

### 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 <small>(hot) (5 fl. oz.)</small>	1.54 gr.
Green tea—1 glassful <small>(cold) (8 fl. oz., exclusive of ice)</small>	2.02 gr.
Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz. <small>(prepared with 1 fl. oz. of syrup)</small>	.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.

### SAVINGS

Regular deposits of small amounts will often accomplish more than infrequent deposits of larger amounts.

The regular saver finds inspiration in watching his balance grow.

Interest allowed at 3% per annum added to the principal half-yearly.

### THE DOMINION BANK

#### The Canadian Churchman

National Church of England Weekly and Family Magazine  
613 Continental Life Building  
Toronto

Mail this Coupon Now

Please enter my name as a subscriber to The Canadian Churchman.

I enclose \$.....  
(\$2.00 for 12 months. \$1.00 for 6 months.)

Name .....

Address .....

### BIRDS OF THE MERRY FOREST

By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

[COPYRIGHT APPLIED FOR]

CHAPTER XXIV. (Continued.)

#### The World of Books.

And so, while the summer rain rattled musically on the roof, his hands were busy making real and visible a loving thought.

"Well, duckies," he said as the children brought him their books, "what do you expect me to do with these?"

"Why, Daddy," Boy Blue replied, "did you forget about our lessons?"

Daddy laughed and shook his head. "You just leave those Readers till you go back to school. I never had any Normal School training, and I don't suppose your teacher would approve of my methods, so I won't trespass on her domain. But I'll tell you what to do. Go to the library and each of you choose a book you would like to read—you'll find some suitable ones in the left-hand section by the window. You needn't come out again. I'll join you in the library shortly."

The next minute the rain was again pattering on their big umbrella. Having removed their damp out-door garments they hastened joyfully to the library. It took quite a while to make their selections, but finally Dimple decided on a little story book of Mother's, and Boy Blue chose "A Child's Garden of Verse."

"We've each picked out a book, Daddy," Boy Blue said when he came in.

Daddy looked at them and approved. "Now," he said, "the next thing is to go ahead and read."

"How much shall we take for a lesson?" asked Dimple.

"Just as much as you like. When you've read enough, stop there and put up your book until next time. When you come to a word you don't know and can't find out yourselves, you may ask your mother or me. Ask the meanings of any words or any parts you don't understand. I won't promise to tell you everything you want to know, because I still have a lot to learn myself, but I'll do the best I can. I'm going to do some studying myself, but you needn't be afraid to interrupt me."

"O Daddy!" cried Boy Blue with a beaming face, "I think that's the loveliest way to learn."

Dimple, in her own impulsive way, dropped her book and flung her arms around his neck as he settled himself comfortably in his easy chair. He put his arm around her and drew her close; she nestled her cheek against his for a minute, but neither spoke.

There was a happy light in his eyes as he looked up from his book from time to time and fondly regarded the two absorbed little students by the window. Frequent questions interrupted his own reading, but he did not mind that, and the morning was well advanced before their self-assigned lessons, came to an end.

"Your mother has a little suggestion to make," Daddy said as the children closed their books, "but that is for the evening."

They ran to her at once, where she was ironing in the kitchen. To their eager questions she answered smilingly: "I just thought it would be nice if Daddy and I took turns in reading a chapter or two of some good book to you every evening after tea. Daddy has a new book which neither of us has read yet. We have just glanced through it, and I am sure it would interest two bird students like you; and in that way we could enjoy it all together."

"Oh, what a lovely plan!" they cried: "What book is it? Where is it?"

"Daddy will show it to you," she said, "only it isn't to be read until to-night. You may go and see it, and afterwards come and tell me how you got along with your lessons this morning."

In reply to the question he was expecting, Daddy handed them "The Kentucky Warbler."

"Why, that's one of the birds in our book," said Boy Blue, "only we've never seen one."

With keen interest they examined the pretty picture on the cover of a black and yellow bird in a leafy bower; and the thought that neither Daddy nor Mother knew the story and they were to share its delights together made the anticipation doubly sweet. They thought of the treat in stote many times during the day.

When they returned to the kitchen they brought their new "lesson books" to discuss with Mother. Dimple told her a story she had read, and Boy Blue read without a single mistake a poem from the "Child's Garden."

Mother enjoyed the story and the poem very much. "I think we have all spent a good morning, and earned our dinner," she said. "How would you like to help me to get it ready, Dimple?" The kettle is nearly boiling, and I am hungry. Aren't you?"

(To be Continued.)

#### ROTARIANS' RAPID PROGRESS.

H. G. Stanton, district governor of the 4th district of the International Rotaries, in an interesting address at the Rotary Club luncheon, Toronto, September 3rd, on the work of the club and its growth, said: "Rotary started 15 years ago with a membership of four. To-day there are some 760 clubs and some 60,000 Rotarians, meeting under many different flags. There is a reason for this extraordinary growth, and a reason for the reputation practically every Rotary Club enjoys in its community. To my mind the reasons are unselfishness, a spirit all too unusual in this age at any rate, and its good fellowship."

#### SHE KNEW.

Teacher (to new girl)—Now, Dolly, I'll give you a sum. Supposing your father owed the butcher fifteen pounds eleven shillings and twopence half-penny, eleven pounds three shillings to the hootmaker, fourteen pounds and nine pence to the milkman, and thirty-one pounds nineteen shillings and threepence three-farthings to the coal merchant—

Dolly (confident)—We should move!

#### LATE HOURS.

For a good half hour the father had been lecturing his son on the evils of late nights and late rising in the mornings. "You will never amount to anything," he said, "unless you turn over a new leaf. Remember, it is the early bird that catches the worm." "Oh," said the son. "How about the worm? What did he get for turning out so early?" "My boy," came the reply, "that worm hadn't been to bed all night. He was on his way home."