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Barry, the Dog Hero of St. Bernard Pass

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN.

PART I.

Rather more than a hundred years ago there lived in Switzerland, just at the edge of the City of Berne, the most lovable little St. Bernard pup that was ever seen. His name was Barry. He had a big, round head, a plump and somewhat unmanageable body that was always getting into his way, and paws so large that when he tried to walk he stumbled over them and sprawled on the floor. He had beautiful great brown eyes and the most appealing little whimper that ever persuaded a dog's friends to give him whatever he wanted.

Barry and his mother slept in a corner of the wide piazza right under Carl's window. He did not discover Carl at once, however, for there were so many interesting things on the piazza. There were piles of wood, bundles of straw, plows and rakes and harrows and baskets, even wagons. There was always room on the piazza, and so everything was put there that could not be crowded into the barns or sheds.

Barry had to examine every one of these articles, starting at them with solemn little wrinkles between his eyes and sniffing at them with his pudgy little nose. After a while he began to notice queer sounds that came from within the house. There might be something there to play with, he thought, and one day when the door was left open he pushed in his inquisitive little nose and then his whole wriggling, inquisitive little body.

The floor was very clean, indeed it was so well scrubbed that his clumsy paws slid out from under him in four different directions, and at last he sat down squarely in the middle of the room and looked around. Scarlet geraniums were growing in pots on the window sills, but they did not look good to eat or to play with. There were straight-backed chairs and a table, but what they were for, Barry had not the least idea. One thing, however, did interest him so much that he wobbled over to it with his uncertain little paws to find out what it was. This was the big white porcelain stove. The fire was in a sort of furnace in the hall, but enough heat was brought into the big white stove so that Barry thought it was the most comfortable thing he had ever known, except, of course, his mother's furry breast, and he snuggled up to it cozily, all ready to take a nap.

A voice said, "Hello, Barry!" He turned to see where it came from—which means that he toppled over in a little heap. When he picked himself up—that is, when he balanced himself on his four paws instead of on his back—the first thing he saw was a small slender hand stretched down from somewhere. Barry gazed at it. Of course, he had seen people before, and the people had hands, but the people were big and the hands were big and different from this one. He drew back at first, then went nearer. There was something about it that he liked, and he began to lick it. And when the hand patted the cover of the low couch and the boy's voice said, "Come

up, Barry!" he did his very best to obey, and stretched up on his unsteady little legs until he could rest his paws on the edge of the couch and look about.

"You see, Barry," said Carl, "I'm all alone just now, and I need a little dog like you to take care of me. I'm sick, but I'm going to be well pretty soon, and then we'll do things, won't we, though?"

Barry waved his tail. "What a splendid boy that is," he thought. "He's as good as a puppy. I like him. I want to get up there beside him." He did his very best to stretch himself up, the thin white hand gave what help it could, and in a minute or two the little dog was snuggling up to his new friend, quite tired out with his efforts.

As the boy grew stronger, they played all sorts of games together. They ran races, they played fetch and carry, they scampered up the driveway that led from the ground to the top floor of the barn. They went to the little lake and, much to his surprise, Barry found out that he could swim better than Carl. Best of all, they learned each other's language. When the puppy set out to chase a small kitten and Carl said, "No, Barry," he understood this was one of the things forbidden. If Carl said, "Find my ball and we will have a play," Barry knew that a good time was coming, and set off in high glee to find the ball.

Carl understood the puppy just as well. If Barry laid his great paw on the boy's knee and turned his head to look out of the window, Carl knew this meant, "Do, please, come out with me." If Barry gave a short, quick bark, it meant, "I'm in a hurry." If it was a long, deep one, it meant, "There's something wrong." Barry made one peculiar sound which was neither bark nor whine. It began almost like a little lonesome sob, but it ended in a cry of joy. This was his greeting to Carl if the two had been separated for a while. The school children had a song called "The Baron's Welcome," and they called this cry "Barry's Welcome."

Barry was a happy dog, but after a while the day came when Carl and an armful of books went away from the house early in the morning, and he was forbidden to follow. He sat down on the piazza in amazement. What could it mean? It must be a mistake, for, of course, he had a right to go wherever Carl went, and pretty soon he jumped up and ran after him as fast as ever he could.

He was only a puppy, however, and very soon he lost the scent and wandered about, a forlorn little, bewildered dog, roaming alone through the streets of Berne. He had never been there before. When he and Carl went out together, they went through the bright, sunny fields, but the streets of the city were quite different. In most of them the second story of the buildings extended to the very edge of the sidewalk and rested upon heavy square pillars. This made the walks dark and gloomy, and the poor little puppy began to feel afraid.

Just then he came to an open square and heard what seemed somewhat like a cock crowing far up above his head. He did not know that this was only the famous clock of Berne, and when in a moment more it began to strike, the little lost dog was frightened almost out of his wits. He ran for his life, paying no attention to where he was going and soon he was more alarmed than ever, for right before him were some pits or sunken yards where bears were kept. Some of them were walking about, others were standing on their hind legs and catching in their forepaws the pieces of gingerbread that people were tossing to them.

Poor little Barry! He was a plucky little dog, but he was only a puppy. He had wandered forlornly through strange, gloomy streets, he had heard terrible noises coming down from the skies, and now he had come upon these awful monsters twenty times as big as he, who might fly right up over the rails, just as the birds did, and devour him. There is nothing else in the world so lonely as a lost dog. It is any wonder that he threw back his head and howled and howled? "I want my mother! I want Carl!" This was what he said, but no one understood. A lady patted him and tried her best to comfort him, but this was not what

he wanted; he wanted to go home.

At last a tall policeman came and took hold of his collar. He turned it around so he could see the lettering. Then he reverently made the sign of the cross, and said to the lady:

"This dog belongs to the good fathers far up on St. Bernard Pass. Does any one know who has the dogs this year?" he asked a group of children. "Carl's father has some of them," they replied. "May we take him back?"

Barry had concluded that he was being cared for, and he had lain down flat on the pavement, stretched out to his full length, utterly tired out.

"No," said the policeman. "A pup gets tired as soon as a baby. He is too used up to walk. Pretty soon I will take him home in the police wagon."

So it was that Barry came home. A very happy boy threw his arms around the dog's neck; and as for Barry, he snuggled himself under Carl's jacket, nestling closer and closer, drawing in his breath like a sob, and then making little plaintive sounds of pleasure.

The next morning, when Carl was ready for school, Barry sat on the piazza and looked up into his face pleadingly.

"No, Barry," said Carl. "Dogs aren't allowed to come to school," and he went off, trying hard to forget the mournful little figure on the piazza. Half an hour later a delighted boy ran up the steps of his home.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, "the teacher says that if Barry will be good he may come every day and lie in the hall till it is time to come home. He says that on the Pass of St. Bernard a dog like this one saved the life of his brother, and that some day when Barry is grown up he may rescue some one of us from the cold and storm. Come, Barry!" and they ran off happily together.

Barry grew rapidly into a dog of medium size, square-built and compact. His coat was white and tan, his hair short, but close to the skin it was so thick as to be almost like felt. His ears drooped and his eyes were dark and deep-set. His whole bearing was gentle and affectionate, even playful, but yet with a certain quiet dignity as if he were awaiting for something of importance to happen.

When the winter snows began to fall, Barry grew restless. He smelled the air uneasily. His great brown eyes began to have a troubled and anxious look, like one weighed down with the thought of work not done and the fear of not being able to do it.

"He's never been on a mountain," said the schoolmaster, "but he's pinning for the high pass and the storm-wind and the struggle. You must let him go, boy," he said to Carl. "No good will come from keeping either man or beast from the duty that's calling him."

(To be continued)

A KITCHEN SONNET.

O, little room, wherein my days go by!
Each like to each, yet each one set apart
For special duties—nearest to my heart
Art thou of all the house—in thee
I try
New issues, when the old ones go awry,
And with new victories allay the smart
Of dismal failures, and afresh I start
With courage new, to conquer or to die.
O simple walls, no pictures break thy calm!
O simple floor, uncarpeted below!
The inward eye has visions for its balm,
And duty done is solace for all woe.
And every modest tool that hangs in view
Is fitted for the work it has to do.

Jennie's Definition.

The kindergarten teacher asked her tiny pupil: "Do you know, Jennie, what a panther is?"
"Yeth, ma'am," Jennie replied, beaming. "A panther ith a man who makes panth."

Too True.

"Look here!" exclaimed the prospective car purchaser, bursting into the repair shop. "Beatum tells me he has run his car for three years and hasn't paid out one cent for repairs. I can't believe it."
"It's right," affirmed the mechanic sadly. "I did his repair work."

The Best-Liked Sports.

For the first time in the history of New Zealand a census has been taken of the principal national sports. The result shows rugby football, New Zealand's national game, as having 40,000 players, with nearly 700 clubs. Tennis comes next with half the football figures; then horse-racing, bowling, golf, and cricket in that order.

A Warning.

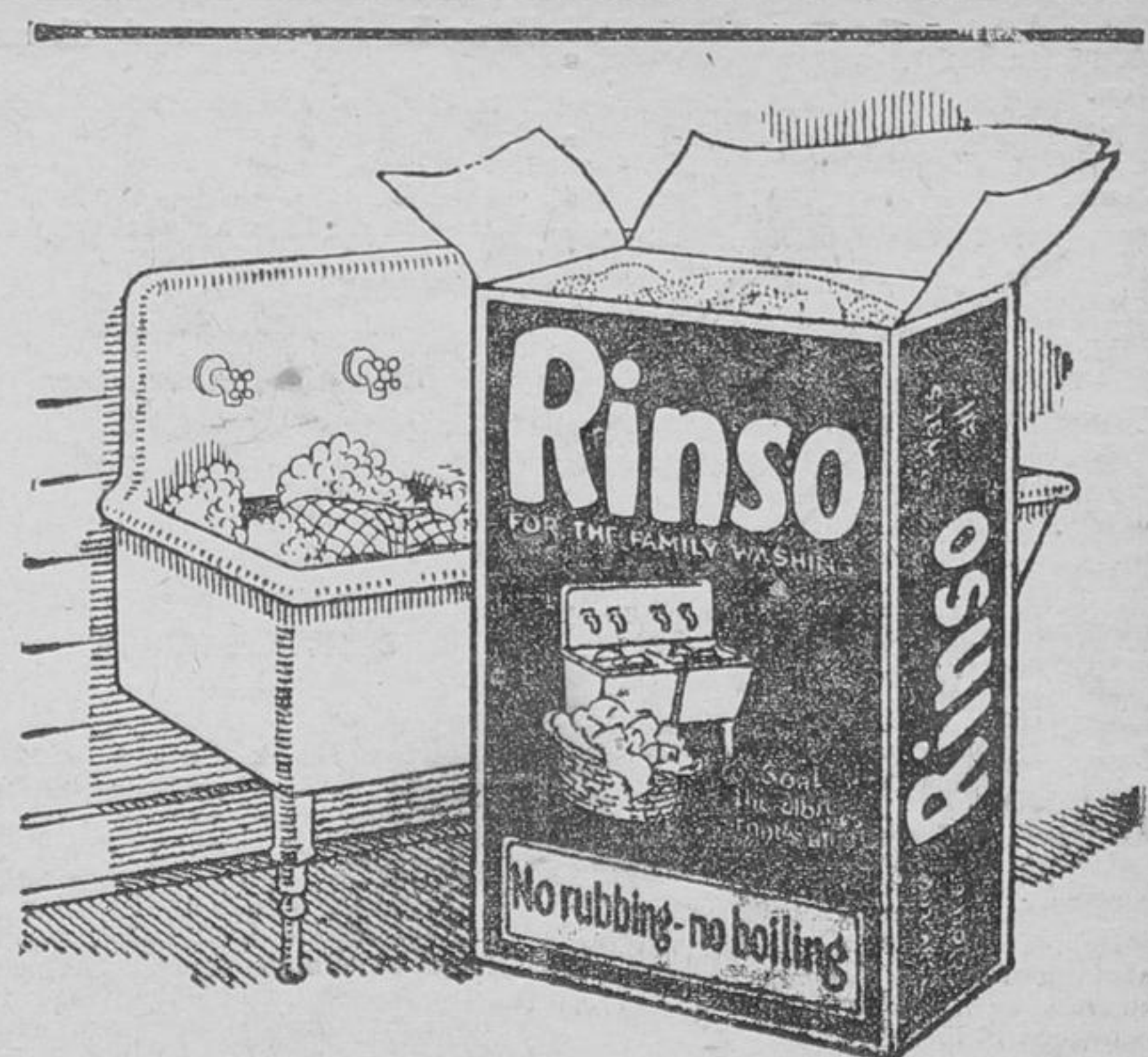
Doctor—"You are slightly morbid, my dear lady. You should look about you and marry again."
Widow—"Oh, doctor, is this a proposal?"

"Allow me to remind you, madam, that a doctor prescribes medicine, but he doesn't take it."

When Crystal is Heated.

A quartz crystal when heated expands faster sidewise than lengthwise.

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JUST by soaking the clothes in the suds of this new soap, dirt is gently loosened and dissolved.

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The Villian.

Vincent de Frensy's landlady had been a generous soul, and he felt that some reward was due to her.

And so with fine courtesy he presented her one morning with a small sealed envelope.

"There, madame," he said, "is a present such as I would give to few. 'Tis an order, madame—an order for the pit. Come to-night and see me in my finest part, Herbert Sandbag."

That night the old lady went to the theatre and saw Vincent.

But when he returned to her house after the performance, great was his surprise to find his luggage piled up on the doostep, the door itself being barred against him.

Viciously he plied the knocker, and presently the old lady's head appeared.

"Madame," demanded Vincent, "what means this outrage?"
"Look here," replied the old lady; or twenty years I've been a respectable widow-woman, and if you think I'm going to have a villian like you lodging in my house, you're mistaken. I never see such a scoundrel in all my days. Go and make it up with that young feller you've been trying to ruin all the evening."

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Stretching Tests for Rubber.

Stretch and stretch of rubber for inner tubes of various makes are tested and measured accurately by experts in the United States bureau of standards to protect motorists. Attached to clamps in a machine device designed for the purpose, a length of the rubber is stretched while a dial registers the amount of the pull and a ruler shows the length of the stretch. An exhibition test performed not long ago by one company proved that a tube of tested rubber could lift 2,980 pounds dead weight. It was attached to an automobile and the machine was lifted several inches above the ground by the rubber "rope" hung from a derrick.—Popular Mechanics.



What He'd Be Called.

"He's bought a gallon of bootleg and intends to drink it. He'll be called a 'scofflaw' if he does that."
"If he does that he'll be spoken of as 'the late lamented,' I think."

Seed Scatterers.

"Seed Scatterers" is the name of a society each member of which promises to scatter a package of perennial seeds by the roadside every year. The purpose is to plant seeds that will thrive in the particular place where they are sown, continue to bloom year after year and finally become part of the wild flora of the woods and countryside. The society exacts no dues; anyone may regard himself as a member as soon as he begins to do his mite towards beautifying some spot that needs it.

Fishes That Fish.

A fish with a fishing rod sticking up from its back, and a tassel dangling at the end to entice its prey within reach of its mouth, is among the latest arrivals at the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

It was caught by a Hull trawler in Icelandic waters. The only think like it, except in fossil form, is the angler fish, but the fishing tackle in this case is on the head.

The new fish is a yard long, and its fishing rod a full foot. Its flesh is flabby, and its skin is black, covered with "sharp, hard, conical spikes resembling pure white ivory."

If you wish to change a man's views in reference to some business transaction or other negotiations, respect his opinions, and he will be respectful and listen to your arguments.

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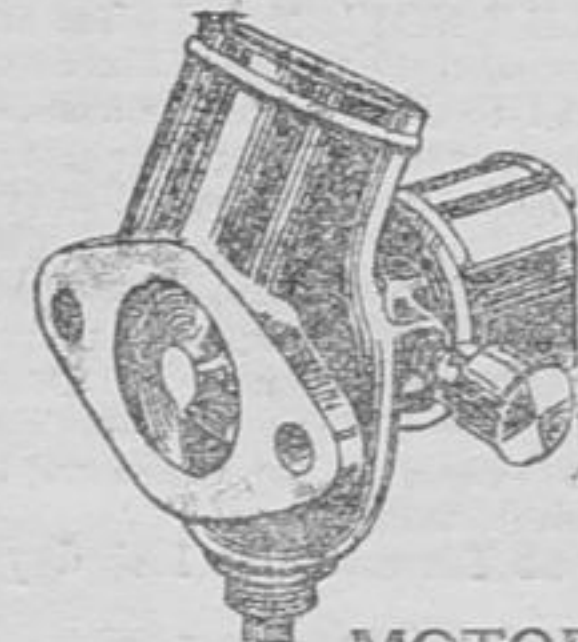
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