

Tea as a Beverage

Tea first became known in China nearly 3000 years before Christ. In that country tea was greatly prized, both for its remarkable qualities as a beverage and for the almost religious ceremony attached to the drinking of it. Up to the sixth century, tea was used only for medicinal purposes. Even in the seventeenth century it cost \$25.00 to \$50.00 per pound. All tea caddies were constantly kept under lock and key. Today when even fine quality like "SALADA" costs less than one-third of a cent per cup, it is not surprising that the consumption of tea is increasing tremendously.

"SALADA"

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

by James Oliver Curwød
A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

SYNOPSIS.

Baree, son of Kazan and Gray Wolf, reached the climax in the first chapter of his education when he saw an owl swoop down and kill a snowball rabbit. Then the gray owl attacked Baree. The dog buried his teeth in the bird's breast, but the owl fastened its beak on Baree's ear. Baree's fangs closed on one of the owl's tender feet and the dog's ear was freed. Together the antagonists fell into a creek and the owl flew away.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

When he went on, continuing in the direction he had been following yesterday, he sunk along in a disheartened sort of way. His head and ears were no longer alert, and his curiosity was gone. He was not only stomach-hungry; mother-hunger roared above his physical yearning for something to eat. He wanted his mother as he had never wanted her before in his life. He wanted to snuggle his shivering little body close up to her and feel the warm caressing of her tongue and listen to the mothering whine of her voice. And he wanted Kazan, and the old windfall, and the big blue spot that was in the sky right over it. While he followed again along the edge of the creek, he whimpered for them as a child might grieve.

The forest grew more open after a time, and this cheered him up a little. Also the warmth of the sun was taking the ache out of his body. He grew hungrier and hungrier. He had depended entirely on Kazan and Gray Wolf for food. His parents had, in some ways, made a great baby of him. Gray Wolf's blindness accounted for this, for since his birth she had not taken up her hunting with Kazan, and it was quite natural that Baree should stick close to her, though more than once he had been filled with a great yearning to follow his father. Nature was hard at work trying to overcome its handicap now. It was struggling to impress on Baree that the time had now come when he must seek his own food.

With the thinning out of the forest the creek grew more shallow. It ran again over bars of sand and stones, and Baree began to nose along the edge of these. For a long time he had no success. The few crayfish that he saw were exceedingly lively and elusive, and all the clamshells were shut so tight that even Kazan's powerful jaws would have had difficulty in smashing them. It was almost noon when he caught his first crayfish, about as big as a man's forefinger. He devoured it ravenously. The taste of food gave him fresh courage. He caught two more crayfish during the afternoon.

With the approach of night Baree's fears and great loneliness returned. Before the day had quite gone he found himself a shelter under a big

rock, where there was a warm, soft bed of sand. Since his fight with Papayuchisew, he had travelled a long distance, and the rock under which he made his bed this night was at least eight or nine miles from the windfall. It was in the open of the creek-bottom, with the dark forest of spruce and cedars close on either side; and when the moon rose, and the stars filled the sky, Baree could look out and see the water of the stream shimmering in a glow almost as bright as day. Directly in front of him, running to the water's edge, was a broad carpet of white sand. Across this sand; half an hour later, came a huge black bear.

Until Baree had seen the otters at play in the creek, his conceptions of the forest had not gone beyond his own kind, and such creatures as owls and rabbits and small feathered things. The otters had not frightened him, because he still measured things by size, and Nekik was not half as big as Kazan. But the bear was a monster beside which Kazan would have stood as a mere pigmy. He was big. If nature was taking this way of introducing Baree to the fact that there were more important creatures in the forests than dogs and wolves and owls and crayfish, she was driving the point home with a little more than necessary emphasis. For Wakayoo, the bear, weighed six hundred pounds, if he weighed an ounce. He was fat and sleek from a month's feasting on fish. His shiny coat was like black velvet in the moonlight, and he walked with a curious rolling motion with his head hung low. The horror grew when he stopped broadside in the carpet of sand not more than ten feet from the rock under which Baree was shivering as if he had the ague.

It was quite evident that Wakayoo had caught scent of him in the air. Baree could hear him snuff—could hear his breathing—caught the starlight flashing in his reddish-brown eyes as they swung suspiciously toward the big boulder. If Baree could have known then that he—his insignificant little self—was making that monster actually nervous and uneasy, he would have given a yelp of joy. For Wakayoo, in spite of his size, was somewhat of a coward when it came to wolves. And Baree carried the wolf-scent. It grew stronger in Wakayoo's nose; and just then, as if to increase whatever nervousness was in him, there came from out of the forest behind him a long and wailing howl.

With an audible grunt, Wakayoo moved on. Wolves were pests, he argued. They wouldn't stand up and fight. They'd snap and yap at one's heels for hours at a time, and were always out of the way quicker than a wink when one turned on them. What was the use of hanging around where there were wolves, on a beautiful night like this? He lumbered on decisively. Baree could hear him splashing heavily through the water of the creek. Not until then did the wolf-dog draw a full breath. It was almost a gasp.

CHAPTER IV.

When Baree ventured forth from under his rock at the beginning of the next day, he was a much older puppy than when he met Papayuchisew, the young owl, in his path near the old windfall. If experience can be made to take the place of age, he had aged a great deal in the last forty-eight hours. In fact, he had passed almost out of puppyhood. He awoke with a new and much broader conception of the world. It was a big place. It was filled with many things, of which Kazan and Gray Wolf were not the most important. The monsters he had seen on the moonlit plot of sand had roused in him a new kind of caution, and the one greatest instinct of beasts—the primal understanding that it is the strong that prey upon the weak—was awakening swiftly in him.

If he could only find something to eat! That was the master thought that possessed Baree. Instinct had not yet impressed upon him that this which he saw all about him was starvation. He went on, seeking hopefully for food. But at last, as the hours passed, hope began to die out of him. The sun sank westward. The sky grew less blue; a low wind began to

ride over the tops of the stubs, and now and then one of them fell with a startling crash.

Baree could go not farther. An hour before dusk he lay down in the open, weak and starved. The sun disappeared behind the forest. The moon roiled up from the east. The sky glittered with stars—and all through the night Baree lay as if dead. When morning came, he dragged himself to the stream for a drink. With his last strength he went on. It was the wolf urging him—compelling him to struggle to the last for his life. The dog in him wanted to lie down and die. But the wolf-spark in him burned stronger. In the end it won. Half a mile farther on he came again to the green timber.

In the forests as well as in the great cities fate plays its changing and whimsical hand. If Baree had dragged himself in the timber half an hour later he would have died. He was too far gone now to hunt for crayfish or kill the weakest bird. But he came just as Sekoosew, the ermine—the most bloodthirsty little pirate of all the wild—was making a kill.

As Baree lay under his tree, Sekoosew was creeping on his prey. His game was a big fat spruce-hen standing under a thick of black currant bushes. The ears of no living thing could have heard Sekoosew's movement. He was like a shadow—a gray dot here, a flash there, now hidden behind a stick no larger than a man's wrist, appearing for a moment, the next instant gone as completely as if he had not existed. Thus he approached from fifty feet to within three feet of the spruce-hen. That was his favorite striking distance. Unerringly he launched himself at the drowsy partridge's throat, and his needle-like teeth sank through feathers into flesh.

Sekoosew was prepared for what happened then. It always happened when he attacked Napanao, the wood-partridge. Her wings were powerful, and her first instinct when he struck was always that of flight. She rose straight up now with a great thunder of wings. Sekoosew hung tight, his teeth buried deep in her throat, and his tiny, sharp claws clinging to her like hands. Through the air he whizzed with her, biting deeper and deeper, until a hundred yards from where that terrible death thing had fastened to her throat, Napanao crashed again to earth.

Where she fell was not ten feet from Baree. For a few moments he looked at the struggling mass of feathers in a daze, not quite comprehending that at last food was almost within his reach. Napanao was dying, but she still struggled convulsively with her wings. Baree rose stealthily, and after a moment in which he gathered all his remaining strength, he made a rust for her. His teeth sank into her breast—and not until then did he see Sekoosew. The ermine had raised his head from the death grip at the partridge's throat, and his savage little red eyes glared at a single instant into Baree's. Here was something too big to kill, and with an angry squeak the ermine was gone. Napanao's wings relaxed, and the throeb went out of her body. She was dead. Baree hung on until he was sure. Then he began his feast.

Baree ate a third of the partridge, and the remaining two-thirds he cached very carefully at the foot of the big spruce. Then he hurried down to the creek for a drink. The world looked very different to him now. After all, one's capacity for happiness depends largely on how deeply one has suffered. One's hard luck and misfortune form the measuring stick for future good luck and fortune. So it was with Baree. Forty-eight hours ago a full stomach would not have made him a tenth part as happy as he was now. Then his greatest longing was for his mother. Since then a still greater yearning had come into his life—for food. In a way it was fortunate for him that he had almost died of exhaustion and starvation, for his experience had helped to make a man of him—or a "wolf-dog," just as you are of a mind to put it. He would miss his mother for a long time. But he would never miss her again as he had missed her yesterday, and the day before.

For another day and night Baree remained in the vicinity of his cache. When the last bone was picked, he moved on. He now entered a country where subsistence was no longer a perilous problem for him. It was a lynx country, and where there are lynx, there are also a great many rabbits. When the rabbits thin out, the lynx emigrate to better hunting grounds. As a snowshoe rabbit breeds all the summer through, Baree found himself in a land of plenty.

And this was straight into the trapping country of Pierrot, the halfbreed. Pierrot, until two years ago, had believed himself to be one of the most fortunate men in the big wilderness. That was before La Mort Rouge—the Red Death—came. He was half French, and he had married a Cree chief's daughter, and in their log cabin



A Variation of the Straight-line Frock

A VARIATION OF THE STRAIGHT-LINE FROCK.

The silhouette still follows straight and slender lines, but much fullness is often added to the lower portion of the skirt by means of the circular flounce. A smart combination of materials is achieved by using a white and black printed silk for the main portion of the dress, and soft black satin for the collar, circular flounce and loosely knotted string ties. The model pictured, No. 1053, has short kimono sleeves with a seam on shoulder, and convertible collar. It is an unusually smart design for afternoon wear. Made in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust. As pictured, size 38 requires 3 yards 36 or 40-inch material for the upper part and 1½ yards for the flounce. If dress is made of one material, size 38 requires 4½ yards of 36 or 40-inch.

Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Orders filled same day as received.

on the Gray Loon they had lived for many years in great prosperity and happiness. Pierrot was proud of three things in this wild world of his: he was proud of Wyolia, his royal-blooded wife; he was proud of his daughter; and he was proud of his reputation as a hunter. Until the Red Death came, life was quite complete for him. It was then—two years ago—that the smallpox killed his princess-wife. He still lived in the little cabin on the Gray Loon, but he was a different Pierrot. The heart was sick in him. It would have died, had it not been for Nepeese, his daughter. His wife had named her Nepeese, which means the Willow. Nepeese had grown up like the willow, slender as a reed, with all her mother's wild beauty, and with a little of the French thrown in. She was sixteen, with great, dark, wonderful eyes, and hair so beautiful that an agent from Montreal passing that way had once tried to buy it. It fell in two shining braids, each as big as a man's wrist, almost to her knees. "Non, M'sieu," Pierrot had said, a cold glitter in his eyes as he saw what was in the agent's face. "It is not for barter."

Two days after Baree had entered his trapping ground, Pierrot came in from the forests with a troubled look in his face.

"Something is killing off the young beavers," he explained to Nepeese, speaking to her in French. "It is a lynx or a wolf. To-morrow—" He shrugged his thin shoulders and smiled at her.

"We will go on the hunt," laughed Nepeese happily, in her soft Cree. When Pierrot smiled at her like that, and began with "To-morrow," it always meant that she might go with him on the adventure he was contemplating.

Still another day later, at the end of the afternoon, Baree crossed the Gray Loon on a bridge of driftwood that had wedged between two trees. This was to the north. Just beyond the driftwood bridge there was a small open, and to the edge of this Baree paused to enjoy the last of the setting sun. As he stood motionless and listening, his tail drooping low, his ears alert, his sharp-pointed nose sniffing the new country to the north, there was not a pair of eyes in the forest that would not have taken him for a young wolf.

From behind a clump of young balsams, a hundred yards away, Pierrot and Nepeese had watched him come over the driftwood bridge. Now was the time, and Pierrot levelled his rifle. It was not until then that Nepeese touched his arm softly. Her breath came a little excitedly as she whispered:

"Nootawe, let me shoot. I can kill him!"

With a low chuckle Pierrot gave the gun to her. He counted the whelp as already dead. For Nepeese, at that distance, could send a bullet into an inch square nine times out of ten. And Nepeese, aiming carefully at Baree, pressed steadily with her brown forefinger upon the trigger.

(To be continued.)

Humor Always Safeguard. What an ornament and safeguard is humor! Far better than wit for a poet or writer. It is a genius itself, and so differs from the insanities.—Sir Walter Scott.

Minard's Liniment: Fine for the Hair.

"Clothes last longer when washed properly"

says Mrs. Experience, who tells how to wash them.



"Some women actually rub holes in clothes trying to get them clean with harsh, ordinary laundry soaps, which are only half soap anyway. No wonder they say, 'Washing is so wearing on clothes'."

"The easiest way I've found to wash clothes—easiest on clothes and easiest on myself—is by using Sunlight Soap. No boiling or hard rubbing is needed—the pure Sunlight suds penetrate through and through each fabric, loosening dirt and dissolving grease spots. Then in rinsing, all dirt and soapy matter just runs away."

"And as every bit of Sunlight is pure, cleansing soap, it lathers generously, does not fade anything washable and is far more economical. Sunlight keeps your hands nice and soft. Lavers, Toronto make it."

Sunlight Soap

The Real Feast.

An interesting anecdote was told by Agassiz of his visit when a young man to Professor Oken, a famous German naturalist. The professor received his guest very warmly. He showed his visitor the laboratory, and the students at work; also his cabinet, and lastly his splendid library of books pertaining to zoological science; a collection then the best in Germany. This dinner hour approached, and Oken's enthusiasm gave place to embarrassment. "Herr Agassiz," he said, with perturbation, "to gather and keep up this library exacts the utmost husbandry of my pecuniary means. To accomplish this I allow myself no luxury whatever. Hence my table is restricted to the plainest fare. Thrice a week we indulge in meat; the other days we have only potatoes and salt. I very much regret that your visit has occurred on a potato day." And so these two great men dined with the students on potatoes and salt, and the students declare that their conversation was both witty and learned.

Radio's Lack.

The things that come by radio are wonderful indeed; We tune in on the little waves, just as our fancies lead. One station sends religion and the others politics, The crop reports, the fashion notes, the latest ringside licks.

They're even sending photographs, and cross-word puzzles fly With drama and grand opera across the teeming sky. But we'll never fill our aerials with real, old-fashioned bliss Till Station L-O-V-E learns to radio a kiss.

—Celta Kremer.

The Sun's Distance.

A new determination of the sun's distance has just been completed at the Cape Observatory by His Majesty's Astronomer, Mr. Spencer Jones.

The result is interesting in showing the high degree of precision astronomical measurement has now achieved. For although the methods of observation and calculation upon which the new determination depends are utterly different from those employed in the same determination made from observations of the minor planet Eros, the two results differ from one another by an amount not greater than one part in eight thousand.

The other determination made by Mr. Hinks put the sun's distance at 92,840,000 miles. The Cape value is only about 10,000 miles shorter.

How She Knew.

Mr. Newwed—"My dear girl, I must say that the pudding does not taste very nice."

Mrs. Newwed—"It must be your imagination, dear. It says in the cookery book that it tastes excellent."

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Long Courtships.

In Ku, Central Africa, a couple must be engaged two years before marriage.



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