

# Royal Yeast Cakes

STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS  
**MAKE BETTER HOME MADE BREAD**

WING CHAIR FOR THE FIRE-PLACE



One of the most convenient places to set a wing chair is at the side of the fireplace. The wing chair is for comfort and the fireplace is for comfort. Both make an ideal combination.

## Simple Way to Take Off Fat

Can anything be simpler than taking a confessional little tablet four times each day until your weight is reduced to normal? Of course not. Just purchase a box of Marmola Prescription Tablets from your drugist for one dollar, and start now to reduce. Follow directions—no starvation, dieting or tireless exercising. Eat substantial food, be as lazy as you like, and keep on eating tender. Thousands of men and women each year regain healthy, slender figures by using Marmola Tablets. Purchase them from your drugist, or send direct to Marmola Co., General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

## Princess Cloudy Ammonia

The Peerless Cleanser  
Easy to use, economical and efficient—removes dirt and stains from clothing and carpets. Politely does NOT shrink fabrics nor run colors. A tablespoonful or two in the "washing" works wonders.  
10c. and 25c. Bottles

## PRINCESS PHARMACY

## Coughs and Colds Mean Restless Nights

Which sap the vitality. Danger lurks in every hour a cold is allowed to run. Assiduous nursing to bring your children quickly back to health and avoid serious complications by the prompt use of Gray's Syrup—over 60 years in use.  
Largest Bottles  
Largest Sales

## GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

Manufactured by D. WATSON & CO., New York

## Gartland's Art Store

All Pictures and Frames reduced for this month. See our new Picture and Frame Mouldings.  
BY PRINCESS STREET  
Phone 2110w.

## WALL PAPER

New Spring stock of Wall Paper just arrived.  
Choice range of patterns to pick from.  
See us for estimates on decorating your home.  
**W. G. VEALE**  
314 BARRIE STREET

## CADILLAC The Master of ELECTRIC CLEANERS

New Ball Bearing Motor, exclusively a Cadillac feature. No oil or grease used. Why wait, when \$6.50 per month will buy one.

## J. R. C. Dobbs & Co.

44 Clarence Street, Phone 511.

# BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

James Oliver Curwood  
A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Bush McTaggart, the factor of Post MacBain, a brutal and unscrupulous schemer, was determined to marry Nepeece, the beautiful Indian "princess," daughter of Pierrot, the trapper. He had tired of Marie, the slim Cree girl who had been his companion. McTaggart's advances were distasteful to Nepeece and aroused the enmity of her father, so the conscienceless factor plotted to do away with Pierrot if necessary to win his daughter for himself.

**CHAPTER XI—Continued**  
He chuckled again as he made his way through the darkness to the door. Nepeece as good as belonged to him. He would have her if it cost—Pierrot's life. And—why not? It was all so



"And he pointed to the tall spruce under which the princess mother lay."

easy. A shot on a lonely trap-line, a single knife-thrust—and who would know? Who would guess where Pierrot had gone? And it would all be Pierrot's fault. For the last time he had seen Pierrot, he had made an honest proposition; he would marry Nepeece. Yes, even that. He had told Pierrot that when the latter was his father-in-law, he would pay him double price for furs.

And Pierrot had stared—had stared with that strange, stunned look in his face, like a man dazed by a blow from a club. And so if he did not get Nepeece without trouble it would all be Pierrot's fault. Tomorrow McTaggart would start, again for the halfbreed's country. And the next day Pierrot would have an answer for him. Bush McTaggart chuckled again when he went to bed.

Until the next to the last day Pierrot said nothing to Nepeece about what had passed between him and the factor at Lac Bain. Then he told her. "He is a beast—a man-devil," he said, when he had finished. "I would rather see you out there—with her—dead." And he pointed to the tall spruce under which the princess mother lay.

Nepeece had not uttered a sound. But her eyes had grown bigger and darker, and there was a flush in her cheeks which Pierrot had never seen there before. She stood up when he had done, and she seemed taller to him. Never had she looked quite so much like a woman, and Pierrot's eyes were deep-shadowed with fear and uneasiness as he watched her while she gazed off into the northwest—toward Lac Bain.

She was wonderful, this slip of a girl-woman. Her beauty troubled him. He had seen the look in Bush McTaggart's eyes. He had heard the thrill in McTaggart's voice. He had caught the desire of a beast in McTaggart's face. It had frightened him at first. But now—he was not frightened. He was uneasy, but his hands were clenched, in his heart there was a smoldering fire. At last Nepeece turned and came and sat down beside him again, at his feet.

## MOTHER!

Clean Child's Bowels  
"California Fig Syrup" is Dependable Laxative for Sick Children



Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful to-day may prevent a sick child to-morrow. Doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.  
Ask your drugist for genuine "California Fig Syrup," which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California," or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

"He is coming tomorrow, ma che-rie," he said. "What shall I tell him?" The Willow's lips were red. Her eyes shone. But she did not look at her father.

"Nothing, Nootaw—except that you are to say to him that I am the one to whom he must come—for what he seeks."

Pierrot bent over and caught her smiling. The sun went down. His heart sank with it, like cold lead.

From Lac Bain to Pierrot's cabin the trail cut within half a mile of the beaver-pond, a dozen miles from where Pierrot lived; and it was here, on a twist of the creek in which Wakayoo had caught fish for Baree, that Bush McTaggart made his camp for the night.

It was a splendid night that followed. Perhaps Baree would have slept thru it in his nest on the top of the dam if the bacon smell had not stirred the new hunger in him. Since his adventure in the canyon, the deeper forest had held a dread for him, especially at night. But this night was like a pale, golden day; it was moonless; but the stars shone like a billion distant lamps, flooding the world in a soft and billowy sea of light. A gentle whisper of wind made pleasant sounds in the tree-tops. Beyond that it was very quiet.

In this silence Baree began to hunt. He stirred up a family of half-grown partridges, but they escaped him. He pursued a rabbit that was swifter than he. For an hour he had no luck. Then he heard a sound that made every drop of blood in him thrill. He was close to McTaggart's camp, and what he heard was a rabbit in one of McTaggart's snares. He came out into a little starlit-noon and there he saw the rabbit going through a most marvelous panto mime. It amazed him for a moment, and he stopped in his tracks.

Wapoo, the rabbit, had run his furry head into the snare, and his first frightened jump had "shot" the sapling to which the copper wire was attached so that he was now hung half in midair, with only his hind feet touching the ground. And there he was dancing madly while the noose about his neck slowly choked him to death.

Baree gave a sort of gasp. He could understand nothing of the part that the wire and the sapling were playing in this curious game. All he could see was that Wapoo was hopping and dancing about on his hind legs in a most puzzling and unrabbit-like fashion. It may be that he thought it some sort of play. In this instance, however, he did not regard Wapoo as he had looked on Umisk the beaver. He knew that Wapoo made mighty fine eating, and after another moment or two, of hesitation he darted upon his prey.

McTaggart had heard no sound, for the snare into which Wapoo had run his head was the one set farthest from the camp. Besides the smoldering coals of his fire he sat with his back to a tree, smoking his black pipe and dreaming covetously of Nepeece, when Baree continued his night wandering. Baree no longer had the desire to hunt. He was too full. But he nosed in and out of the starlit spaces, enjoying immensely the stillness and the golden glow of the night. He was following a rabbit run when he came to a place where two fallen logs left a trail as wide as his body. He squeezed through; something tightened about his neck; there was a sudden snap—a swish as the sapling was released from its "trigger"—and Baree was jerked off his feet so suddenly that he had no time to conjecture as to what was happening.

The yelp in his throat died in a gurgle, and the next moment he was going through the pantomimic actions of Wapoo, who was having his vengeance inside him. For the life of him Baree could not keep from dancing about, while the wire grew tighter and tighter about his neck. When he snapped at the wire and flung the weight of his body to the ground, the sapling would bend obligingly, and then—in its rebound—would yank him for an instant completely off the earth. Furiously he struggled. It was a miracle that the fine wire held him. In a few

moments more it must have broken—but McTaggart had heard him! The factor caught up his blanket and a heavy stick as he hurried toward the snare. It was not a rabbit making those sounds—he knew that. Perhaps a fish-eater—a lynx, a fox, a young wolf—

It was the wolf he thought of first when he saw Baree at the end of the wire. He dropped the blanket and raised the club. If there had been clouds overhead, or the stars had been less

brilliant, Baree would have died as surely as Wapoo had died. With the club raised over his head McTaggart saw in time the white star, the white-tipped cat, and the jet black of Baree's coat.

With a swift movement he exchanged the club for the blanket.

In that hour, could McTaggart have looked ahead to the days that were to come, he would have used the club. (To be continued)

Furious gale of Thursday drove westward thousands of wild ducks, near Prescott, Ont.  
A gorgeous material has gold and silver stripes on a ground of sheep black chiffon.



# Built for Use Every Day

**SNYDER'S Sani-Bilt Living Room Furniture**, guaranteed mothproof, although handsomest of its kind, is not built for mere show. It is built for hard, everyday use in the most used room in the house—the family living room of the modern home.

When a man wants to be comfortable after the day's work is done, he doesn't long to sit up in a stiff-backed chair or recline on a fancy spindle-legged sofa. Those days are passed and gone. Nowadays a man looks for a broad, low, Sani-Bilt Chesterfield or a deep, capacious Sani-Bilt Chair. He wants to relax and be comfortable.

In a house where there are children it is no use buying living room furniture that won't withstand constant use. Active little people are up and down, in and out, all the time. The Living Room belongs in part to them. Snyder's Sani-Bilt Living Room Furniture is built for the whole family, and the coverings are chosen for their durability, as well as their beauty.

**Beauty Founded on Strength**  
The beauty of Snyder's Sani-Bilt is more than skin deep. It is beauty founded on constructional strength. The frames are built of thick, clear, solid hardwood without knot or flaw. Every joint is put together with a craftsman's skill, being dowelled and corner-blocked, glued and screwed.

Nor does a Sani-Bilt Chair or Chesterfield sag under heavy use. The springs rest on interlaced straps of a special, non-stretchable Scotch webbing, nailed securely to the frame. The springs themselves are more numerous than in ordinary upholstered furniture, the Sani-Bilt Chesterfield seat containing four rows of springs as compared to the usual three. They are of rust-proof, oil-tempered steel, very strong, cross-tied into place so that they may not slip from position under weight of constant use. The strain being thus equalized, no sags can occur. The edge of the seat is supported by a strong, steel wire stretched taut from arm to arm.

**The Moths Can't Hurt It**  
Snyder's Sani-Bilt Furniture is, of course, absolutely immune from moths. Moths can't hurt it. Yes, you may leave a piece of Sani-Bilt covering fabric or Sani-Bilt stuffing in the possession of moths for a year. At the end of that time the moths and the moth worms will be dead and withered away to dust. But the fabric will be unharmed.

We want to warn the public that there are certain other makes of upholstered furniture on the market claimed to be mothproof like Sani-Bilt. But the one and only Sani-Bilt process is the process used in the Snyder factory. No other manufacturer of upholstered furniture in Canada uses the Sani-Bilt process. It is a process which is applied to every particle of inside stuffing and every thread of the coverings, in our own factory.

# Snyder's SANI-BILT LIVING ROOM FURNITURE

Guaranteed Moth Proof

We carry a full line of Snyder's Sani-Bilt Chesterfield Suites in plain Taupe and Figured Mohair.

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Kingston's Biggest Home Furnishers

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**REAL BEAUTY FROM SPAIN**  
Spanish beauty which would be acclaimed beauty anywhere, has made famous Senorita Manuella de Ubarry, daughter of the Spanish minister formerly in Belgrade, Jugo Slavia.

Factor caught up his blanket and a heavy stick as he hurried toward the snare. It was not a rabbit making those sounds—he knew that. Perhaps a fish-eater—a lynx, a fox, a young wolf—

## For Strenuous Days

# OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

**Builds up Brain, Nerves, and Body**

When days are filled with the rush and strain of business or housework—you know the lassitude that creeps over you at times—the afternoon heaviness—the exhaustion after the day's work.

These are times for a cup of delicious "Ovaltine." Made from eggs, milk and barley malt, "Ovaltine" will supply the extra energy to bring you "up to the crest" again. A cup taken on retiring soothes the nerves, assures sound sleep and promotes vigorous health.

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