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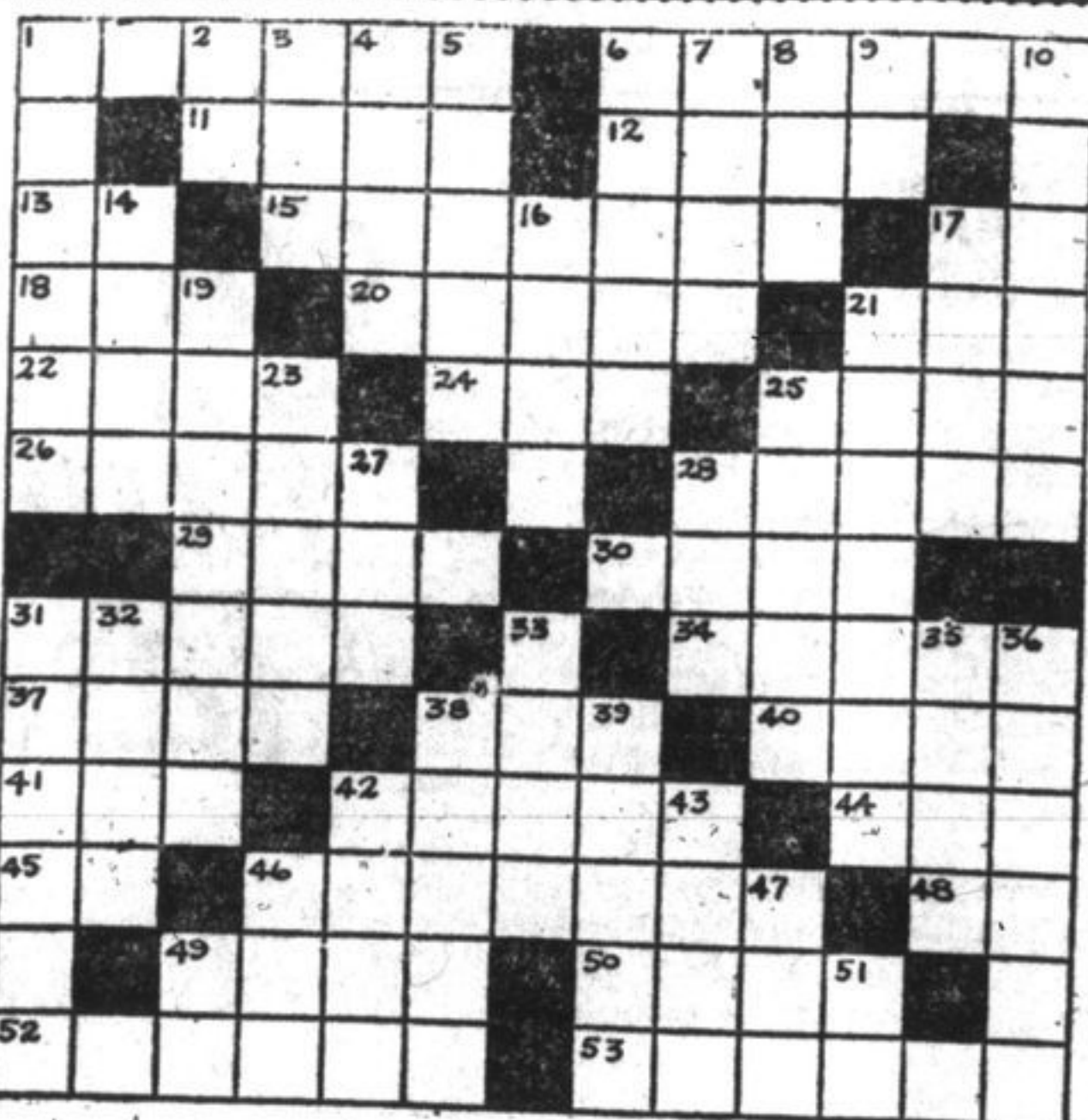
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CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



4-13

You may never have heard of a 6-horizontal, but you'll have little effort to get it. Only one letter is unkeyed, and any dictionary ought to help you, after you have the first three letters.

- Horizontal.
- Pieces of furniture upon which we place our food.
 - Blister.
 - Edge of roof.
 - Assists.
 - Second note of scale.
 - Formed a scheme.
 - Part of verb to be.
 - Tablet.
 - Withered.
 - To drink slowly.
 - Cow-headed goddess.
 - Scarlet.
 - So flow.
 - Distributes cards.
 - To obliterate.
 - To cry as a cat.
 - So join by sewing.
 - Black haws.
 - Loyal.
 - To intimate.
 - Very high mountain.
 - Emperor.
 - Wand.
 - To embrace.
 - Before.
 - Within.
 - Mottled.
 - Printer's measure.
 - Meager.
 - A list.
 - Flexible.
 - Insane person.
- Vertical.
- Inert.
 - To subsist.
 - Boy.
 - Nights.
 - To part.
 - Placed upon foundation.
 - Spoke falsely.
 - To total.

Answer to Saturday's Crossword Puzzle:



ribbons. He did not taste the flesh. It was repugnant to him. It was his vengeance on the wolf breed. He stopped when he was half a dozen miles from Lac Bain, and turned back. At this particular point the line crossed a frozen stream beyond which was open plain, and over that plain came—the wind was right—the smoke and smell of the Post. The second night Barea lay with a full stomach in a thicket of banksian pine; the third day he was travelling westward over the trap-line again.

Early on this morning Bush McTaggart started out to gather his catch and where he crossed the stream six miles from Lac Bain he first saw Barea's tracks. He stopped to examine them with sudden and unusual interest falling at last on his knees, whipping off the glove from his right hand, and picking up a single hair.

"The black wolf!" He uttered the words in an odd, hard voice, and involuntarily his eyes turned straight in the direction of the Gray son. After that, even more carefully than before, he examined one of the clearly impressed tracks in the snow. When he rose to his feet there was in his face the look of one who had made an unpleasant discovery.

"A black wolf!" he repeated, and shrugged his shoulders. "Bah! Lerie is a fool. It is a dog." And then, after a moment, he muttered in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper, "her dog."

He went on travelling in the trail of the dog. A new excitement possessed him that was more thrilling than the excitement of the hunt. Being human, it was his privilege to add two and two together, and out of the two and two he made—Barea. There was little doubt in his mind. The thought had



"The Black Wolf"

flashed on him first when Lerie had mentioned the black wolf. He was convinced after his examination of the tracks. They were the tracks of a dog, and the dog was black. Then he came to the first trap that had been robbed of its bait.

Under his breath he cursed. The bait was gone, and the trap was unspring. The sharpened stick that had transfixed the bait was pulled out clean.

All that day Bush McTaggart followed a trail where Barea had left traces of his presence. Trap after trap he found robbed. On the lake he came upon the mangled wolf. From the first disturbing excitement of his discovery of Barea's presence his humor changed slowly to one of rage, and his rage increased as the day dragged out. He was not unacquainted with four-footed robbers of the trap-line, but usually a wolf or a fox or a dog who had grown adept in thievery troubled only a few traps. But in this case Barea was travelling straight from trap to trap, and his footprints in the snow showed that he stopped at each.

At dusk he reached the shack Pierre Eustach had built midway of his line, and took inventory of his fur. It was not more than a third of a catch; the lynx was half ruined, a mink was torn completely in two. The second day he found still greater ruin, still more barren traps. He was like a madman. When he arrived at the second cabin, late in the afternoon, Barea's tracks were not an hour old in the snow. Three times during the night he heard the dog howling.

The third day McTaggart did not return to Lac Bain, but began a cautious hunt for Barea. An inch or two of fresh snow had fallen, and as if to take even greater measure of vengeance from his man-enemy Barea had left footprints freely within a radius of a hundred yards of the cabin. It was half an hour before McTaggart could pick out the straight trail, and he followed this for two hours into a thick banksian swamp. Barea kept with the wind. Now and then he caught the scent of his pursuer; a dozen times he waited until the other was so close he could hear the snap of brush, or the metallic click of twigs against his rifle barrel. And then, with a sudden inspiration that brought the curses afresh to McTaggart's lips, he swung in a wide circle and cut straight back for the trap-line. When the Factor reached the line, along toward noon, Barea had already begun his work. He had killed and eaten a rabbit; he had robbed three traps in the distance of a mile, and he was headed again straight over the trap-line for Post Lac Bain.

(To be continued)

The U. S. courts will have to decide upon the right of the Northern Navigation Company Limited and the Great Lakes Steamship Lines to participate in transportation between U. S. points. Steamer St. Ignace has been purchased by the Reserve Navigation company of Cleveland in anticipation of the rush of travel to Ontario when the sale of stronger beer becomes legal. Robert Stewart, former member of parliament for Ottawa, and prominent in business, is dead, aged seventy-five years.

Ottawa's civic tax rate for 1925 is 21.70 mills on the dollar, the same as last year.

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

James Oliver Curwood
A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

SYNOPSIS

It was in the winter that a half-breed found in the snow footprints of Barea, the wolf-dog. He reported to McTaggart, the factor, that he had seen prints larger than those of a fox, and the factor's suspicions were aroused. Barea had been his enemy. He had tried to kill the dog and the dog had inflicted wounds on him. Moreover, McTaggart had shot Pierrot, the trapper, who was Barea's master, and caused the animal to be separated from Nepeeze, the trapper's daughter.

CHAPTER XXV—Continued.
The next day saw the beginning of the struggle that was to follow between the wits of man and beast. To Barea the encroachment of Bush McTaggart's trap-line was not war; it was existence. It was to furnish him food, as Pierrot's line had done for many weeks. But he sensed the fact that in this instance he was law-breaker and had an enemy to outwit. Had it been good hunting weather he might have gone on, for the unseen hand that was guiding his wanderings was drawing him slowly but surely back to the old beaver-pond and the Gray Loon. As it was, with the snow deep and soft under him—so deep that in places he plunged into it over his ears—McTaggart's trap-line was like a trail of manna made for his special use. He followed in the Factor's snowshoe tracks, and in the third trap killed a rabbit. When he had finished with it nothing but the hair and crimson patches of blood lay upon the snow. Starved for many days, he was filled with a wolfish hunger, and before the day was over he robbed the bait from a full dozen of McTaggart's traps. Three times he struck poison-baits—venison or caribou fat in the heart of which was a dose of strychnine, and each time his keen nostrils detected the danger. Pierrot had more than once noted the amazing fact that Barea could sense the presence of poison even when it was most skillfully injected into the frozen carcass of a deer. Foxes and wolves ate of flesh from which his supersensitive power of detecting the presence of deadly danger turned him away. So he passed Bush McTaggart's poisoned tiddits, sniffing them on the way, and leaving the story of his suspicion in the manner of his footprints in the snow. Where McTaggart had halted at midday to cook his dinner Barea made these same cautious circles with his feet.

The second day, being less hungry and more heated alive to the hated smell of his enemy, Barea ate less but was more destructive. McTaggart was not as skillful as Pierre Eustach in

keeping the scent of his hands from the traps and "houses," and every now and then the smell of him was strong in Barea's nose. This wrought in Barea a swift and definite antagonism, a steadily increasing hatred where a few days before hatred was almost forgotten. There is, perhaps, in the animal mind a process of simple computation which does not quite achieve the distinction of reason, and which is not altogether instinct, but which produces results that might be ascribed to either. Barea did not add two and two together to make four; he did not go back step by step to prove to himself that the man to whom this trap-line belonged was the cause of all his griefs and troubles—but he did find himself possessed of a deep and yearning hatred. McTaggart was the one creature except the wolves that he had ever hated; it was McTaggart who had hurt him, McTaggart who had made Pierrot, McTaggart who had made him lose his beloved Nepeeze—and McTaggart was here on this trap-line! If he had been wandering before, without object or destiny, he was given a mission now. It was to keep to the traps. To feed himself. And to vent his hatred and his vengeance as he lived.

The second day, in the centre of a lake, he came upon the body of a wolf that had died of one of the poison-baits. For a half-hour he mauled the dead beast until its skin was torn into

Whooping Cough

Is a Very Serious Trouble
Her 5 Children Had It

Mrs. S. H. Craig, R.R. No. 1, Palmerston, Ont., writes:—"Two years ago, last winter, our five children had very severe attacks of whooping cough. We were recommended, by our druggist, to use

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which we did with the greatest of success. It cleared out the throat and bronchial tubes, and loosened the phlegm so that they were able to cough it up, and—in no time I had quenched the 'whooping'."

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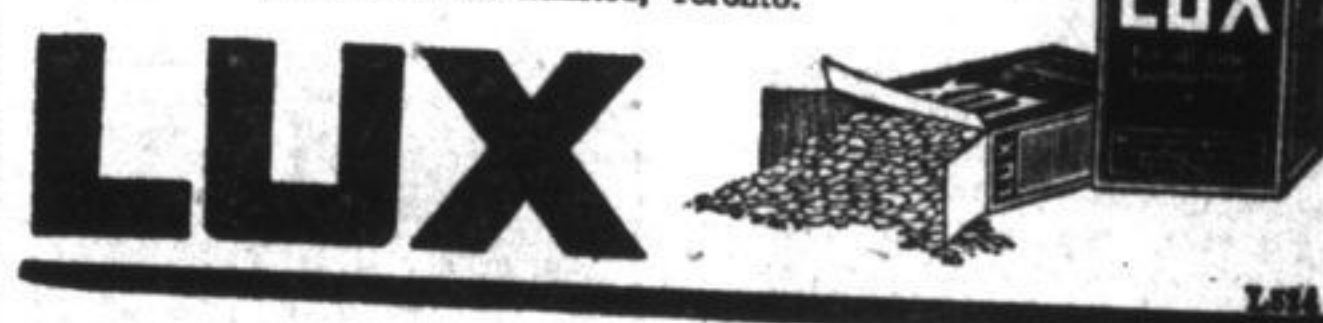
A rich live suds is essential throughout the washing of blankets. To obtain this, use two tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water in the washing.

Dissolve the Lux thoroughly in very hot water, whisking it into a thick suds. Add cold water until lukewarm. Put the blanket into the rich suds, soak it up and down, and squeeze the suds through the entire blanket. If suds die down, add more Lux, taking care that it dissolves before you put the blanket in again. Press the suds through the soiled spots if any, but never rub the blanket.

Rinse in three or more lukewarm waters, of the same temperature as the suds. Fold evenly, run through a loose wringer and hang dripping. Never wring tightly. Pull gently into shape at intervals when drying. Do not expose wet blankets to extremes of heat or cold.

Ordinary common bar soap or chips shrink wool, and coarsen and yellow it. Lux is mild and pure, and entirely free from any ingredients that could harm or shrink wool fibres. Lux keeps your blankets like new.

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If you are baking a layer cake you will require less heat than if you are baking it in a solid loaf.

Worshipful Brother Henry Morgan, Past Master of Moira Lodge, No. 11 A.F. & A.M.; G.R.C., Belleville, was presented with a cabinet of silverware by brother Masons.

L. A. Phelps, former conductor of the Rose Inn, Clayton, N.Y., has leased the new Hotel Riverview near the railroad station and will take possession on May 1st for one year. Increased sales of liquor by the government dispensaries during last year resulted in their payment to the Ontario government of \$850,000.

The Knights of Pythias will hold a convention in Alexandria Bay, N. Y., on July 27th to Aug. 1st. There will be 1,500 to 2,000 delegates.

David Eckert, Glenora, passed away at his home on the 5th April. He was one of the oldest residents of that section and well liked by all.

Cheese at Watertown, N.Y., and Gouverneur, N.Y., is selling at 22c. A year ago the opening price was 14c.

Seizure of liquor in C.N.R. car at frontier may lead to opening up of all car lot consignments.

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