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Courtship Ticker.
The Girl's Father—"Young man, the lights in this house go out at 11 o'clock."
Young Man—"That suits me."

If we waste to-day, we can never make it up, for each day will bring its duties as it comes.

A Sweet Breath at all times!
THE FLAVOR LASTS
WRIGLEY'S
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After eating or smoking, Wrigley's freshens the mouth and sweetens the breath. Nerves are soothed, throat is refreshed and digestion aided. So easy to carry the little packet!

WRIGLEY'S
-after every meal/103

Yen Set's Doll.

With a garden trowel as her only implement little Yen Set, aged twelve, after almost an hour of patient labor, had excavated what seemed to be a miniature grave. She lived next to the mission station, and the missionary had watched the work from his study window. Close at hand was a wooden box, which the man recognized; Yen Set's doll had come across the water from the United States packed in that box.

The missionary watched, perplexed, as the child walked slowly to the arbor. She returned, her face very sober with the doll in her arms. Now the missionary noted that there were tears on Yen Set's cheeks. He called her wife.

Unobserved, the two looked on as the girl placed the doll in the box and covered it with a tiny, silk blanket. Then she put on the cover. She closed her eyes; her lips moved.

"She is playing funeral," whispered the missionary's wife.

"No, it is not play," returned her husband.

Now the little girl lowered the box into the grave and began to throw in the loose earth. The woman started toward the door, but her husband dissuaded her.

"Let us wait. Yen Set has an old head for one so young. She has a motive; let's see what it is."

That afternoon the minister called on the family next door. Ren Set's parents had accepted the Christian faith and demolished their joss, a small stone image in the likeness of a man, which they had once worshipped. The missionary saw Yen Set; she was red-eyed, but she said nothing about her doll.

That night, by the light of the moon, the missionary dug up the box, filled the excavation with paper and heaped up the earth again. He would preserve the doll from the rain that had just begun to fall. Several times on the next day he saw Yen Set sweeping near the grave. Each time she turned away with an air of determination.

Several days later, the girl, under the tactical questioning of the missionary's wife, unburied the doll. The doll, she said, had reminded her of the joss the family had once worshipped. It had proved a temptation to her; it aroused a desire to return to idol worship. So she had put temptation out of her reach.

Painful though it had been, Yen Set had taken the only sure way of dealing with temptation. It is good psychology, and it is Scriptural. The ancient Hebrews were warned by Moses against having anything that in any way resembled the heathen idols.

With Yen Set the incident soon had a happy ending. Her determination had been her salvation. The missionary returned the doll uninjured and the girl wept with joy. Nor did it ever after tempt her to idolatry. She had conquered.

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

James Oliver Curwood
A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Cont'd.)
Even at that distance Baree could see him grimacing affably; he saw the outstretched hand, and the voice stirred new sensations in him. It was not like Pierrrot's voice. He had never loved Pierrrot. Neither was it soft and sweet like the Willow's. He had known only a few men, and all of them he had regarded with distrust. But this was a voice that disarmed him. It was luring in its appeal. He wanted to answer it. He was filled with a desire, all at once, to follow close at the heels of this stranger.

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That night they were camped in a dense growth of cedars and balsams ten miles north of Bush McEggart's trap line. For two hours it had snowed, and their trail was covered. It was still snowing, but not a flake of the white deluge sifted down through the thick canopy of branches. Carvel had put up his small silk tent, and had built a fire; their supper was over, and Baree lay on his belly facing the outlaw, almost within reach of his hand. With his back to a tree Carvel was smoking luxuriously. He had thrown off his cap and his coat, and in the warm fireglow he looked almost boyishly young. But even in that glow his jaws lost none of their squareness, nor his eyes their clear alertness.

"I've had one, old chap," he chuckled. "You haven't got it on me—not a bit. Want to know what happened? He waited a moment, and Baree looked at him steadily. Then Carvel went on, as if speaking to a human, "Let's see—was it five years ago, five years this December, just before Christmas time. Had a dad. Fine old chap, my dad was. No mother—just the dad, 'an' when you added us up we made just one. Understand? And along came a white-striped skunk named Hardy and shot him one day because dad had worked against him in politics. An' out 'n' murder. An' they didn't hang that skunk! No, sir, they didn't hang him. He had too much money, an' too many friends in politics, an' they let 'im off with two years in the penitentiary. But he didn't get there. No—s'elp me God, he didn't get there!"

Carvel was twisting his hands until his knuckles cracked. An exultant smile lighted up his face, and his eyes flashed back the firelight. Baree drew a deep breath—a mere coincidence, but it was a tense moment for all that.

CHAPTER XXIX.
Baree was on his feet, rigid as a bent rock, when Carvel came out of the tent, and for a few moments Carvel stood in silence, watching him closely. The dog responded to the call of the pack? Did he belong to them? Would he go—now? The wolves were drawing nearer. They were not circling, as a caribou or a deer would have circled, but were traveling straight—dead straight for their camp. The significance of this fact was easily understood by Carvel. All that afternoon Baree's feet had left a blood-smell in their trail, and the wolves had struck the trail in the deep forest, where the falling snow had not covered it. Carvel was not alarmed. More than once in his five years of wandering between the Arctic and the Height of Land he had played the game with the wolves. Once he had almost lost, but that was out in the open Barren. To-night he had a fire, and in the event of his firewood running out he had trees he could climb. His anxiety just now was centred in Baree. So he said, making his voice quite casual:

"You aren't going, are you, old chap?"
If Baree heard him he gave no evidence of it. But Carvel, still watching him closely, saw that the hair along his spine had risen like a brush, and then he heard—growing slowly in Baree's throat—a snarl of ferocious hatred. It was the sort of snarl that had held back the Factor from Lac Bain, and Carvel, opening the breach of his gun to see that all was right, chuckled happily. Baree may have heard the chuckle. Perhaps it meant something to him, for he turned his head suddenly and with flattened ears looked at his companion.

The snarl grew to a snarl now. Carvel knew what that meant, and he was tensely alert. In the stillness the click of the safety on his rifle sounded with metallic sharpness. For many minutes they heard nothing but the crack of the fire. Suddenly Baree's muscles seemed to snap. He sprang back, and faced the quarter behind

and he died. Carvel went over them swiftly and joyously. They were worth a thousand dollars at any post, and he could see no reason why they did not belong to him now. Within a week he had blazed out the dead man's snow-covered trap-line and was trapping on his own account.

This was two hundred miles north and west of the Gray Loon, and soon Carvel observed that Baree did not face directly south in those moments when the strange call came to him, but south and east. And now, with each day that passed, the sun rose higher in the sky; it grew warmer; the snow softened underfoot, and in the air was the tremulous and growing throb of spring. With these things came the old yearning to Baree; the heart-thrilling call of the lonely graves back on Gray Loon, of the burned cabin, the abandoned tepee beyond the pool—and of Nepeese. In his sleep he saw visions of things.

He heard again the low, sweet voice of the Willow, felt the touch of her hand, was at play with her once more in the dark shades of the forest—and Carvel would sit and watch him as he dreamed, trying to read the meaning of what he saw and heard.

CHAPTER XXX.
A strange humor possessed Carvel as he began the southward journey. He did not believe in omens, good or bad. Superstition had played a small part in his life, but he possessed both curiosity and a love for adventure, and his years of lonely wandering had developed in him a wonderfully clear mental vision of things, which in other words might be called singularly active imagination. He knew that some irresistible force was drawing Baree back into the south—that it was pulling him not only along a given line of the compass, but to an exact point in that line. For no reason in particular the situation began to interest him more and more, and as his time was valueless, and he had no fixed destination in view, he began to experiment. For the first two days he marked the dog's course by compass. It was due southeast. On the third morning Carvel purposely struck a course straight west. He noted quickly by the change in Baree—his restlessness at first, and after that he followed at his heels. Toward noon Carvel swung sharply to the south and east again, and almost immediately Baree regained his old eagerness, and ran ahead of his master.

A week later Baree answered Carvel's question by swinging westward to give wide berth to Post Lac Bain. It was mid-afternoon when they crossed the trail along which Bush McEggart's traps and deadfalls had been set. Baree did not even pause. He headed due south, travelling so fast that at times he was lost to Carvel's sight. A suppressed but intense excitement possessed him, and he whined whenever Carvel stopped to rest—always with his nose sniffing the wind out of the south. Springtime, the flowers, earth turning green, the singing of birds, and the sweet breaths in the air were bringing him back to that great Yesterday when he had belonged to Nepeese. In his unreasoning mind there existed no longer a winter. The long months of cold and hunger were gone; in the new visionings that filled his brain they were forgotten. The birds and flowers and the blue skies had come back, and with them the Willow must surely have returned, and she was waiting for him now, just over there beyond that rim of green forest.

(To be concluded.)
For First Aid—Minard's Liniment.
Swiss Roses in Rockies.
The experiment of transplanting Swiss roses in the Canadian Rockies will be tried this year. Dr. Huesscher, late Swiss Consul at Montreal, brought over a number of the plants which will be set out in the gardens at Banff and Lake Louise. They are hardy and thrive only above elevations of 3,000 feet.

Sunbaths Through Clothes.
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Where human sound, attesting human might
So weaves its spell, their need and their delight
Is in the city's ceaseless undertone.

But to my heart the darkness is a friend
I would not spare—denied, must sorely miss;
The stillness is a mantle to be worn
With deep contentment at the long day's end.
How shall I voice my gratitude for this,
My heritage, that I was country born!
—Molly Anderson Haley.

Begin Fry Distribution.
The 1925 distribution of fry in the lakes and streams of the Dominion was begun recently with the distribution of 80,000,000 young whitefish in the waters of Lake Erie. The fish were produced at the Department of Marine and Fisheries' hatchery at Kingsville, Ont., and the distribution was made on selected grounds in the western end of Lake Erie.

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