

The Advent of Tea to England

Tea was not used to any extent in England till about the middle of the seventeenth century, although knowledge of the wonderful qualities of the beverage had reached Europe as early as 1517. During the seventeenth century, all tea was imported from China and cost from \$25.00 to \$50.00 per pound. Not until 1836 did any tea reach England from India. In that year the first shipment was made from the now famous tea growing district of Assam. India today supplies fully half the world's tea requirements and provides some of the finest teas grown. The rich body of "SALADA" is due to the select India teas used in the blend.

"SALADA"

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

James Oliver Curwood
A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

SYNOPSIS.

Nepeese, daughter of Pierrot, the trapper, carried Baree, the young wolf-dog, from her father's cabin into the woods. She was fearful of the return of McTaggart, the factor, whom, a few minutes before, she had pushed into a twenty-foot chasm when he made unwelcome advances to her. She met her father, who had learned that McTaggart had blood-poison, the result of a bite on the hand by Baree when the factor found the dog in one of his traps.

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

It was not like other rains Baree had known. It was an inundation sweeping down out of the blackness of the skies. Within five minutes the interior of the balsam shelter was a shower-bath—half an hour of that torrential downpour, and Nepeese was soaked to the skin. The water ran in little rivulets down her back and breast; it trickled in tiny streams her drenched braids and dripped from her long lashes, and the blanket under her was wet as a mop. To Baree it was almost as bad as his near-drowning in the stream after his fight with Papayuchisew, and he snuggled closer and closer under the sheltering arm of the Willow. It seemed an interminable time before the thunder rolled far into the east, and the lightning died away into distant and intermittent flashings. Even after that the rain fell for another hour. Then it stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

With a laughing gasp Nepeese rose to her feet. The water gurgled in her moccasins as she walked out into the open. She paid no attention to Baree and he followed her. Across the open in the tree-tops the last of the storm-clouds were drifting away. Nepeese looked down and saw Baree. He was standing clear and unsoaked, with freedom on all sides of him. Yet he did not run. He was waiting, wet as a water-rat, with his eyes on her expectantly. Nepeese made a movement toward him, and hesitated.

"No, you will not run away, Baree. I will leave you free. And now we must have a fire!"

A fire! Any one but Pierrot might have said that she was crazy. Not a stem or twig in the forest that was not dripping. They could hear the trickle of running water all about them.

With her wet clothes clinging to her tightly, she was like a slim shadow as she crossed the soggy open and buried herself among the forest trees. Baree still followed. She went straight to a birch-tree that she had located that day and began tearing off the loose bark. An armful of this bark she carried close to the wigwam, and on it she heaped load after load of wet wood until she had a great pile. From a bottle in the wigwam she secured a dry match, and at the first touch of

its tiny flame the birch-bark flared up like paper soaked in oil. Half an hour later the Willow's fire—if there had been no forest walls to hide it—could have been seen at the cabin a mile away. Not until it was blazing a dozen feet into the air did she cease putting wood on it. Then she drove sticks into the soft ground and over these sticks stretched the blanket out to dry. After that she began to undress.

She drew a deep breath, and her eyes shone with a sudden inspiration. Slowly her mouth formed into a round red O, and leaning still nearer to Baree, she whispered:

"It will be deep and sweet to-night. Nings—yes, we will go!"

She called to him softly as she slipped on her wet moccasins and followed the creek into the forest. A hundred yards from the open she came to the edge of a pool. It was deep and full to-night, and swayed as big as it had been before the storm. She could hear the gurgle and rush of water. On its ruffled surface the stars shone. For a moment or two she stood poised on a rock, with the cool depths half a dozen feet below her. Then she flung back her hair and shot like a slim white arrow through the star-light.

Baree saw her go. He heard the plunge of her body. For half an hour he lay flat and still, close to the edge of the pool, and watched her. Sometimes she was just under him, floating silently, her hair forming a cloud darker than the water about her; again—she was cutting over the surface almost as swiftly as the others he had seen—and then with a sudden plunge she would disappear, and Baree's heart would quicken its pulse as he waited for her. Once she was gone a long time. He wished. He knew she was not like the beaver and the otter, and he was filled with an immense relief when she came up. So their first night passed—storm, the cool, deep pool, the big fire; and later, when the Willow's clothes and the blanket had dried, a few hours' sleep. At dawn they returned to the cabin. It was a cautious approach. There was no smoke coming from the chimney. The door was closed. Pierrot and Bush McTaggart were gone.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was the beginning of August—the Flying-up Moon—when Pierrot returned from Lac Bain, and in three days more it would be the Willow's seventeenth birthday. He brought back with him many things for Nepeese—ribbons for her hair, red shoes, which she wore at times like the two Englishwomen at Nelson House, and chief glory of all, some wonderful red cloth for a dress. In the three winters she had spent at the Mission the women had made much of Nepeese. They had taught her to sew as well as to spell and read and pray, and at times there came to the Willow a compelling desire to do as they did.

So for three days Nepeese worked hard on her new dress and on her birthday she stood before Pierrot in a fashion that took his breath away. She had piled her hair in great glowing masses and coils on the crown of her head, as Yvonne, the younger of the Englishwomen had taught her, and in the rich jet of it had half buried a vivid sprig of the crimson fire-flower. Under this, and the glow in her eyes, and the red flush of her lips and cheeks came the wonderful red dress, fitted to the slim and sinuous beauty of her form—as the style had been two winters ago at Nelson House. And under the dress, which reached just below the knees—Nepeese had quite forgotten the proper length, or else her material had run out—came the coup de maître of her toilet, red stockings and the wonderful shoes with high heels! She was a vision before which the gods of the forests might have felt their hearts stop beating. Pierrot turned her round and round without a word, but smiling; but when she left him, followed by Baree, and limping a little in the tightness of her shoes, the smile faded from his face, leaving it cold and staring.

There was a change in Pierrot.

During the three days of her dress-making Nepeese had been quite too excited to notice this change, and Pierrot had tried to keep it from her. He had been away ten days on the trip to Lac Bain, and he brought back to Nepeese the joyous news that M'sieu McTaggart was very sick with pechipo—the blood-poison—news that made the Willow clasp her hands and laugh happily. But he knew that the Factor would get well, and that he would come again to their cabin on the Gray Loon. And when next time he came—

It was when he was thinking of this that his face grew cold and hard, and his eyes burned. And he was thinking of it on this her birthday, and even as her laughter floated to him like a song. Dieu, in spite of her seventeen years, she was nothing but a child—a baby! She could not guess his horrible visions. And the dread of awakening her for all time from that beautiful childhood kept him from telling her the whole truth so that she might have understood him completely. No; it should not be that. His soul beat with a great and gentle love. He, Pierrot Du Quenne, would do the watching. And she should laugh and sing and play—and have no share in the black forebodings that had come to spoil his life.

On this day there came up from the south McDonald, the government map-maker. He was gray and grizzled, with a great, free laugh and a clean heart. Two days he remained with Pierrot. He told Nepeese of his daughters at home, of their mother, whom he worshipped more than anything else on earth—and before he went on in quest of the last timber-line of Banksian pine, he took pictures of Willow as he had first seen her on her birthday: her hair piled in glossy coils and masses, her red dress, the high-heeled shoes. He carried the negatives on with him, promising Pierrot that he would get pictures back in some way. Thus fate works in its strange and apparently innocent way as it spins its web of tragedy.

It was late in August when Baree saw the first of his kind outside of Kazan and Gray Wolf. During the summer Pierrot allowed his dogs to run at large on a small island in the centre of a lake two or three miles away, and twice a week he netted fish a dozen feet into the air. On these trips Nepeese accompanied him and took Baree with her. Pierrot carried his long caribou-gut whip. He expected a fight. But there was none. Baree joined the pack in their rush for fish, and ate with them. This pleased Pierrot more than ever.

"He will make a great sledge-dog," he chuckled. "It is best to leave him for a week with the pack, ma Nepeese."

Reluctantly Nepeese gave her consent. While the dogs were still at their fish, they started homeward. Their canoe had stolen well out before Baree discovered the trick they had played on him. Instantly he leaped into the water and swam as fast as he could—and the Willow helped him into the canoe.

Early in September a passing Indian brought Pierrot word from Bush McTaggart. On the factor had been very sick. He had almost died from the blood-poison, but he was well now. With the first exhilarating tang of autumn in the air a new dread oppressed Pierrot. But at present he said nothing of this in his mind to Nepeese. The Willow had almost forgotten the Factor from Lac Bain, for the glory and thrill of wilderness autumn was in her blood. She went on long trips with Pierrot, helping him to bring out the trap lines that would be used when the first snows came, and on these journeys she was always accompanied by Baree.

"By midwinter I will have him the finest dog in the pack, mon pere!" This was the time for Pierrot to say what was in his mind. He smiled. "I am going to send you down to the school at Nelson House again this winter, ma cherie," he said. Baree will help draw you down on the first good snow."

The Willow was tying a knot in Baree's babiche, and she rose slowly to her feet and looked at Pierrot. Her eyes were big and dark and steady.

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OUR GIRL'S ENSEMBLE.

The ensemble is "the thing" for the little girl as well as for mother and big sister. This straight-front frock of fullness at low waist-line, introduced by plaits at side-front which continue around the skirt. The bishop sleeves are held tightly about the wrist by a narrow band. The pattern, No. 1082, gives the high neck and Peter Pan collar as well as the girlish round neck. The coat, No. 1085, is true to the mode and is lined with the material of which the dress is made. It is a tailored, straight-line coat with notched collar and double-breasted, so much in vogue this spring. This stylish ensemble is cut in sizes 4 to 10 years. The dress requires 2 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide in size 6 years. The coat requires in size 6 years 1 1/2 yards of material 64 inches wide, and 1 1/2 yards of lining material 36 inches wide. Price 20c, each pattern.

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gall, without jealousy, encouraged him. He was tired of Marie. McTaggart told Gregson this. He wanted to get rid of her, and if he Gregson could possibly take her on with him it would be a great favor. He explained why. A little later, the deep snows came, he was going to bring the daughter of Pierrot Du Quenne to the Post. In the rottenness of their brotherhood he told of his visit, of the manner of his reception, and of the incident at the chasm. In spite of all this, he assured Gregson, Pierrot's girl would soon be at Lac Bain.

It was at this time that MacDonald came. He remained only one night, and without knowing that he was adding fuel to a fire already dangerously blazing, he gave the photograph he had taken of Nepeese to the Factor. It was a splendid picture.

"If you can get it down to that girl some day I'll be mightily obliged," he said to McTaggart. The picture, he knew, her father's name is Du Quenne—Pierrot Du Quenne. You probably know them. And the girl—"

The next day MacDonald started for Norway House. McTaggart did not show Gregson the picture. He kept it to himself, and at night, under the glow of his lamp, he looked at it with thoughts that filled him with a growing resolution. There was but one way. The scheme had been in his mind for weeks—and the picture determined him. He dared not whisper his secret even to Gregson. But it was the one way. It would give him Nepeese. Only—he must wait for the snows. The mid-winter snows. They buried their tragedies in snow. McTaggart was glad when Gregson followed the map-maker to Norway House. Out of courtesy he accompanied him a day's journey on his way. When he returned to the Post, Marie was gone. He was glad. He sent off a runner with a load of presents for her people, and the message: "Don't beat her. Keep her. She is free."

Along with the bustle and stir of the beginning of the trapping season McTaggart began to prepare his house for the coming of Nepeese. He knew what she liked in the way of cleanliness and a few other things. He had the log walls painted white with the lead and oil that was intended for his York boats. Certain partitions were torn down, and new ones were built; the Indian wife of his chief runner made curtains for the windows and he confiscated a small phonograph that should have gone on to Lac la Biche. He had no doubts, and he counted the days as they passed.

Down on the Gray Loon Pierrot and Nepeese were busy at many things, so busy that at times Pierrot's fears of the Factor at Lac Bain were forgotten, and they went out of the Willow's mind entirely. It was the Red Moon, and it thrilled with the anticipation and excitement of the winter hunt. Nepeese carefully dipped a hundred traps in boiling carbon-fat mixed with beaver-grease, while Pierrot made fresh dead-falls ready for setting on his trails. When he was gone more than a day from the cabin, she was always with him.

It was the Willow's

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"I take it as a real compliment, because most women do try to excel in their table linen."

"Of course, I tell them the way I've found easiest and best is with Sunlight—just rubbing the linen lightly with Sunlight, rolling it up and putting it to soak. After soaking, perhaps a light rubbing here and there may be called for, then just rinse, and the linen is spotlessly clean. Fine linens should be protected and never come into contact with anything but the purest soap."

"As a household soap there is nothing better or more economical than Sunlight. Every particle is pure soap, with no wasteful 'filler'. Sunlight is mild and easy on the hands, too." Lever Brothers Limited of Toronto, make it.

Sunlight Soap

Baree had learned to understand, and the movement of her lips, her gesture, the poise of her body, the changing moods which brought shadow or sunlight into her face. He knew what it meant when she smiled; he shook himself, and often jumped about her in sympathetic rejoicing, when she laughed; her happiness was a part of him, a stern word from her was worse than a blow. Twice Pierrot had struck him, and twice Baree had sprung back and faced him with bared fangs and an angry snarl, the crest along his back standing up like a brush. Had one of the other dogs done this; Pierrot would have half killed him. It would have been mutiny, and the man must be master. But Baree was always safe. A touch of the Willow's hand, a word from her lips, and the crest slowly settled and the snarl went out of his throat.

Pierrot was not at all displeased. "Dieu! I will never go so far as to try and whip that out of him," he told himself. "He is a barbarian—a wild beast—and her slave. For her he would kill!"

So it came, through Pierrot himself—and without telling his reason for it—that Baree did not become a sledge-dog. He was allowed his freedom, and was never tied like the others. Nepeese was glad, but did not guess the thought that was in Pierrot's mind. To himself Pierrot chuckled. She would never know why he kept Baree always suspicious of him, even to the point of hating him. It required considerable skill and cunning on his part. With himself he reasoned:

"If I make him hate me, he will hate all men. My-oo! That is good." So he looked into the future—for Nepeese.

(To be continued.)

The Harvest.

The tissue of the life to be We weave with colors all our own; And in the field of destiny We reap as we have sown.

The Gork is Theirs.

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.—Plutarch.

Explosive Without Gas.

A high explosive that has been developed in Brazil does not emit gases to injure persons using it.

Avoid Imitations



Kraft-MacLaren Cheese Co. Ltd., Montreal. Send me free recipe book.



Roughing it.

Miss Sharpe—"So Reggie is roughing it just now?"

Algie—"He is indeed—just lives in a soft collar and keeps the curtains of his car rolled up all the time."

Still Running.

Host (showing visitor around)—"This sundial was put up by my great-grandfather nearly a hundred years ago."

Visitor—"And does it still keep good time?"

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