

How Coca-Cola Resembles Tea

If you could take about one-third of a glass of tea, add two-thirds glass of carbonated water, then remove the tea flavor and add a little lemon juice, phosphoric acid, sugar, caramel and certain flavors in the correct proportion, you would have an almost perfect glass of Coca-Cola.

In fact, Coca-Cola may be very well described as "a carbonated fruit-flavored counterpart of tea, of approximately one-third the stimulating strength of the average cup of tea."

The following analyses, made and confirmed by the leading chemists throughout America, show the comparative stimulating strength of tea and Coca-Cola stated in terms of the quantity of caffeine contained in each:

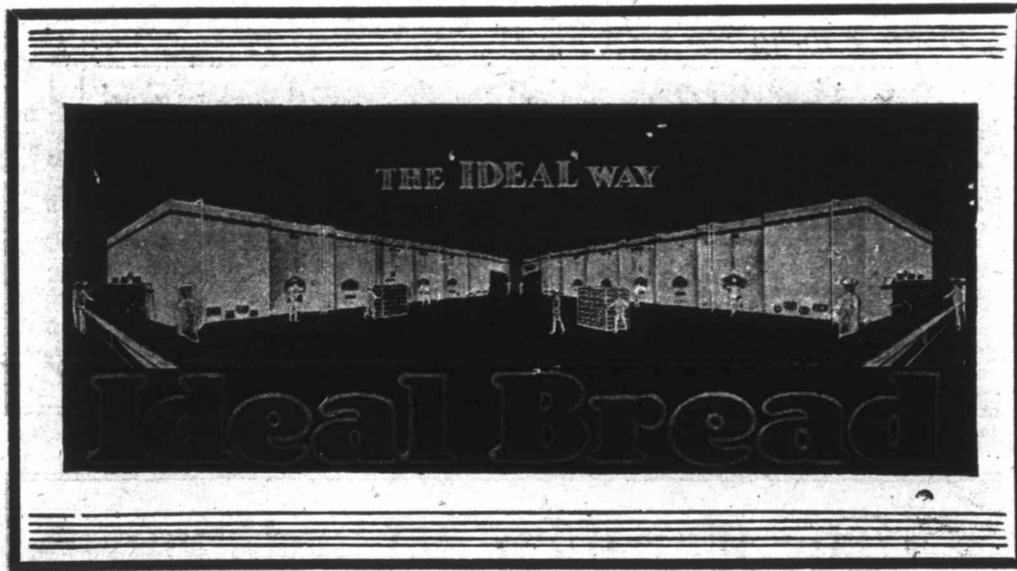
Black tea—1 cupful (hot) (5 fl. oz.)	1.54 gr.
Green tea—1 glassful (cold) (8 fl. oz., exclusive of ice)	2.02 gr.
Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz. (prepared with 1 fl. oz. of syrup)	.61 gr.

Of all the plants which Nature has provided for man's use and enjoyment, none surpasses tea in its refreshing, wholesome and helpful qualities. This explains its almost universal popularity, and also explains, in part, the wide popularity of Coca-Cola, whose refreshing principle is derived from the tea leaf.

The Coca-Cola Company has issued a booklet giving detailed analysis of its recipe. A copy will be mailed free on request to anyone who is interested. Address:

The Coca-Cola Co., Dept. J, Atlanta, Ga., U. S. A.

J1



Milnes Coal

Quality and Service of The Very Best
HEAD OFFICE - 88 KING STREET EAST
TELEPHONE MAIN 5596

BIRDS OF THE MERRY FOREST

By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

(COPYRIGHT APPLIED FOR)

CHAPTER XXI. (Continued.)

An Hour of Suspense.

DADDY held his little girl tighter in his arms and kissed her before he answered, "Your little Bluebird brought me. Mr. West and I were talking together by the fence when it flew over, and dropped at my feet a little blood-stained bit of your pink dress. It startled me, and I was afraid something had happened to you, and I set right off to find you. Mr. West told me it was all nonsense, but he came along. We met Jimmie just the other side of the Big Pine Bluff, and he told us."

"Oh the dear little Bluebird!" cried Dimple joyously.

"Yes indeed, the dear little Bluebird—but we mustn't forget Him Who guided the instinct of the bird."

"Yes, I know," Dimple answered softly, "Boy Blue sang to me about His care."

During this low-voiced conversation the others had got a little ahead, and Dimple took the opportunity to whisper, "There's something I've got to tell you now, Daddy. Please go slow."

"Can't it wait?" he asked.

"No, I want to get it over so I can forget and be truly happy. You see, Daddy, it was all my fault—because I disobeyed Mother. She told me not to climb any trees to-day."

"Did you forget?"

"No. I might have, but the Bluebird reminded me. I didn't pay any attention, because I was cross—just at little things. You see, there isn't any excuse. Perhaps I wouldn't have told you, only I knew Mother would be sure to ask me if I forgot what she said. It's the worst thing I ever did—and of course you'll have to punish me."

Once more Daddy's arms tightened on the little penitent.

"You have been naughty, Dimple, but—are you sorry?"

"Oh, yes, Daddy, of course!"

"Well then, that's enough for me. You've been punished quite enough already."

"O Daddy! Do you really think so?"

"Certainly. Now remember you are entirely forgiven; forget your troubles and be as truly happy as you can."

"Dear, dear Daddy!"

And in that kiss of forgiveness Dimple was truly happy.

CHAPTER XXII.

Summer Hours in Bird Land.

FOR a few days after Dimple's escapade, the twins felt too tired and listless to attempt any more expeditions. They were glad to take life easy, resting in the hammock on the veranda or in one of the rustic seats in the orchard, usually accompanied by a book. The choice bits of poetry Daddy and Jimmie had brought forth from their treasure stores of memory had suddenly awakened them to the possibilities of hitherto undreamed of delights to be found in books.

At the same time had come another awakening not so pleasant—the consciousness of their own slender knowledge, and their great need of more book-learning. It was Boy Blue who first spoke of it. The two were together under a big apple tree, sitting as quiet and motionless as possible, just to see how near the Juncos would come. There was a little flock of these grey-coated, white-vested little fellows in the orchard.

They remained mostly on the ground, or among the lower branches of the trees. The children had only recently become acquainted with them, but they seemed quite fearless.

(To be Continued.)

AIM TO TRANSFORM GANGS INTO CLUBS.

Taylor Statten and J. McKenzie, the two outstanding leaders in boys' work in the Dominion, will be in London, Ontario, shortly, in order to deal with the local problem of the "unprivileged boys." This term includes the lad who works for his living and who probably belongs to "the gang" of his neighbourhood. "It will be the aim of these men to organize the gangs into clubs which will be a credit to the city instead of a terror, as is often the case now," said L. M. Houlding, secretary of the boys' work board here. "There are about 1,500 boys whom we can reach this way, and by supervising their activities, bring them up to be responsible citizens for the future." An important feature of the plan will be to secure club-rooms for the embryo citizens, where they may hold entertainments, stage games and carry out the activities outlined by the Canadian Standard Efficiency Training Manual. What seems to be a feasible proposition is to obtain buildings not used in the winter time and convert them into quarters for the boys.

BUDDY KNEW.

A schoolmaster in a rural council school was recently giving a lesson to the lowest standards on the formation of rain by the process of evaporation.

"You will notice," he said, "that during the evening following a hot summer day something rises from the surface of the ponds. What is it?"

One solitary hand gradually crept up.

"Good boy! I can see you are thinking. What is it?"

Good Boy—"Frogs."

"THE CREATION CONTROVERSY"

It is said that an Englishman and a Scotsman were discussing the Darwinian theory, and after prolonged argument had got to the point where they were nearly in agreement. "So," said the Englishman, "we are both agreed that we have descended from the monkey." The Scot was silent for a moment and then replied: "Weel, no exactly. Ma opeenion is that the English descended but the Scots ascended."

JACK'S ANSWER.

The schoolmistress was giving a practical lesson on fractions.

"Children," she said, "here is a piece of meat. If I cut it in two what should I have?"

"Halves," said the class in chorus.

"And if I cut it again?"

"Quarters," came the reply at once.

"And if I cut it again?"

"Eighths," said half the class, the other half maintaining a dignified silence.

"Good! And if I cut the piece again?"

Dead silence in the class, but one hand was raised in solitary state at the back of the room.

"Well, Jack, what is the answer?"

"Please, ma'am, mincemeat."