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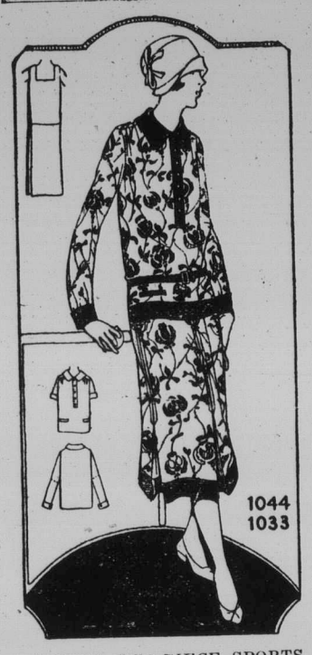

A CHIC TWO-PIECE SPORTS COSTUME.

Its entry in any sports event will make the wearer outstandingly smart. It also is an ideal vacation and travel frock because of its dark figured material and trimming-bands. The blouse is designed with extra length, the sleeves are long and well fitting, and the neck opening is not only chic and youthful, but fits closely. The set-in pockets and narrow belt are other features essential to the ideal sports costume. The skirt has the popular kick plaits at centre front and side seams, and is joined to a smooth-fitting bodice top. Both the blouse and skirt are cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. The blouse in size 36 bust requires 2½ yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material. The skirt in size 36 bust requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material, with 1⅜ yards additional for bodice. Each pattern 20 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10 cents the copy. Each copy includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

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"Hello Daddy - don't forget my Wrigleys"

Slip a package in your pocket when you go home to-night.

Give the youngsters this wholesome, long-lasting sweet - for pleasure and benefit.

Use it yourself after smoking or when work drags. It's a great little freshener.

WRIGLEY'S

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Cord Wood Saw Users

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ISSUE No 30—'25.

A Haunting Melody.

I heard it only once—long years ago—
But over me it cast a magic spell;
As on the air the sweet notes rose and fell
They thrilled me through, and made my dull heart glow!

What name it bore e'en yet I do not know;
Whose was that fine concept I cannot tell;
But life I felt was good, and all was well,
While that rich stream of melody did flow!

'Tis strange how these sweet sounds hold us in thrall——
Stir our emotions howsoe'er they will!
E'en now, across the years, I feel a thrill
As vainly I those notes strive to recall;
And long to hear, if 'twere but once again,
That sweet elusive air—that haunting strain!

—Richard Hartley.

The Wonders of Nature.

Even the most ordinary appearing tree is truly one of the most remarkable things in the world. An oak fifty years of age has more than five hundred thousand leaves each year.

The main artery of each leaf has at least one thousand branch arteries wich can be seen by the naked eye. That makes five hundred million veins on the leaves alone.

For each square inch of the trunk's diameter the tree has 2,500 arteries which carry sap to the leaves and branches. Its 500 square inches therefore have one and a quarter million arteries or veins.

The strength required to lift the sap to the top of the tree through an arterial pipe would be too great except for one thing. Each pipe-vein has a valve for each and every quarter inch of its heighth or length.

The sap starts up from the roots. It goes through the first valve by pushing upward, the valve then closes until the sap has passed through the next valve, then is pushed open again by the next quarter inch of sap. Thus the sap goes rapidly through the valves which all the time keep it from falling back to the roots owing to its great weight.

In the marshes are reeds which have very large valves, so large that you can see them with the naked eye if you cut them into sections. In wheat straw there are no valves because they have shrunken away as the wheat has ripened, but in the green straws the valves form a sort of pith but are hardly distinguishable owing to the fact that they are always filled with sap which colors them.

To get a good idea of the natural valves ask an elderly person who has prominent veins to let you experiment.

Starting on the arm, half way back to the elbow, place your finger flat across the veins, press hard and slowly run your finger towards the palm of the hand. In this experiment you can locate the valves of the veins and you can get a remarkable insight into the blood circulation system. Notice as you pass from one valve to another that the blood enters with a rush when a valve is allowed to open.

In the trunk and branches of the big oak tree there are no fewer than one thousand billion valves while the leaves have ten times that number, figures which are unimaginable, a total approximating ten million millions of valves.

In addition to all these things the trees have their seeds. Few big trees have fewer than a hundred thousand seeds and if each and every one of them were to take root and grow, the whole world would be covered with dense forests in five years.

The Oldest Pen.

The stylus is a little rod of bone about six inches long. A cross-section is triangular in shape. The rod is cut off sharply at one end, and when this end is pressed in damp clay it leaves a wedge-shaped impression. Such a bone stylus is described as the oldest pen, used at least 4,000 years ago. Man is the only writing animal. Back of the stylus are more primitive members of the pen family—chisels to cut into the stone, thorns to scratch on hides, flint splinters with which to furrow cave walls, bones and sticks with which to make the first crude marks in sand or dirt. The ancestors of the pencil include bits of lead, chalk and earth and the ends of charred sticks.

Swamps for Murderers.

Among the Papuans there is a belief that a man guilty of murder is doomed to live in a swamp in the next world.

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

by James Oliver Curwood

A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

CHAPTER XXX.—(Cont'd.)

Something greater than mere curiosity began to take possession of Carvel. A whimsical humor became a fixed and deeper thought, an unreasoning anticipation was accompanied by a certain thrill of subdued excitement. By the time they reached the old beaver-pond the mystery of the strange adventure had a firm hold on him. From Beaver-tooth's colony Baree led him to the creek along which Wakayoo, the black bear, had fished and thence straight to the Gray Loon.

It was early afternoon of a wonderful day. It was so still that the rippling waters of spring, singing in a thousand rills and streamlets, filled the forests with a droning music. In the warm sun the crimson bakneesh glowed like blood. In the open spaces the air was scented with the perfume of Blue Flowers. In the trees and bushes mated birds were building their nests. After the long sleep of winter Nature was at work in all her glory. It was Unekepesim, the Mating-Moon, the Home Building Moon—and Baree was going home. Not to matehood—but to Nepeese. He knew that she was there now, perhaps at the very edge of the chasm where he had seen her last. They would be playing together again soon, as they had played yesterday, and the day before that, and in his joy he barked up into Carvel's face, and urged him to greater speed. Then they came to the clearing, and once more Baree stood like a rock. Carvel saw the charred ruins of the burned cabin, and a moment later the two graves under the tall spruce. He began to understand as his eyes returned slowly to the waiting, listening dog. A great swelling rose in his throat, and after a moment or two, he said softly, and with an effort.

"Boy, I guess you're home."

Baree did not hear. With his head up and his nose tilted to the blue sky he was sniffing the air. What was it that came to him with the perfumes of the forests and the green meadow? Why was it that he trembled now as he stood there? What was there in the air? Carvel asked himself, and his questing eyes tried to answer the questions. Nothing. There was death here—death and desertion, that was all. And then, all at once, there came from Baree a strange cry—almost a human cry—and he was gone like the wind.

Carvel had thrown off his pack. He dropped his rifle beside it now, and followed Baree. He ran swiftly, straight across the open, into the dwarf balsams and into a grass-grown path that had once been worn by the travel of feet. He ran until he was panting for breath, and then stopped and listened. He could hear nothing of Baree. But that old trail led on under the forest trees, and he followed it.

Close to the deep, dark pool in which he and the Willow had disported so often Baree, too, had stopped. He could hear the rippling of water, and his eyes shone with a gleaming fire as he quested for Nepeese. He expected to see her there, her slim white body shimmering in some dark shadow of overhanging spruce, or gleaming suddenly white as snow in one of the warm splashes of sunlight. His eyes sought out their old hiding places; the great split rock on the other side, the shelving banks under which they used to dive like otter, the spruce boughs that dipped down to the surface, and in the midst of which the Willow loved to screen her naked body while he searched the pool for her. And at last the realization was borne upon him that she was not there, that he had still farther to go.

He went on to the tepee. The little open space in which they had built their hidden wigwam was flooded with sunshine that came through a break in the forest to the west. The tepee was still there. It did not seem very much changed to Baree. And rising from the ground in front of the tepee was what had come to him faintly on the still air—the smoke of a small fire. Over the fire was bending a person, and it did not strike Baree as amazing, or at all unexpected, that this person should have two great shining braids down her back. He whined, and at his whine the Person grew a little rigid, and turned slowly.

Even then it seemed quite the most natural thing in the world that it should be Nepeese, and none other. He had lost her yesterday. To-day he had found her. And in answer to his whine there came a sobbing cry straight out of the soul of the Willow.

Carvel found them there a few minutes later, the dog's head hugged close up against the Willow's breast, and the Willow was crying—crying like a little child, her face hidden from him on Baree's neck. He did not interrupt them, but waited; and as he waited something in the sobbing voice and the stillness of the forest seemed to whisper to him a bit of the story of the burned cabin and the two graves, and the meaning of the Call that had come to Baree from out of the south.

CHAPTER XXXI.

That night there was a new campfire in the open. It was not a small fire, built with the fear that other eyes might see it, but a fire that sent its flames high. In the glow of it stood Carvel. And as the fire had changed from that small smouldering heap over which the Willow had cooked her dinner, so Carvel, the officially dead outlaw, had changed. The beard was gone from his face; he had thrown off his caribou-skin coat; his sleeves were rolled up to the elbows, and there was a wild flush in his face that was not altogether the tanning of wind and sun and storm, and a glow in his eyes that had not been there for five years, perhaps never before. His eyes were on Nepeese.

"To-morrow or the next day I am going to Lac Bain," he said, a hard and bitter note back of the gentle worship in his voice. "I will not come back until I have—killed him."

The Willow looked straight into the fire. For a time there was a silence broken only by the crackling of the flames, and in that silence Carvel's fingers weaved in and out of the silken strands of the Willow's hair. His thoughts flashed back. What a chance he had missed that day on Bush McTaggart's trap-line—if he had only known! His jaws set hard as he saw in the red-hot heart of the fire the mental pictures of the day when the Factor from Lac Bain had killed Pierrot. She had told him the whole story. Her flight. Her plunge to what she had thought was certain death in the icy torrent of the chasm. Her miraculous escape from the waters—and how she was discovered, nearly dead, by Tuboa, the toothless old Cree whom Pierrot out of pity had allowed to hunt in part of his domain.

He felt within himself the tragedy and the horror of the one terrible hour in which the sun had gone out of the world for the Willow, and in the flames he could see faithful old Tuboa as he called on his last strength to bear Nepeese over the long miles that lay between the chasm and his cabin; he caught shifting visions of the weeks that followed in that cabin, weeks of hunger and of intense cold in which the Willow's life hung by a single thread. And at last, when the snows were deepest, Tuboa had died. Carvel's fingers clenched in the strands of the Willow's braid. A deep breath rose out of his chest, and he said, staring deep into the fire:

"To-morrow I will go to Lac Bain."

For a moment Nepeese did not answer. She, too, was looking into the fire. Then she said:

"Tuboa meant to kill him when the spring came, and he could travel. When Tuboa died I knew that it was I who must kill him. So I came, with Tuboa's gun. It was fresh loaded—yesterday. And—M'sieu Jeem"—she looked up at him, a triumphant glow in her eyes as she added, almost in a whisper—"You will not go to Lac Bain. I have sent a messenger."

"A messenger?"

"Yes, Ookimow Jeem—a messenger. Two days ago. I sent word that I had not died, but was here—waiting for him—and that I would be Iskwao now, his wife. Ooo-oo, he will come, Ookimow Jeem—he will come fast. And you shall not kill him. Non!" She smiled into his face, and the throb of Carvel's heart was like a drum. "The gun is loaded," she said softly. "I will shoot."

"Two days ago," said Carvel. "And from Lac Bain it is——"

"He will be here to-morrow," Nepeese answered him: "To-morrow, as the sun goes down, he will enter the clearing. I know. My blood has been singing it all day. To-morrow—to-morrow—for he will travel fast, Ookimow Jeem. Yes, he will come fast."

Carvel had bent his head. The soft tresses gripped in his fingers were crushed to his lips. The Willow, looking again into the fire, did not see. But she felt—and her soul was beating like the wings of a bird.

"Ookimow Jeem," she whispered—a breath, a flutter of the lips so soft that Carvel heard no sound.

If old Tuboa had been there that night it is possible he would have read strange warnings in the winds that whispered now and then softly in the treetops. It was such a night; a night when the Red Gods whisper low among themselves, a carnival of glory in which even the dipping shadows and the high stars seemed to quiver with the life of a potent language. It is barely possible that old Tuboa, with his ninety years behind him, would have learned something, or that at least he would have suspected a thing which Carvel in his youth and confidence did not see. To-morrow—he will come to-morrow! The Willow, exultant, had said that. But to old Tuboa the trees might have whispered, why not to-night?

It was midnight when the big moon stood full above the little open in the forest. In the tepee the Willow was sleeping. In a balsam shadow back from the fire slept Baree, and still farther back in the edge of a spruce thicket slept Carvel. Dog and man were tired. They had travelled far and fast that day, and they heard no sound.

But they had travelled neither so far nor so fast as Bush McTaggart. Between sunrise and midnight he had come forty miles when he strode into the clearing where Pierrot's cabin had stood. Twice from the edge of the forest he had called; and now, when he found no answer, he stood under the light of the moon and listened. Nepeese was to be here—waiting. He was tired, but exhaustion could not still the fire that burned in his blood. It had been blazing all day, and now—so near its realization and its triumph—the old passion was like a drunkening wine in his veins. Somewhere, near where he stood, Nepeese was waiting for him, waiting for him. Once again he called, his heart beating in a fierce anticipation as he listened. There was no answer. And then for a thrilling instant his breath stopped. He sniffed the air—and there came to him faintly the smell of smoke.

With the first instinct of the forest man he fronted the wind that was but a faint breath under the sartlit skies. He did not call again, but hastened across the clearing. Nepeese was off there — somewhere — sleeping beside her fire, and out of him there rose a low cry of xultation. He came to the edge of the forest; chance directed his steps to the overgrown trail; he followed it, and the smoke smell came stronger to his nostrils.

It was the forest man's instinct, too, that added the element of caution to his advance. That, and the utter stillness of the night. He broke no sticks under his feet. He disturbed the brush so quietly that it made no sound. When he came at last to the little open where Carvel's fire was still sending a spiral of spruce-scented smoke up into the air it was with a stealth that failed even to rouse Baree. Perhaps, deep down in him, there smouldered an old suspicion; perhaps it was because he wanted to come to her while she was sleeping. The sight of the tepee made his heart throb faster. It was light as day where it stoot in the moonlight, ant he saw hanging outside it a few bits of woman's apparel. He advanced soft-footed as a fox and stood a moment later with his hand on the cloth flap at the wigwam door, his head bent forward to catch the merest breath of sound. He could hear the breathing. For an instant his face turned so that the moonlight struck his eyes. They were aflame with a mad fire. Then, still very quietly, he drew aside the flap at the door.

It could not have been sound that roused Baree, hidden in the black balsam shadow a dozen paces away. Perhaps it was scent. His nostrils twitched first; then he awoke. For a few seconds his eyes glared at the bent figure in the tepee door. He knew that it was not Carvel. The old smell—the man-beast's smell, filled his nostrils like a hated poison. He sprang to his feet and stood with his lips snarling back slowly from his long fangs. McTaggart had disappeared. From inside the tepee there came a sound; a sudden movement of bodies, a startled ejaculation of one awakening from sleep—and then a cry, a low, half-smothered, frightened cry, and in response to that cry Baree shot out from under the balsam with a sound in his throat that had in it the note of death.

In the edge of the spruce thicket Carvel rolled uneasliy. Strange sounds were rousing him, cries that in his exhaustion came to him as if in a dream. At last he sat up, and then in sudden horror leaped to his feet and rushed toward the tepee. Nepeese was in the open, crying the name she had given him — "Ookimow Jeem — Ookimow Jeem—Ookimow Jeem——" She was standing there white and slim, her eyes with the blaze of the stars in them, and when she saw Carvel she flung out her arms to him, still crying:

"Ookimow Jeem—Oo-oo, Ookimow Jeem——"

In the tepee he heard the rage of a beast, the moaning cries of a man. He forgot that it was only last night he had come, and with a cry he swept the Willow to his breast, and the Willow's arms tightened round his neck as she moaned:

"Ookimow Jeem—it is the man-beast—in there! It is the man-beast from Lac Bain—and Baree——"

Truth flashed upon Carvel, and he caught Nepeese up in his arms and ran away with her from the sounds that had grown sickening and horrible. In the spruce thicket he put her feet once more to the ground. Her arms were still tight around his neck; he felt the wild terror of her body as it throbbed against him; her breath was sobbing, and her eyes were on his face. He drew her closer, and suddenly he crushed his face down close against hers and felt for an instant the warm thrill of her lips against his own.

"He is dead, Nepeese."

"Dead, Ookimow Jeem?"

"Yes. Baree killed him."

She did not seem to breathe. Gently with his lips in her hair, Carvel whispered his plans for their paradise.

"No one will know, my sweetheart. To-night I will bury him and burn the tepee. To-morrow we will start for Nelson House, where there is a Missioner. And after that—we will come back—and I will build a new cabin where the old one burned. Do you love me, ka sakahet?"

"Oui—yes—Ookimow Jeem—I love you——"

Suddenly there came an interruption. Baree at last was giving his cry of triumph. It rose to the stars; it wailed over the roofs of the forests and filled the quiet skies—a wolfish howl of exultation, of achievement, of vengeance fulfilled. Its echoes died slowly away, and silence came again. A great peace whispered in the soft breath of the treetops. Out of the north came the mating call of a loon. About Carvel's shoulders the Willow's arms crept closer. And Carvel out of his heart, thanked God.

(The End.)

Shock Kills.

She—"I was greatly shocked while motoring to-day. As I passed a man in his car he dropped dead."

He—"Maybe you thoughtlessly gave him the right of way."

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Rinso suds *soak* dirt out gently and thoroughly—no more harmful rubbing. Your clothes come snowy white. Rinso is made by the makers of Lux, the largest soap makers in the world.

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Deceived by Truth.

Honesty may always be the best policy, but it is not always without dangers. About 1600 Ambrose Spinola was an Italian and Spanish general of all the troops fighting their way in Holland. One day he was on his way to Holland from Madrid and he stopped in Paris to talk with Henry IV., who was known to be secretly unfriendly to the countries represented by Spinola. Henry quietly pumped Spinola as to his plans for carrying on his war and Spinola explained all his military plans without reserve. Henry supposed, of course, that Spinola was lying to him and telling just the opposite of his plans, so Henry quickly communicated his story and said he knew that it was all a feint and he had his men work with that idea in mind. Unfortunately Spinola went ahead just as he had said and he carried everything before him, so much so that later Henry remarked: "Others deceive their enemies by falsehoods, Spinoal by truth."

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