

Ask For "SALADA"

GREEN TEA H480

It is much more delicious than the finest Japan, Young Hyson or Gunpowder. — Sold everywhere. FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

Barry, the Dog Hero of St. Bernard Pass

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN.

PART II.

The St. Bernard dogs were kept in Berne until they were nearly grown, because the intense cold of the pass was too severe for them when young. Carl had known from the first that as soon as Barry was old enough he must go to the good fathers at the pass, but when one is only ten, "old enough" is a long way off, and when Barry was sent for, Carl was heart-broken.

"Will you surely write me every year and tell me if Barry is well," he said with eyes brimful of tears to the young monk who had come for the dog.

"But, Carl," said the boy's father "you must not forget that the good monks have much to do and many lives to save."

"But Barry has a life, too," the boy pleaded.

"I promise you," the young monk said gravely.

"And when I am grown up, will you let me come to the Hospice and help Barry to save people in the storm?"

"If you still wish it when the time comes, I do not doubt that there will be a place for you," said the monk, looking tenderly into the boy's earnest face.

"I'll surely come, Barry," whispered Carl with his arms around the dog's neck. Barry licked his cheek, then followed the monk, stranger as he was.

"Barry knows he is going to his work," said the schoolmaster.

Suddenly the dog stood still, then turned back, put his paws on the boy's shoulders, licked his cheek once more and set off for the fierce struggle with the cold and the snow and the tempests of the upper mountains.

But when the monk and his dogs began the climb no one would have thought that they were going to a place of cold and storm. There was no shade on the path and the sun was blazing hotly. Flowers were everywhere. The rocks were carpeted with heather and in their clefts and among the boulders the yellow violets were growing. Pansies made wonderful splashes of purple gorgeousness against the brilliant green of the grass. In the shadows of the woods lady slippers stood with dignity and grace. Alpine roses with their fresh green leaves came out bravely into the sunshine.

Up, up, they went. Here and there were cataracts slipping over the precipices. Wisps of white clouds gathered around the peaks. The sunshine was no longer golden and burning, but chilly and pale. The deep ravines grew deeper and darker. The wind rose and began to roar through the fir trees and the pines. Now and then the dogs pricked up their ears at the sound of a distant avalanche. They looked startled and expectant. What were they coming to? Tired as they were, they sometimes dashed ahead of the monk, plunging into the snow that was still deep in the gullies and floundering about in it, then running back to their leader and gazing enquiringly into his face, as if to question what it all meant. They were eager and restless, but not troubled. It was "in the blood," as the schoolmaster had said, and although they obeyed when the monk called, "Come, children, and rest a bit," they gazed

wistfully at the path that stretched before them.

They came to a deep and narrow and rugged valley known as the Valley of Death because so many had been lost in its winter snows. The path wound from side to side, crossing the roaring torrent of a river and recrossing it again and again. Deep chasms yawned between the rocks; precipices stretched up to the sky; the patches of snow grew larger and deeper, and the gullies overflowed with it. The excited dogs gathered around the young monk and he talked to them gently and quietly.

"It is all right, my children," he said. "It is only a little farther before we come to home and supper. Listen! Do you hear that?" The dogs pricked up their ears, for up the height, not so very far away, they heard the friendly barking of dogs of their own breed.

A turn in the pathway widened the view, and in the twilight the dogs could see a great building with little windows and massive walls of gray stone. This was the Hospice, where of all who asked for hospitality not one was refused. The tired dogs were fed and with a kindly word and a pat from the monks they were sent to bed to rest for the new life that lay before them.

For seven centuries monks had kept this Hospice open for all who came, whether wealthy people travelling for pleasure or workmen coming from Italy into Switzerland to find work, or peasants who had taken this shortest and cheapest way of going from one country to another. They put money into the little box in the chapel if they were able and chose, but no one was ever asked for a penny. Many thousand came every year. The convent bell rang at all hours of night and day; but even he who arrived at midnight always found a hot supper and a bed waiting for him and in the morning there was breakfast and a "God bless you!" as he started to continue his journey.

When the ten months of winter began then came the terrible snowstorms, covering with treacherous bridges the chasms between the rocks, changing the places of the drifts, rooting up the trees, hiding the familiar streams and every trace of the pathway. Travelers became exhausted; they stopped to rest; the fatal mountain sleepiness overpowered

them, and unless help came swiftly that was the end.

It was at such times as these that the monks went forth in anxious search. No one went without a dog, and the dog was always in the lead. He pushed on wherever he thought best, and the monks never questioned, but followed like little children whichever way he might choose. More than once the dogs refused to go by the usual path; and in each instance some good reason was found afterward for their refusal. They knew much by instinct, but they were carefully trained, and this training went on with most dogs for two years or more before they could be sent out by themselves. They usually set out in pairs. A blanket was bound to the back of each and a flask of wine was tied around his neck. Their smell was so keen that they could find a man even under a deep covering of snow. Then they pawed until they reached him. They licked his hands and face and lay down beside him to make him warm. Sometimes they could arouse him so that by partly dragging and partly by urging him onward they could persuade him to push on to the Hospice. If not they barked till some one came to their aid.

On the night of Barry's arrival the house was full of guests, and in the morning every one hurried out after breakfast to see the famous dogs. They were having a regular good time, howling and barking and rolling in the snow and playing tricks on one another.

"They are our children, our braves, our lay brothers," said the father with a smile. "See what gentlemen they are when they are introduced. Jupiter!" he called, and a big dog came forward and shook hands with one of the guests. "Mars!" was the next name. Mars was the baby, Jupiter's grandson; and when Jupiter had marched away to shake hands, the little rascal of a Mars had jumped into his grandfather's warm place. It was very comfortable, but he obeyed and came forward, looking as mischievous as the rogue that he was. "Oliver!" and Oliver came forward and shook hands in friendly fashion. (To be concluded.)

How to Build a Temple.

A traveller whose delight was to glean wisdom from every man he met was watching several masons at work on the walls of a building.

"What are you doing?" he asked one of them.

"I'm laying brick," the workman replied.

"Indeed I guess that is all," the traveler said to himself; the man was listless and apparently had little heart in his work.

Passing on, the traveler found a second laborer, who was working rapidly but carelessly. "What are you doing?" he again inquired.

"I'm earning my wages," the man replied. But the work was rough, and mortar spattered the wall.

The wall ahead was smooth and true, and a workman was bending over it with a glowing face.

"What are you doing?" the traveler asked him.

The workman looked up. "I'm building a temple, sir," he answered.

"God speed you then," the traveler replied, "for a noble purpose even in the humblest work builds a temple both without and within."

Voice Training for Page-boys.

Page-boys at one of London's biggest hotels receive special lessons in voice production. Only one boy in forty make a possible page.



Members of the 1st Bombay Troop of Boy Scouts, who arrived in England for the big Jamboree, are shown enjoying a joke at their camp at Sideup.

Aladdins of U.S.A.

The riches described in "The Arabian Nights," the wonders of Ali Baba's cave, and the presents Aladdin sent to the Sultan seem utterly fabulous; but the homes of some of the American multi-millionaires outrival even the palaces of the genii.

In their million-dollar homes are crowded treasures of East and West. Gold and silver, ebony, ivory, and precious stones, silk from Samarkand, wonderful articles of Asiatic and mediæval workmanship—all contribute to make the dwellings of commercial magnates places of wonder and delight.

The contents of the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan's house, for instance, are almost priceless. One table alone, a Louis XVI. console, cost \$350,000, while some miniatures—tiny gems that can be held in the palm of the hand—are worth \$150,000 and \$200,000 each. Amongst other treasures of this home are pictures worth over five million dollars and books costing as much as \$40,000 a volume.

The "Copper King," who lives close at hand, has spent his money on Oriental treasures. In his hall is a Persian rug, the pattern of which is worked in precious stones. In keeping with this super floor covering are windows of Damascus glass and wonderful carved walls.

Near by is the house of Mr. Astor, which was modelled after Chambord Chateau and cost \$2,500,000. Among its wonders is a gold dinner service worth \$60,000.

A similar lavishness obtains in all the millionaires' homes. The cities of the world have been ransacked for treasures, with a reckless disregard of cost. Venetian and Damascus glass, tapestries and velvets, jewels, books, and paintings, everything costly, rare and beautiful that can be bought for money has been secured by America's uncrowned kings.

Mr. Stephen S. Marchand, for example, spent \$1,000,000 on his bedroom alone. The furniture in it is either ebony, inlaid with ivory and gold, or ivory, inlaid with ebony and gold. The ebony inlaid bedstead is hung with purple damask curtains that cost \$15 per yard, while the panelled walls are hung with gold Genoese velvet that cost \$40 per yard. Each chair in this room is worth \$40,000.

Perhaps the most costly buildings of all, however, are the Vanderbilt palaces, one of which cost five million dollars to build and decorate. The lighting effects in the ball-room are wonderful. In the centre of the room is a gigantic crystal chandelier, while round the walls runs a carving of flowers, with a light placed in the heart of each blossom. This room cost \$250,000.

It is one of these palaces which is to be pulled down to make way for a block of millionaire flats on the same lavish scale.

Names of Cities.

Christiania, which is to become Oslo, is only one of many cities which have undergone name changes. St. Petersburg became Petrograd. Toronto was once York. But old London appears to have been London as far back as history goes. The derivation of the name can only be conjectured. Some trace it to Llyn-Din, "the town on the lake." One authority prefers the derivation "Luan-dun," the city of the moon, and notes that a temple to Diana, the moon-goddess, is said to have occupied the site of St. Paul's. Similarly Greenwich is traced to "Grianwich," the city of the moon.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Serious Enough, However.

Applicants for positions on the police force of a certain Middle Western town are of course required to undergo a careful physical examination. During the examination of one candidate the physician asked: "What did your grandfather die of?"

The applicant looked nonplused for a moment and finally admitted that he did not remember. But in order that his own record be not to seriously compromised he hastened to add, "Anyway, I know that it was nothing serious."

Winter Wheat and Water.

The ease with which water can be pressed from the leaf tissue of winter wheat indicates the amount of cold it can stand.

The World's Matches.

It is computed that the world used more than 4,675,000 million matches last year.

WRIGLEYS

After every meal

A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a l-a-s-t-i-n-g benefit as well.

Good for teeth, breath and digestion.

Makes the next cigar taste better.



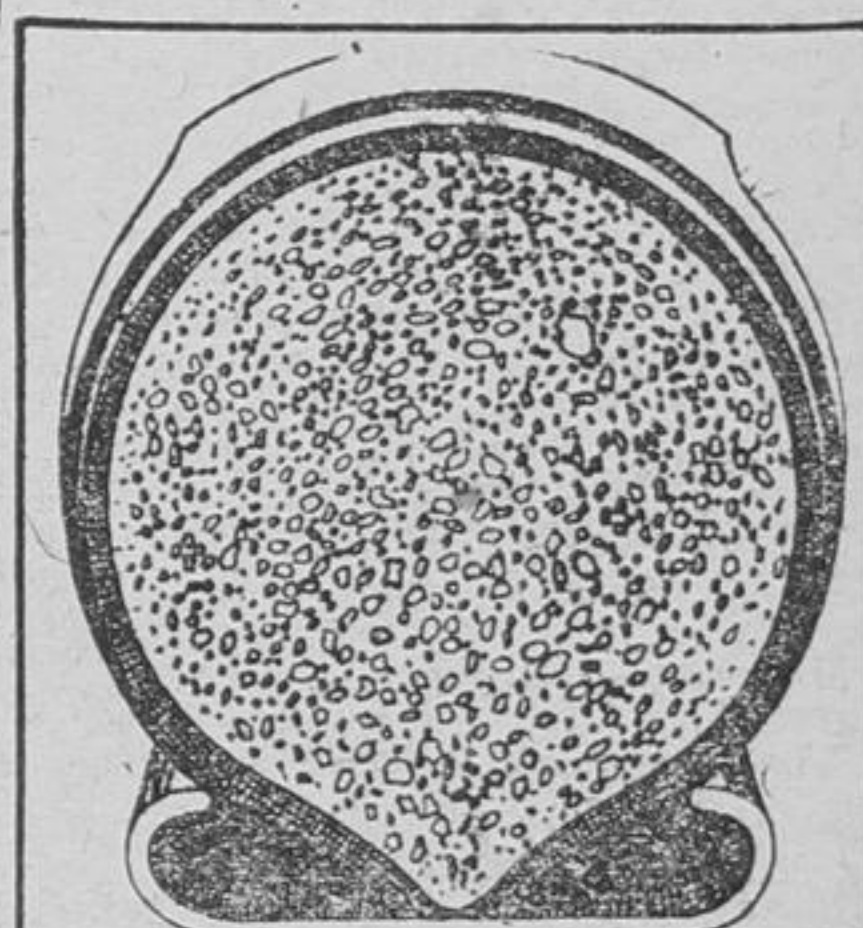
Flying Round the World.

The circumference of the world is 24,000 miles, but the new air route all the way round is 27,000 miles. This is due to the fact that the aviator does not fly quite as the crow flies, and the circle he completes is slightly larger than the circle completed by a traveller on the world's actual surface. The route being developed by Imperial Airways is calculated to take seventeen days—and Jules Verne's hero went round the world in eighty! Truth beats fiction every time.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

SAVE THE WALL PAPER.

To avoid marks on your walls, place rubber-headed tacks on the backs of the picture frames close to the bottom.



AERO CUSHION INNER TIRES
Composed of Pure Para Rubber, Highly Porous.

**NO PUNCTURES
BLOW OUTS**

Rides Easy as Air. Doubles Mileage of Casings.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.

Aero Cushion Inner Tire & Rubber Co., Ltd.

Wingham - Ont.

KELSEY Healthy HEAT

Have Summer Heat This Winter

A Warm house and a cool cellar day and night the winter through. And a saving in your coal bills of from 25% to 50%.

A KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR

in your cellar will ensure this. The Kelsey is the most efficient and economical system of home heating ever devised and will heat the smallest cottage or the largest mansion properly and healthfully. MAY WE SEND YOU PARTICULARS?

CANADA FOUNDRIES & FORGINGS LIMITED
JAMES SMART PLANT
BROCKVILLE ONT.

CREAM

Ship your Cream to us and obtain the best results with highest price for number one quality. Daily returns, cans supplied, and express charges paid. Write for cans now.

BOWES CO., Ltd. - TORONTO

Use **Bovril** in the Kitchen!