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

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.

For the Family

Birds of the Merry Forest
By LILLIAN LEVERIDGE
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CHAPTER XXI.

An Hour of Suspense.

IT was a severe test for the courage and endurance of both. Dimple was nervous and frightened, and she wanted, oh! so much, to cry. Yet she dared not give way, for she knew that if once she let herself go she would cry hard, and might shake herself down into the water. The only thing she could do to help herself was to keep quiet, and that seemed the very hardest thing of all.

"O Dimple!" called Boy Blue pitifully, "Isn't there anything I can do? Can't you think of something?"

"If you can help me not to cry," she replied after a pause, "you'll be doing a lot. I want to cry, but I mustn't—oh, I mustn't!"

Boy Blue wanted very much to cry himself, but he realized that it wouldn't do at all. If ever he was going to be a man, he must begin now, so he fought manfully with the tears.

"All right, Dimple," he called as soon as he had steadied his voice, "I'll try and think of something real funny."

"Oh, no!" she said, "Don't do that, because I might laugh, and that would shake me almost as much as crying. Couldn't you sing something?"

"Yes, I will," he replied eagerly, and at once searched his memory for something neither sad nor funny, but just between the two. In a minute he lifted up his voice lustily and started on the first thing that came into his head:—

"I want to be an angel
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."

"Don't, don't sing that," Dimple interrupted hastily. "I don't want to be an angel—I don't want to at all—not for a long time. Sing something else."

Boy Blue was puzzled. After a few moments of earnest thought he tried again:—

"Not a sparrow falleth,
Not an eye grows dim,
Not a lost lamb calleth,
But 'tis marked by Him.
Not a flower unfoldeth
To the glorious air,
But our Father holdeth
It within His care."

"That's better; I like that," Dimple called from her tree, and he sang to the end the simple lines of trust. Both felt better.

"Sing something more," Dimple begged, "It helps me to forget."

Boy Blue sang all the happy songs he could think of, while both tried hard to keep their thoughts upon the songs, and to shut out from their imagination how awful it would be if that frail pink ribbon were to break or slip.

Neither of them had noticed that the sky was clouding over until a few drops of rain began to patter on the leaves. Oh, dear! Weren't things bad enough already?

Boy Blue's voice was getting tired, but he called up brightly, "Don't you worry, Dimple. I don't think it's going to rain long, and I've got a song about the rain. Listen:—

"It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop, I see
Wild flowers on the hills.

The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town—
"It isn't raining rain to me
It's raining roses down.

"It isn't raining rain to me
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets—
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets."

"I never heard that before," said Dimple. "Where did you find it?"

"I read it in a paper and learned it," Boy Blue answered proudly, "and I just fitted that song tune to it myself. I like it, don't you?"

Dimple liked it so well that he had to sing it again. But poor Boy Blue, what with the long tramp and the fright and the singing, was getting very weary; and he was glad when the birds gave him a rest from being Dimple's sole entertainer and "forgetter," as she put it, because he was helping her to forget her danger—partly.

(To be Continued.)

NUISANCES ALL.

"What we want to do," shouted the man who settles every question with ease, "is to get rid of Socialism, Bolshevism, anarchism, radicalism and sovietism."

"True," commented Farmer Corn-tassel. "And while you're about it you might as well throw in rheumatism."—Washington Star.

SEEMS SCARCELY CREDIBLE.

The minister was giving a straight talk to one of the boys of his acquaintance.

"My boy," he said, kindly, "you will have to make a way for yourself in the world. Do you know the meaning of energy and enterprise?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, "I don't believe I do."

"Well, I'll tell you. One of the richest men in the world came to this city without a shirt to his back and now he has millions."

The youth was clearly impressed. "Millions?" he repeated in wonderment. "Why, how many does he wear at a time?"

WHEN DADDY SINGS
BY BURGESS JOHNSON.

When Daddy sings he keeps his chin
Pressed tight against his chest,
And just before the folks begin
He gives his voice a test,
And growls "Do, do," first high, then
low.
To see which way sounds best.
When Daddy sings it makes him
frown
Or wrinkle up his nose.
He waves one finger up and down
The way the music goes;
And when the song lasts very long,
He rises on his toes.
"Black Joe" and "Cradle of the
Deep,"
He grows them extra strong.
I don't see why he cares a heap
Whatever words belong;
You just hear "Tum ti iddy um"
When Daddy sings a song.
—Everybody Magazine.