

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"

The Backsliding of Barbara

It Brought Happiness and Awoke Love in Four Lives.

BY COURTENAY SAVAGE.

PART I.

It was twenty minutes before eight and a June morning. A bluebird flashed his wings as though he challenged June's blossoms to be more beautiful than he.

Barbara Midgely was standing in the doorway drinking deep of all this beauty. She was rather a good-looking young woman but so severely groomed to allow such beauty as she possessed to make herself so unattractive. Then they would learn that Barbara's whole life was lived according to the dictations of Miss Hattie Midgely, Barbara's aunt.

Aunt Hattie, tall, slender and sharp featured, was the younger sister of Barbara's father. She had never known but one love and that was money. She was a stern woman who talked a great deal about Christian duty and that duty was working and saving and, under the head of saving came the banishment of all luxury and almost all the comforts of life.

"Well!" Aunt Hattie called when she saw Barbara standing idle in the doorway. "Ain't you goin' to work?"

"There's lots of time." "That ain't any excuse for wastin' it. Get to the store a little early for once."

Barbara was thinking how wonderful it would be if she dared put a bunch of those roses in her belt. How she wished that she did not have to be indoors on such a day! She had often felt that way in the spring and sometimes in the fall of the years when the hills were flaming with color but now it seemed as if she must run away into the heart of the summer day.

"Well! Ain't you goin'?" "Yes, ma'am. Good-bye."

"Good-bye." Aunt Hattie seemed relieved as Barbara started down the steps. "Be good now. Do your work—and no backsliding."

Barbara did not answer. She had heard Aunt Hattie say those same words so many times.

Do your work! Barbara already



After eating or smoking Wrigley's freshens the mouth and sweetens the breath. Nerves are soothed, throat is refreshed and digestion aided. So easy to carry in the little packet!

Wrigley's - after every meal!

ISSUE No. 21-25.

breath when she saw her reflection. All the grinnings was gone and in its place was a soft beauty. She rolled back the cuffs of her dress until they reached her elbow. Her arm was plump and pretty.

Thus transformed Barbara felt that she must let the world look upon her new-found loveliness. She picked up the straight-brimmed hat she had been wearing but did not put it on. She was afraid to spoil the effect of her hair.

Barbara went back to the turnpike and on over Culver's Hill. She walked slowly. Once a farmer on an empty hayrack offered her a lift and a woman driving a car drew up and asked if she wanted a ride. Barbara refused both offers. The spirit of adventure was strong within her.

She kept on, crossed over the Hill and was traveling through the rich country known as the Candentown Valley. She saw fine farms, noted the prosperous houses and outbuildings and a longing began to creep over her. She wanted to talk with someone. She realized that the sun was hot and that she was thirsty.

The girl was now approaching a house that was most inviting. When she was quite close she saw that the house was new, a long low building, painted white, with green blinds. It was of Colonial design and the brass knocker on the door seemed to invite her. It was really a beautiful house as were the grounds; a well-kept lawn with flower beds, gravel walk and driveway and a hedge of flowering shrubs. Beyond the house Barbara saw rows of fruit trees, orderly and well cared for and she decided that the place must be a prosperous fruit farm.

She hesitated at the entrance of the driveway, wondering if it were just the place for her to ask for a drink of water. To Barbara the house seemed to speak of such grandeur that it seemed possible they might refuse. Still, she was thirsty. It would be an added incident to her adventure to enter the grounds.

As she started up the drive an Air-dale puppy came from the shadow of one of the shrubs that dotted the lawn. He pricked up his ears, cocked his head to one side and viewed her with great interest. Then he decided to be cordial. He started forward with his nose to the end of his stubby tail. Barbara bent down to pet him and he snuggled his wet nose into the palm of her hand. It was as if they were cementing a life-long friendship.

Escorted by the puppy, Barbara made her way towards the back door. Timidly she crossed the low-roofed stoop and knocked. She waited. A full minute passed and there was no answer. She knocked again and then a third time. Wondering if she had gone to the back of the house, Barbara went towards one of the kitchen windows and peered in. She started back with a little cry of amazement!

Barbara had never seen a room quite as disorderly as the one she had looked into. The sink was piled with dishes and saucers, the kitchen while the stove, rusted and covered with grease, boasted a couple of unwashed frying pans and a kettle. There was a pile of dirty tea towels on one chair, a heap of clothing on another and the floor covering cried for a soapy mop and a pail of hot water.

Barbara stood awed and excited. Something was wrong, terribly wrong. This house was far too lovely to possess such a kitchen. The folks that laid out the garden were not the type that left unwashed pots and pans in the kitchen sink.

She saw the puppy stretched out on the grass and beside the puppy, also stretched out in the shade, was a small boy of four or five!

At her first glance Barbara thought the child was dead. In terror she ran forward but as she drew closer she realized that the boy was sleeping. He was a good looking youngster with a mop of dark hair and long dark eyelashes that swept his cheeks. His face and hands were dirty; so were the well-made garments that he wore, but the grubby uncleanness was of recent acquisition. Earlier in the day and dressed with care.

Barbara dropped to her knees beside the child and the puppy, thinking it a signal for play, jumped to his feet with a shrill yelp.

The boy stirred and stretched. Then, slowly, he opened his eyes. For a minute he regarded Barbara with

cheer.

"She died," the girl supplemented, as further explanation.

"And Mrs. Nelson went away. She said the country made her crazy. This from the boy."

Barbara nodded. She did not know the part that Mrs. Nelson played in the lives of these children but she understood the untidiness of the kitchen.

"Who was Mrs. Nelson?" she inquired.

"She was the lady Daddy hired to look after us and the house. When Mamma went away Aunt Ethel came, but she got married and has a house of her own. Then Mrs. Nelson stayed all winter but she said she couldn't stand the noise of the bullfrogs and the birds and things. She doesn't like the country." This was offered by the girl, who, upon inquiry, said that her name was Sheila.

"Where's Daddy?" Barbara asked.

"Oh, he's right here and he's going to get another Mrs. Nelson or somebody when he has a chance, but of



A SIMPLE AND PRACTICAL BOY'S SUIT.

This simple two-piece boy's suit is a joy to mother and son. The pattern, No. 1080, is practical and its uses are many. It made in tan and brown rep or in light and dark blue linen, our boy has a useful play-suit. If developed in tan, yellow, light pink or blue with a white waist, he has an afternoon outfit; while navy serge or velvet for the trousers and dimity or white wash-silk for the waist give our boy a dressy suit and make him ready for the party. The trousers, with upper extension, are fastened at the shoulders with buttons and button-holes. Cut in sizes 2, 8 and 4 years. Size 3 requires 1 1/2 yards of material 32 inches wide for the trousers and 3/4 yard for the waist. Pattern 20c.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such pattern as you want. Enclose 20c in stamp 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.

the same intent expression that the puppy had used. Then he smiled.

"Hello! Been asleep?"

"Yes, who are you?"

"Oh, I'm just a lady taking a walk. My name's Barbara; what's yours?"

"Richard; it's John Richard Howell. Daddy doesn't want people to call me Dick." He spoke with a deliberate choice of words that told of his training, carefully studying Barbara as he talked. "Are you going to live here with us?"

"Oh, no, I just came to ask if I might have a drink of water. There wasn't anybody home when I knocked."

"Maybe sister's in the barn. She can climb up and sleep in the hay but daddy says I musn't. She's bigger than me." He jumped to his feet and uttered a yell. Barbara had never heard such a sound before and it startled her.

"She'll come! That's our signal," the boy announced calmly.

Come she did, racing madly, a long-legged girl of seven or eight with bobbed hair flying, brown eyes bright with excitement at the sight of a stranger.

"How do you do?" she dropped a curtsey when she was close.

"How do you do?" Barbara rose to her feet at this formality. "I was passing and wondered if I might have a drink of water. I knocked but no one answered the door. Perhaps your mother's upstairs."

"Mother's gone to heaven," the boy observed quickly and with great cheer.

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Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair.

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



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

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

"As a household soap there is nothing better or more economical than Sunlight. Every particle is pure soap, with no wasteful 'filler'. Sunlight is mild and easy on the hands, too." Lever Brothers Limited of Toronto, make it.

Sunlight Soap

course," she sighed, mimicking an older woman, "Mrs. Nelson just had to go right in the middle of straw-berries when Daddy hasn't a minute to spare from the picking and packing."

(To be continued.)

Common Sense.

Common sense is the application of the ordinary intelligence possessed by every sane man and woman, as opposed to exceptional gifts or knowledge obtained by education.

Some people have, or at least show, more of it than others, but everyone not mentally deficient has at least something of this natural knowledge.

As we grow up we must gain experience of some sort, and our degree of common sense is shown by the manner in which we learn the lessons that experience offers us. So prudence, tact, foresight, and observation all go to make up our quality of common sense, which in short we might say consists of being sensible and practical.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

British Columbia Salmon. According to statistics for 1924, compiled by the Department of Fisheries, the British Columbia salmon pack was the second largest on the Pacific coast, only being exceeded by Southwestern Alaska. The total pack of the province last year amounted to 1,738,317 cases.

What About the Blackfeet. The Snake Indians were so called because of the characteristic of these natives in quickly concealing themselves when once discovered. They seemed to glide away in the grass, sage-brush and rocks and disappear with all the subtlety of a serpent.

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself.—J. R. Lowell.

Tunnel Under Hospital. Excavators at Sheffield Infirmary have revealed an underground passage 12 feet below the surface.

"DIAMOND DYES"

COLOR THINGS NEW

Beautiful home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.



Put the potatoes in an SMP Enamelled Potato Pot. Cover with water. Add salt to taste. Boil until soft. When finished, drain off all the boiling water through the strainer spout. No danger of steam scalding the hands because the handle securely locks the cover on. If your family uses potatoes, you require one of these.

SMP Enamelled POTATO POTS

Town Planning, its Progress in Canada

The International Town, City, and Regional Planning Conference held this year in the city of New York, April 20-25 (the first time in America) was attended by delegates from twenty-four countries, including Great Britain, the United States, New Zealand, and Canada. Canada was represented by Mr. W. W. Cory, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Interior, and the Town Planning Institute of Canada by its President, Mr. Nonlan Cauchon, of Ottawa.

Mr. Cory in his address recalled the fact that Charles Dickens once declared that he had systematically used his art to show the preventable wretchedness and misery in which the masses of the people dwell and had again and again expressed his belief that the amelioration of the living conditions of working people must precede all other reforms and that without this reform all others must fail.

The science of town planning, said Mr. Cory, was based upon the desire to provide better home conditions for the less fortunate placed in life. Mean streets produce mean people. Our cities are more than centres of trade; they are, or should be, places where utility, comfort and beauty can be found; places where the poorest may find decent habitations and some charm in the business of living.

Promoted Best Interests.

He believed that town planning held out the promise of improving the housing conditions of the people; it made for a city, planned and controlled in the best interests of all the various classes who compose its population. It was, he thought, a significant fact that chambers of commerce and boards of trade of the North American continent (composed, as they are, of hard-headed business men) were among the strongest supporters of the movement.

Mr. Cory briefly reviewed the progress of town planning in Canada and stated that of the nine provinces seven had already passed town planning acts and that in the two others there was evidence of a very active interest in the subject. He gave special attention to that part with which he had been most directly brought into touch, the planning of improvements in the Canadian National Parks in the Rockies.

The towns of Banff and Jasper, were, he showed, laid out to fit into and harmonize with their scenic settings, the plans of proposed buildings were passed upon to secure their suitability, and provision was made for broad streets, good water, lighting, and recreation facilities. In planning these and other townships in the parks, in laying out the roads and trails to give access to the outstanding beauty spots in the construction of the famous Banff-Windermere highway, and other improvements the principles of town and regional planning had been applied so far as possible and with the most gratifying results.

Fish, Game, Fur and Birds. Fish—Canada has easily the finest inland fishing in the world, but these splendid food and game fish require plenty of clean, cold water in the streams in order to ensure prolific reproduction. Forest fires destroy this possibility by causing drought, erosion and absence of shade.

Game.—Game animals attract foreign tourists and induce Canadians to seek pleasure, health and adventure in the great outdoors. These animals are distinctly a forest resource—utterly dependent upon it for protection and food. Forest fires are therefore very destructive of such wild life.

The late Dr. Gordon Hewitt said: "Because of forest fires and lack of adequate protection, many forms of our wild life are melting away into a memory of regret."

Fur.—For hundreds of years trapping has been an important primary industry in Canada. Many thousands of people depend on it for a living and the annual value of the fur harvest is from 15 to 20 million dollars.

Generally speaking, north of a line running from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to James Bay and on west to Reindeer Lake and the Liard River Valley, the forests are distinctly more valuable for their fur crop than for timber.

If this vast fur crop were protected from fire and properly managed, it could yield several times the present "catch" in perpetuity, as well as adding to timber supplies.

The trappers say "No self-respecting wild animal will live in a brute!" Their trap-lines always follow the green timber. Fire prevention is essential to the success and prosperity of our fur industry.

Birds.—Trees are the houses of the birds—where they nest and live. Aside from their beauty and their song, the presence of birds is of incalculable value in maintaining the balance of nature. Their consumption of destructive insects and slugs saves the farmer and fruit grower hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

A great increase in the bird population of the prairies has been noted since the planting of shelterbelts and protection of natural "bluffs" has become general.

Russia Holds Cavare. Russia has stopped the export of caviare, it is stated.

Wants which go every which-way must have a secure direction.

SIX-LEGGED

Summer Boarders Who A

BY WOODS HUT

Early to bed and early to rise; There is a reason—the answer lies in flies!

So sings the poet, Spensersdyck, of Polterkill. No danger of oversleeping on sunny morning in the good old summer time with the flies right on the job from earliest daylight. You've got to get up or go mad.

Of all the minor plagues and pests that madden but never kill, flies are the worst, with mosquitoes second and five-finger exercise and insect crows and dishwashing left in the post.

How can you keep a cool head, when your face is a fly pasture, your feet a head a dancing floor, the back of your hands a drill ground and the rest of your body held a skating rink? While every inch of your surface is between its alive and crawling with tickly, sticky, filthy feet.

The best little mixer in the wild world is *Musca domestica*. Nothing stuck up or fussy about his manners, right at home and friendly everywhere, slaps everybody on the back and puts his feet—all six of 'em—on the table at once.

Agnes before we'd even seen a human, or would have known one if we met it in the street, we loved, cherished and protected the birds of our garden and orchard and yard and the best friends.

RESENTLESS ENEMIES.

They have been our staunchest allies in the eternal war against bugs of all sorts, from the wireworm to the tapeworm, from the crawling moth to the apple to the liver fluke.

The fly is a most undesirable immigrant and hard citizen generally; the only question is, how can we dispose of him?

Fortunately the answer is simple. Traps for the living, shovels for the unborn. Poison the adults, prevent the larvae from hatching. We can attack them from both ends, open fire on flank, front and rear.

Since they are, as their second name implies, strictly domestic animals, pre-emptors on our bounty, absolutely dependent upon us for support, born in our filth, fed on our garbage, raised by hand, all we have to do is to withdraw our support, stop the issue of rations and the bottom drops completely out from under them. They soon cease to exist.

They are the reincarnation of our own careless, dirty, lousy habits, and fly in a house to-day is an disgraceful as a bedbug. Flies, like cures, come home to roost.

The spring is the very best time to begin our fly drive. In the first month it is easy to brush and relentlessly every last year's bug plane as he comes out of the basement or cellar, silo or workshop, or under the barn floor, where he has been hibernating in cold storage all winter—usually on the sides of the floor beams.

SWATTING TIME. This is the only time of the year that swatting does any good; at any other season a swatter is simply a confession of failure.

No modern farmer can claim to be cleanly and up-to-date until he has walled up and laid down in concrete rat proof, flea proof and lice proof that hatcher of disease and den of vermin—the "cave" under the barn and outhouse floors.

This is the age of concrete, and all cellars, basements, barns and stables, milking houses, silos, sheds, greenhouses, corrals, henhouses, pig pens and farm buildings of every sort should be floored with it. It is cheap, clean, unshrinkable, durable, beautiful, fireproof, green proof.

We don't care to "keep the pig in the parlor," but we can keep him out in a prior of smooth concrete, or a raised sleeping platform, or a covered drinking trough, or a trough and bath, all skinned down to a hose through a central grate, or a drain.

The pig will enjoy it and profit by it as much as we will and be practically safe against hog cholera and all other filth diseases.

Just as soon as the ground is in condition for us to get out in the late haul out all the winter's pile of manure and spread it over the fields and thus both break up the breeding places of the fly and kill any of his eggs or larvae which may have weathered the winter in the manure.

Don't forget to scrape and sweep out all corners and to rake out everything in reach from under the barn or stables.

Also it is a pious idea, at the same time, to clean up thoroughly under the porch and under the house, for flies can breed only in filth, garbage piles, refuse heaps, piles of sawdust and dirt of all sorts.

The same whirlwind of cleaning should be carried by the womanfolk through the house itself, with an eye to the remains of the winter vegetable and fruits in the cellar, the heaps of old clothes and rag bags in closets and under the stairs and the piles of trash up in the attic.

The fly is particularly about his manners. The only manure he really loves is horse manure, because it gives just the precise combination of food, moisture, warmth and air which his larvae need.

Cow manure, though rich, moist and warm enough is too wet for them to breathe in; it liberally smother them.