



In All Climes---The Traveler's Friend

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PACKER'S TAR SOAP

The pores are cleansed, the skin softened, and the greatest protection afforded against skin infection.

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(The illustration below is made from a snapshot taken by a traveler in India.)



THE HUMAN SIDE

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

"THOR'BREDS."

THE coloured boy leaned against the high board fence and gazed proudly down the long walk. He had danced and somersaulted the whole length of it, a feat any boy might well be proud of.

With the warm sun bathing him, the high fence shielding him from the wind, he rested a black atom, where his exuberance of spirits had left him.

There was not a cloud in his sky. He was wholly content. Why shouldn't he be? He didn't have to go to school, and wasn't he the owner of a "purp"?

The "purp" lay at the boy's feet. He was long and lean and bandy-legged. He was snoozing comfortably, one clumsy paw shielding his eyes from the sun's rays.

The boy gazed at him lovingly. "He's a thor'bred all hunky," he chuckled, lifting his old, felt hat and scratching his woolly pate. "He sure is a thor'bred."

He slipped down on the walk and gathered the "purp" up in his arms.

By and by, the boy's head nodded above his pet. It was warm and restful behind the wind-break.

A step on the walk aroused him and the "purp" squirmed and opened one eye. A young man, stylishly dressed and swinging a light cane, was passing along the opposite side of the street. He was leading a beautiful fox terrier by a slender chain.

The boy, his chin sunk in his hands, watched him. The smile had passed from his black face and the corners of his mouth were drawn. "Purp" scrambled out of his arms and rolled in the dust on the roadside.

At last the boy spoke.

"You'd think him, dressed like he all is, would be ownin' a thor'bred. Duke," he said, addressing the "purp." "But dat dog o' his'n ain't nuthin' but a no-'count mongrel. He ain't de shape o' you no-how."

Suddenly he sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Gollies, dat dog's tail has been bobbed," he gasped. His sombre eyes turned to "purp's" long tail, wagging its gladness, and a frown puckered his brow. He arose and leaned against the fence again. He stood looking down on his pet thoughtfully. A suspicion that could never become a conviction, had killed for him the joy of the May morning.

With a sigh and a fearful glance about him he lifted his battered hat and smoothed it into a fedora shape. Next he buttoned the bottom button of his coat and turned up the bottom of his trouser-legs. When he passed back along the walk, the boy's shoulders were squared and he walked with a dignified mein. In one hand he jauntily swung a stick cut from a maple shoot and with the other he tugged "purp" along by a piece of fish-line.

At the corner the boy turned and a gleam of pity sprang to his eyes.

"Wag that 'ere tail o' yourn, wag it right hard," he said. "Kase to-morrin' 'purp' you-all won't have any tail ter wag." Then squaring his shoulders and swinging his stick, the boy passed on, dragging "purp" behind him.

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FISHIN' DAYS.

AS a rule, Gran'pa was up, his breakfast eaten, and enjoying his morning pipe before the boys came down.

This morning, much to his surprise, he found them in the kitchen. Tom busily attaching weights and hooks to two long lines and Dan packing a huge lunch-basket with sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs.

"It's likely to be a hard day on

the fish to-day, I guess," smiled Grandpa.

"Look at those lines, aren't they dandies, though?" cried Tom, holding up two balls of new twine.

"Strong enough to hold a whale, Tommie, only the hooks are too large. You need small hooks for carp."

"Grandpa ought to know, I guess," called Dan. "Change 'em, Tom, and put on little hooks."

"I will," said Tom, going down after his knife.

Jane brought in the toast and coffee and the old man sat down to breakfast. The boys withdrew to a corner and held a whispered consultation.

Grandpa found them waiting, lunch basket and lines in hand, when he got through.

"What, not gone yet?" he asked. "You'll miss the best part of the day, boys."

"We would like you to come along, Grandpa," said Dan. "Jim's going to drive us over to the river. We'd like to have you, eh Tom?"

"You bet," said Tom.

Grandpa settled back, a wistful look on his face. He lit his pipe and puffed it thoughtfully. Then he shook his head slowly.

"Rheumatism and fishin' don't get along well together, lads," he smiled. "I'd like to go, o' course, only I guess I hadn't better."

The boys passed out and the old man sat thinking. Outside in a nearby tree a robin was calling and trilling his prophecy of a sweet April day.

When the sound of the wheels died on the gravel, Grandpa rose stiffly and passed painfully outside.

A great splash of sunshine fell between the kitchen and cook-shed, kissing his face and giving him a joy tinged with regret.

"Maybe it wouldn't have hurt me any, after all," he thought.

The sun and the wind and the robin seemed to him things from the far past. He was over eighty years old, and the spot he saw this morning lay away back nearly seventy mile-stones away; and every mile-stone marked a year.

He heard the black-birds caroling

from the trees and rush-tops. He smelt the fresh, damp earth again as he had smelled it before when digging for bait. He could see the mossy bank with its new coat of green where he had sprawled, his eyes ever upon the slender switch to which the long line was attached.

He came back to the present with a sigh.

"Maybe it wouldn't have hurt me any, after all," he whispered again.

He lifted the spade resting against the shed and turned over some of the mellow soil at his feet. A wriggling worm came to view. He picked it up and put it in an old salmon can.

The robin hopped around the building and watched the old man earnestly. He got up from the lumber pile, easily and without one twinge of pain, and commenced hunting for more bait.

At the sound of wheels on the gravel, the old man picked up his can of worms and walked to the lane. "The boys caught three carp and a pike afore I left 'em," called Jim jubilantly, as he drove up. "Tell Grandpa we wish he had came," they says."

"If you don't mind, Jim, I'll go now," said Grandpa, handing up the bait.

Jim grinned his pleasure.

"Where's your cane, won't you be needin' it?" he asked as he helped the old man in the rig.

Grandpa looked back toward the lumber-pile.

"Of all things if I haven't left it behind," he chuckled. "Never mind the cane, Jim, let's get a move on."

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BY AND BY.

World, betwixt the weary, grey days
And the tardy, scented May-days
They will come, the dear old play
days.

By and by;
Sweet with olden, golden weather,
And a song to last forever,
And we'll drink of joy together,
You and I.