of hearts, covered up so that the world might not even dream of its existence. Yet that one star was to guide and inspire her every effort, to render her desperately eager for success, while the love which had caused its birth gave the necessary charm to her impersonation of a living, suffering, devoted woman who triumphed in the end. In that triumph the whole of womankind was vindicated against the belittling of fools.

Next day Carlotta attended two rehearsals, and, beyond a few technical slips, Madox had no fault to find. She was simply introduced to the rest of the company as the lady who was to take Miss Fancourt's place, and, while curiosity was rampant, none dared to put a single question.

At twenty minutes past six that evening Carlotta was on the platform at St. Pancras station, to meet the Scotch express. From it alighted Alan Rankine, and when he saw Carlotta he simply darted to her side.

"Carlotta! This is very, very good of you," he said, as he took both her hands.

"Oh, nonsense! You knew I would come—but where is Judy?"

"Judy was not ready. I am afraid she will only manage to come in time to say good-bye. Well, where are you staying?"

Carlotta told him.

"A Bloomsbury boarding-house!" he echoed, doubtfully. "I'm afraid it hasn't a prepossessing sound."

"Oh, but it is a very nice place," Carlotta answered him. "You will go to the hotel, I suppose?"

"Yes, right here. I wired for a room. You will stop and dine, won't you?"

Carlotta assented, having expected that such would be the program.

Though the hotel was full they managed to get a small table in a recess alcove of the big dining-room, where they could talk to their hearts' content.

Alan Rankine had not asked any questions regarding Carlotta's journey to London, chiefly, perhaps, because it fitted in so excellently with all his plans. To have her for these last few days, away from the prying eyes of the little town, was surely good! And Judy, the wise, discerning, and sympathetic, had fully understood.

Sitting opposite him, with the soft light on her face, Carlotta had never looked more beautiful or more womanly. Rankine himself was tired, and had the look of a man who had been through considerable stress.

"Tell me about it, dear," said Carlotta softly, as she leaned her elbows on the table and looked across at him with a world of sympathy in her eyes. "I am afraid the good-bye was very hard."

Yes, it was! But there——" Rankine's bosom heaved and his mouth twitched. Carlotta's hand stole across the table, and was laid on his with a healing touch.

"Don't let us talk about it. Judy and I found that better. She wanted to be left alone. It is easier to fight out things when there is nobody looking on. You see, when we were both there we found it necessary to buck up one another."

Something crept into Carlotta's eyes which she hid by dropping her lids over them. She felt it all so intensely that she could not pursue it further.

"There are compensations, dear," said Rankine cheerfully, as if he sought to dispel her inward sadness. "For instance, they've paid a good fat cheque in advance. It has wonderfully smoothed the way for us just here. And they are really nice people, with a sort of feeling for the old place—don't you know? Even Judy was quite cheerful at the end of the longish day they spent with her at Stair. She said the ladies were very understanding, sympathetic, and considerate about the household arrangements, and even wished her to lock away more things, if she wished to do so. She is going to lock up and hermetically seal the Pool, so, for the next few years, that will be the only little, tiny bit of Stair which the Rankines can actually call their own!"

"Poor, dear Judy!" said Carlotta with the most tender cadence in her voice. "Tell me, did you go and say good-bye to the Clock House?"

"I did, last evening. Your father, dear old chap, has accepted me at last, though I can see that the quick change has a trifle disconcerted him. He is, however, rather puzzled about your visit to London. I rather think I am puzzled about it, too!"

Carlotta gave a slight, nervous laugh.

"Papa has but one fear, that I go upon the stage. Alan. But why not, when the feeling and the necessity for work is in the air? Don't you understand, dear, that it would be infinitely better for me to have something to occupy my mind and my time with while you are away fighting at the back of beyond?"

Rankine had no answer ready, and Carlotta went on with a kind of feverish impatience which showed the keenness of her feelings.

"Poor papa! He is so illogical! He always talks as if he rescued mamma from the stage, and there never was anyone more capable of taking care of herself than she was. And he rescued her so completely that he has cared for her to enter a theatre ever since. He hasn't an idea how splendidly she has behaved all through these years, or she really adored it; and I have not been sure, always, whether even love had the right to demand a sacrifice so complete."

"Where that kind of love is, Carlotta, the idea of sacrifice does not enter!" Rankine said with conviction. "Now supposing I were to demand from you, before I sailed, a complete and categorical promise that you would not follow in your mother's footsteps, what would you do. Would you find it impossible, or even difficult to give that promise?"

Carlotta had some hesitation in replying, and for a moment or two drooped down her eyes. Rankine did not know that, in that moment, she was on the brink of a full confession as to the business and decision of the day. He laughed presently, not disturbed by her silence.

"My dear, you need not fear. No man would have the right to demand any such promise from a woman—least of all from you. You must be left free as air do you hear?—free as air. My trust in you is complete as my love, and that—well, it doesn't bear talking about."

Carlotta raised her head presently, and there was something in her eyes which made his pulses beat swiftly.

"Alan, if your trust in me is so perfect as that, why keep me like this?"

"But, darling, how could I take you away to uncertainty and probable hardship? The thing I am out after is no kid-gloved business. At least I must ample it before I could ask such a sacrifice at your hands."

"I don't want to be taken," she answered. "I understand quite well that a woman would hamper a man going out as you are going but—I should like to have the right to know where you are, to follow your progress every step of the way, even to come—if you needed me."

It was impossible to mistake her meaning. Rankine's face flushed, and his hand shook.

"You mean that you would marry me before I sailed!"

"I do—on the day of sailing. Give me your name, Alan, so that I have the right to you, the right to live my life at home here as much under your protection as if you were by my side. Oh, what have I done? Perhaps I ought not! I wonder—do you understand?"

"I understand that we must get out into the open, Carlotta, for this place is whirling round me!" he said, rising to push back his chair.

Ten minutes later they were out under the starlit sky, with all the throng and clamor of London streets about them—and heaven in their hearts.

(To be continued.)

CLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns by Hazel Boyce

SPRING BREATHES OF PRINTED CREPES.

There is something very much akin to spring and summer in the printed crepe used in this dress for daughter, No. 1058. It is a wonderful development of a red-flowered design on a light background. The kimono sleeve leaves the making of this dress very simple. The vestee is tucked, and trimmed with small buttons. A contrasting material used in collar and cuffs brings out the exquisiteness of the printed crepe. The belt, starting from the side front, strikes a new note in sashes. Made in lightweight wool, it is practical for early spring wear, and in linens, ginghams or any washable material is very useful as a school frock. Cut in sizes 8 to 14 years. Size 12 years requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material.

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 carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Sun Cannon Tells Time.

The only known automatic sun gun in the world, located at Cintra, twenty miles from Lisbon, Portugal, booms the correct time to surrounding towns and hamlets from a height of 2,000 feet, says "The Popular Science Monthly" for March. By a convex lens arrangement supported by the cannon and controlled by a sun dial the sun's rays are concentrated at noon each day on the touch-hole of the cannon and thus it is automatically fired by old King Sol himself.

For Whose Good?

Lady Visitor—"Wonderful roads you have here! but who's benefited by them besides the motorists?"

Host—"I might mention the undertaker."

Overheard.

An old lady being shown around Rochester cathedral by one of the vergers, arrived at a tablet in the navy in memory of Charles Dickens.

"Oh, she said, "I never knew that Dickens was killed here."

"He wasn't, madam," replied the verger, "but why do you ask?"

"Why, it says 'This Tablet was erected by the executors.'"

Admiral of Fleet Earl Beatty is shown in the funeral procession of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Bart., second sea lord of the admiralty, which took place at Rockingham recently.

CANADA'S FOREST LANDS

We very frequently look on the possession of land as an index to private and public worth, and we in Canada like to think of size as a measure of our worth and importance within the Empire and the world.

If the possession of land is any indication of worth or importance it must be that it has some value other than merely so much sand and clay. Land, as such, is like money, we cannot eat it, we cannot wear it, it is valuable only as a means to an end, only in so far as it will fill or supply a human want. Except for a comparatively small area required for building sites, roads, recreation and like purposes, land has no value only in so far as we make use of its power to support plant life of a kind valuable to mankind.

This being so, we, as Canadians, must ask ourselves how far we are justifying our frequent boast and pride in the fact that Canada is the largest single possession in the British Empire. As Canadians, we can boast of a country of approximately two billion, three hundred million acres in extent, but unless we can go farther and show that we intend to make this productive of some form of wealth, our boast must be largely an idle one. The possession of mere acres means nothing and significance is attached to the fact only when those acres have been dedicated to the production of farm crops, timber crops or to some other useful purpose.

There are numerous land crops and all vary in their soil requirements. Those that we ordinarily understand as farm crops vary one with the other, but as a class require for their best development a soil of high fertility and a favorable physical make-up. Forests are a crop that are much less exacting in their minimum soil requirements. As in agricultural crops the requirements vary with the species, our hardwoods as a class demanding a better soil than our conifers for their best development. But to this difference in the soil requirements of their respective crops, agriculture and forestry are not inimical but are interdependent and the development of one is going to be aided and hastened by the development of the other.

Remote Possibilities.

We have already noted that the total area of the Dominion is approximately two billion, three hundred million acres. Of this tremendous area it is estimated that 55% composed of our barren lands and lands north of the climatical limit of agricultural crops and merchantable timber has only problematical possibilities. It is no doubt rich in fur and fish, it probably carries valuable mineral, its caribou may be commercialized or it may be otherwise made productive, but these possibilities seem at least remote and their development will probably fall to another generation. Three hundred million acres or 12% of our land area, it is estimated, are capable of growing agricultural crops. The remaining 33% or seven hundred and sixty-five million acres are unfitted to agriculture but are capable of producing timber of a merchantable size and quality. If our boast and pride in the extent of the Dominion is not to be an idle one, we must keep, or make these lands productive.

Our forests products are to-day, in point of value, second only to those of agriculture. They are valued at three hundred million dollars annually, their production gives a livelihood to half a million people, they provide an export balance of two hundred million dollars. If this industry is to be maintained and increased we must keep our forest lands productive, we must practice forestry.

Forest fire protection is not forestry. It is a means only to that end, but forest fires are to-day the greatest single deterrent to the practice of forestry in Canada. Preceding any proper management we must provide for the reduction of fires on our forest lands to the irreducible minimum.

Preventable by Human Care.

Ninety per cent. of our forest fires are due to common agencies and are to that extent preventable by human care. Nine-tenths of our forest fires are started through carelessness, negligence, ignorance and a lack of appreciation of the value of mature and growing timber. Private and public organizations are doing their best to prevent or suppress forest fires, but the best organization, and the best equipment conceivable would meet with only partial success in the face of a public apathy but allows the destruction each year of as much timber as we use in industry, that allows the burning over each year of one million, three hundred thousand acres that should be growing supplies for the future.

The Forest Service of Canada appeals to every red-blooded Canadian for his support, his sympathy, his influence in the campaign for an enlivened public interest in the conservation of our forest resources, particularly the campaign against the needless destruction by fire that goes on year after year. It is only in this way that seven hundred and sixty-five million acres of our land can be made productive, can be made to reduce our taxes, can be made an asset and not just so many acres of waste.

"HELP TO PREVENT FOREST FIRES—IT PAYS."—C. MacFayden.

City of Night Noises.

La Paz, in Bolivia, is a city of nocturnal noises. The big town clock strikes loudly and sonorously the quarters and in deeper tone the hours. A corps of policemen patrol the city all night, blowing loud and weird blasts on their whistles every few seconds. Far in the distance you hear the lugubrious answering call of others. Those sounds and the ceaseless tinkle of bells and the brawling of Indians usually make the first few nights a harrowing experience for a visitor.

Kangaroos outnumber sheep two to one in the Australian northwest where they are proving a nuisance.

"Women often ask me — says Mrs. Experton — how I get my table linen so immaculate"

"I take it as a reasonable compliment, because most women do try to excel in their table linen.

"Of course, tell them, my I've found easiest and best is with Sunlight — just dipping the linen lightly with Sunlight, rolling it up and putting to soak. After soaking, perhaps a light rubbing here and there may be called for, then just rinse, and the linen sparkling clean. Fine linens should be protected and never come in contact with anything but the purest soap.

"As a household soap nothing better or more economical than Sunlight Soap. A pure article is pure soap, with no wasteful 'filler'. Sunlight is best and easy on the hands too." Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, make it.

Sunlight Soap

The Simple Life.

In all ages men have sought [illegible] life of the best or happy [illegible] there were no sights or sounds [illegible] with peace and where the [illegible] spared the rough and [illegible] tacts of the world's life and [illegible].

To some extent, wealth may [illegible] a cushion and absorb a [illegible] these [illegible] have no wealth, but [illegible] sunlight, gold and fertile soil [illegible] live an easy, lazy life upon a [illegible] atoll of the southern seas and [illegible] unregarded.

But for the majority it is [illegible] sible to evade a measure of [illegible] want, mental stress and social [illegible] responsibilities and disappointments. Life, simplified too far, can [illegible] that we are denying [illegible] others that in self-respect [illegible] bound to take upon ourselves. [illegible] we say of a man that he [illegible] in public spirit, we mean that [illegible] joys a general benefit without [illegible] for it by any contribution [illegible].

We all owe service [illegible] the place in which we [illegible] the people who are our [illegible] aries.

Our own plan for our [illegible] might be simple, but it is [illegible] for us by the fact that we [illegible] up our own little kingdoms [illegible] wild and self-rule. We [illegible] concede and reach adjustments [illegible] are honored and valued [illegible] pile dollar and dollar for [illegible] win personal glory and [illegible] own glory, but as they [illegible] places, whether rankers or [illegible] cers, to advance a cause [illegible] than a man. And they who [illegible] this way must expose [illegible] danger. They must sacrifice [illegible] deny themselves, take up [illegible].

The simple life is not [illegible] ideal that a man can [illegible] may be a life of utter [illegible] The useful life is likely [illegible] faced with complications [illegible] with difficulties which signify [illegible] is living to the full, out [illegible] not hiding in a corner [illegible] away from a field of battle.

Wembley's "Treasure Island."

The youngsters are to be [illegible] catered for at the British Empire [illegible] hibition this year, and the "Treasure [illegible] Island," which has been [illegible] signed for their benefit, [illegible] one of Wembley's most [illegible] tures.

"Treasure Island" rises [illegible] of a lake in the eastern [illegible] Exhibition grounds. The [illegible] who visit it will be met by [illegible] representing such personages [illegible] as Robinson Crusoe, Dick [illegible] the Pied Piper of Hamelin [illegible] how they may reach the [illegible].

This journey will be a [illegible] in itself. The little visitors [illegible] there, or they may go by [illegible] may walk along a gangway [illegible] they will see the animals [illegible] the Ark as fellow-travellers [illegible]. On the island they will find [illegible] series of fresh delights, [illegible] which should prove special [illegible] ing is the half-size model of the Golden Hind, Sir Francis Drake's flagship, which is moored in the lake. Then, too, the children can enjoy a run through the Rocky Mountains in a train. If they feel hungry after the experience, a farm with real cows will provide them with milk and cakes most calculated to appeal to the juvenile fancy.

Oh How Sad

Mr. Newrich was showing a friend around the estate.

"I've been done over some of the 'ere trees," he remarked. "They was supposed to be a weeping willow, and ain't shed a single tear up to now."

More than 30,000 ex-Service men have been established on the land in Canada.

Dirigible Mishaps.

[illegible] dirigible [illegible] ing from [illegible] ing [illegible] by a [illegible] North Sea toward [illegible] British dirigible [illegible] caught in the storm that [illegible] damaged [illegible] Gaining North Sea [illegible] it was driving [illegible] Scott Field, twenty [illegible] Louis, in a wide [illegible] as the Mississippi and [illegible] of the Missouri some [illegible] little more than a year [illegible] 1924, the Shenandoah [illegible] her maiden [illegible] out a record-[illegible] 9,000 miles [illegible] trial flight, the R-38 [illegible] dirigible, exploded [illegible] during [illegible] the Humber [illegible] forty-six [illegible] claims these [illegible] trans-Atlantic flights [illegible] the ZR-3 [illegible] the maiden [illegible] of America and [illegible] and Spain [illegible] nevertheless [illegible] many respects they [illegible] ged from the experiments [illegible] by Zeppelins, however, they [illegible] more airworthy, and [illegible] to come safely through [illegible] ups. They are not so [illegible] of the sky, roads, as [illegible] they seem to be slowly [illegible] painfully achieving [illegible].

Arctic Fliers.

[illegible] there is little romance [illegible] sled across the frozen [illegible] the Arctic," said Peary, [illegible] ten years ago, at the mess [illegible] Point, we [illegible] are all the [illegible] and trips [illegible] thousand explorers. With [illegible] flights under the [illegible] of summer, the [illegible] ce of an open [illegible] may [illegible] moment with [illegible] for that [illegible] men and airmen equally [illegible] the risk is a spur, interest [illegible], to scores of men [illegible] eagerly applying for the [illegible] the amphibian machine [illegible] top of the world. We [illegible] sailed through the [illegible] abchan seaways to be [illegible] visitors of many [illegible] nations. The sea of the [illegible] Hudson Land to Port [illegible] most of the harbors [illegible] summer are free [illegible] that Sir Hubert's Dragon [illegible] Hind experiments [illegible] life.

Took Scott's Advice.

[illegible] Speaking [illegible] way to keep people from [illegible] they've got their goods [illegible] been persuading [illegible] for three years, [illegible] buying an automobile, [illegible] payment plan, [illegible] he could pay cash, but [illegible] the second time [illegible] new car.

"Why it on payments?" [illegible] "Not much," says the [illegible] dly; "I stole my [illegible] nough out of it to pay [illegible]."

Dickens' Originals.

Dickens' originals continue [illegible] demand and [illegible] ey as they ever did. [illegible] recently a copy of [illegible] ers" in the original [illegible].

Following the Dog.

A very small boy was [illegible] St. Bernard up the road [illegible] "Are you going to take that [illegible] man?" inquired a passer. "I'm going to see where [illegible] wants to go, first," was the [illegible].