

## In the Tea Cup

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## BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

James Oliver Curwood

A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

**SYNOPSIS.**  
In response to a request from McTaggart, the factor, Pierrot, the trapper, left his cabin and went to the post to help in the general store for a few days. But McTaggart did not go on a business trip as he had said, but to Pierrot's cabin, where he found Nepeese, the trapper's daughter, alone. Baree, the wolf-dog, jumped up to attack the factor, but with a shot from McTaggart's automatic the dog fell in a heap. Then the factor gathered Nepeese in his arms while she struggled desperately.

**CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)**  
And Nepeese fought. She twisted in his arms until she was facing him. She could no longer see. She was smothered in her hair. He covered her face and breast and body, suffocating her, entangling her hand and arms—and still she fought. In the struggle McTaggart stumbled over the body of Baree, and they went down. Nepeese was up fully five seconds ahead of the man. She could have reached the door. But again it was her hair. She paused to fling back the thick mass of it so that she could see, and McTaggart was at the door ahead of her. He did not lock it again, but stood facing her. His face was scratched and bleeding. He was no longer a man but a devil. Nepeese was broken, panting—a low sobbing came with her breath. She bent down, and picked up a piece of firewood. McTaggart could see that her strength was almost gone. She clutched the stick as he approached her again. But McTaggart had lost all thought of fear or caution. He sprang upon her like an animal. The stick of firewood fell. And again fate played against the girl. In her terror and helplessness she had caught up the first stick her hand had touched—a light one. With her last strength she struck at McTaggart with it, and as it fell on his head, he staggered back. But it did not make him loose his hold. Vainly she was fighting now, not to strike him or to escape, but to get her breath. She tried to cry out again, but this time no sound came from between her gasping lips. Again he laughed, and as he laughed, he heard the door open. Was it the wind? He turned, still holding her in his arms.

**CHAPTER XXI.**  
During that terrible space which followed an eternity of time rolled slowly through the little cabin on the Gray Loon—that eternity which lies somewhere between life and death and which is sometimes netted out to a human life in seconds instead of eons. In those seconds Pierrot did not move from where he stood in the doorway. McTaggart huddled over with the weight in his arms, and staring at Pierrot, did not move. But the Willow's eyes were opening. And a convulsive quiver ran through the body of Baree, where he lay near the wall. There was not the sound of a breath. And then, in that silence, a great gasping sob came from Nepeese. Then Pierrot stirred to life. Like McTaggart, he had left his coat and mittens outside. He spoke, and his voice was not like Pierrot's. It was a strange voice.

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## Keen's Mustard

Slowly Nepeese lifted her head. A power which she could not resist drew her eyes up until she was looking into the eyes of Bush McTaggart. She had almost lost consciousness of his presence; her senses were cold and deadened—it was as if her own heart had stopped beating along with Pierrot's.

What she saw in the Factor's face dragged her out of the numbness of her grief back to the abyss of her own peril. He was standing over her. In his face there was no pity, nothing of horror at what he had done—only an insane exultation as he looked not at Pierrot's dead body, but at her. He put out a hand, and it rested on her head. She felt his thick fingers crumpling her hair, and his eyes blazed like embers of fire behind watery films. She struggled to rise, but with his hands at her hair he held her down.

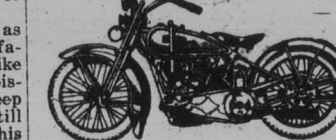
"Great God!" she breathed. She uttered no other words, no plea for mercy, no other sound but a dry, hopeless sob. In that moment neither of them heard or saw Baree. Twice in crossing the cabin his quarters had struck the floor. Now he was close to McTaggart. He wanted to give a single lunge to the man's back and snap his thick neck as he would have broken a caribou's bone. But he had no strength. He saw that the man was paralyzed from his forehead back. But his jaws were like iron, and they closed savagely on McTaggart's leg.

With a yell of pain the Factor released his hold on the Willow and she staggered to her feet. For a precious half-minute she was free, and as the Factor kicked and struck to lose Baree's hold, she ran to the cabin door and out into the day. The cold air struck her face, filled her lungs with new strength; and without thought of where hope might lie she ran through the snow into the forest. McTaggart appeared at the door just in time to see her disappear. He saw that she was paralyzed from his forehead back, but he felt no pain as he ran in pursuit of the girl. She could not go far. An exultant cry, inhuman as the cry of a beast, came in a great breath from his gaping mouth. Halfway across the snow he fell. He was halfway to the edge of the forest when Baree dragged himself over the threshold. His jaws were bleeding where McTaggart had kicked him, and he was gasping for his breath. He had been laid there for an instant. This was where McTaggart's bullet had gone. He meant death. As it was, it had been like the blow of a heavy club, paralyzing his senses and sending him limp and unconscious against the wall. He could move on his feet now. He had kicked the man and the girl.

As she ran, Nepeese's mind became all at once clear and reasoning. She turned into the narrow trail over which McTaggart had followed her. She had just before reaching the chasm, she swung sharply to the right. She could see McTaggart. He was not running fast, but was going steadily, as if enjoying the sight of her helplessness, as he had enjoyed the other way that day. Two hundred yards below the deep pool into which she had pushed the Factor—just beyond the shallows out of which he had dragged himself, she saw that the beginning of Bush McTaggart's gorge. An appalling thing was shaping itself in her mind as she ran to it—a thing that with each gasping breath she drew became more and more a great and glorious hope. And as she looked, there whispered out of her soul and trembled on her lips the swan-song of her mother's people.

Our fathers—come! Come from out of the valley. Give us—for to-day we die, And the winds whisper of death! She raised her arms. Against the white wilderness beyond the chasm she stood, tall and slim. Fifty yards behind her the Factor from Lac Bain stopped suddenly in his tracks. "Ah," he mumbled. "Is she not wonderful!" And behind McTaggart, coming faster and faster, followed the Willow. She turned and faced McTaggart. Even then he did not guess, but came toward her again, his arms stretched out ahead of him. Fifty yards it was not much, and shortening swiftly. Once more the Willow's lips moved. After all, it is the mother soul that gives us faith to meet eternity—and it was to the spirit of her mother that the Willow called in the hour of death. With the call on her lips she plunged into the abyss, her wind-whipped hair clinging to her in a glistening shroud.

**CHAPTER XXII.**  
A moment later the Factor from Lac Bain stood at the edge of the chasm. His voice had called out in a hoarse below—a wild cry of disbelief and horror that had formed the Willow's name as she disappeared. He looked down, clutching his huge red hands and staring in ghastly suspense at the boiling water and black rocks



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far below. There was nothing there now—no sign of her, no last flash of her pale face and streaming hair in the white foam. And she had done that—to save herself from him. The soul of the man-beast turned sick within him, so sick that he staggered back, his vision dimmed and his legs tottering under him. He had killed Pierrot, and it had been a triumph; all his life he had played the part of the brute with a stoicism and cruelty that had known no shock—nothing like this that overwhelmed him now, numbing him to the marrow of his bones until he stood like a paralyzed man. He did not see Baree. He did not hear the dog's whining cries at the edge of the chasm. For a few moments the world turned black for him; and then, dragging himself out of his stupor, he ran frantically along the hanks, his dark clouds were coming up from the south and east. The sun went out. Soon there would be a storm—a heavy snowstorm. The big flakes falling on his naked hands and face set his mind to work. It was lucky for him this storm. It would cover everything—the fresh trails, even the grave he would dig for Pierrot.

It does not take such a man as the Factor long to recover from a moral concussion. By the time he came in sight of the cabin his mind was again at work on physical things—on the necessities of the situation. The appalling thing, after all, was not that both Pierrot and Nepeese were dead, but that Nepeese was dead, but that he had lost her. This was his vital disappointment. The other thing—his crime—it was to be covered.

**A Pair of Queer Kings.**  
Among the gossiping reminiscences of Maj. Gen. Sir Francis Howard, whose father was once British minister at the Munich, are some strange tales of the various "queer" kings of Bavaria. Their queerness ranged all the way from mere oddity to outright insanity. The mad King Ludwig, he writes, passed most of his time at Hohenschwangau, one of his numerous palaces on the mountains, driving about at a furious pace by night only and in the winter seated in a sleigh lit by electricity. His companions were mostly stablemen; no servants waited on him at meals; the table came up through a trap door in the floor and disappeared in the same manner when done with.

After he had been officially deposed because of his madness he was put under the charge of a brain specialist, an old man named Kutten. They were always attended by two gendarmes, but one day the king persuaded Gutten to dispense with them. When he and Gutten were talking amicably on a bench close to the Lake of Starnberg, the king, who was a good swimmer, suddenly jumped up and rushed into the water. Gutten, who thought he was trying to commit suicide, ran after him. So far as the incident could be deconstructed in the absence of any witness they appear to have closed with each other. Gutten had not much of a chance; the king seized him by the throat, strangled him and held him under the water until life was extinct. Then he started to swim round the point, where according to rumor the empress of Austria had sent a carriage to wait for him and drive him over the frontier, but the icy water brought on cramp, and he was drowned.

Another King of Bavaria, the son of Prince Ludwig, wore atrociously-fitting clothes. He could constantly be met strolling unattended round the town with one of his daughters. He generally acknowledged a greeting by lifting his hat by the back of the brim instead of by the front. By that means he kept the hat looking quite new in front; unless you stared at him from behind you could not observe the dilapidated condition of it.

Walved at the Altar.  
Neverwed—"Don't you believe that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are inalienable rights of man?"  
Longwed—"It depends on whether the man's married or single."



**Milnard's Liniment for Backache.**



## INTERESTING ENSEMBLE FOR THE JUNIOR MISS.

Young fashionables select styles that reflect the grown-up mode, and the new front flare is shown to advantage in this straight frock of figured fat crepe, having collar, cuffs and godets of plain color crepe for trimming. The sketch shows edges of collars and slashes for godets bound with material of the same color as the simple coat—just the right length—which completes this version of the ensemble. The coat, No. 1061, with folding or roll convertible collar, is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 years requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, or 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch, with 2 1/2 yards for lining. The dress, No. 1070, is cut in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years, and requires 2 1/2 yds. of 36-inch material for the 10-year size. Price 20 cents.

## Rats Did Their Best to Wreck the Estate.

A recent curious happening about a will, in which a copy was admitted to probate, has just occurred in Belfast. The original will was kept in a locked drawer. When the testatrix died and the estate was to be administered, the drawer was opened, but there were only tiny fragments of the will, not one large enough to have more than a word or two on it. Rats had gnawed into the drawer and practically destroyed the document. From the fragments and the recollections of the witnesses a copy of the original was prepared, which the judge admitted to probate.

## Speaking of Courage.

The boy who never is afraid, Who laughs at danger, calm and cool, May sometimes do a useful turn, At other times be just a fool; But when a chap comes sharp upon A scary job that must be done, Done quick, although his hands are shaky And both his knees distinctly quaky— Hops in and does it, all the same, And takes the plunge and plays the game— What if his heart was in his throat? Pin it down to that fellow's coat!

For First Aid—Milnard's Liniment.  
Regarded as the finest make of artificial eyes in the country, Miss Millauro, a London girl, 23 years of age, can make a perfect specimen in fifteen minutes.

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## Lucky it Wasn't His Fee.

Stranger things happen to an English lecturer in the United States than in any other country, reports Sir Philip Gibbs in Adventures in Journalism. At least, he writes, they happened to me. I shall never forget, for example, that in the middle of a speech to the City Club of New York, I was thrust into a taxi cab, hurried off to the 44th Street Theatre, received with a tremendous explosion (a flashlight photo) in the dressing room of Al Johnson, the stage scene and told to make a speech on behalf of wounded soldiers while the audience ruffed for the original copy of a letter from Lloyd George to the American nation. Astonished at my rapid transmigration from the City Club and by my presence on an unknown stage, very hot, rather flustered, and not knowing what to do with my hands, I kept screwing up a bit of paper which had been given to me at the wings, and by the time I had finished my three-minute speech it was a bit of wet, mushy pulp. When I left the stage, a white-faced man in the wings who had been making frantic signs to me informed me coldly that I had utterly destroyed Lloyd George's letter to the American nation that had just been raffled for many hundreds of dollars. After that I went back to finish my speech at the City Club!

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