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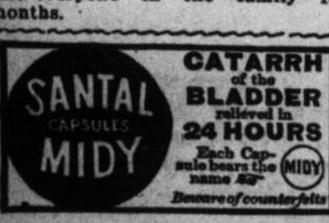
Cocoanut Oil Fine For Washing Hair

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Don't use prepared shampoos or anything else, that contains too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Just plain muisified cocoanut oil (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulsified cocoanut oil at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for



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ter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Sturgeon, to Elden R. Beach, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Beach, Seeley's Bay.

Great Britain now has 25 peeresses in their own right. Of this number five are countesses, one is a duchcess, two are viscountesses and the remainder baronesses.

A second time he returned to the

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S PAGE

Bour Dogs

The Guardian of the Flock PLORA MERRILL

"On the hills of Scotland, you will find us sheep dogs faithfully tending our flocks. We Scotch Collies find this our true environment and prefer it to a more highly civilized life. We exhibit splendid generalship in keep-ing our flocks together, and take pride in being of real service to our masters. Often one dog will do work that would otherwise necessitate two men. We are quick, strong, of medium size, and toward the sheep we guard and our masters we show loyalty and affection.

"There are several kinds of coffies, the most popular being the old-fash-ioned black-and-white dog. Next comes the smooth coated collie. He is of value in the snowy regions because



the snow cannot efing to his hair and weigh him down, thus hindering his speed. The sable and white collie is more often seen in this country, and occasionally you will find one of ut who is snow white. These are not the workers, but are show dogs, and

How our name originated is not really known. Some think it came from the old English word 'Col,'

"We have unusual intelligence, for mere dogs. While primarily a working dog, we are peculiarly versatile. Our noses are so keen that, in some instances, we have been trained to hunt. Many authorities consider us the superior of all war dogs, but we are best known as shepherds.

"You will find the Scotch Collie in many countries, but few people know us intimately. We are customarily thought of as pretty dogs, but too large and troublesome to tend. Is it not a shame that a dog, who would so willingly and skillfully serve you, is frequently made to live a useless and hampered life!"

Baseball-George Sister

The Monkeye and the Bell And the Memory-Man said:

A Thief, having stole a Bell was, while running away with his booty, caught and devoured by a Tiger. A band of Monkeys, having found the Bell, ran away with it in the trees. The people of the town hearing the Bell. grew superstitious and declared that it was a sign that a giant was devouring a man and ringing his Bell

A certain poor Woman, however, finding that all her neighbors were leaving, determined to investigate this noise, and found that the Bell was being rung by Monkeys. So she went to the Rajah and of-

fered to silence the giant. The Rajah gave her money with which the Woman bought some fruit and strewed it on the ground in the wood. The Monkeys dropped the Bell in order to grab the fruit, and the Woman took away the Bell and showed it to the Rajah, who gave her

Many people are frightened by the sound of a thing who would not be frightened of the thing itself. R.-W.

Rocking Chairs "Nancy, I do not wish you to do your study in the rocking chair on

"Why, Mother?" "Because, while the motion of a rocking chair may be soothing to the nerves, it dulls them, and it is too stupifying for the normal activity of a young girl. Leave the rocking chair habit to those who do not wish to At your age, every faculty should be on the alert, and you cannot study property while swinging on a rocking chair. You know yourself that rocking is so bad that even rocker cradles have been denounced by experts in the case of babies. Do our studying in a straight-backed chair. The position conduces to betthinking and prevents any feeling indolence, laziness or sleepliness.

-GEORGETTE BEUREZ. Daily Twelve-Syllable Rhyme He who learns To obey Will command The right way.

The mattock will make a deeper hole in the ground than the light-

The day of a young man's decline is the first day he thinks he can make a dollar easier than by bonest work.

The school children of Sweden, un-(Tomorrow: How I Got Into Big der the direction of their teachers, plant about 6,000 trees a year,

smoking compartment.

"We are under way," he said.

"Very soon I will be getting off."

where you get off?" he asked.

David sat down.

The Clan of North America

Caught in a Bear Trap

FRANCIS BOLT-WHERLER "This is the youngest Honor Guest we've had," said Director Pierre, presenting to the Campers a lad not more than seven years old. "Tell your story, Eric."

"Father's a trapper," began the little lad, in a high-pitched childish voice. "We live together, the two of us, in a cabin in the Rockies, in British Columbia. Father's trap line is long, but he always comes back home every night. One night he didn't come home. I thought something was wrong, but I wasn't sure. I waited all next day, too. When he didn't come back the second night, I knew



"So, the day after, I started out to walk the trap line. Father had the pony, so it was a long walk. I was carrying grub, because I thought Father might be hungry. Those trape are about four miles apart, all rough country and heavy timber, too. I didn't find him that day, so I slept out. Next day I went on and that morning I found him. His foot had slipped when he was setting a bear trap, and he was caught in it. He hadn't had anything to eat for four days. When I made a fire and gave him grub he felt better, but his foot

was smashed." "How did you get him out of the trap?" asked Pierre. I wouldn't have known how, but, Father told me. I cut down two small dead trees, which were tough, to use as levers. Then I rolled up a log and wedged it with stones. Then I took a rope Father always carried, tied it to one end of the lever, and pulled it down until the spring was loose. Then I tracked the pony and Father managed to get on and ride home. Good thing I brought plenty of grub. It took two days to get home."

"Right plucky for a little chap," eried the Campers, and awarded the (Tomorrow: The Winning SigWolves Wiser Than Foxes.

The wisdom of the fox is not so evident as the saying is widespread, but the more I see of wolves the more respect I have for their intelligence, which is unique among the non-human inhabitants of the

The second day on the new land I met a wolf that came running toward me at first, for he could not fail to mistake me at a distance for a caribou, but when he got within two hundred yards and could see more plainly he realised my strangeness, and, what is truly remarkable,

inferred that I might be dangerous. This wolf could certainly never have seen a human before, and the only dark thing of size comparable to mine that he had ever seen must have been either a caribou or a muskox. The caribou are his prey, and while he seldom kills a muskox he at least has no reason to fear that exceptionally clumsy and slowmoving animal.

But at two hundred yards this wolf paused and, after a good look that satisfied him that I was something new in his experience, commenced to circle me at that distance to get my wind. When he got it it took him but a sniff or two and he was off at top speed.

The similarly unsophisticated foxes of this region will commonly run within ten or fifteen yards of you and follow you around for miles, barking like a toy dog following a pedestrian. — Vilhjalmur Stefansson in Harper's.

Area of Our Country.

Canada is Britain's largest overseas Dominion.

Canada is 3,500 miles by 1,400 in area. U. S.-Canada boundary line 3,000 miles long; 1,600 by land. 1,400 through water. Canada is bounded by three oceans; its 13,000 miles of coast line

is nearly equal to half circumference of earth. Canada has one-third of area of British Empire, and is as large as 30 United Kingdoms and 18 Ger-

manys; twice the size of British India; almost as large as Europe; 18 times the size of France, and 33 of Canada is larger in area than the

United States, including Alaska, by 111;992 square miles (Canada 3,729,-665; United States and Alaska. 3,617,673). Canada's land area (within provinces), 1,401,000,000 acres, 31 per

cent., or 440,000,000, is fit for cultivation; only 110,000,000 acres occupied, and 34;000,000 acres under cul-

Polo is apparently the Spaniards'

straight as a niskuk flies." "A niskuk " said David. THE COURAGE OF "Yes-a gray goose." "Don't you have crows?"

MARGE O'DOONE BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Chapter III.

and fingers, lay loosely upon his David saw it there in the lamp-glow, "You have been thinking, since looked at him without moving or deeply-lined strength of ti that was asked.

making a sound, and as he looked, almost youthful. But his thick, "Yes. I came back. But you were you say? Will you get off with me?" to reach out from the lonely figure had begun to move. He turned to of the wilderness preacher that filled him with a strangely new feeling of companionship. Again he made no effort to analyze the change in himself; he accepted it as one of the two or three inexplicable phenomena this night and the storm had pro-duced for him, and was chiefly concerned in the fact that he was no longer oppressed by that torment of aloneness which had been a part of

When the body begins to stiffen Father Roland was asleep that he and give me an easy jump. My dogs you more a son to me than a stranwon't stick a knife into your back; He did not stop in the first or secempty seats and people were rousing themselves into more cheerful activity. He passed through on and then the other to the third coach, and sat down when he came to the seat he had formerly occupied. He did not ond car, though there were plenty of these organs healthy by taking empty seats and people were rousing her to suspect that he had come back and for that purpose. When his eyes end of God's Lake, three hundred you want, David. It's blood—real miles by dogs and sledge from Thor-blood. And for putting blood into

he was disappointed. She was almost covered in her coat. He caught only the gleam of her thick, dark hair, and the shape of one slim hand, white as paper in the lampglow. He knew that she was not asleep, for he saw her shoulders move, and the hand shifted its posi-tion to hold the coat closer about her. The whistling of the approach-ing engine, which could be heard distinctly now, had no apparent effect on her. For ten minutes he sat staring at all he could ses of her-the dark glow of her hair and the one ghostly white hand. He moved, he shuffled his feet, he coughed! he made sure she knew he was there, but she did not look up. He was sorry that he had not brought Father Roland with him in the first place, for he was certain that if the Little On Tuesday at Brockville Rev. H. Missioner had seen the grief and the despair in her eyes the hope almost I. Hillis united in marriage Miss burned out—he would have gone to her and said things which he had

A second time he returned to the

eau's — three hundred mfles

"A few; but they're as crooked in flight as they are in morals. They're scavengers, and they hang down snow-" pretty close to the line of rail-close to civilization, where there's a lot shine, and forests—the tens of thouof scavenging to be done, you know." | sands of miles of our Northland that For the second time that night David found a laugh on his lips.

Father Roland was no longer hud- a dying out of the light in his eyes, a man's, David? After that, if you de-David came up quietly to the door dled down in his corner. He was tenseness that came and went like cide not to go up to God's Lake with

"I haven't been asleep. I have man, Father." the window for a moment, and then been awake every minute. I thought once that I heard a movement at the elatedly. no one there. You told me to-day that you were going west-to the "It is some distance beyond the British Columbia mountains?" dvisional point ahead—this cabin

David nodded. Father Roland sat

down beside him. aloneness which had been a part of his nights and days for so many where Thoreau, the Frenchman, has he made up his mind not to disturb the other. So certain was he that slow down to throw off my dunnage with me and why it seemed to make stomach he isn't a grouch, and he stomach he isn't a grouch, and he isn't a grouch isn't into the isn't into th ger. I have guessed that in going but if he eats from habit-or neces-"And from there—from Thoreau's west you are simply wandering. You sity—he isn't a beautiful character it is a long distance to the place are fighting in a vain and foolish in the eyes of nature, and there's cheer. They were expressions of in Japan or the South Sea Islands as things in that cabin, forty miles more than satisfaction. "It's a great you can on Fifth Avenue in New away." many miles to my own cabin, but York, and sometimes the farther it's home—all home—after I get into saway you get the more maddening the forests. My cabin is at the lower your thoughts become. It isn't travel

you, and courage, and joy of just

living and breathing, there's nothing on the face of the earth like-that!" He reached an arm past David and pointed to the night beyond the car

"You mean the storm, and the

"Yes; storm and snow, and sunyou've seen only the edges of. That's what I mean. But, first of all"-"Then-you don't like civiliza- and again the Little Missioner rubbed his hands-"first of all, I'm thinking "My heart is in the Northland," re- of the supper that's waiting for us plied Father Roland, and David saw at Thoreau's. Will you get off and the sudden change in the other's face, have supper with me at the Frenchof the smoking compartment where on his feet, his hands thrust deep he had left Father Roland The Little down into his trousers pookets, and his some was huddled in his corner he was whistling softly as David came sioner's hand tighten, and the fingers dog team. Such a supper—or breaknear the window. His head hung in. His hat lay on the seat. It was knot themselves curiously and then fast—it will be! I can smell it now, for I know Thoreau—his fish, his his black Stetson concealed his face.
He was apparently asleep. His hands, without the big Stetson. He looked with their strangely developed joints younger and yet older; his face, as became the questioner.

In the first time David had seen his slowly relax.

One of these hands dropped on birds, the tenderest steaks in the forport.

David's shoulder, and Father Roland ests! I can hear Thoreau cursing became the questioner. knees. For fully half a minute David had something in the ruddy glow and you left me a little while ago?" he derloin and partridges just ready for

"It is a tempting offer to a hungry The Little Missioner chuckled

"Hunger!-that's the real medicine of the gods, David, when the belt isn't drawn too tight. If I want to know the nature and quality of a man I ask about his stomach. Did "Yes, twenty or twenty-five miles.

"Of course you didn't tell me why eat who wasn't a pretty decent sort?

You were going," he went on. "I have Did you ever know of a man who lov-

> He was rubbing his hands briskly and his face radiated such joyous anticipation as he talked that David unconsciously felt the spirit of his enthusiasm. He had gripped one of Father Roland's hands and was pumping it up and down almost before he realized what he was doing. "I'll get off with you at Thoreaus. he exclaimed, "and later, if I feel as I do now, and you still want my company, I'll go on with you into the A slight flush rose into his thin

heeks and his eyes shone with a freshly lighted enthusiasm. As Father Roland saw the change in him his hands closed over David's. "I knew you had a splendid stomach in you from the moment you fin-ished telling me about the woman." he cried exultantly. "I knew it, David. And I do want your company-I want it as I never wanted the company of another man!"

(To Be Continued)

The most noticeable peculiarity about the Ainu women of Japan is that they have tattooed upon their

B.C. Fir

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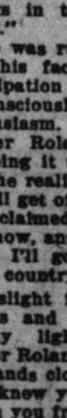
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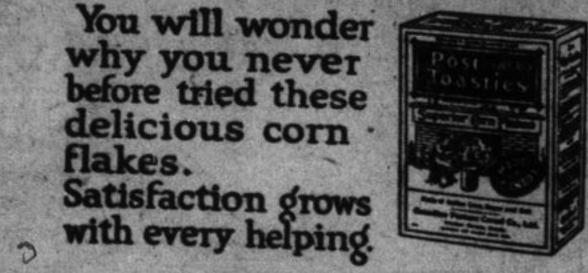
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upper and lower lips what resembles a moustache. This is begun when the girl is quite a child. It is done gradually, a little each year, until is cut and the black rubbed in Afterite men are not considered attractive and the material used being the soot ash bark liquor to fix the color. injured.



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