

Tea Production Today

If the Chinese, who first discovered tea, had realized the possibilities of the trade and had studied the nature and requirements of the plant, China might still be the largest tea producing country. Centuries of neglect, however, stunted the growth and caused the quality to deteriorate. In the mountains of Ceylon and India, tea was found to flourish. Scientific methods of cultivation and manufacture were introduced with remarkable results. Now the finest tea grows in the world and by far the largest quantity comes from these countries. "SALADA" is mainly blended from flavoury India and Ceylon teas.

"SALADA"

Egypt's Monster Pyramid.

The Great Pyramid of Egypt was erected more than 5000 years ago, and nothing more mechanically perfect has ever been built. In massiveness of construction it far exceeds anything that any other nation, ancient or modern, has ever attempted. Its original height was just over 480 feet, and the length of each side at the base 764 feet. Its cubical contents exceeded 809,000,000 cubic feet, and the weight of its mass 6,840,000 tons. Its original cubical contents would have built a city of 22,000 houses, with walls a foot thick, each possessing 20 feet of frontage. Or if the contents of this vast structure were laid down in a line a foot in breadth and depth, the line would be nearly 17,000 miles in length. Herodotus tells us that 100,000 men were engaged in its construction for a space of twenty years, and modern scholars do not think this estimate an exaggerated one.

Dark-skinned children are said to suffer less from the diseases of children than their fair-skinned brothers and sisters.

WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal"

Parents—encourage the children to care for their teeth!
Give them Wrigley's. It removes food particles from the teeth, strengthens the gums, combats acid mouth.
Refreshing and beneficial!



Only \$1

Here is great value in Dairy Pails. We know there exists a big demand for a well-finished, good-wearing sanitary dairy pail selling at a popular price. Here it is—the SMP Dairy Pail, new style. See them in the stores. Take a look at the big ear, note the absence of all cracks and crevices—and mark the low price—only one dollar. Equip your dairy throughout with

SMP DAIRY PAILS

BARÉE, SON OF KAZAN

James Oliver Curwood
A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

SYNOPSIS.
Pierrot, the half-breed trapper, and Nepeese, his daughter, were hunting when they saw Barée. Barée was half-dog, half-wolf, but it was the wolf in him that Pierrot saw. Nepeese fired, but her aim was bad. Barée had just seen Sekoosow, the ermine, kill a partridge, and he himself finished the bird and feasted upon it after he had frightened the ermine away. The dog was only a few weeks old and was having his first exciting adventures.

CHAPTER V.
As the Willow pulled the trigger of her rifle, Barée sprang into the air. He felt the force of the bullet before he heard the report of the gun. It lifted him on his feet, and then sent him rolling over and over as if he had been struck a hideous blow with a club. For a flash he did not feel pain. Then it ran through him like a knife of fire, and with that pain the dog in him rose above the wolf, and he let out a wild outcry of puppyish yapping as he rolled and twisted on the ground.

Pierrot and Nepeese had stepped from behind the balsams, the Willow's beautiful eyes shining with pride at the accuracy of her shot. Instantly she caught her breath. Her brown fingers clutched at the barrel of her rifle. The chuckle of satisfaction died on Pierrot's lips as Barée's cries of pain filled the forest.

"Uchi moosis!" gasped Nepeese, in her Cree.
Pierrot caught the rifle from her. "Diab! A dog—a puppy!" he cried.
He started on a run for Barée. But in their amazement they had lost a few seconds and Barée's dazed senses were returning. He saw them clearly as they came across the forest! With a final wail he darted back into the deep shadow of the trees. It was almost sunset, and he ran for the thick gloom of the heavy spruce near the creek. He had shivered at the sight of the bear and the moose, but for the first time he now sensed the real meaning of danger. And it was close after him. He could hear the crashing of the two-legged beasts in pursuit; strange cries were almost at his heels—and then suddenly he plunged without warning into a hole.

It was a shock to have the earth go out from under his feet like that, but Barée did not yelp. The wolf was dominant in him again. It urged him to remain where he was, making no move, no sound—scarcely breathing. The voices were over him; the strange feet almost stumbled in the hole where he lay. Looking out of his dark hiding place, he could see one of his enemies. It was Nepeese, the Willow. She was standing so that a last glow of the day fell upon her face. Barée did not take his eyes from her. Above his pain there rose in him a strange and thrilling fascination. The girl put her two hands to her mouth, and in a voice that was soft and plaintive and amazingly comforting to his terrified little heart, cried:
"Uchimoo—Uchimoo—Uchimoo!"

And then he heard another voice; and this voice, too, was far less terrible than many sounds he had listened to in the forests.
"We cannot find him, Nepeese," the voice was saying. "He has crawled off to die. It is too bad. Come."

Where Barée had stood in the edge of the open Pierrot paused and pointed to a birch sapling that had been cut clean off by the Willow's bullet. Nepeese understood. The sapling, no larger than her thumb, had turned her shot a trifle and had saved Barée from instant death.
She turned again and called:
"Uchimoo—Uchimoo—Uchimoo!"
Her eyes were no longer filled with the thrill of slaughter.
"He would not understand that," said Pierrot leading the way across the open. "He is wild—born of the wolves. Perhaps he was of Koomo's lead-bitch, who ran away to hunt with the packs last winter."
"And he will die."
"Ayetun—yes, he will die."
But Barée had no idea of dying. He was too tough a youngster to be shocked to death by a bullet passing through the soft flesh of his foreleg. That was what had happened. His leg was torn to the bone, but the bone itself was untouched. He waited until the moon had risen before he crawled out of his hole.

In this humor Barée came, an hour later, out of the heavy timber of the creek-bottom into the more open spaces of a small plain that ran along the root of a ridge. It was in this plain that Oohoomisew hunted. Oohoomisew was a huge snow-cow. He was the patriarch among all the owls of

Pierrot's trapping domain. He was so old that he was almost blind, and therefore he never hunted as other owls hunted. He did not hide himself in the black cover of spruce and balsam tops, or float softly through the night, ready in an instant to swoop down upon his prey. His eyesight was so poor that from a spruce top he could not have seen a rabbit at all, and he might have mistaken a fox for a mouse.

Even if Barée could have seen under the dark brush, and had discovered Oohoomisew ready to dart from his ambush, it is not likely that he would have gone very far aside. His own fighting blood was up. He, too, was ready for war.

Very indistinctly Oohoomisew saw him at last, coming across the little open which he was watching. He squatted down. His feathers ruffed up until he was like a ball. His almost sightless eyes glowed like two bluish pools of fire. Ten feet away, Barée stopped for a moment and licked his wound. Oohoomisew waited cautiously. Again Barée advanced, passing within six feet of the bush. With a swift hop and a sudden thunder of his powerful wings the great owl was upon him.

In the stillness of night there rose a still greater thunder of wings, and for a few moments Barée closed his eyes to keep from being blinded by Oohoomisew's furious blows. But he hung on grimly, and as his teeth met through the flesh of the old night pirate's leg, his angry snarl carried defiance to Oohoomisew's ears. Rare good fortune had given him that grip on the leg, and Barée knew that triumph or defeat depended on his ability to hold it.

Suddenly Oohoomisew ceased his beating and launched himself upward. Like huge fans his powerful wings churned the air, and Barée felt himself lifted suddenly from the earth. Still he held on—and in a moment both bird and beast fell back with a thud.

Under those wings Barée's mind worked with the swift instinct of the killer. Suddenly he changed his hold, burying his fangs into the under part of Oohoomisew's body. They sank into three inches of feathers. Swift as Barée had been, Oohoomisew was equally swift to take advantage of this opportunity. In an instant he had swooped upward. There was a jerk, a rending of feathers from flesh—and Barée was alone on the field of battle.

Barée had not killed, but he had conquered.
CHAPTER VI.
Barée's fight with Oohoomisew was good medicine for him. It not only gave him great confidence in himself, but it also cleared the fever of ugliness from his blood. He no longer snapped and snarled at things as he went on through the night.

He was still a wanderer—pupamootao, the Indians call it. It is this "wander spirit" that inspires for a time nearly every creature of the wild, as soon as it is able to care for itself—nature's scheme, perhaps, for doing away with too close family relations and possibly dangerous interbreeding. Barée, like the young wolf seeking new hunting grounds, or the young fox discovering a new world, had no reason or method in his wandering. He was simply "traveling"—going on. He wanted something which he could not find. The wolf-note brought it to him.

The stars and the moon filled Barée with a yearning for this something. The distant sounds impinged upon him his great loneliness. And instinct told him that only by questing could he find it. It was not so much Kazan and Gray Wolf that he missed now—not so much motherhood and home as it was companionship.

Barée did not travel far that night. The fact that his wound had come with dusk, and his fight with Oohoomisew still later, filled him with caution. Experience had taught him that the dark shadows and the black pits in the forest were possible ambushes of danger. He was no longer afraid, as he had once been, but he had had fighting enough for a time, and so he accepted circumspection as the better part of valor and held himself aloof from the perils of darkness. It was a strange instinct that made him seek his bed on the top of a huge rock up which he had some difficulty in climbing.

Barée's rock, instead of rising for a hundred feet or more straight up, was possibly as high as a man's head. It was in the edge of the creek bottom, with the spruce forest close at its back. For many hours he did not sleep, but lay keenly alert, his ears tuned to catch every sound that came out of the dark world about him. There was more than curiosity in his alertness to-night. His education had broadened immensely in one way; he had learned that he was a very small part of this wonderful earth that lay under the stars and the moon, and he was keenly alive with the desire to become better acquainted with it without any more fighting or hurt.

To-night he knew what it meant when he saw now and then gray shadows float silently out of the forest into the moonlight—the owls, monsters of the breed with which he had fought. He heard the crackling of hooved feet and the smashing of heavy bodies in the underbrush. He heard again the moaning of the moose. Voices came to him that he had not heard before—the sharp yap-yap of a fox, the unearthly laughing cry of a great Northern loon on a lake half a mile away, the scream of a lynx that came floating through miles of forest, the low, soft croak of the nighthawk between himself and the stars.



"The easy way—wash clothes with less rubbing"

Mrs. Experience gives her method of getting clothes spotlessly white merely by soaking.

"It's so easy, really! There's no hard rubbing, so wearing on clothes—no boiling, no toiling over wash-tubs. Here's the way I do my weekly wash."

"I merely soap the clothes lightly with Sunlight Soap, roll them up tightly and put them to soak for 30 minutes or an hour. That's all. Sunlight dissolves all dirt and grease-spots, so that in rinsing, the dirt just runs away. A pure soap like Sunlight rinses away quickly and completely; an impure soap stays and injures the clothes."

"For dishes and all housework, Sunlight is excellent and really economical, too, because every bit of it is pure, cleansing soap. And more good news—Sunlight keeps the hands soft and comfortable." Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, make it.

Sunlight Soap

sounds that came to him, the wolf-cry, was rousing himself. He stood on his thrilled him most. Again and again he listened to it. At times it was far away, so far that it was like a whisper, dying away almost before it reached him; and then again it would come to him full-throated, hot with the breath of the chase, calling him to the wild thrill of the hunt, to the wild-ory of torn flesh and running blood—calling, calling, calling.

Next morning Barée found many crawfish along the creek, and he feasted on their succulent flesh until he felt that he would never be hungry again. Nothing had tasted quite so good since he had eaten the partridge of which he had robbed Sekoosow the ermine.

In the middle of the afternoon Barée came into a part of the forest that was very quiet and peaceful. The creek had deepened. In places its banks swept out until they formed small ponds. Twice he made considerable detours to get around these ponds. He traveled very quietly listening and watching. Not since the ill-fated day he had left the old wind-fall had he felt quite so much at home as now. It seemed to him that at last he was treading country which he knew, and where he would find friends. Perhaps this was another miracle—mystery of instinct—of nature. For he was in old Beavertooth's domain. It was here that his father and mother had hunted in the days before he was born. It was not far from here that Kazan and Beavertooth had fought that mighty duel under the water, from which Kazan had escaped with his life, without another breath to lose.

Barée would never know these things. He would never know that he was traveling over old trails. But something deep in him gripped at him strangely. He sniffed the air, as if in it he found the scent of familiar things. It was only a faint breath—an indefinable promise that brought him to the point of a mysterious anticipation.

There had been few changes in Beavertooth's colony since the days of his feud with Kazan and the others. Old Beavertooth was still older. He was fatter. He slept a great deal, and perhaps he was less cautious. He was dozing on the great mud-and-brush-wood dam of which he had been engineer-in-chief when Barée came out softly on a high bank thirty or forty feet away. So noiseless had Barée been that none of the beavers had seen or heard him. He squatted himself flat on his belly, hidden behind a tuft of grass, and with eager interest watched every movement. Beavertooth

scarcely had the signal gone forth when tails were cracking in all directions—in the pond, in the hidden canals, in the thick willows and alders. To Umisk and his companions they said:
"Run for your lives!"
Barée stood rigid and motionless. In amazement he watched the four little beavers plunge into the pond and disappear. He heard the sounds of other and heavier bodies striking the water. And then there followed a strange and disquieting silence. Softly Barée whined, and his whine was almost a sobbing cry. Why had Umisk and his little mates run away from him? What had he done that they didn't want to make friends with him? A great loneliness swept over him—a loneliness greater even than that of his first night away from his mother. The last of the sun faded out of the sky as he stood there. Darker shadows crept over the pond. He looked into the forest, where night was gathering—and with another whining cry he sunk back into it. He had not found friendship. And his heart was very sad.

(To be continued.)
For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.
Six Wheel Trucks.
The distribution of weight in six wheeled trucks saves the roads from being cut.

Owe no man anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.—Romans 13: 8, 10.

BEAUTIFY IT WITH "DIAMOND DYES"



Perfect home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint jingories, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.
Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

ECLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns
by Hazel Bayne



A FIGURED FROCK FOR THE LITTLE GIRL.

The home dressmaker will appreciate this simple little frock, No. 1047, which may be dressed up in several ways. It has a deep-pointed collar, opening at the left side, and long sleeves with the fullness gathered at the wrist in narrow bands. For the warm days of spring and summer the little girls will enjoy this dress with short sleeves and no collar. Bias facings at the neck and front opening make a dainty finish. Narrow bands of plain material look very well on the bottom of this little frock when made of English print or figured dimity. A tiny bow at the neck closing always adds a girlish charm. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 years requires 2 3/4 yards of 32-inch material. Patterns sent to any address upon receipt of ??? in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Pattern mailed same day as order received.

A King Who Couldn't Write.

Thousands of cyclists and motorists pass along the excellent road by the side of the Thames which leads from Staines to Windsor with no thought that they are traversing perhaps the most memorable piece of land in England. Quite recently it has been under water owing to the flooded condition of the Thames.
Runnymede is a meadow by the side of the road, from which one catches a glimpse of Windsor Castle. Magna Charta Island lies in the midst of the stream. The Barons are said to have been camped on the meadow and the King on the north side of the river, and the delegates of the contending parties met on the island to discuss the "protocol."—It is generally believed that the King placed his seal on the document which is usually regarded as the foundation of our liberties in a pavilion erected on Runnymede. It is a mistake to say that he signed it, for he could not write his own name. What is believed to be the original document is preserved in the British Museum.