

# In the Tea Cup

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TEA

is revealed. The flavor is pure, fresh and fragrant. Try it. Black, Mixed or Green Blends.

## DAREE, SON OF KAZAN

by James Oliver Curwood

A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

### SYNOPSIS.

In response to a request from McTaggart, the factor, Pierrot, the trapper, left his cabin and went to the post to help in the general store for a few days. But McTaggart did not go on a business trip as he had said, but to Pierrot's cabin, where he found Nepeese, the trapper's daughter, alone. Baree, the wolf-dog, jumped up to attack the factor, but with a shot from McTaggart's automatic the dog fell in a heap. Then the factor gathered Nepeese in his arms while she struggled desperately.

### CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

And Nepeese fought. She twisted in his arms until she was facing him. She could no longer see. She was smothered in her hair. It covered her face and breast and body, suffocating her, entangling her hand and arms—and still she fought. In the struggle McTaggart stumbled over the body of Baree, and they went down. Nepeese was up fully five seconds ahead of the man. She could have reached the door. But again it was her hair. She paused to fling back the thick mass of it so that she could see, and McTaggart was at the door ahead of her. He did not lock it again, but stood facing her. His face was scratched and bleeding. He was no longer a man but a devil. Nepeese was broken, panting—a low sobbing came with her breath. She bent down and picked up a piece of firewood. McTaggart could see that her strength was almost gone. She clutched the stick as he approached her again. But McTaggart had lost all thought of fear or caution. He sprang upon her like an animal. The stick of firewood fell. And again fate played against the girl. In her terror and helplessness she had caught up the first stick her hand had touched—a light one. With her last strength she struck at McTaggart with it, and as it fell on his head, he staggered back. But it did not make him lose his hold. Vainly she was fighting now, not to strike him or to escape, but to get her breath. She tried to cry out again, but this time no sound came from between her gasping lips. Again he laughed, and as he laughed, he heard the door open. Was it the wind? He turned, still holding her in his arms. In the open door stood Pierrot.

### CHAPTER XXI.

During that terrible space which followed an eternity of time rolled slowly through the little cabin on the Gray Loon—that eternity which lies somewhere between life and death, and which is sometimes meted out to a human life in seconds instead of eons. In those seconds Pierrot did not move from where he stood in the doorway. McTaggart, huddled over with the weight in his arms, and staring at Pierrot, did not move. But the Willow's eyes were opening. And a convulsive quiver ran through the body of Baree, where he lay near the wall. There was not the sound of a breath. And then, in that silence, a great gasping sob came from Nepeese. Then Pierrot stirred to life. Like McTaggart, he had left his coat and mittens outside. He spoke, and his voice was not like Pierrot's. It was a strange voice.

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## Keen's Mustard

Slowly Nepeese lifted her head. A power which she could not resist drew her eyes up until she was looking into the face of Bush McTaggart. She had almost lost consciousness of his presence; her senses were cold and deadened—it was as if her own heart had stopped beating along with Pierrot's.

What she saw in the Factor's face dragged her out of the numbness of her grief back to the abyss of her own peril. He was standing over her. In his face there was no pity, nothing of horror at what he had done—only an insane exultation as he looked not at Pierrot's dead body, but at her. He put out a hand, and it rested on her head. She felt his thick fingers crumpling her hair, and his eyes blazed like embers of fire behind watery films. She struggled to rise, but with his hands at her hair he held her down.

"Great God!" she breathed. She uttered no other words, no plea for mercy, no other sound but a dry, hopeless sob. In that moment neither of them heard or saw Baree. Twice in crossing the cabin his hind-quarters had sagged to the floor. Now he was close to McTaggart. He wanted to give a single lunge to the man-brute's back and snap his thick neck as he would have broken a caribou bone. But he had no strength. He was still partially paralyzed from his fore-shoulder back. But his jaws were like iron, and they closed savagely on McTaggart's leg.

With a yell of pain the Factor released his hold on the Willow, and she staggered to her feet. For a precious half-minute she was free, and as the Factor kicked and struck to loose Baree's hold, she ran to the cabin door and out into the day. The cold air struck her face; it filled her lungs with new strength; and without thought of where hope might lie she ran through the snow into the forest. McTaggart appeared at the door just in time to see her disappear. His leg was torn where Baree had fastened his fangs, but he felt no pain as he ran in pursuit of the girl. She could not go far. An exultant cry, inhuman as the cry of a beast, came in a great breath from his gaping mouth as he saw that she was staggering weakly as she fled. He was halfway to the edge of the forest when Baree dragged himself over the threshold. His jaws were bleeding where McTaggart had kicked him again and again before his fangs gave way. Halfway between his ears was a seared spot, as if a red-hot poker had been laid there for an instant. This was where McTaggart's bullet had gone. A quarter of an inch deeper, and it would have meant death. As it was, it had been like the blow of a heavy club, paralyzing his senses and sending him limp and unconscious against the wall. He could move on his feet now without falling, and slowly he followed in the tracks of the man and the girl.

As she ran, Nepeese's mind became all at once clear and reasoning. She turned into the narrow trail over which McTaggart had followed her once before, but just before reaching the chasm, she swung sharply to the right. She could see McTaggart. It was not running fast, but was gaining steadily, as if enjoying the sight of her helplessness, as he had enjoyed it another way that day. Two hundred yards below the deep pool into which she had pushed the Factor—just beyond the shallows out of which he had dragged himself to safety—was the beginning of Bute Feather's Gorge. An appalling thing was shaping itself in her mind as she ran to it. With a tremendous effort she staggered to her feet, and for a few moments she stood swaying unsteadily as her brain and her body readjusted themselves. Even as she looked down upon the blackening face from which Pierrot's fingers were choking the life, Bush McTaggart's hand was groping blindly for his pistol. He found it. Unseen by Pierrot, he dragged it from its holster. It was one of the black devils of chance that favored him again, for in his excitement he had not snapped the safety shut after shooting Baree. Now he had only strength left to pull the trigger. Twice his forefinger closed. Twice there came deadened explosions close to Pierrot's body.

In Pierrot's face Nepeese saw what had happened. Her heart died in her breast as she looked upon the swift and terrible change wrought by sudden death. Slowly Pierrot straightened. His eyes were wide, for a moment wide and staring. He made no sound. She could not see his lips move. And then he fell toward her, so that McTaggart's body was free. Blindly and with an agony that gave no evidence in cry or word she flung herself down beside him. He was dead. How long Nepeese lay there, how long she waited for Pierrot to move, to open his eyes, to breathe, she would never know. In that time McTaggart rose to his feet and stood leaning against the wall, the pistol in his hand, his brain clearing itself as he saw his final triumph. His work did not frighten him. Even in that tragic moment as he stood against the wall, his defence—if it ever came to a defence—framed itself in his mind. Pierrot had murdered himself, assaulted him—without cause. In self-defence he had killed him. Was he not the Factor of Lac Bain? Would not the Company and the law believe his word before that of this girl? His brain leaped with the old exultation. It would never come to that—to a betrayal of this struggle and death in the cabin—after he had finished with her! She would not be known for all time as La Bete Noire. No, they would bury Pierrot, and she would return to Lac Bain with him. If she had been helpless before, she was ten times more helpless now. She would never tell of what happened in the cabin. He forgot the presence of death as he looked at her, bowed over her father so that her hair covered him like a silken shroud. He replaced the pistol in its holster and drew a deep breath into his lungs. He was still a little unsteady on his feet, but his face was again the face of a devil. He took a step, and it was then there came a sound to rouse the girl. In the shadow of the farther wall Baree had struggled to his haunches, and now he growled.

## NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Insane, in association 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.

far below. There was nothing there now—no sign of her, no last flash of her pale face and streaming hair in the white foam. And she had done that—to save herself from him!

The soul of the man-beast turned sick within him, so sick that he staggered back, his vision blinded and his legs tottering under him. He had killed Pierrot, and it had been a triumph; all his life he had played the part of the brute with a stoicism and cruelty that had known no shock—nothing like this that overwhelmed him now, numbing him to the marrow of his bones until he stood like one paralyzed. He did not see Baree. He did not hear the dog's whining cries at the edge of the chasm. For a few moments the world turned black for him; and then, dragging himself out of his stupor, he ran frantically along the edge of the gorge, looking down wherever his eyes could reach the water, striving for a glimpse of her. At last it grew too deep. There was no hope. She was gone—and she had faced that to escape him!

He mumbled that fact over and over again, stupidly, thickly, as though his brain could grasp nothing beyond it. She was dead. And Pierrot was dead. And he, in a few minutes, had accomplished it all. He turned back toward the cabin—not by the trail over which he had pursued Nepeese, but straight through the thick bush. Great flakes of snow had begun to fall. He looked at the sky, where banks of dark clouds were rolling up from the south and east. The sun went out. Soon there would be a storm—a heavy snowstorm. The big flakes falling on his naked hands and face set his mind to work. It was lucky for him, this storm. It would cover everything—the fresh trails, even the grave he would dig for Pierrot.

It does not take such a man as the Factor long to recover from a moral concussion. By the time he came in sight of the cabin his mind was again at work on physical things—on the necessities of the situation. The appalling thing, after all, was not that both Pierrot and Nepeese were dead, but that his dream was shattered. It was not that Nepeese was dead, but that he had lost her. This was his vital disappointment. The other thing—his crime—it was easy to cover.

(To be continued.)

### A Pair of Queer Kings.

Among the gossip reminiscences of Maj. Gen. Sir Francis Howard, whose father was once British minister at Munich, are some strange tales of the various "queer" kings of Bavaria. Their queerness ranged all the way from mere oddity to outright insanity. The mad King Ludwig, he writes, passed most of his time at Hohenschwangau, one of his numerous palaces on the mountains, driving about at a furious pace by night only and in the winter seated in a sleigh lit by electricity. His companions were mostly stablemen; no servants waited on him at meals; the table came up through a trap door in the floor and disappeared in the same manner when done with. After he had been officially deposed because of his madness he was put under the charge of a brain specialist, an old man named Kuten. They were always attended by two gendarmes, but one day the king persuaded Gutten to dispense with them. When he and Gutten were talking amicably on a bench close to the Lake of Starnberg the king, who was a good swimmer, suddenly jumped up and rushed into the water. Gutten, who thought he was trying to commit suicide, ran after him. So far as the incident could be deconstructed in the absence of any witness they appear to have closed with each other. Gutten had not much of a chance; the king seized him by the throat, strangled him and held him under the water until life was extinct. Then he started to swim round the point, where according to rumor the empress of Austria had sent a carriage to wait for him and drive him over the frontier, but the icy water brought on cramp, and he was drowned.

Another King of Bavaria, the son of Prince Ludwig, wore atrociously-fitting clothes. He could constantly be met strolling unattended round the town with one of his daughters. He generally acknowledged a greeting by lifting his hat by the back of the brim instead of by the front. By that means he kept the hat looking quite new in front; unless you stared at him from behind you could not observe the dilapidated condition of it.

CHAPTER XXII.  
A moment later the Factor from Lac Bain stood at the edge of the chasm. His voice had called out in a hoarse bellow—a wild cry of disbelief and horror that had forced the Willow's name as she disappeared. He looked down, clutching his huge red hands and staring in ghastly suspense at the boiling water and black rocks

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### INTERESTING ENSEMBLE FOR THE JUNIOR MISS

Young fashionables select styles that reflect the grown-up mode, and the new front flare is shown to advantage in this straight frock of figured felt crepe, having collar, cuffs and godets of plain color crepe for trimming. The sketch shows edges of collars and slashes for godets bound with material of the same color as the simple coat—just the right length—which completes this version of the ensemble. The coat, No. 1061, with folding or roll convertible collar, is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 years requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material, or 2½ yards of 54-inch, with 2½ yards for lining. The dress, No. 1070, is cut in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years, and requires 2½ yds. of 36-inch material for the 10-year size. Price 20 cents.

### Rats Did Their Best to Wreck the Estate.

A recent curious happening about a will, in which a copy was admitted to probate, has just occurred in Belfast. The original will was kept in a locked drawer. When the testatrix died and the estate was to be administered, the drawer was opened, but there were only tiny fragments of the will, not one large enough to have more than a word or two on it. Rats had gnawed into the drawer and practically destroyed the document. From the fragments and the recollections of the witnesses a copy of the original was prepared, which the judge admitted to probate.

### Speaking of Courage.

The boy who never is afraid, who laughs at danger, calm and cool, may sometimes do a useful turn. At other times he is just a fool. But when a chap comes sharp upon a scary job that must be done—Done quick, although his hands are shaky—And both his knees distinctly quaky—Hops in and does it, all the same, And takes the plunge and plays the game—What if his heart was in his throat? Pin medals on that fellow's coat!

For First Aid—Minard's Liniment. Regarded as the finest maker of artificial eyes in the country, Miss Millauro, a London girl, 23 years of age, can make a perfect specimen in fifteen minutes.

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At all grocers 10c large package

## WRIGLEYS

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!

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SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT GUM THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

Lucky it Wasn't His Fee. Stranger things happen to an English lecturer in the United States than in any other country, reports Sir Philip Gibbs in *Adventures in Journalism*. At least, he writes, they happened to me. I shall never forget, for example, that in the middle of a speech to the City Club of New York, I was thrust into a taxicab, hurried off to the 44th Street Theatre, received with a tremendous explosion (a flashlight photo) in the dressing room of Al Jolson, the funny man, thrust into the middle of a stage scene and told to make a speech on behalf of wounded soldiers while the audience ruffled for the original copy of a letter from Lloyd George to the American nation. Astonished at my rapid transmigration from the City Club and by my presence on an unknown stage, very hot, rather flustered, and not knowing what to do with my hands, I kept screwing up a bit of paper which had been given to me at the wings, and by the time I had finished my three-minute speech it was a bit of wet, mushy pulp. When I left the stage, a white-faced man in the wings who had been making frantic signs to me informed me coldly that I had utterly destroyed Lloyd George's letter to the American nation that had just been raffled for many hundreds of dollars. After that I went back to finish my speech at the City Club!

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### Harley Davidson Motorcycle

The World's Greatest Motorcycle. Some real bargains to offer in Used Machines. List gladly mailed upon request. Walter Andrews, 348 Yonge St., Toronto

### Minard's Liniment for Backache.

Nevered—"Don't you believe that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are inalienable rights of man?" Longwed—"It depends on whether the man's married or single."