"No – I've not boiled any garments since"

"A friend suggested that I stop boiling the clothes I washed and try Rinso, which I did, with such delightful results that I have not boiled any garments since then.

"I found that Rinso is excellent for removing finger prints from white paint and for washing all woodwork.

"It has cut my house cleaning troubles in half and consequently I felt that it was only your due to know that Rinso has a much bigger work to do in our house than just to clean the dirt from our laundry."

The makers of Rinso receive many such letters as this. For Rinso not only does the family wash merely by soaking—it is also excellent for many household duties, such as cleaning woodwork, scrubbing floors, etc. Order Rinso today.

Lever Brothers Limited,
Toronto.

R435

Ten Ways to Hurt Your Church.

1. Broadcast the faults of the minister. Assume the silence of your hearers means they agree with you—and so report it.

2. Repeat every rumor you hear about the way people are cutting down their giving to the church—and believe all you hear on the subject.

3. Attend church only when an "outside" speaker occupies the pulpit—and then shake hands with everybody that day.

4. Lament about the "poor music" and the high cost of it, harking back to the old days—when you did the same thing about the music then. Ditto the preaching.

5. Tell everybody that the attendance is falling off, though you never got a report of the official count.

6. Criticize fellow members for things you, too, are guilty of.

7. Give one-third of what you can give.

8. Report that the church lacks spiritual power, although your own life is like a cinder.

9. Park both your piety and intelligence at home when you attend church; then accuse the preacher of being "heretical"

10. Send your children to another church school, and publish the fact. Oppose the leaders of your school—always!

Warships in Olden Times.

Although a warship of to-day is useless without her guns, artillery was not always used on board ship. It first appears to have been made use of about 1100 B.C., in a battle between the Phoenicians and Iberians, the former winning, and occupying Cadiz, or as it was then known, Gades. The Iberians, from the North of Spain, believed that their enemy had lions on board which belched forth fire. The artillery consisted of long copper tubes, out of which a sort of Greek fire was discharged. The first cannon ever cast in England appears to have been made in 1543, by Ralph Hogge. The house in which he lived is still in existence in Buxted, Sussex.

After Every Meal

Pass it around after every meal. Give the family the benefit of its aid to digestion. Cleans teeth too. Keep it always in the house. R81

"Costs little - helps much"

WRIGLEY'S

ISSUE No. 22—'26.

A SMART SUMMER GOWN.

This very smart gown has many possibilities. It has all the charm that the miss can wish for. The straight-line so in vogue is held in at the waist by a narrow belt or by tiny tucks at the low waist-line. A little fullness is added to the upper front by the slashes that appear at each side. The very youthful bateau neck is used for the pattern, No. 1098, is cut for high-neck and convertible collar. The jabot which is one of fashion's latest fancies, is a circular piece of material nine inches wide and cut the length of the dress. The edges are picoted and tacked to the centre-front at intervals from the bateau neck to the hem-line. A figured flat crepe with plain georgette will develop this simple frock that is cut in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 years requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. Price 20c.

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., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

A City Under the Sea.

The ruins of an ancient city have been found by divers submerged thirty feet below the surface of the Mediterranean Sea, off the coast of Tunis.

The divers report that many large stone buildings were visible, outlined in dim shadows on the sandy bottom, and that fish swam in and out of the crumbled doorways.

Archaeologists are preparing to make further explorations. Additional interest is attached to the discovery by the fact that the city lies in waters described by Virgil and near the "Isle of the Lotus Eaters," of which Homer sang.

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

by James Oliver Curwood

A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

SYNOPSIS.

Baree, the wolf-dog, attracted from the cabin of Pierrot, the trapper, by the call of the wolves, and Mahteegum, the young she-wolf, who was on the same quest, at length overtook the pack. A gray wolf advanced to Mahteegum and she snarled at him. Baree sought to protect her, whereupon a horde of the beasts attacked him and he barely escaped with his life. Badly wounded, and dazed, because he had been cast out by his own kind—he was half-wolf—he fled and again wandered alone through the woods.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)

He did not hear, a few minutes later, the howling of the disappointed wolfe-horde on the other side of the river, and he no longer sensed the existence of moon or stars. Half dead, he dragged himself on until by chance he came to a clump of dwarf spruce. Into this he struggled, and then dropped exhausted.

All that night and until noon the next day Baree lay without moving. The fever burned in his blood; it flamed high and swift toward death; then it ebbed slowly, and life conquered. At noon he came forth. He was weak, and he wobbled on his legs. His hind leg still dragged, and he was racked with pain.

A red ferocity grew in Baree's eyes as he snarled in the direction of last night's fight with the wolves. They were no longer of his blood. Never again could the hunt-call lure him or the voice of the pack rouse the old longing. In him there was a thing new-born, an undying hatred for the wolf, a hatred that was to grow in him until it became like a disease in his vitals, a thing ever present and insistent, demanding vengeance on their kind.

CHAPTER XIX.

At the cabin on the Gray Loon, on the fourth night of Baree's absence, Pierrot was smoking his pipe after a great supper of caribou tenderloin he had brought in from the trail, and Nepeese was listening to his tale of the remarkable shot he had made, when a sound at the door interrupted them. Nepeese opened it, and Baree came in. The cry of welcome that was on the girl's lips died there instantly, and Pierrot stared as if he could not quite believe this creature that had returned was the wolf-dog. Three days and nights of hunger in which he could not hunt because of the leg that dragged had put on him the marks of starvation. Battle-scarred and covered with dried blood-clots that still clung tenaciously to his long hair, he was a sight that drew at last a long breath from Nepeese. A queer smile was growing in Pierrot's face as he leaned forward in his chair; and then slowly rising to his feet, and looking closer, he said to Nepeese:

"Ventre Saint Gris! Oui, he has been to the pack, Nepeese, and the pack turned on him. It was not a two-wolf fight—non! It was the pack. He is cut and torn in fifty places. And—mon Dieu, he is alive!"

In Pierrot's voice there was growing wonder and amazement. He was incredulous, and yet he could not disbelieve what his eyes told him. What had happened was nothing short of a miracle, and for a time he uttered not a word more but remained staring in silence while Nepeese woke from her astonishment to give Baree doctoring and food. After he had eaten ravenously of cold boiled mush she began bathing his wounds in warm water, and after that she soothed them with bear-grease, talking to him all the time in her soft Cree.

In a week or two the heavier snows came, and Pierrot began making his trips over the trap-lines. Nepeese had entered into a thrilling bargain with him this winter. Pierrot had taken her into partnership. Every fifth trap, every fifth deadfall, and every fifth poison-bait was to be her own, and what they caught or killed was to bring a bit nearer to realization a wonderful dream that was growing in the Willow's soul. Pierrot had promised. If they had great luck that winter, they would go down together on the last snows to Nelson House and buy the little old organ that was for sale there; and if the organ was sold, they would work another winter, and get a new one.

This plan gave Nepeese an enthusiastic and tireless interest in the trap-line. With Pierrot it was more or less a fine bit of strategy. He would have sold his hand to give Nepeese the organ; he was determined that she should have it, whether the fifth traps and the fifth deadfalls and the fifth poison-baits caught the fur or not. The partnership meant nothing so far as that was concerned. But in another way it meant to Nepeese a business interest, the thrill of personal achievement. Pierrot impressed on her that it made a comrade and co-worker of her on the trail. That was his scheme: to keep her with him when he was away from the cabin. He knew that Bush McTaggart would come again to the Gray Loon, probably more than once during the winter. He had swift dogs, and it was a short journey. And when McTaggart came, Nepeese must not be at the cabin—alone.

Pierrot's trap-line swung into the north and west, covering in all a matter of fifty miles, with an average of two traps, one deadfall, and a poison-bait to each mile. It was a twisting line blazed along streams for mink, otter, and marten, piercing the deepest forests for fisher-cat and lynx, and crossing lakes and storm-swept strips of barrens where poison-baits could be set for fox and wolf. Halfway over this line Pierrot had built a small log cabin, and at the end of it another, so that a day's work meant twenty-five miles. This was easy for Pierrot, and not hard on Nepeese after the first few days.

All through October and November they made the trips regularly, making the round every six days, which gave one day of rest at the cabin on the Gray Loon and another day in the cabin at the end of the trail. To Pierrot the winter's work was business, the labor of his people for many generations back; to Nepeese and Baree it was a wild and joyous adventure that never for a day grew tiresome. Even Pierrot could not quite immunize himself against their enthusiasm. It was infectious, and he was happier than he had been since his sun had set that evening the princess mother died.

One afternoon early in December, as they were returning to the Gray Loon, Pierrot stopped suddenly a dozen paces ahead of Nepeese and stared at the snow. A strange snow-shoe trail had joined their own and was heading toward the cabin. For half a minute Pierrot was silent and scarcely moved a muscle as he stared. The trail came straight out of the north—and off there was Lac Bain. Also they were the marks of large snowshoes,—and the stride indicated was that of a tall man. Before Pierrot had spoken Nepeese had guessed what they meant.

"M'sieu the Factor from Lac Bain!" she said.

Pierrot, deep in his own sombre thoughts, scarcely heard the strange laugh that came suddenly from her lips. Nepeese was listening to the growl that was again in Baree's throat. It was a low but terrible sound. When half a mile from the cabin, she unslung the panniers from his shoulders, and carried them herself. Ten minutes later they saw a man advancing to meet them.

It was not McTaggart. Pierrot recognized him, and with an audible breath of relief waved his hand. It was DeBar, who trapped in the Barren Country north of Lac Bain. Pierrot knew him well. They had exchanged fox-poison. They were friends, and there was pleasure in the grip of their hands. DeBar stared then at Nepeese.

DeBar lost no time in explaining his mission, and before they reached the cabin Pierrot and Nepeese knew why he had come. M'sieu, the Factor at Lac Bain, was leaving on a journey in five days, and he had sent DeBar as a special messenger to request Pierrot to come up to assist the clerk and the halfbreed storekeeper in his absence. Pierrot made no comment at first. But he was thinking. Why had Bush McTaggart sent for him? Why had he not chosen some one nearer? Not until a fire was crackling in the sheet-iron stove in the cabin, and Nepeese was busily engaged getting supper, did he voice these questions to the fox-hunter.

DeBar shrugged his shoulders.

"He asked me, at first, if I could stay. But I have a wife with a bad lung, Pierrot. It was caught by frost last winter, and I dare not leave her long alone. He has great faith in you. Besides, you know all the trappers on the Company's books at Lac Bain. So he sent for you, and begs you not to worry about your fur-lines, as he will pay you double what you would catch in the time you are at the Post."

"And—Nepeese?" said Pierrot. "M'sieu expects me to bring her?"

From the stove the Willow bent her head to listen, and her heart leaped free again at DeBar's answer.

"He said nothing about that. But surely—it will be a great change for li'le m'selle."

Pierrot nodded.

"Possibly, Netootam."

When DeBar was about to leave the next morning, Pierrot said:

"Tell M'sieu that I will leave for Lac Bain the day after to-morrow."

After DeBar had gone, he said to Nepeese:

"And you shall remain here, ma cherie. I will not take you to Lac Bain. I have had a dream that M'sieu will not go on a journey, but that he has lied, and that he will be sick when I arrive at the post. And yet, if it should happen that you care to go—"

Nepeese straightened suddenly, like a reed that has been caught by the wind.

"Non!" she cried, so fiercely that Pierrot laughed, and rubbed his hands.

So it happened that on the second day after the fox-hunter's visit Pierrot left for Lac Bain, with Nepeese in the door waving him good-bye until he was out of sight.

On the morning of this same day Bush McTaggart rose from his bed while it was still dark. The time had come. He had hesitated at murder—at the killing of Pierrot; and in his hesitation he had found a better way. There could be no escape for Nepeese. He ate his breakfast before dawn, and was on the trail before it was yet light. Purposely he struck due east, so that in coming up from the south and west Pierrot would not strike his sledge tracks. For he had made up his mind now that Pierrot must never know and must never have a suspicion, even though it cost him so many more miles to travel, that he would not reach the Gray Loon until the second day. It was better to be a day late, after all, as it was possible that something might have delayed Pierrot. So he made no effort to travel fast.

There was a vast amount of brutal satisfaction to McTaggart in anticipating what was about to happen, and he revelled in it to the full. There was no chance for disappointment. He was positive that Nepeese would not accompany her father to Lac Bain. She would be at the cabin on the Gray Loon—alone.

This aloneness was to Nepeese burdened with no thought of danger. There were times, now, when the thought of being alone was pleasant to her, when she wanted to dream by herself, when she visioned things into the mysteries of which she would not admit even Pierrot. She was growing into womanhood—just the sweet, closed bud of womanhood as yet—still a girl with the soft velvet of girlhood in her eyes, yet with the mystery of woman stirring gently in her soul, as if the Great Hand were hesitating between awakening her and letting her sleep a little longer. At these times, when the opportunity came to steal hours by herself, she would put on the red dress and do up her wonderful hair as she saw it in the pictures of the magazines Pierrot had sent up twice a year from Nelson House.

On the second day of Pierrot's absence Nepeese dressed herself like this, but to-day she let her hair cascade in a shining glory about her, and about her forehead bound a circlet of red ribbon. She was not yet done. To-day she had marvellous designs. On the wall close to her mirror she had tacked a large page from a woman's magazine, and on this page was a lovely vision of curls. Fifteen hundred miles north of the sunny California studio in which the picture had been taken, Nepeese, with pouted red lips and puckered forehead, was fighting to master the mystery of the girl's curls!

She was looking into her mirror, her face flushed and her eyes aglow in the excitement of the struggle to fashion one of the coveted ringlets from a tress that fell away below her hips, when the door opened behind her, and Bush McTaggart walked in.

CHAPTER XX.

The Willow's back was toward the door when the Factor from Lac Bain entered the cabin, and for a few seconds she did not turn. Her first thought was of Pierrot—for some reason he had returned. But even as this thought came to her, she heard in Baree's throat a snarl that brought her suddenly to her feet, facing the door.

McTaggart had not entered unprepared. He had left his pack, his gun, and his heavy coat outside. He was standing with his back against the door—and at Nepeese—in her wonderful dress and flowing hair—he was staring as if stunned for a space at what he saw. Fate, or accident, was playing against the Willow now.

It was not a long interval in which their eyes met in that terrible silence—terrible to the girl. Words were unnecessary. At last she understood—understood what her peril had been that day at the edge of the chasm and in the forest, when fearlessly she had played with the menace that was confronting her now.

A breath that was like a sob broke from her lips.

"M'sieu!" she tried to say. But it was only a gasp—an effort. She seemed choking.

Plainly she heard the click of the iron bolt as it locked the door. McTaggart advanced a step.

Only a single step McTaggart advanced. On the floor Baree had remained like a carven thing. He had not moved. He had not made a sound but that one warning snarl—until McTaggart took the step. And then, like a flash, he was up and in front of Nepeese, every hair of his body on end; and at the fury in his growl McTaggart lunged back against the barred door. A word from Nepeese in that moment, and it would have been over. But an instant was lost—an instant before her cry came. In that moment man's hand and brain worked together swifter than brute understanding; and as Baree launched himself at the Factor's throat, there came a flash and a deafening explosion almost in the Willow's eyes.

It was a chance shot, a shot from the hip with McTaggart's automatic. Baree fell short. He struck the floor with a thud and rolled against the log wall. There was not a kick or a quiver left in his body. McTaggart laughed nervously as he shoved his pistol back in its holster. He knew that only a brain shot could have done that.

With her back against the farther wall, Nepeese was waiting. McTaggart could hear her panting breath. He advanced halfway to her.

"Nepeese, I have come to make you my wife," he said.

She did not answer. He could see that her breath was choking her. She raised her hand to her throat. He took two more steps, and stopped. He had never seen such eyes.

"I have come to make you my wife, Nepeese. To-morrow you will go on to Nelson House with me, and then back to Lac Bain—forever." He added the last word as an afterthought. "Forever," he repeated.

He did not mince words. His courage and his determination rose as he saw her body droop a little against the wall. She was powerless. There was no escape. Pierrot was gone. Baree was dead.

He had thought that no living creature could move as swiftly as the Willow when his arms reached out for her. She made no sound as she darted under one of his outstretched arms. He made a lunge, a brutal grab, and his fingers caught a bit of her hair. He heard the snap of it as she tore herself free and flew to the door. She had thrown back the bolt when he caught her and his arms closed about her. He dragged her back, and now she cried out—cried out in despair—for Pierrot, for Baree, for some miracle of God that might save her.

(To be continued.)

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Young Tender Leaves and tips used in "SALADA" GREEN TEA are sealed in air-tight aluminum foil. Their fresh flavor is finer than any Japan or Gunpowder. Try SALADA. H666

He—"If you'll marry me, I'll buy you a car. What is your choice?"

She—"Someone who's already got one."

Ancient Rent Wrangles.

The housing question seems to have been acute at times in ancient Rome, and disputes between landlords and tenants were not infrequent.

About 150 B.C. a Senator of Rome appealed to the courts against his landlord, who had demanded 6000 sesterces (about $300) a year for a house which had been rented at only half that sum. Crassus, famous for his wealth, made much of his fortune building houses which he let by the year. He had trouble with the courts whn he tried to make a tenant pay 15,000 sesterces for a bacelor's apartment.

Against these abuses Caesar promulgated a law according to which landlords could not exact more than 2000 sesterces (about $100) a year for villas in Rome, or more than 500 sesterces in the rest of the country.

For First Aid—Minard's Liniment.

World's Automobile Bill.

The world spent $2,360,000,000 for new motor vehicles in 1924. On January 1 of this year there were in operation in all countries 18,615,000 passenger cars, 2,892,000 trucks and 1,262,000 motorcycles.

Wall Papers

Send for Free Booklet. We pay express to any point in Ontario.

BELL BROTHERS

898 Danforth Ave. Toronto

Note the flattened top of this fine kettle. No waste space above the water level. A very fast boiler, decidedly neat in appearance.

Hinged lid at side of kettle for speedy filling under tap or by dipper; being hinged it cannot fall off or get lost.

Handle, extra large rigid, shaped to fit the hand and always cool; being rigid you have perfect control at all times.

Well made, generous sized properly curved spout. Tip of spout well above water line to prevent overboiling or spilling.

This kettle is made in SMP Pearl and SMP Diamond Enamelled Ware, also in nickel plated copper ware. The name Savoy and our trade mark on each genuine kettle.

SMP ENAMELED TEA KETTLE