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Discriminating mothers are making adorable little dresses, not by ones and twos, but by the half-dozen. Beautiful silks and attractive cotton materials are to be had in all the shops at very little cost, and with pattern number 1047 several attractive dresses could be made. The little girl with her skipping-rope wears a pretty little printed frock with short kimono sleeves. The collar is unusual in shape, and straight bands trim the lower edge of the dress. Long sleeves make a comfortable frock for cool days. Sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Size 4 years requires 2 1/2 yards of 32-inch or 36-inch, or 2 yards of 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy. Each book includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

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
SUGAR-COATED
TOBACCO

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

ISSUE NO. 29-728.

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.



She—"Have you been following the new Paris styles?"

He—"Sure. I followed one ten blocks only to-day."

A "Goog Oppotuny."
If we remember rightly, it was a Portuguese who wrote that extraordinarily funny book—English as She is Spoke. And here is an advertisement, found in a Brazilian newspaper, which offers additional evidence that there is something particularly puzzling to Portuguese-speaking people in the English language:

"PAYING GUEST IN PRIVATE RESIDENCE"

"Goog oppotuny, for a snigla refined gentleman. Large room nicely furnished, splendid food. Six windows facing the sea, quite close to bashing beach."

Dyes in Underground Rivers.
Underground river courses in the Mammoth Cove region of Kentucky are being traced by means of dyes placed in the water.

A stubborn person is like a pin without a head: hard to remove in either direction.

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

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. For a while he regarded with distrust the friendship of man possessed him. He did not move until Jim Carvel entered the spruce. Then he followed.

That night they were camped in a dense growth of cedars and balsams ten miles north of Bush McTaggart'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 boughs. 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 an' 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!"

Baree 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.

"No, he didn't get to the penitentiary," went on Carvel, looking straight at Baree again. "You're truly know what that meant, old chap. He'd been pardoned inside a year. An' there was my Dad, the biggest half-breed 'n' in his grave. So I just went up to that white-striped skunk, and right there before the judge's eyes, an' the lawyers' eyes, an' the eyes of all his dear relatives and friends—and I killed him! And I got away. Was out through a window before they woke up. Hit his head on a nail, an' he was being eaten up the trail ever since. An' I guess God was with me, Boy. For He did a queer thing to help me out—summer before last, just when the Mounties were after me hardest an' I looked pretty bad. My name was found drowned down in the Reindeer Country, right where they thought I was cornered; an' the good Lord made the man look so much like me that he was buried under my name. So I'm off to the north now, an' I don't need to be afraid any more so long as I can get too familiar with people for a year or so longer, and' way down inside me I've liked to believe God fixed it up in that way to help me out of a bad hole. What's your opinion? Eh?"

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.

In April Carvel shouldered his furs up to the Hudson Bay Company's post at Lac la Biche, which was still farther north. Baree accompanied him halfway, and then—at sundown Carvel returned to the cabin and found the sun there. He was so overjoyed that he caught the dog's head in his arms and hugged it. They lived in the cabin until May. The buds were swelling then, and the smell of growing things had begun to rise up out of the earth.

Then Carvel found the first of the early Blue Flowers. That night he packed up. "It's time to travel," he announced to Baree. "And I've sort of changed my mind. We're going back—there." And he pointed south.

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 McTaggart'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.

Sun baths in every-day life are made possible by the use of a new fabric, which looks and feels like silk, yet which allows the ultra-violet rays of the sun to pass through it. It is these rays which are so beneficial to health.

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They dread the darkness who have never known
A world outside the flare of man-made light,
Who have not learned to read the chart of night
And walk unflinching by the stars alone;

And they distrust the silence who have grown
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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