FACTS ABOUT TEA SERIES-No. 6

# **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;

"Beast! Beast!" He began swimming, still looking up at her. It was a hundred yards down the slow-going current to the beach of shale where he could climb out, and a half of that distance she followed him, laughing and taunting him, and flinging down sticks and pebbles. He noted that none of the sticks or stones were large enough to hurt him. When at last his feet touched bottom, she was gone. Swiftly Nepeese ran back over the

"Bete noir!

Bete noir!

flung small sticks and tufts of

She fung small sticks and tufts of earth down at him fiercely: and Mc-Taggart, looking up as he gained his equilibrium, saw her leaning so far over that she seemed about to fall. Her long braids hung down into the chasm, gleaning in the sun; her eyes were laughing while her lips taunted him; he could see the flash of her white teeth. "Beast! Beast!" He began swimming still looking

Beast

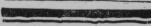




0

CHAPTER XIV. From the edge of the open Pierrot saw what had happened, and he gave a great gasp. He drew back among the balsams. This was not a mo-ment for him to show himself. While his heart drummed like a hammer his face was filled with joy. On her hands and knees the Willow was peering over the edge. Bush Me-

On her hands and knees the Willow was peering over the edge. Bush Mc-Taggart had disappeared. He had gone down like the great clod he was; the water of her pool had closed over him with a dull splash that was like a chuckle of triumph. He appeared now, beating about with his arms and legs to keep himself afloat, while the Willow's voice came to him in taunt-ing cries. ing cries.



COLMAN-KEEN (CANADA) LIMITED 102 Amhorst Street MONTREAL 382



CHAPTER XV. For a long time after Pierrot leff them the Willow did not move from where she had seated herself beside Baree. It was at last the deepening, shadows and a near rumble in the sky that roused her from the fear of the things Pierrot had told her. When she looked up, black clouds were massing slowly over the open space above the spruce-tops. Darkness was falling. In the whisper of the wind and the Ear Sore East-Minserd's University





SEALED

TIGHT

KEP?

RIGHT