

# Always Buy "SALADA" GREEN TEA

The little leaves and tips from high mountain tea gardens, that are used in SALADA are much finer in flavor than any Gunpowder or Japan. Try it.

## The Bob-o-Link's Oddities.

Isn't it odd that the bobolinks sweep up from the south in spring to take possession of a strip 500 miles wide and reaching from Nova Scotia to British Columbia.

They have spent the winter as brown marsh birds in Brazil and Argentina. Then in February they began the drift north, stopping in the upper part of South America for the male birds to change to their black, white and yellow wedding garments. Then they hopped across the Caribbean to Jamaica, Cuba and Florida, or came through Central America and across the Gulf. They spread out and set their time clocks to arrive about the beginning of May.

There they take possession of the meadows, but they sing at no other than nesting time. The female keeps her straw-colored dress that she may hide in the grass, lay straw-colored eggs, and hatch them without being seen. The male flaunts his joy wisely withal, for he does it in such a way as to direct attention away rather than toward the nest.

The bobolink is primarily an eastern bird, used not to extend its province so far west. It likes meadows, and farmers create them. As farms pushed west the bobolinks went with them. They followed settlers into the Rockies, where they had not formerly nested, over the Rockies, down to the coast.

They still remember, however, that they are eastern birds. When late summer arrives the broods are reared, and when the time for the southern migration begins they do not go straight south. Instead they start east and do not stop until they bump up against the Atlantic. Then they turn down the coast in innumerable swarms follow it to the tip of Florida, hop off in the long flight to Jamaica.

This is the farther uncharted going hunting railroads of years ago, and although it is twice as far, they stick to the route.

## Sentence Sermons.

You Can Have More—Laissez if you do your work well for the first time.

—Freedom if you break the chains of your own enslaving habits.

—Influence if you will confine your statements to the facts.

—"Drag" with the boss if you boost more for the business.

—Help in bad times if you have been dependable in good times.

—Friends if you are willing to take time to make them.

—Sympathy from the community if you waste no pity on yourself.

## Ominous.

Jones had lost his fourth wife, but it was not long before it was understood that he had picked out his fifth, who was some thirty years Bill's junior. One day a friend met him and said:

"Well, Bill, I suppose getting married comes natural to you by this time, doesn't it?"

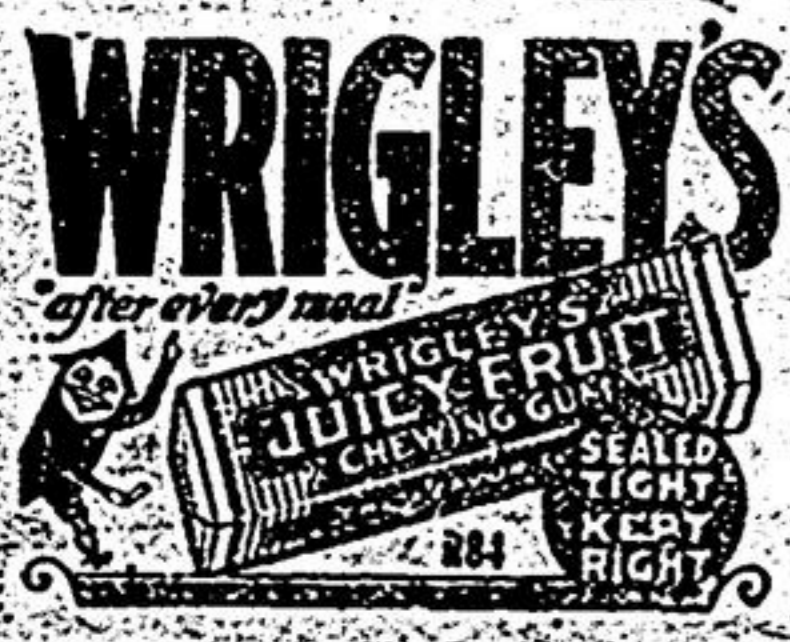
"Well," said Bill, after due reflection, "this fifth marriage ain't going to seem so natural. Parson Beggs is off on a trip, and he's never failed to tie the knot for me. I said to Mary that I didn't think it would feel like a wedding without Parson Beggs; but she said it was her turn to choose, and that she meant to start off with that young minister that has just come to town, and that if he did well she'd stick to him. She didn't explain what she meant, but it sounded ominous to me."

## Hello Daddy—don't forget my Wrigleys!



Slip a package in your pocket when you go home to-night. 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 freshener.



# BARRE, SON OF KAZAN

by James Oliver Curwood  
A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

**SYNOPSIS.** Barre, the wolf-dog, searching frantically for his mistress, Nepeese, followed the trap-line she and her father used to traverse. There were plenty of rabbits in the traps and he did not go hungry, but he found no trace of the girl. He was a changed Barre. He was more than ever like a wolf, yet he never gave the wolf-hunt now, and always he snarled deep in his throat when he heard the cry of the pack.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd.)

Again, in the heart of a fierce February storm, he pursued a bull caribou so closely that it plunged over a cliff and broke its neck. He lived well, and in size and strength he was growing swiftly into a giant of his kind. In another six months he would be as large as Kazan, and his jaws were almost as powerful, even now.

The winter passed, and spring came, and still Barre continued to hunt his old trails, even going now and then over the old trapline as far as the first of the two cabins. The traps were rusted and sprung now; the thawing snow disclosed bones and feathers between their jaws; under the deadfalls were remnants of fur, and out on the ice of the lakes were picked skeletons of foxes and wolves that had taken the poison-baits. The last snow went. The swollen streams sang in the forests and canyons. The grass turned green, and the first flowers came.

Surely this was the time for Nepeese to come home! He watched for her expectantly. He went still more frequently to their swimming pool in the forest, and he hung closely to the burned cabin and the dog-corral. Twice he sprang into the pool and whined as he swam about, as though surely must join him in their old water frolic. And now, as the spring tides and summer came, there settled upon him slowly the gloom and misery of utter hopelessness. The flowers were all out now, and even the harkness vines glowed like red fire in the woods. Patches of green were beginning to hide the charred heap where the cabin had stood, and the blue-flower vines that covered the princess mother's grave were reaching out toward Pierrot's, as if the princess mother herself were the spirit of them.

All these things were happening, and the birds had mated and nested, and still Nepeese did not come! And at last something broke inside of Barre, his last hope, perhaps, his last dream; and one day he bade good-bye to the Gray Loon.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

It was early in August when Barre left the Gray Loon. He had no objective in view. But there was still left upon his mind, like the delicate impression of light and shadow on a negative, the memories of his earlier days. Things and happenings that he had almost forgotten recurred to him now, as his trail led him farther and farther away from the Gray Loon; and his earlier experiences became real again, pictures thrown out afresh in his mind by the breaking of the last ties that held him to the home of the Willow. Involuntarily he followed the trail of these impressions—of these past happenings, and slowly they heaped to build up new interests for him. A year in his life was a long time—a decade of man's experience. It was more than a year ago that he had left Kazan and Gray Wolf and the old windfall, and yet now there came back to him indistinct memories of those days of his earliest puppyhood, of the stream into which he had fallen, and of his fierce battle with Papayushew. It was his later experiences that roused the older memories. He came to the blind canyon up which Nepeese and Pierrot had chased him. That seemed but yesterday.

And now, for the first time in many weeks, a bit of the old-time eagerness put speed into Barre's feet. Memories that had been hazy and indistinct through forgetfulness were becoming realities again, and as he would have returned to the Gray Loon had Nepeese been there so now, with something of the feeling of a wanderer going home, he returned to the old beaver-pond.

It was that most glorious hour of a summer's day sunset—when he reached it. He stopped a hundred yards away, with the pond still hidden from his sight, and sniffed the air, and listened. The pond was there. He caught the cool, honey smell of it. But Umisk, and Beaver-tooth, and all the others? Would he find them? He strained his ears to catch a familiar sound, and after a moment or two it came—a hollow splash in the water. He went quietly through the alders and stood at last close to the spot where he had first made the acquaintance of Umisk. The surface of the pond was undulating slightly; two or three heads popped up; he saw the torpedo-like wake of an old beaver towing a stick close to the opposite shore—he looked toward the dam; and it was as he had left it almost a year ago. He did not show himself for a time, but stood concealed in the young alders. He felt growing in him more and more a feeling of restfulness, a relaxation from the long strain of the lonely months during which he had waited for Nepeese. With a long breath he lay down among the alders, with his head just enough exposed to give him a clear view. As the sun settled lower the pond became alive. Out on the shore where he had saved Umisk from the fox came another generation of young beavers—three of them, fat and waddling. Very softly Barre whined.

All that night he lay in the alders. The beaver-pond became his home again. Conditions were changed, of course, and as days grew into weeks the inhabitants of Beaver-tooth's only showed no signs of accepting the

grown-up Barre as they had accepted the baby Barre of long ago. He was big, black, and wolfish now—a long-fanged and formidable looking creature, and though he offered no violence he was regarded by the beavers with a deep-seated feeling of fear and suspicion. On the other hand, Barre no longer felt the old puppyish desire to play with the baby beavers, so their aloofness did not trouble him as in those other days.

All through the month of August Barre made the beaver-pond his headquarters. At times his excursions kept him away for two or three days at a time. These journeys were always into the north, sometimes a little east and sometimes a little west, but never again into the south. And at last, early in September, he left the beaver-pond for good.

For many days his wanderings carried him in no one particular direction. He followed the hunting, living chiefly on rabbits and that simple-minded species of partidge known as the "fool hen." This diet, of course, was given variety by other things as they happened to come his way. Wild currants and raspberries were ripening, and Barre was fond of these. He also liked the bitter berries of the mountain ash, which, along with the soft balsam and spruce pitch which he licked with his tongue now and then, were good medicine for him. In shallow water he occasionally caught a fish; now and then he hazarded a cautious battle with a porcupine, and if he was successful he feasted on the tenderest and most luscious of all the flesh that made up his menu. Twice in September he killed young deer. The big "burns" that he occasionally came to no longer held terrors for him; in the midst of plenty he forgot the days in which he had gone hungry. In October he wandered as far west as the Geikie River, and then northward to Wollaston Lake, which was a good hundred miles north of the Gray Loon. The first week in November he turned south again, following the Canoe River for a distance, and then swinging westward along a twisting creek called the Little Black Bear With No Tail. More than once during these weeks Barre came into touch with man, but, with the exception of the Cree hunter at the upper end of Wollaston Lake, no man had seen him. Three times in following the Geikie he lay crouched in the bush while canoes passed; half a dozen times, in the stillness of night, he nosed about cabins and teepees in which there was life, and once he came so near to the Hudson's Bay Company post at Wollaston that he could hear the barking of dogs and the shouting of their masters. And always he was seeking—questing for the thing that had gone out of his life.

At the thresholds of the cabins he sniffed; outside of the teepees he circled close, gathering the wind; the canoes he watched with eyes in which there was a hopeful gleam. Once he thought the wind brought him the scent of Nepeese, and all at once his legs grew weak under his body and his heart seemed to stop beating. It was only for a moment or two. She came out of the teepee—an Indian girl with her hands full of willow-work—and Barre slunk away unseen.

It was almost December when Lerue, a half-breed from Lac Bain, saw Barre's footprints in freshly fallen snow, and a little later caught a flash of him in the bush.

"Mon-Dieu, I tell you his feet are as big as my hand, and he is as black as a raven's wing with the sun on it!" he exclaimed in the Company's store at Lac Bain. "A fox? Non! He is half as big as a bear. A wolf—oui! And black as the devil, M'sieur."

McTaggart was one of those who heard. He was putting his signature in ink to a letter he had written to the Company when Lerue's words came to him. His hand stopped so suddenly that a drop of ink splattered on the letter. Through him there ran a curious shiver as he looked over at the half-breed. Just then Marie came in. McTaggart had brought her back from her tribe. Her big, dark eyes had a sick look in them, and some of her wild beauty had gone since a year ago.

"He was like that!" Lerue was saying with a snap of his fingers. He saw Marie, and stopped.

"Black, you say?" McTaggart said carelessly, without lifting his eyes from his writing. "Did he not bear some dog mark?"

Lerue shrugged his shoulders. "He was gone like the wind, M'sieur. But he was wolf."

With scarcely a sound that the others could hear Marie had whispered into the Factor's ear, and folding his letter, McTaggart rose quickly and left the store. He was gone an hour. Lerue and the others were puzzled. It was not often that Marie came into the store; it was not often that they saw her at all. She remained hidden in the Factor's log house, and each time that he saw her Lerue thought that her face was a little thinner than the last, and her eyes bigger and hungrier looking. In his own heart there was a great yearning. Many a night he passed the little window beyond which he knew that she was sleeping; often he looked to catch a glimpse of her pale face, and he lived in the one happiness of knowing that Marie understood, and that into her eyes there came for an instant



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a different light when their glances met. No one else knew. The secret lay between them—and patiently Lerue waited and watched. "Some day," he kept saying to himself—"Some day"—and that was all. The one word carried a world of meaning and of hope. When that day came he would take Marie straight to the Missioner over at Fort Churchill, and they would be married. It was a dream that made the long days and the longer nights on the trap-line patiently endured. Now they were both slaves to the envying Power. But—someday—

CHAPTER XXV.  
The trap-line of Pierre Eustach ran thirty miles straight west of Lac Bain. It was not as long a line as Pierrot's had been, but it was like a main artery running through the heart of a rich fur country. It had belonged to Pierre Eustach's father, and his grandfather, and beyond that it reached, Pierre averred, back to the very pulse of the finest blood in France. The books at McTaggart's post went back only as far as the great-grandfather end of it, the older evidence of ownership being at Churchill. It was the finest game country between Reindeer Lake and the Barren Lands. It was in December that Barre came to it.

Again he was travelling southward in a slow and wandering fashion, seeking food in the deep snows. The Kistsew Kestin, or Great Storm, had come earlier than usual this winter, and for a week after it scarcely a hoof or claw was moving. Barre, unlike the other creatures, did not bury himself in the snow and wait for the skies to clear and crust to form. He was big, and powerful, and restless. Less than two years old, he weighed a good eighty pounds. His pads were broad and wolfish. His chest and shoulders were like a mule's, heavy and yet muscled for speed. He was wider between the eyes than the wolf-breed husky, and his eyes were larger, and entirely clear of the Wut-tool, or blood-film, that marks the wolf and also to an extent the husky. His jaws were like Kazan's, perhaps even more powerful. Through all that week of the Big Storm he travelled without food. There were four days of snow, with driving blizzards, and fierce winds, and after that three days of intense cold in which every living creature kept to its warm dugout in the snow. Even the birds had burrowed themselves in. One might have walked on the backs of caribou and moose and not have guessed it. Barre sheltered himself during the worst of the storm but did not allow the snow to gather over him.

Every trapper from Hudson's Bay to the country of the Athabasca knew that after the Big Storm the famished fur animals would be seeking food, and that traps and deadfalls properly set and baited stood the biggest chance of the year of being filled. Some of them set out over their traplines on the sixth day; some on the seventh, and others on the eighth. It was on the seventh day that Bush McTaggart started over Pierre Eustach's line, which was now his own for the season. It took him two days to uncover the traps, dig the snow from them, rebuild the fallen "trap-houses," and rearrange the baits. On the third day he was back at Lac Bain.

It was on this day that Barre came to the cabin at the far end of McTaggart's line. McTaggart's trail was fresh in the snow about the cabin, and the instant Barre sniffed it every drop of blood in his body seemed to leap suddenly with a strange excitement. It took perhaps half a minute for the scent that filled his nostrils to associate itself with what had gone before, and at the end of that half-minute there rumbled in Barre's chest a deep and sullen growl. For many minutes after that he stood like a black rock in the snow, watching the cabin. Then slowly he began circling about it, drawing nearer and nearer, until at last he was sniffing at the threshold. No sound or smell of

life came from inside, but he could smell the old smell of McTaggart. Then he faced the wilderness—the direction in which the trap-line ran back to Lac Bain. He was trembling. His muscles twitched. He whined. Pictures were assembling more and more vividly in his mind—the fight in the cabin, Nepeese, the wild chase through the snow to the chasm's edge—even the memory of that age-old struggle when McTaggart had caught him in the rabbit snare. In his whine there was a great yearning, almost expectation.

Slowly he followed the trail and a quarter of a mile from the cabin struck the first trap on the line. Hunger had caved in his sides until he was like a starved wolf. In the first trap-house McTaggart had placed as bait the hind-quarter of a snowshoe rabbit. Barre reached in cautiously. He had learned many things on Pierrot's line; he had learned what the snap of a trap meant; he had felt the cruel pain of steel jaws; he knew better than the shrewdest fox what a deadfall would do when the trigger was sprung—and Nepeese herself had taught him that he was never to touch a poison-bait. So he closed his teeth gently in the rabbit flesh and drew it forth as cleverly as McTaggart himself could have done. He visited five traps before dark and ate the five baits without springing a pan. The sixth was a deadfall. He circled about this until he had beaten a path in the snow. Then he went on into a warm balsam swamp and found himself a bed for the night.

(To be continued.)

## When Annual Rental Was One Barley Corn.

At the present day one is quite familiar with the expression "for the sum of \$1," or some similar phrase to indicate nominal consideration used in many documents conveying property. A recent search in connection with titles through some of the old documents preserved in the records of the Ordnance, Admiralty, and Railway Lands Branch of the Department of the Interior, revealed a quaint and rather curious form of this consideration. A lease issued under the authority of the province of Upper Canada in 1836 contained the following: "for and during the term of thirty years at a yearly rental of one barley corn." The usual item of nominal consideration in the early days was "a pepper corn" but this is the first case noted where "barley corn" was used. Possibly it was because barley was more common than pepper in this country.

## How to Clean Paint Brushes.

It takes but a few minutes to clean a paint brush when the paint is still fresh. Wet it well with other turpentine, kerosene, or gasoline and brush it out on an old board. Then dip it in water and brush on a cake of yellow laundry soap, repeating this until the lather is free from color.

## For First Aid—Minard's Liniment.

Bricks in Britain. Bricks are produced in Great Britain by grinding clinkers and ashes and mixing them with lime and water.

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