

The Advent of Tea to England

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

"SALADA"

Kit Kennedy

BY B. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

Kit could swim a little. Geordie Elphinstone had taught him the breast stroke, but it was pleasanter and more interesting to wrestle near the shore with Royal, because at swimming he had no chance, whereas near the beach he was on more equal terms. The sun poured down upon his white glistening body. He shouted aloud in the young gladness of his heart. Duty, schoolmasters, lesson books hid under broad stones, hours of exits and entrances, leathern taws and the moral law, were all alike forgotten.

"Ouch—let's have another!" barked Royal, lumbering outwards like a great pot-walloping elephant through the shallows to become instantly perfectly graceful in the amber deeps, "come and have another!" And Kit went. The water was still chillish, for it was early in the year. But the violence of the exercise and the racing of the young blood through his veins kept Kit warm for the better part of an hour.

Then he began to think of putting on his clothes. He waded ashore, feeling as the water fell away from him and the fanning wind blew, as if he had left part of himself behind in the water. He wished he had kept his sugar piece till now.

"Ouff—ouff!" barked Royal behind him, "call yourself a swimmer and going out already—look at me!"

And the doubtful Newfoundland pushed right across the loch for the woods on the further side.

"Oh, no doubt," said Kit in reply, turning to watch him, "it's very easy for you, staying in the water with all that hair on. Try it in your bare skin and see how you like it."

Then he held up his foot to try how it felt to have the water run between his toes. This proved interesting with the right foot, so Kit repeated the operation on the left. A little shiver of cold began to strike downward along his spine. He would put on his clothes. Where were they? Oh, yes, he remembered, behind that broom bush on the bank. He sprang up the short turf and rounded the waving green and gold of the obstacle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

KIT'S EYES ARE OPENED.

Kit stopped, awashed and ashamed. There is, doubtless, a disembodied moral law, a spiritual essence of right

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somewhere in the air about us but we seldom let it alight on us till it comes in human guise. We rather shoo it off like a troublesome fly.

Kit Kennedy remembered for the first time that he ought to have gone to school.

"Kit," said Liliac Mac Walter, with sad directness, "you are playing truant!"

"Yes," said Kit, hanging his head, and standing meanwhile like a spare young Apollo erect before his mother. The moral law had abated now.

There was a basket by his mother's side covered with a white napkin. She had been on her way to meet Heather Jock and his donkey as he passed along the highway, that he might take it to the Crae Cottage. She had not seen her father or her mother for many months.

Without saying a word Liliac took the napkin from the basket, and calling Kit to her she began, with strange thrills and upleavings of her mother's heart, to rub some warmth into the boy's chilled limbs. She had not done so much since he was a little lad of three years old. This made her glad that she had chanced upon him that morning, though she meant to speak seriously to the boy all the same. For the space of five long minutes both were silent, the tears welling up in the woman's averted eyes, and the boy casting about for some non-committal subject of conversation.

Then, garment by garment, she helped him on with his clothes, till he stood completely arrayed before her.

Royal had swum and barked, and barked and swum between the deeps and the shallows ever since Kit's desertion. But now he came up the bank, sheepishly wagging his lank wet tail, keeping meanwhile one eye on the intentions of Liliac's hand and one on her uncovered basket.

"Kit," said his mother, gravely, "sit down. I want to speak to you."

Much subdued, Kit sat down. He wished that he had been suffering under Dominic Duncanson's taws instead. But he sat meekly down as he was bidden.

Royal settled himself upon his haunches a few yards below on a spit of broiling shingle, cocking his ears alternately at these inexplicable humans, who on such a morning preferred the land to the water, and, having a basket of delicacies such as he could see plainly with his nose, went on making foolish noises with their mouths. Royal could have shown them a better use for these last.

"Kit," said his mother, "I have been thinking for a long while that you are old enough to be told what is before you. You are nearly eleven, and older than most boys of twelve or fourteen. I did not mean to trouble you yet, for Mr. Duncanson says that you are doing well at school. But now I must speak. You are getting wild and playing truant. I will not rage upon you, Kit. I will only tell you that if you go on in the way you are doing you will break your mother's heart."

"Oh, mither!" cried Kit, tears springing into eyes which would not have been wet for the best whipping that Duncanson could have given, "I forgot. I did not mean to—at least, I didna ken ye were comin' this road."

"No," said his mother, gently, "that is just it. You did not think; you did not mean any wrong. You did not expect to be found out. That is exactly the way to break a mother's heart."

Kit hung his head. The moral law was biting steadily now.

"Kit," she went on, after a pause of strengthening silence and upward appeal, "Kit, laddie mine, I want you

to be a good man, a true man. I think you will be a clever man—you have it in you. Listen, Kit. Once I knew a very clever man—not a bad man, but one who, like you, did not think, did not mean, did not care, so long as he was not found out. Kit, your mother would have been the happiest woman in the world if that man had thought, had meant, had remembered. But—he broke my heart and made my life a living death. Now my heart grows alive again to look at you. I would rather see you lie dead before me than that you should break any woman's heart as that man broke mine!"

"Was he my faither?" asked Kit, in a low awed tone, not looking at his mother, but down at the loch, which somehow seemed suddenly to have grown misty and far away.

"He was your father," said the woman Liliac, very softly.

There was a long silence between them twain, so long that Royal dropped his head and pretended to go to sleep.

"Is he dead, mither?" said Kit at last, the realities of life humming in his ears and making his heart like chill water within him.

"No, he is not dead," said Liliac Mac Walter, her face looking ashen grey and drawn in the insolent optimism of the morning sunshine.

Kit thought a while, and then said, with an indignant ring in his voice, "How you must hate hm, mither!"

There was a little rustling beyond the dyke in the broom into which Kit had thrown the stick. A thrush which had flown in as if to visit its nest flew out again, "cherking" crossly.

His mother did not answer, so Kit repeated his words, "How you must hate that man, mither!"

With eyes pulsing and misty, like the sky over the Northern sea where the ice floats, Liliac replied. She did not sigh—sighing is for hopeful people who are only temporarily unhappy. But this woman was hopeless, expectationless, convicted on a life sentence from which she did not mean to appeal.

"Hate him—no. I do not hate that man, Kit," she said, slowly, but very distinctly. "Rather, God forgive hm and me—I love him still. For a woman who once loves truly, Kit, as I loved your father, there is in this life no escape, no hope. I do not know about the next. At any rate she loves to the end. You do not understand. Nor can any man fully understand. Like a wasp that is crushed a man turns to sting that which hurts him. But when a woman is bruised, wounded to the death, ground to powder, if the heel be the heel of the man she loves, it cannot grind the great love out of her heart. Such love as this, Kit, does not come at will. It does not go at bidding. It is there, Kit. You do not understand. You never will wholly, for you are a man. But that is the truth. God has made woman so that because I loved that man once I must love him always!"

The relieving tears welled up silently in the grey-blue eyes. There they stood for a moment like water in an over-full glass held by a sort of surface tension. Then they ran slowly over and dripped unheeded one by one upon her lap. One fell on Kit's hand. It was warm.

"Oh, mither, dinna!" he cried, agonized, snatching his hand away with the swift intolerance of youth for mental suffering—an unknown and foolish thing to healthy childhood.

"Do you love Walter Mac Walter?" said Kit presently, with the remorseless curiosity of youth, whose inquiries sometimes sting like lashes, sometimes cut like knives.

Liliac started at his words. She formed her lips for some vehement answer. But it was unspoken. The fire that leaped into her eyes died out as swiftly. For a space she was silent, and when she spoke it was in a low, even, colorless voice.

"No!" she said, "I do not love Walter Mac Walter."

"Did you never love him?" pursued pitiless youth.

"I never loved him!"

"Then why did you marry him?"

In all her life's trials Liliac never had to endure (save once) any moment so terrible as this.

She tried to speak, but a pulsing check rose rebelliously in her throat, and she stammered like a speaker who has suddenly forgotten his next sentence.

"Kit—Kit! Oh, Kit," she gasped,



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"you are cruel. My lad—my lad—but you do not mean to be. I will tell you—yes, you shall know. I married Walter Mac Walter because I thought my heart was dead—because of the man, your father. I thought he did not love me, that he had deceived me. My mother said, 'Marry the man for your father's sake. The debt crushes him to the ground. He is a good man. Love will come afterwards.' I did wrong, Kit, I sinned against love. But do not hate me, Kit. I will die if you hate me. I have gotten so little out of life—I who expected so much. I cannot bear that you should hate me, Kit. At least, I have not deserved that."

The boy felt the tears well up in his own eyes. He did not understand. He did not. Yet Liliac was wise, for the effort to understand made a deeper impression on Kit's mind than if he had understood all. The mystery of suffering sobered him. He grew older and wiser each moment. By instinct this woman had reached the truth that to make children trust you, you must appeal to their understandings as well as to their hearts.

Kit Kennedy reached his hand across to his mother and laid it on hers. She took her left hand and gently patted it. Then she went on again.

"My boy," she said, "I did wrong. I sinned against love. But I have been punished, and God, I think, looks upon it so. 'Whom He loveth He chasteneth.' I heard Mr. Osborne say it. But not as if he knew it. Nor as I know it. If I have sinned greatly I have also been greatly punished, and God does not exact the penalty in both worlds. Kit, be a good man. Be true. Speak the truth and take the consequences. If you do wrong, as you will, stand up to the punishment. Kit, do not run from trouble, as—as he did. If he had remained God knows how proudly, how gladly I would have stood by his side—aye, through disgrace, penury, and death. But he was afraid and went away. Oh, Kit, do not flinch, stand up to the storm, and be sure that the woman who loves you will stand beside you. I tell you her heart will be proud and rejoicing because she knows it is done for the man she loves!"

A rabbit or some wild thing stirred in the broom bush. Kit turned his head quickly, but saw nothing.

Having spoken out, Liliac Mac Walter's heart was happier than it had been for years. The burden was eased. An unseen hand seemed to lift it from her shoulders.

"You do not hate me for this, Kit?" she said with a yearning pitifulness in her eyes.

The boy sobbed one great sob, felt his face go cold, and then fell on his mother's neck.

"Mither!" was all he said. And from the heart of Liliac, the sinned-against, the year-long pain ebbed away.

It was some time before these two friends found articulate words again. When they did it was the woman who began to speak in a hushed tone. Kit had forgotten his eleven years, his adult superiority, his dignity of man. He lay with his head on his mother's breast. She kissed his hair and brow as often as she would. And that was not seldom. God did not grudge her this season and slowed the universe to make it longer. He had done as much for Joshua upon a less important occasion. But overhead a dark and threatening cloud drew down from the Girthon Hills, thunder brooding within its blue-black bosom.

"Kit," the woman said, gently, "you are a clever boy. I want you to be something in the world. I am sure you can be if you like. For your mother's sake, try. You must do it for yourself. I cannot help you. Your grandfather and grandmother are too poor to aid you. You must help yourself. I do not want you to be only a plowman. There is more in you than that. Only remember that mere money-making is nothing, Kit; I want you to be a scholar, like your father. But with the strength he had not. Perhaps one day, who knows, God may repent Him of the evil. No, I must not think of it. It is impossible!" She paused, and was silent a long while.

Kit did not interrupt or ask any questions this time. He was pillowed contentedly under his mother's chin. He liked it—when he was sure that no one could see him. Also he was forming great resolves within him. For a boy of eleven can make resolves—and sometimes keep them better than a man of forty.

"Mother, I am going to be a great man," said the reformed truant. And even as he spoke there came a vivid flash, and the thunder broke above in sonorous mirth at Kit's daring!

"All right, we'll see!" said Kit Kennedy, leaping up and shaking his fist at the elements.

(To be continued.)



Roughing It.

Miss Sharpe—"So Reggie is roughing it just now?"

Algie—"He is indeed—just lives in a soft collar and keeps the curtains of his car rolled up all the time."

Work of the Heart.

The human heart, if working normally, expands with sufficient force to lift a weight of 78 lbs. one foot every minute.

Puzzle Dangers.

Fatigued after hours of futile study over a baffling cross-word puzzle, W. E. Caruthers, of Los Angeles, stretched his mouth in such a prodigious yawn that he dislocated his jaw.

Still Running.

Host (showing visitor around)—"This sundial was put up by my great-grandfather nearly a hundred years ago."

Visitor—"And does it still keep good time?"

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