

The Two Types of Tea

There are two distinct types of tea, namely Black Tea and Green Tea. Both are made from the same bush and both are equally pure. The difference is in the process of manufacture which gives each a different flavour. Black Tea after it is plucked is withered and partially 'fired' or dried, then allowed to oxidize by being exposed to the air. This gives Black Tea its dark reddish colour when drawn. Green tea is immediately steamed after plucking, which prevents oxidization. There are delicious blends of "SALADA" in both of these types and also a unique blend of Black and Green Tea Mixed. All are sold in four qualities.

"SALADA"

A Diplomat.

"I am awfully sorry, dad," said little George, "to think how much trouble I give mother."
 "Why," remarked his father, "she hasn't complained, has she?"
 "No; she's very patient. But often she sends me to the shop for things, and they are a good way off, and I know she gets cross waiting when she's in a hurry."
 "Not often, I fancy."
 "Oh, yes; she's nearly always in a hurry! She gets everything ready for baking, and then finds at the last moment she has no baking powder, or something, and then she's in an awful panic. You know I can't run very far, and—I feel awfully sorry for mum."
 "Um! Well, what can we do about it?"
 "I was thinking, dad, that perhaps you might buy me a bicycle."

Something a Little Smaller.

A town girl who had married a well-to-do countryman was asked by her husband whether she would like to have a cow of her own, so that the household could have its own supply of fresh milk. She agreed willingly, and the couple went to a farm to purchase a cow.
 The farmer, who was, perhaps, less truthful than the majority of his kind, told them that his cow was far superior to any other that had ever lived. As for her milking capacity she gave ten quarts a day.
 The bride performed a rapid calculation and said to her husband:
 "We can never use all that milk. We don't need such a big cow. Why not buy a calf?"

Patience.

The patient boy went to a neighbor's for sour milk.
 "I haven't any but sweet," said the woman.
 "Then I'll wait till it sours," said he, pulling out his marbles.

Bello Daddy—don't forget my Wrigleys!



Slip a package in your pocket when you go home tonight.
 Give the youngsters this wholesome long lasting sweet for pleasure and benefit.

Use it yourself after smoking or when work drags. It's a great little fresher.



CLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns
 by Helene Bayne



PANELS FOR THE STOUT WOMAN.

The stout woman can be as well dressed as her more slender sister. This straight-line dress with long, tight or bell sleeve, is becoming to any woman with generous proportions. The wide, unbelted front panel helps to retain the narrow silhouette. As shown, pattern No. 1042 is developed in one of the popular striped woolen materials, and has contrasting front panel of plain material. It is an unusually useful dress, for it may be successfully made up with pleasing effect in silk for afternoon wear, and in gingham or other wash materials for day-time. Cut in sizes 32 to 60 inches bust. Size 46 requires 4 1/2 yds. of 40-inch material.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 78 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

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BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

by James Oliver Curwood
 A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

SYNOPSIS.
 Hidden beneath a huge rock, Baree, the untamed wolf-dog, was terrified to see Pierrot, the half-breed trapper, and Nepeese, his daughter, shoot and kill Wayakoo, the big black bear. This was slaughter, but for the two human creatures it was the business of life. Nepeese went after Baree and tried to entice him from his hiding-place. For the first time the dog had a name. It was the Indian princess who called him Baree.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

In that moment Nepeese felt the pressure of the rock on her shoulder, and into the eyes that had been glowing softly at Baree there shot a sudden wild look of horror. And then there came from her lips a cry that was not like any other sound Baree had ever heard in the wilderness—wild, piercing, filled with agonized fear. Pierrot did not hear that first cry. But he heard the second and the third—and then scream after scream as the Willow's tender body was slowly crushed under the settling mass. He ran toward it with the speed of the wind. The cries were weaker—dying away. He saw Baree as he came out from under the rock and ran into the chasm, and in the same instant he saw a part of the Willow's dress and her moccasined feet. The rest of her was hidden under the death trap. Like a madman Pierrot began digging. When a few moments later he drew Nepeese out from under the boulder she was white and deathly still. Her eyes were closed. His hand could not feel that she was living, and a great moan of anguish rose out of his soul. But he knew how to fight for a life. He tore open her dress and found that she was not crushed as he had feared. Then he ran for water. When he returned, the Willow's eyes were open and she was gasping for breath.
 "The blessed saints be praised!" sobbed Pierrot, falling on his knees at her side. "Nepeese, ma Nepeese!"

CHAPTER IX.

Impelled by the wild alarm of the Willow's terrible cries and the sight of Pierrot dashing madly toward him from the dead body of Wayakoo, Baree did not stop running until it seemed as though his lungs could not draw another breath. When he stopped, he was well out of the canyon and headed for the beaver pond. Exactly where lay Baree's fears it would be difficult to say—but surely it was not because of Nepeese. The Willow had chased him hard. She had flung herself upon him. He had felt the clutch of her hands and the smother of her soft hair, and yet of her he was not afraid! If he stopped now and then in his flight and looked back, it was to see if Nepeese was following. He would not have run hard from her—alone. Her eyes and voice and hands had set something stirring in him; he was filled with a greater yearning and a greater loneliness now—and that night he dreamed troubled dreams.
 Baree was glad when the dawn came. He did not seek for food, but went down to the pond. There was little hope and anticipation in his manner now. He remembered that, as plainly as animal ways could talk, Umisk and his playmates had told him they wanted nothing to do with him. And yet the fact that they were there took away his loneliness. It was more than loneliness. The wolf in him was submerged. The dog was master.

In one of the larger canals Baree surprised a big beaver towing a four-foot cutting of birch as thick through as a man's leg—half a dozen break-fasts and dinners and suppers in that one cargo. The four or five inner barks of the birch are what might be called the bread-and-butter and potatoes of the beaver menu, while the more highly prized barks of the willow and young alder take the place of meat and pie.

Baree smelled curiously of the birch cutting after the old beaver had abandoned it in flight, and then went on. He did not try to hide himself now, and at least half a dozen beavers came to the point where the pond narrowed down to the width of the stream, almost half a mile from the dam. Then he wandered back. All that morning he hovered about the pond, showing himself openly.

In their big mud-and-stick strongholds the beavers held a council of war. They were distinctly puzzled. It may be that the beavers discussed the matter fully among themselves. It is possible that Umisk and his playmates told their parents and their adventures, and of how Baree made no move to harm them when he could quite easily have caught them. It is also more than likely that the old beavers who had fled from Baree that morning gave an account of their adventures, again emphasizing the fact that the stranger, while frightening them, had shown no disposition to attack them. All this is quite possible, for if beavers can make a large part of a continent's history, and can perform engineering feats that nothing less than dynamite can destroy, it is only reasonable to suppose that they have some way of making one another understand.

However this may be, courageous old Beaver-tooth took it upon himself to end the suspense. It was early in the afternoon that for the third or fourth time Baree walked out on the dam. This dam was fully two hundred feet in length, but at no point did the water run over it, the overflow finding its way through narrow sluices. A week or two ago Baree could have crossed to the opposite side of the pond on this dam, but now at the far end—Beaver-tooth and his engineers were adding a new section of dam, and in order to accomplish their work more easily, they flooded fully fifty yards of the ground on which they were working. The main dam held a fascination for Baree. It was strong with the smell of beaver. The top of it

was high and dry, and there were dozens of smoothly worn little hollows in which the beavers had taken their sun-baths. In one of these hollows Baree stretched himself out, with his eyes on the pond. Not a ripple stirred its velvety smoothness. Not a sound broke the dreamy stillness of the afternoon. The beavers might have been dead or asleep for all the stir they made. And yet they knew that Baree was on the dam. Where he lay, the sun fell in a warm flood, and it was so comfortable that after a time he had difficulty in keeping his eyes open to watch the pond. Then he fell asleep.

Just how Beaver-tooth sensed this fact is a mystery. Five minutes later he came up quietly, without a splash or a sound, within fifty yards of Baree. For a few moments he scarcely moved in the water. Then he swam very slowly parallel with the dam across the pond. At the other side he drew himself ashore, and for another minute sat as motionless as a stone, with his eyes on that part of the dam where Baree was lying.

A few yards away Baree was almost hidden in his hollow—only the top of his shiny black body appearing to Beaver-tooth's scrutiny. To get a better look, the old beaver spread his flat tail out beyond him and rose to a sitting posture on his hind-quarters, his two front paws held squirrel-like over his breast. In this pose he was fully three feet tall. He probably weighed forty pounds, and in some ways he resembled one of those fat, good-natured, silly-looking dogs that go largely to stomach. But his brain was working with amazing celerity. Suddenly he gave the hard mud of the dam a single slap with his tail—and Baree sat up. Instantly he saw Beaver-tooth and stared. Beaver-tooth stared. For a full half-minute neither moved the thousandth part of an inch. Then Baree stood up and wagged his tail.

That was enough. Dropping to his fore-feet, Beaver-tooth waddled leisurely to the edge of the dam and dived over. He was neither cautious nor in very great haste now. He made a great commotion in the water and swam boldly back and forth under Baree. When he had done this several times, he cut straight up the pond to the largest of the three houses and disappeared. Five minutes after Beaver-tooth's exploit word was passing quickly among the colony. The stranger—Baree—was not a lynx. He was not a fox. He was not a wolf. Moreover, he was very young—and harmless.

CHAPTER X.

Just as in the life of every man there is one big, controlling influence, either for good or bad, so in the life of Baree the beaver-pond was largely an arbiter of destiny. Where he might have gone if he had not discovered it, and what might have happened to him, are matters of conjecture. But it held him. It began to take the place of the old windfall, and in the beavers themselves he found a companionship which made up, in a way, for his loss of the protection and friendship of Kazan and Grey Wolf.

During this fortnight that followed Beaver-tooth's exploit on the dam Baree ate his meals a mile up the creek, where there were plenty of crawfish. But the pond was home. Night always found him there, and a large part of his day. He slept at the end of the dam, or on top of it on particularly clear nights, and the beavers accepted him as a permanent guest. They worked in his presence as if he did not exist.

One afternoon, when the toboggan was particularly wet and slippery from recent use, Baree went up the beaver-path to the top of the bank and began investigating. Nowhere had he found the beaver-smell so strong as on the slide. He began sniffing and incautiously went too far. In an instant his feet-shot from under him and he fell into the water. For the second time in his life he found himself struggling under water, and when a minute or two later he dragged himself up through the soft mud to the firmer footing of the shore, he had at last a very well-defined opinion of beaver play.

It may be that Umisk saw him. It may be that very soon the story of his adventure was known by all the inhabitants of Beaver Town. For when Baree came upon Umisk eating his supper of alder-bark that evening, Umisk stood his ground to the last inch; and for the first time they smelled noses. At least Baree sniffed audibly, and plucky little Umisk sat like a rolled-up Sphinx. That was the final cementing of their friendship—on Baree's part.

CHAPTER XI.

While the lovely Nepeese was shut-

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dering over her thrilling experience under the rock—while Pierrot still offered grateful thanks in his prayers for her deliverance and Baree was becoming more and more a fixture at the beaver-pond—Bush McTaggart was perfecting a little scheme of his own up at Post Lac Bain, about forty miles north and west. McTaggart had been factor at Lac Bain for seven years. In the Company's books down in Winnipeg he was counted a remarkably successful man. The expense of his post was below the average, and his semi-annual report of furs was always ranked among the first. After his name, kept on file in the main office, was one notation which said: "Gets more out of a dollar than any other man north of God's Lake."

The Indians knew why this was so. They called him Napao Wetkoo—the man-devil. This was under their breath—a name whispered sinisterly in the glow of tepee fires, or spoken softly where not even the winds might carry it to the ears of Bush McTaggart. They feared him; they hated him. They died of starvation and sickness, and the tighter Bush McTaggart clenched the fingers of his iron rule, the more meekly it seemed to him, did they respond to his mastery. His was a small soul, hidden in the bulk of a brute, which rejoiced in power. And here—with the raw wilderness on four sides of him—his power knew no end. The Big Company was behind him. It had made him king of a domain in which there was little law except his own. And in return he gave back to the Company bales and bundles of furs beyond their expectation. It was not for them to have suspicions. They were a thousand or more miles away—and dollars counted.

Gregson might have told. Gregson was the Investigating Agent of that district, who visited McTaggart once each year. He might have reported that the Indians called McTaggart Napao Wetkoo because he gave them only half price for their furs; he might have told the Company quite plainly that he kept the people of the traplines at the edge of starvation through every month of the winter that he had them on their knees with his hands at their throats—putting the truth in a mild and pretty way—and that he always had a woman or a girl, Indian or half-breed, living with him at the Post. But Gregson enjoyed his visits too much at Lac Bain. Always he could count on two weeks of coarse pleasures; and in addition to that, his own women-folk at home were a rich treasure of fur that came to them from McTaggart.

One evening, a week after the adventure of Nepeese and Baree under the rock, McTaggart sat under the glow of an oil-lamp in his store. He had sent his little pipkin-faced English clerk to bed, and he was alone. It was just six weeks ago that Pierrot had brought Nepeese on her first visit to Lac Bain since McTaggart had been factor there. She had taken his breath away. Since then he had been able to think of nothing but her. Twice in that six weeks he had gone down to Pierrot's cabin. To-morrow he was going again. Marie, the slim Cree girl over in his cabin, he had forgotten—just as a dozen others before Marie had slipped out of his memory. It was Nepeese now. He had never seen anything quite so beautiful as Pierrot's girl.

Audibly he cursed Pierrot as he looked at a sheet of paper under his hand, on which for an hour or more he had been making notes out of words and dusty Company ledgers. It was Pierrot who stood in his way. Pierrot's father, according to those notes, had been a full-blooded Frenchman. Therefore Pierrot was half French, and Nepeese was quarter French—though she was so beautiful he could have sworn there was not more than a drop or two of Indian blood in her veins. If they had been all Indian—Chippewyan, Cree, Ojibway, Dog Rib—anything—there would have been no trouble at all in the matter. He would have bent them to his power, and Nepeese would have come to his cabin, as Marie came, six months ago. But there was the accursed French of it! Pierrot and Nepeese were different. And yet—
 He smiled grimly, and his hands clenched tighter. After all, was not his power sufficient? Would even Pierrot dare stand against that? If Pierrot objected, he would drive him from the country—from the trapping regions that had come down to him as heritage from father and grandfather, and even before their day. He would make of Pierrot a wanderer and an outcast, as he had made wanderers and outcasts of a score of others who had lost his favor. No other Post would sell to, or buy from, Pierrot if Le Bete—the black cross—was put after his name. That was his power—a law of the Factors that had come down through the centuries. It was a tremendous power, for evil. It had brought him Marie, the slim, dark-eyed Cree girl, who hated him—and in spite of her hatred kept house for him. That was the polite way of explaining her presence if explanations were ever necessary.
 McTaggart looked again at the notes he had made on the sheet of paper. Pierrot's trapping country, his own property according to the common law of the wilderness, was very valuable. During the last seven years he had received an average of a thousand dollars a year for his furs. For McTaggart had been unable to cheat Pierrot quite as completely as he had cheated the Indians. A thousand dollars a year! Pierrot would think twice before he gave that up. McTaggart chuckled as he crumpled the paper in his hand and prepared to put out the light. Under his close-cropped shaggy beard his reddish face blazed with the fire that was in his blood. It was an unpleasant face—like iron, merciless, filled with the look that gave him his name of Napao Wetkoo. His eyes gleamed, and he drew a quick breath as he put out the light.
 (To be continued.)

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