

Appearance of Tea No Guide

The only way to test tea is to taste it. Many people have the idea that a finely rolled and tippy tea is superior in flavour to a large rough leaf. In reality this is not of necessity the case. The altitude at which the tea plant grows determines the amount of essential oil and alkaloid theine in the leaf. The essential oil gives tea its flavour; the theine contributes the stimulating value. The only way to insure always receiving a uniform quality is to insist upon a skillfully blended and scientifically sealed tea like "SALADA" whose reliability, goodness and delicious flavour have become a household word.

"SALADA"

They Were Most Properly Ashamed

A STORY FOR THOUGHTFUL PARENTS.

BY WARREN KIMSEY.

PART II.

Tommy assembled his two bottles; in one, an angry bee, in the other, a struggling frog. Very carefully he manipulated the bottles until the bee went buzzing into the one that contained the frog. Tommy quickly stopped the opening and things happened.

The frog struggled and plunged wildly about in the narrow bottle. The bee was getting in his work, for every little while he would thrust his stinger into the damp reptile. When Tommy thought the experiment had gone far enough, he opened the bottle and a sorry-looking bee crawled forth. Once on the grass the bee began fanning its wings to free them of the moisture that had collected on them.

The frog was not so lively. He appeared to be very sick. Tommy shook him out on the grass and he did not offer to jump. His legs and body twitched for a few seconds and then he stretched out dead.

Without warning the back door opened, and Tommy's mother stood there like a statue. Something confirmed Tommy's worst fears. She had seen.

"But, Mother . . ." he began. "Not a word! Of all the cruel, heartless things I ever saw, this is the very worst. A heartless little savage, that's what you are. Come in the house this minute. We'll see what your father has to say about this affair."

"But I just wanted to find out how much poison a . . ."

"Tommy!"

No use. His mother would not understand. Tommy knew, however, there was just a chance that he might be able to reason the thing out with his father. In the past he had always been fairly successful. He was forced to admit this was the worst serious situation that had ever confronted him. He did not have long to wait. His father arrived and his mother related the affair in detail to him. Then a silent, determined man faced the waiting boy.

"All right, young man! I'll hear your side of the story."

"Well, you see, Daddy, it was like this. Bumblebees always swell me up when they sting. I wanted to see how much poison there is in a sting. I just thought he would swell up a little bit like I do and then be all right after . . ."

Mustard aids Digestion

WRIGLEY'S
after every meal

Parents—encourage the children to care for their teeth!

Give them Wrigley's. It removes food particles from the teeth. Strengthens the gums. Combats acid mouth.

Refreshing and beneficial!

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

sion for a period of time sufficient to allow for his trip to the woods and back. Later, he came out and made a home for the doves out of a small box and some screen wire so they would be safe from cats and other prowlers.

As for neighborhood boys, he knew he could steer them away and there was only a slim chance that his father would make the discovery as he rarely ever set foot in the left.

It was no small task to feed the babies at regular intervals. This had to be attended to and it was necessary for Tommy to exercise great care lest he arouse the curiosity of his parents. He also denied himself many hours of play. Long trips away from home were out of the question as he had to stay close to the helpless babies. They seemed always to be hungry.

After a while the lad began to long for the time when his young charges could feed themselves. It was such a tedious job to feed them with his fingers. One tiny morsel at a time. He set about to work out a better method.

The great annual event in Meadowville was at hand: the awarding of the Townsend Foundation medal and cash prize. It was the most auspicious event since the Foundation had begun to function. The Governor was present and had made a speech. Other dignitaries had talked upon various subjects. Though talked half to death, the crowd was happy and excited. Who would be the lucky one? Mrs. Mary Hobson, chairman of the Townsend Foundation, came to the front of the platform. She was also the leading figure on the library board.

Tommy Feaster, jammed in between his father and mother, blinked bravely and made a last desperate effort to keep awake. He liked Mrs. Felton. She liked to talk with boys. He could tell her anything and she understood. He could tell her things that he could not tell to her mother. Tommy listened carefully.

"My friends, the committee is ready to report. At first thought, our decision may seem a bit strange to you. By way of explanation I will say the honor this year goes to one who has qualified in a most unusual manner. When you have heard a complete explanation I doubt not you will say the decision is just . . . Is Tommy Feaster in the room?"

No one moved. There was not a stir, nor a rustle. People were just naturally too shocked for action. Tommy Feaster?

"Will Tommy Feaster please come to the platform?" Mrs. Felton's calm and pleasing voice broke the silence. Tommy Feaster! John Feaster's son? Why . . .

Tommy crawled out from between his petrified parents. He would do anything to help his friend. Clump, clump, clump. His round-topped shoes echoed like the tread of a giant. Mrs. Felton patted Tommy on the head as he went close to her. She turned him about to face the audience and he "froze" into a statue. What was it all about?

"Your Honor, ladies and gentlemen," said Mrs. Felton. "It gives me great pleasure to announce that Tommy Feaster, son of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Feaster, wins the Townsend Foundation prize and medal this year." The audience did not understand. That young one?

"Now let me say just a few things about Tommy," continued Mrs. Felton. "I had quite a long talk with him not long ago and was very much surprised to find in him the best sort of naturalist in the town. Some of his information he has obtained from books at the library but most of it he has obtained first hand from the field.

"We investigated carefully and find that his influence is helping other children to love and protect the birds. We grown-ups talk in a big way of the conservation of bird life. Tommy, in his quiet way, has been doing more conservation than any other boy in our community.

"There is one particularly unselfish act upon which Tommy wins the prize. Upon one of his trips to the woods . . ."

ECLIPSE FASHIONS



A CAPE ENSEMBLE.

The warm winds and sunshine call the young miss to doff her heavy coat. We answer the call with a cape ensemble. It makes a charming outfit for wear during early spring and the cool days of summer. The dress, No. 1041, maintaining the straight silhouette, is made in poudre-blanc and the front is closed with a line of vertical pocket-laps. Either side of the vertical pocket-laps has one button, which adds an interesting touch to this simple dress. The belt is narrow and adjusted at low waistline. The cape has the required fullness to make this costume smart. It is lined with a white polka-dot on a field of navy. The fullness is gathered into a narrow band and tacked to the dress under the large collar. Cut in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 years requires 3½ yards of 3½-inch material for the dress and 1½ yards for the cape.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

this spring he discovered two baby doves starving to death in the nest. After satisfying himself that the parent birds would never return, he took the helpless little birds home and fed and cared for them as tenderly as a mother would for her children. He denied himself much of his play-time in order that he might feed the orphaned birds.

Mrs. Felton patted. John Feaster glanced at his wife. He thought she was going to cry. Something in his own throat was giving him trouble.

"And, my friends," Mrs. Felton was speaking again, "none of you can know how tiresome can be the task of opening the tiny mouths and thus feeding the birds a small morsel at a time. But, Tommy, manly little thinker that he is, recalled how the parent doves fed their young. As some of you know, they gather a supply of grain and feed the young from their own mouths. Tommy was successful. He chewed the grain in his mouth and fed the baby doves from his own lips as nearly as he could. This he continued to do until the doves were large enough to feed themselves. He missed a lot of play and more than once took a punishment because he was afraid to explain why he was not always at home right on time. He was afraid his little orphans, if discovered, might suffer, and that he could not bear. When they were strong and able to fly he let them go, and somewhere to-night there is a pair of flying doves because of the thoughtfulness and unselfishness of a little boy. We, therefore, take great pleasure in presenting to Tommy Feaster this medal and the cash prize of five hundred dollars."

Tommy went down the aisle with his medal and truly puzzled. If the truth were known he was not the only dazed one there.

Margaret Feaster held her son close and cried into his curly hair. John Feaster put one big hand on the boy's shoulder but his throat was nearly bursting with a lump that grew larger every moment.

There wasn't much to be said when they arrived at home. Tommy was still in too much of a puzzle to talk so he went up to his room. The Feaster household was not at peace with itself. At last John Feaster broke the silence: "Margaret, it's a wonder to me that God is willing to trust little children to someone else."

Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair,



"For all washing and cleaning you can't beat this soap —"

says Mrs. Experience, who chooses soap for its economy and labour-saving value.

"Sunlight puts the sunshine of cleanliness into the home! For washing clothes, dishes, wood-work, linoleums, in fact, for anything that can be cleaned with soap and water—I call on Sunlight. And Sunlight does its work so well and leaves everything sweet and clean.

"Sunlight really is economical, too! You see, every bit of it is pure, cleansing soap, containing no filling or hardening materials, which are only waste as far as we women are concerned.

"You get greater cleaning value out of a pure laundry soap—and so I say, 'Always keep a good supply of Sunlight on hand.' It really improves with age. And because of its purity, Sunlight is kind to your hands and keeps them smooth and comfortable." Sunlight is made by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

Sunlight Soap

"Oh, John, please don't say that." "Well, it's true."

There was a silence for a time. Both were thinking. Margaret Feaster spoke: "John, do you realize that you gave him the hardest whipping he ever got because of the frog and the bumble-bee?"

"Yes, I realize that, but do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going upstairs right now and square myself with Tommy."

He walked to the foot of the stairs and hesitated. "Margaret, I think you'd better come, too."

"Why?" "Well, if it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have whipped him that time. You were so sure . . ."

"All right, I'll come." (The End.)

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Couldn't Find Her. "How come you to be lost?" asked a sympathetic gentleman of a little boy he found crying in the street for his mother.

"I'm not lost!" indignantly exclaimed the little three-year-old; "but my mother is, and I can't find her."

A great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.

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Snowflake Ammonia Soap

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At all grocers 10c large package

Shockingly Strong-Minded.

The five "Glastonbury sisters," as they were called, were a family group who long years before women "got the vote" became famous through endeavoring vainly to vote in their home town; when the permission to vote was refused them they allowed their property to be sold rather than submit without protest to taxation without representation. They were good and earnest women, but they certainly were rather odd, and their parents, whose simple and satisfactory surname was Smith, must have been odder; for they had named the unhappy five Abigail Hadassah, Julia Evalina, Nancy Zephina, Cyrrintha Sacretia, and Lourilla Aleroyia!

No wonder that an old friend, hanging round the polls and listening to a deal of foolish talk, in the course of which some one mentioned the five Smith sisters didn't really care about the ballot, but were only "trying to make a name for themselves," was moved to protest. He was very aged and had been treated to a little too much hard cider.

"Poor girls! Poor girls!" he mumbled. "That's jest what I should think they would do, considering the names that other folks have given 'em. I hope they'll make real pretty ones, and folks will be accommodating about using 'em too."

An elderly voter has an amusing tale to tell of how her grandmother, converted to suffrage by a speech, came home bubbling with enthusiasm to a dismayed and astounded family. They were sure she would soon outgrow such wild ideas, but meanwhile they besought her even with tears to keep them to herself, at least until her brother had become engaged to the lovely young girl he was then courting.

"Because, my dear," said her mother, "we know what you are, but Anna's people couldn't be expected to understand. Her sisters are so gentle and retiring and beautifully brought up, and Anna is so sweet and domestic that they might think we were all strong-minded and peculiar. It would be quite natural if they did. And there he quite natural he tremble, and they mightn't be willing she should enter such a family as ours."

The convert considerably moderated her outward enthusiasm for the ballot, but there was an amusing sequel. The demure young bride proved to be quietly but firmly "strong-minded" herself. She too had been repressed by an anxious mother and sisters who feared that her unwomanly ideas might shock George's family!

How Sailors Measure Speed.

What is a sea mile and what is a knot? Most people call a sea mile a knot and vice versa. In fact, so usual has this practice become that even modern dictionaries and reference books make the same statement. This means that we give the word knot two totally different meanings, which is awkward, not to say foolish.

Properly speaking, a knot is not a measure of distance at all; it is a measure of speed. Giving the word its only proper meaning, to say a ship does so many "knots per hour" is just as silly as saying a motor does so many "miles an hour per hour." What a sailor means by a knot is one sea mile per hour.

The error is seen if we look at the origin of the word. The speed at which a ship is moving is ascertained by "hearing the log." A "log" (especially shaped, is thrown over the stern. To the log is attached a line. Upon this line at equal distances are knots. The distance between any two knots is the distance the ship would move if travelling at the rate of one sea mile per hour during, say, thirty seconds of time.

When taking the ship's speed one man attends to the log line, while a second man turns a sand-glass which measures the time. As soon as the sand-glass has run out the log is stopped. By counting the number of knots which have passed overboard in the time, the speed of the ship is known. Thus, if ten knots have run out the ship is travelling at ten sea miles per hour. A sailor says she is "doing ten knots."

A sea-mile is one-thirtieth part of a degree. Its length is 2,025 2/3 yards. As we know a statute mile (land mile) is only 1,760 yards, so that a sea mile is 265 5/8 yards longer than a land mile.

Try Talking Protection.

A certain city merchant who had amassed a large fortune by rather dubious methods decided to build a large house in the country. One day he and his architect went down to inspect the site.

"Now," said the architect, when he had had a good look round, "what about the exposure . . . shall we say southerly?"

His client flushed a deep red. "Look here," he said, darkly, "if you want to keep this job, the less you say about 'exposure' the better."

New Field For Women.

The manufacture of radio apparatus has furnished a new field of employment for many women and girls of England. Nearly 2,000 are engaged in the work in one factory in the city of Coventry.

Swedish Sub Silenz.

Electric sirens for submarines have been invented by a Swedish engineer to prevent collisions of the boats and to warn other vessels to clear out of the way when the subs are about to return to the surface of the water.

Leaf Spot or Yellow

Sweet and sour cherries alike suffer severely from this disease when there is considerable wet weather in May and June. The fungi causing leaf spot or yellow leaf of sweet and sour cherries, and the shot-hole of plums, are very closely related. They are present wherever these fruits are grown and are commonly found on the wild species of prunus. The main factor which regulates the amount of damage they cause, is the weather.

Abundant moisture in May and June results in heavy infection. Relatively dry weather often prevents the spread of these fungi to the extent that damage is caused.

The life history of this fungus is simple. The diseased leaves of the past year living on the ground furnish the place of hibernation. On these dead leaves spore cases are formed and during wet weather in May and June spores are shot out by the wind and carried by the wind to the new leaves above. The same wet periods which cause the spores to be discharged into the air furnish the necessary moisture conditions for the germination of the spores as they adhere to the new leaves. Upon germination the fungus enters the leaf tissue and at each place of infection small dark blue spots appear in about ten days. These spots turn later to a dark red or reddish brown.

As the infection advances more spots appear and the leaves drop off. The spots drop out leaving holes in the leaves. A large number of infections have occurred the entire leaf soon turns yellow and falls.

The first infection takes place at about the time the petals fall and periodic infections may continue for a month or more. Often it happens that the leaves are yellow and falling before the fruit is ripe. In other years the infection advances more slowly and the leaves drop later. The most important damage caused is the weakening effect on the entire tree. Defoliation, especially when heavy, prevents the maturing of the new wood of the tree. This may predispose the tree to winter killing the next winter.

Because of its common occurrence and damaging effects upon the trees themselves, this disease should be controlled in every commercial orchard. The first thing that should be done is to cultivate the orchard before the blossoms are out. Care should be taken to cover as many of the old leaves as possible. In this way the amount of infection is materially reduced. Spraying with either lime sulphur, or bordeaux, will control this disease. Bordeaux is preferred by many growers. The 4-4-4 formula is strong enough and it is effective against yellow leaf even at weak strengths. Lime sulphur at the strength of 1 to 40 is effective. Iron sulphate may be added to the lime sulphur at the rate of one and one-fourth pounds to 40 gallons. This increases its adhesiveness and prevents burning. In order to avoid the early and often very destructive infections it is advised that the first application be made just as the petals are about all off, or at least a few days later. Another application should be made from two to three weeks later according to the amount of wet weather. A third application just after the fruit is picked and a fourth, three weeks later, are advised if weather conditions favor infection. Sulphur dust 90 parts, to 10 parts arsenate of lead is as effective as the liquid sprays and may be used.

Ergot in Grain.

Ergot is very widely known because of its injurious effects upon animals that are fed with grain containing ergot or that graze upon badly infected grass. The ergot is a bluish black, hard-like body with a white interior, and is produced on infected plants of the grass family in the place where the seed would normally be found. They are found easily on the head of the growing plant because they are twice or three times the size of the seed.

Ergot is found principally on rye; also on many other grasses such as rye grass, blue joint, Kentucky blue grass, Canada blue grass, and top, timothy, wild rice and others. It occurs occasionally on wheat. The ergot is produced as the result of a fungus disease attacking the plant. When rye

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