In the Tea Cup

the full charm of

"SALADA" TEA

H636

is revealed. The flavor is pure, fresh and fragrant. Try it. Black, Mixed or Green Blends.

TO KEEP SHADE TREES THRIVING

If persons realized that an injury to one part of a tree affects the whole, they would be less likely to drive nails into the bark, fasten guy ropes to the branches, gouge the trunk with wagon wheels or lawn mowers or inflict other injuries that when multiplied eventually ruin a tree. Anything that interferes with the flow of sap through the soft cambium layer just under the bark is disastrous. Hundreds of young trees die every year merely because no one removes the wire to which the name tag is attached. If the wire does not rust and break it cuts through the bark as the tree grows, then through the cambium layer, and so stops the flow of sap and causes the tree to die.

Other trees without number are killed by boys who test their knives on the tender bark, by rabbits and mice, which eat rings round them, and by workmen and drivers who carelessly wound them.

It is much better to avoid making wounds of any kind than to try to patch them afterwards. An easy way to protect young trees is to set wire guards round them. The guards can be bought, or they can be made at home from galvanized netting or wire cloth. Cut the netting into strips wide enough to overlap when in position and shape them by rolling them round a broom stick. You can then spring them round the tree, but it will be well to have a little space between the tree and the trunk all round. If you force these guards well into the ground they will protect the trees against mice, cattle, rabbits and other vermin.

When the garden is to be dug or rented are to be made about the place the young trees can be protected by using strips of burlap wound round them, but if the latter kind of protector is used very long care must be taken that it does not become a harbor for insect pests. Many kinds of insects will find in a welcome hiding place.

When making cuts for poorly shaped limbs to begin of support two wires should be used. The best way is to twist two lengths of rubber hose round the wires and fix the ends to the tree. The rubber will not cut into the bark.

In case of precarious small wounds which cannot be reached by the surgeon be made, but they should be treated as soon as discovered. First remove the loose bark and cut the wood as little as possible. Then smear the whole wound with hard grafting wax and bind a cloth tight round it. If you wish to do an even more thorough job, paint the bandage with shellac. Painting the wounds on small trees with tar is likely to be worse than no treatment. Tar is well enough for large trees, but often proves fatal when used on those that have been setout only a few years. Grafting wax can be bought of any supply house and made into liquid form by heating it and adding alcohol. You can make the liquid wax at home by melting a pound of white resin with an ounce of beef tallow and adding eight ounces of alcohol after you have removed the mixture from the fire. Keep the wax in tightly corked bottles.

Nothing is better than putty for stopping up small holes like those made by spikes, but grafting wax will serve. A few small holes would of themselves do no harm, even if not plugged, but they admit moisture as well as various insect pests and the spores of fungus diseases. For that reason it is advisable to stop them promptly.

As a rule healthy shade trees need little trimming, especially if they have been chosen with intelligent reference to the spot they occupy. If maples are trimmed so high that the sun strikes on the bark of the trunk the bark will split and let in worms and fungi. Often, however, limbs are broken by the wind and must be removed. When two limbs cross and threaten to chafe one of them must be taken out. Crotches in shade trees are dangerous as a bad split is likely to occur if the branches become weighted with wet snow, and for that reason one branch of the fork is best cut away when small. In all such work the important point to remember is that the branch removed must be cut close up and parallel with the parent branch or the trunk. To leave a stub is to invite trouble. When the cut is properly made the bark will soon begin to roll over it; if the wound is not large it will eventually be covered, and a wound of any size will be greatly protected. A stub will receive no such protection and will rot.

The general practice is to paint all wounds with some material that is supposed to preserve the wood, such as white lead or tar. But many experts are now questioning the value of that time-honored practice; and many assert that painting the wounds on fruit trees instead of doing good often retards the growth of the bark.

A Jester Who Was Too Funny.

Jack Sadler was one of the most [illegible] rogues of the seventeenth century. At a time when competition in the rogue business was keen. He was neither courageous nor daring, far from it, in fact, and yet there was a style about him that made him an individual. For example, he once stole the Speaker's hat of a gentleman who was praying in the Temple Church and in extenuation pleaded that we are enjoined "to watch as well as pray."

Sadler's crowning achievement, says a writer in Discovery, was his theft of the purse and mace of the Lord High Chancellor of England. How he discovered in what strong room they were secured is not known, but he not only took the baubles from their lurking place but marched with them publicly displayed through Lincoln's Inn Fields. A confederate bore the purse before him, another the mace, and Sadler brought up the rear, hat cocked and arms akimbo, with an insolent and strutting grandeur.

The little daughter of Sadler's landlord discovered the theft. While she was playing in his apartment during the great housebreaker's absence she found a pearl and a piece of insel under the carpet. Anxious to know whether there were more of the pretty playthings concealed about the room, she succeeded in opening the cupboard door.

"Mother! Mother! Come up here!" cried the child excitedly. "The gentleman has His Majesty's crown!"

What she beheld in point of fact, was the corpus of the mace detached from its stock. The landlady warned the watch, and an ambush was laid.

Loud was the laughter when the facts became known and Sadler confessed to having figured as the Lord High Commissioner in that extraordinary harlequinade in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Loud was the laughter, but poor Sadler was condemned to death in sober earnest. It is hard for a jester to be taken quite so seriously.

Clover.

Little master, put in hand,
Let me in your presence stand,
Till your sister's solve for me
This your little field mystery.

Tell me—for long to know
How in darkness there below,
Was your fairy fabric spun,
Spread and fashioned, three in one.

Did your goddess gold and blue
Sky and sunshine choose for you,
Ere your triple forms were seen,
Suited livery of green?

Can ye—if ye will indeed
Captives of a prison seed—
Like the Genii once again
Get you back into the grain?

Little master, may I stand,
In your presence, hat in hand,
Waiting till you solve for me
This your little field mystery?

—John B. Tabb.

Perhaps This is Why You Don't Sleep Well.

In the course of an article on sleep and its disturbances in the famous medical journal, the Lancet, Sir Frederick Mott has these few remarks to make. They must be of consuming interest to everyone who ever has to think about the means of wooing a reluctant slumber.

"Seeing that every sensation and every mental image or engram leads to a reflex activation, which may be apparent or not, according to the influence of positive or negative inhibition, to every sensation and image or perception, there must, in consequence of this reflex motor action, result a corresponding kinaesthetic or postural excitation, of afferent stimuli flowing along proprioceptive neuronic systems from muscle spindles, tendons, bones and joints, which combined with associated labyrinthine sensations form a sensory continuum, which is intimately integrated with the exteroceptive sensory continuum on the one hand and the motor continuum on the other."

Its Drawback.

Housewife—"We are going to get an electric washer and so we won't need you any more."

Laundress—"A right lazy, lay, an electric washer can't give us no gossip."

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

"MISS CARLYON AN ACTRESS!"

"You don't say so! Are you sure? I heard that she had gone away from Ayr, but of course we supposed that her object was to be with him, and to see him off at Liverpool."

"I am quite sure. I know her well enought to make no mistake. And there is no doubt that she is a great actress. As I sat there looking at and watching her, I felt nothing but pity for Alan Rankine, for what chance has he—a nameless adventurer in America—and she with the whole world practically at her feet?"

Lucy made a little nervous gesture with her hands, not lost upon Mrs. Sillars.

"If it is as you say," began Mrs. Garvock, "certainly the risks are great. A great actress, is she? Now I wonder whether he knew what she was going to do at the moment he left her? And Judy?—I am sure she would disapprove most highly! Now that she is supposed to be pledged to Stair, it is hardly the thing—I should have thought!"

"Oh, that is a matter of little importance. It is the personal side of the thing I should be afraid of. And if I were Alan's friend, or in his confidence, I should simply advise him to come back and take her out of it all. Otherwise——"

She shrugged her shoulders, and her expression was significant. Now while there was no venom or malice in Mrs. Sillars' tongue, or in her heart, she did some mischief that day which she afterwards could very heartily have wished undone. In her eagerness to be kind to these two lonely women, suffering through no fault of their own, she had done less than justice to a woman she knew nothing about.

"I was in the town before I came on to The Lees," she went on, finding that Mrs. Garvock did not seem inclined to pursue the subject, "and in the Sandgate I saw two furniture vans before the door of the Clock House; so, quite evidently, Miss Carlyon's people are joining her in London. A great clearance, is it not? We could ill spare the Rankines from Stair, Mrs. Garvock, but we shall have to call upon the new people and make them welcome. They are very nice, and will take great care of the house, I'm sure."

Mrs. Sillars, now having finished her tea, said she thought she would go, and bade them good-bye heartily; hoping they would soon come to Kildoon, and that all the trouble and worry would blow over.

She was genuinely sorry for them, for, quite evidently, they felt the position keenly, and, though no fault of their own, were being talked about much more than they relished. Indeed, the extraordinary number of new versions of the story rampant in the county would not bear telling.

"Mother," said Lucy, when they were left alone, "I wish you would order the carriage, and let us go down to the Clock House to say good-bye."

"Why should we do that, my dear? It would surely be more dignified to leave them alone now."

"Oh, but Mrs. Carlyon wrote a very kind letter. You said yourself it was a kind letter."

"I did, and I answered it, Lucy. Nothing more is needed."

"But I do so want to go! I must go, mother! Please don't refuse, or I shall get ready and walk down myself."

"You may ring and order the carriage then; though it will inconvenience the people greatly, I am sure, to have us calling on the very same day the furniture vans are at the door."

"You know that won't trouble Mrs. Carlyon or the Professor in the least," Lucy reminded her.

In about twenty minutes' time they were being driven over the smooth roads, in the delightful May sunshine, towards the town.

Arrived at the Sandgate, they found one the pantechnicons at the Clock House door, precisely as Mrs. Sillars had said.

The coachman was instructed to stop a little to one side, and both ladies alighted and walked up to the door, which was wide open. When no one answered their ring at the bell, they ventured in, and ascended the steps from the lower hall to the first landing, where they encountered Mrs. Carlyon in a strange costume, apparently directing operations.

She had a small Chippendale dressing-glass in her hand, which she nearly dropped in her surprise at sight of the ladies from The Lees. But though surprised, it was just as Lucy said, she was not in the least disconcerted, but welcomed them quite warmly, and invited them to come into a small sitting-room at the back, which had been left untouched.

"I've just had tea in there. Can I offer you some?"

They thanked her, but assured her they had already had it.

"I am quite glad to see you, and to have a chance of sitting down for a few minutes. What a business this removal is! And this came upon us with such suddenness. Of course, the Professor has gone. He went yesterday. Oh, yes; it was much better. He is in anguish when this sort of thing happens! I do hope that this move will be the last, and that Carlotta will not hustle us any more."

So much a citizen of the world was Mrs. Carlyon that she saw and felt nothing incongruous in the visit of The Lees ladies, and no thought of apologizing for the condition of the house occurred to her. Still carrying the glass, she ushered them into the little room which Carlotta had used as a sort of housekeeping room, where she kept accounts, and such stores as the limited size of the establishment permitted. It had an old-fashioned knee-hole desk across the window, on which the tea-tray still stood, a long, low couch, an easy chair and a faded rug on the floor.

Both ladies seated themselves on the sofa, while Mrs. Carlyon leaned against the corner of the writing table.

"Such an upset! But, mind, I don't say I'm sorry to leave Ayr just now! I suppose you haven't heard what has happened to Carlotta?"

Mrs. Garvock pondered a moment, and then said outright that Mrs. Sillars called upon them that very afternoon with the astounding news.

"Sillars—Sillars? I don't know her. How did she know? Because, though the play was spoken of in the newspapers, Carlotta's name was not given—or only her stage name, Miss Margaret Tenterden."

"Mrs. Sillars has just come from London, where she saw her in the play."

Mrs. Carlyon's face flushed a little with pleasurable excitement.

"What did she say about it? Do tell me. You can't imagine what I have felt like shut up here, while all that was going on in London."

"Mrs. Sillars says she is a great actress," said Mrs. Garvock kindly; for now that all chance of relationship with what she called "those queer people" was at an end, she could afford to be very friendly and interested in everything concerning them.

"Of course, I've always known that! And if it hadn't been for her father, she would have gone on the stage long since. It was our old friend, Graham Madox, who persuaded her. He was a student at Peterhouse in my husband's time there, and we knew him very well. It's a splendid chance for her, though I don't quite understand why she should have taken it up all of a sudden just now."

She hesitated just there, remembering that she was hovering perilously near the edge of debatable ground.

"No doubt Miss Carlyon had her own sufficient reasons," suggested Mrs. Garvock.

"Oh, probably. There never was one like her for knowing her own mind! But I can't help wondering whether she got Mr. Rankine's consent before he went away. My belief is that when a woman goes on the stage, when she has gifts like Carlotta's, she hasn't the same interest in matrimony. I shouldn't be at all surprised if that came to an end too. You see, with a girl like Carlotta, one never knows! You can't lay down hard and fast rules for her, or calculate with any certainty how she is going to behave."

Lucy's eyelashes fluttered down, but Mrs. Carlyon, quite unconscious of the undercurrents, babbled on.

"Of course, she may have taken it up just to fill and distract her mind just now; but I know far better than most people what is likely to be the end of it. She'll never give it up after she has felt the glamour of it."

"You gave it up—did you not?" asked Mrs. Garvock with a smile.

Mrs. Carlyon shrugged her ample shoulders, and her pretty, faded face, looking a little tired and old with the bright May sunshine on it, smiled ruefully.

"Oh, I was never a great actress!—only a comedy performer, and not much at that. But I liked the life, and the Professor had no idea what I gave up when I married and went down to that stuffy old college town to live! I tell you, I nearly died the first year. But, you see, I promised him to give up, and I kept my promise. It is no use pretending I'm sorry at what Carlotta has done, because I'm not. I'm glad, and I hardly know how to bear myself till I get to London to see her, in her proper place, where she ought to have been years ago if her father hadn't been so prejudiced."

"I suppose he gave in this time," murmured Mrs. Garvock, merely for the sake of something to say.

"Carlotta didn't ask him. She simply just wrote and said she was going to do it. He has gone up, poor dear man, with some idea of expostulating with her. He doesn't know that she is fixed up now, irrevocably, for months to come! But Carlotta knows how to manage him. I've no doubt that, by to-day, she's got him talked over. They are a wonderful pair! The one quite lost without the other. It was very kind of you to drop in like this to say good-bye. I did think I would write a line to-night, after I got down to the hotel to sleep, and tell you what had happened."

"I don't like the idea of your going to the hotel," said Mrs. Garvock, with a sudden and quite genuine rush of hospitable feeling. "Won't you come up to The Lees?"

Mrs. Carlyon looked the surprise she felt.

"Very kind of you, I'm sure, but your son wouldn't like it—he couldn't be expected to; and I'd like to say 'here'—she added a little hurriedly, "that I was awfully sorry when it happened. I would have done a good deal to prevent it happening, but I was quite powerless. It was a case of love at first sight, if ever there was one!"

Lucy rose up suddenly, and her mother observed her lips whitening.

"I spoke very straightly to Carlotta, and told her she couldn't expect to prosper after what she had done. It was a shame to treat a decent, honorable gentleman as she treated Mr. Peter Garvock; but there! What was the use of talking to Carlotta? Why, just none at all! I don't believe there will ever be a marriage between her and Alan Rankine. If he was so desperate about her, he ought to have carried her off with him. I know what London is. And Carlotta has looks. She may do much better for herself."

Mrs. Garvock, smiling somewhat painfully, rose then, and said they must not detain her any longer.

"I thank you again for writing that kind little letter to me. I showed it to my son, and though he did not say anything about it, I am sure it pleased him."

A gratified smile came on Mrs. Carlyon's face.

"Did it? I should like to have seen him—only once, to tell him I had no hand in it at all. He was always very kind to me, Mrs. Garvock, and like a son to the Professor; and I don't care though Carlotta should marry a duke—which, indeed, might happen," she added, with a little conscious smile, "but he never could be better nor kinder than Mr. Garvock was, in the time he came about this house."

They parted most amicably, and, as it happened, were not the last visitors from The Lees to call at the Clock House on that eventful day.

Peter himself heard in the town that the pantechnicons were before the Clock House door, and, knowing that Carlotta had gone, he walked quite deliberately down the Sandgate, and into the house, just as his mother had done.

But Mrs. Carlyon shrank back a little at sight of him, both because he seemed very much changed, so thin and shrunken, and also because it was a very different thing discussing Carlotta with Peter's mother and with Peter himself.

"Oh, how do you do, Peter?" she said, in tones which her discomfort made a little shrill. Then she reddened furiously. "Mr. Garvock, I ought to say, but I forgot. Odd, that you should come! I've had your mother and sister this afternoon, to say good-bye."

"You have? So they knew you were leaving!"

"Not till to-day, I think. Mrs. Somebody, calling at The Lees, told them. I believe Sillars was the name. The Professor has gone, and I follow to-morrow. I'm going out to sleep at the Station Hotel to-night, after I get all the stuff out. Your mother was very kind—she asked me up to The Lees to sleep, Peter—I mean Mr. Garvock."

"Please call me Peter," he said gruffly. "I like it. And I hope you will come up to The Lees. If you will let me when you will be ready to leave the Clock House, I'll send a carriage from the hotel."

"Oh, how very good of you! Well, I think I will come," said Mrs. Carlyon, pleased with the little attention, and not at all concerned as to whether she ought to decline it in the circumstances. "I'm not fond of hotels. I got a pretty good dose of them in my touring days; though these, of course, were not very classy ones. I suppose you have heard the reason why we are leaving Ayr?"

Peter shook his head.

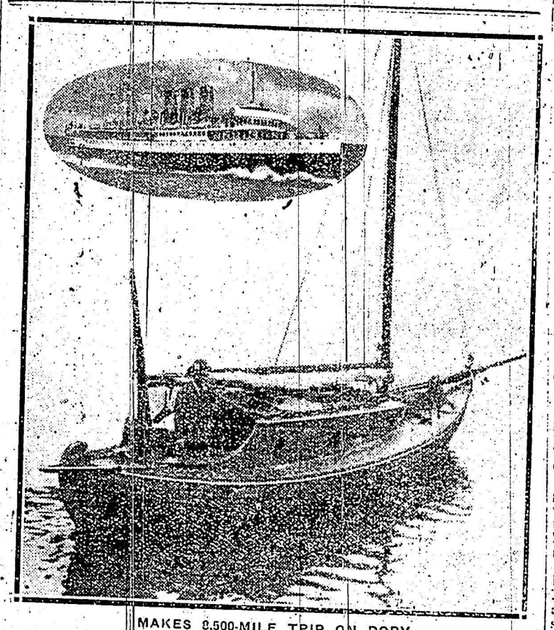
"Carlotta has gone on the stage!" said Mrs. Carlyon hastily; and at the same time narrowly observing him, to see how he would take the news. "She has gone on as leading lady, with our old friend, Graham Madox. And if you ask me, Mr. Garvock, I should say that's good-bye to matrimony. The kind of actress Carlotta is going to be has not time for that sort of thing in her life."

Peter Garvock's face flushed somewhat painfully, and, though intensely interested, he did not seek to pursue the subject, but turned it off by asking again when he might order the carriage from the Station Hotel.

So that night the feud between Stair and The Lees had another precious little bit added to it.

It was told with great gusto how Mrs. Carlyon had spent her last night in Scotland under the roof-tree of The Lees, and, further, had been driven to the station next morning in the brougham, in company with Peter Garvock, who showed her as much solicitous attention as if nothing had happened and she was going to be his mother-in-law after all!

(To be continued.)



MAKES 8,500-MILE TRIP ON DORY

Just a few days after the new Canadian Pacific B.C. Coast Liner S.S. Princess Kathleen entered the Victoria Harbor after her maiden trip from the Clyde, Scotland, a little 25-foot dory slipped away from the quay almost under the nose of the new arrival bound for the Old Country by the very route which the Marguerite had just traversed.

On board the neat little self-bailing ship in which he expects to make the perilous 8,500 miles voyage to Great Britain was Commander Maude R. Maude, R.N., [illegible] of Mayne Island, B.C., who, though seventy years of age, has not lost that courage and daring which is necessary on an undertaking of this kind.

All the traditions of the British Navy are bound up in the ambitious enterprise of this venerable Commander. As a young man Commander Maude was First Lt. aboard the Royal Yacht of Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria, the Victoria and Albert, and his first naval command was on the Temeraire, on which he commanded engagements off the Malay Peninsula and in the China Seas against nautical pirates.

The Half-moon, as Commander Maude has maintained, has an auxiliary consisting of a five H.P. engine on which the gallant Commander will fall back in case of calms or adverse weather.

Teasing Mother.

Mrs. Clemens was always a fair but severe critic of her distinguished husband's writing, and Mark Twain in his autobiography and elsewhere gives grateful testimony to the value of her suggestions in improving his literary taste. But he could not help having a little fun with her.

The children, he says, always helped their mother to edit my books in manuscript. She would sit on the porch at the farm and read aloud, with her pencil in her hand, and the children would keep an alert and suspicious eye upon her right along, for the belief was well grounded in them that whenever she came across a particularly satisfactory passage she would strike it out. Their suspicions were well founded. The passages that were so satisfactory to them always had an element of strength in them, which sorely needed modification or expurgation and was always sure to get it at their mother's hand.

For my own entertainment and to enjoy the protests of the children I often abused my editor's innocent confidence. I often interlarded remarks of a studied and felicitously atrocious character purposely to achieve the children's delight and see the pencil do its fatal work. I often joined my supplications to the children's for mercy and strung the argument out and pretended to be in earnest. It was three against one and most unfair. But it was very delightful, and I could not resist the temptation. Now and then we gained the victory and there was much rejoicing. Then I privately struck the passage out myself. It had served its purpose. It had furnished three of us with good entertainment, and in being removed from the book by me it was only suffering the fate originally intended for it.

The Old Woman.

Little they knew who passed her door
And saw her sitting alone
They had naught to pity her for—
She had visitors by the score
At her hearth stone.

Her eyes had grown too dim to see
The clods she lived among,
But—touched with gentle sorcery—
They saw bright things that lived when she
Was fair and young.

She always kept her parlor chairs
Circled around the fire
For dainty dames and cavaliers
Who laughed and romped up the stairs
In silk attire.

"Poor soul," she died alone, they say,
Who dare for her to mark
The gallant glittering array
That came to guide her joyous way
Out of the dark.

—Adele Comandini.

Bathing Machines.

Throughout England bathers habitually use "bathing machines," one-man houses on wheels. When the occupant changes his clothes the machine is hauled to the edge of the water, and he steps from the door into the ocean. As the tides recede at Newquay, says a writer, the men in charge of the handsome little Cornish ponies that are harnessed to the machines trot them nearer the waters edge. When the tide begins to make, the machines are hauled back one at a time. At first the movement is conducted with dignity, but as the waves gather speed the haulers become excited. Stage by stage the machines retreat until finally the great breakers come crashing toward the land. Then the retreat becomes a rout. The last machines to be rescued are being battered by the waves while their modest inhabitants upon occasion cry for aid from timidly opened doors.

A telling moment is when two women meet.

Surnames and Their Origin

WESCOTT

Variation—Westcott.
Racial Origin—Anglo-Saxon.
Source—A locality.

The latter of these two surname forms is more indicative of their origin than the former.

Just as there has been a curious growth in the meaning of place names ending in 'ham,' in England, the ending "cote" or "cott" has come to have a much more inclusive meaning than it had originally.

The ending "ham," which we have to-day preserved in its more developed meaning in the word "hamlet," even though this is a diminutive by virtue of the "let," was originally the same as the word "home."

In very modern times we have come to regard a "cottage" as a sort of summer home of the wealthy, but only a short time ago it had the meaning of a humble little home. And back in the Anglo-Saxon days, before the English felt the necessity for, or thought of the possibility of family names, the "cote" was pretty much the same as the "ham," or homestead, except that it was a more humble dwelling. But in the course of time, as the "ham" came to include, when part of a place name, all the buildings which ultimately grouped round the original homestead in the growth of a community, so the "cote" ending came to designate all the buildings and additional cottages which were built around that one which was responsible for the place name.

As a family name Wescott, or Westcott, was originally significant merely of the fact that the bearer came from