



**Pyorrhoea is a disease of the gums—not the teeth**

You may take good care of your teeth and still get Pyorrhoea. Once Pyorrhoea secures a firm hold, pus pockets form, gums become weak and flabby, the teeth loosen and fall out no matter how white and sound they may be.

**Forhan's means healthy gums**

It contains the right proportion of Forhan's Astrigent, as used by the dental profession in treating Pyorrhoea. Forhan's protects the gums, keeps them in a firm, healthy condition, and leaves the mouth sweet, fresh and wholesome. If you don't care to discontinue your regular tooth paste, at least brush your teeth and gums once a day with Forhan's.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhoea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for and get Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

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**Forhan's FOR THE GUMS**  
More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhoea



**Efficient Housekeeping**

**TOMORROW'S MENU**

- Breakfast: Stewed Dried Apples, Cereal
- Beef Hash, Muffins
- Coffee, Luncheon
- Spanish Omelet, Radishes
- Rolls, Jelly, Cocoa
- Dinner: Lamb Stew (with Potatoes, Peas and Celery), Tomato Salad, Peach Whip, Coffee

Answers To Inquiries. Daily Reader: "What is the value of a sampler worked in 1734? Also how are they used?"

Answer: You would have to have it appraised by the proprietor of an antique store. Framed samplers are as interesting on the wall as pictures and I am particularly fond of seeing them hung in hallways.

A. A.: "Would it be safe to dry-clean my red Canton Crepe dress at home? It is beaded on front and sleeves."

Answer: The home woman is generally successful in washing such dresses in a basin of gasoline (doing the work out of doors, never near heat or flame). But beading complicates matters, for after the garment has hung on the line for several days (in order to allow the gasoline odor to evaporate) it must be pressed; and it is most difficult to press a beaded dress properly. Perhaps it would be best to send it to a professional cleansing establishment. I cannot tell you what this would cost, but I believe the results would be worth the price.

R. K.: "What removes a fat stain from a silk crepe dress?"

Answer: Gasoline, benzine, chloroform or ether. The two last named fluids should never leave a "ring," but the other two first-named sometimes do.

A Faithful Reader: "Is it possible to feed three adults properly on \$10 a week?"

Answer: As I have said before, in this column, the housekeeper should allow \$5 per person in her food budget. Of course if you are to have a kitchen garden, or keep chickens, it could be done on less than \$15. But it is never economy, in the long run, to cut down table expenses. Cut on carfare, clothes, amusements—anything else! Health comes first. Sometimes we put into doctors' bills what we save in a food budget.

Mrs. G.: "Is there anything that will straighten celluloid knitting needles?"

Answer: Yes. Hold them in the steam from a boiling kettle of water and straighten them with your fingers, then plunge them into cold water at once, to harden. Remember, though, that celluloid is very inflammable and must never be held near open flame.

Tomorrow—The Appropriate Dessert.

All inquiries addressed to Miss Kirkman in care of the "Efficient Housekeeping" department will be answered in these columns in their turn. This requires considerable time, however, owing to the great number received. So if a personal or quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question. Be sure to use YOUR full name, street number, and the name of your city and state.

—The Editor.

**BAREE, SON OF KAZAN**  
James Oliver Curwood  
A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

Baree, his beloved Nepeese, daughter of the trapper, gone, wandered alone over the trails, through the forests, everywhere he might find food for himself. At length he encountered the game-snares laid by McTaggart, the factor, and he stripped them systematically and feasted on the prey they yielded. McTaggart, missing his game, and suspecting the nearby footprints were those of the dog, his old enemy, started also a search for Baree.

CHAPTER XXV—Continued. It was the fifth day that Bush McTaggart returned to his post. He was in an ugly mood. Only Valence of the four Frenchmen was there, and it was Valence who heard his story, and after ward heard him cursing Marie. She came into the store a little later, big-eyed and frightened, one of her cheeks flaming red where McTaggart had struck her. While the storekeeper was getting her the canned salmon McTaggart wanted for his dinner Valence found the opportunity to whisper softly in her ear:

"C'est Lerus has trapped a silver fox," he said with low triumph. "He loves you, mon ami, and he will have a splendid catch by spring—and sends you this message from his cabin up on The Little Black Bear With No Tail: Be ready to fly when the soft snows come!"

Marie did not look at him, but she heard, and her eyes shone so like stars when the young store keeper gave her the salmon that he said to Valence, when she had gone:

"Blue Death, but she is still beautiful at times, Valence!"

To which Valence nodded with an odd smile.

CHAPTER XXVI By the middle of January the war between Baree and Bush McTaggart had become more than an incident—more than a passing adventure to the beast, and more than an irritating happening to the man. It was, for the time, the elemental raison d'être of their lives. Baree hung to the trap-line. He haunted it like a devastating spectre, and each time that he sniffed aresh the scent of the Factor from Lac Bain he was impressed still more strongly with the instinct that he was

avenging himself upon a deadly enemy. Again and again he outwitted McTaggart; he continued to strip his traps of their bait; the humor grew in him more strongly to destroy the fur he came across; his greatest pleasure came to be—not in eating—but in destroying. The fires of his hatred burned fiercer as the weeks passed, until at last he would snap and tear with his long fangs at the snow where McTaggart's feet had passed. And all of the time, away back of his madness, there was a vision of Nepeese that continued to grow more and more clearly in his brain. That first Great Loneliness—the loneliness of the long days and longer nights of his waiting and seek-



"Valence found the opportunity to whisper softly in her ear."

ing on the Gray Loon, oppressed him again as it had oppressed him in the early days of her loss. On starry or moonlit nights he sent forth his wailing cries for her again, and Bush McTaggart, listening to them in the middle of the night, felt strange shivers run up his spine. The man's hatred was different than the beast's, but perhaps even more implacable. With McTaggart it was not hatred alone. There was mixed with it an indefinable and superstitious fear, a thing he laughed at, a thing he cursed at, but which clung to him as

surely as the scent of his trail clung to Baree's nose. Baree no longer stood for the animal alone; he stood for Nepeese. That was the thought that insisted in growing in McTaggart's ugly mind. Never a day passed now that he did not think of the Willow; never a night came and went without a visioning of her face. He even fancied, on a certain night of storm, that he heard her voice out in the wailing of the wind—and less than a minute later he heard faintly a distant howl out in the forest. That night his heart was filled with a leaden dread. He shook himself. He smoked his pipe until the cabin was blue. He cursed Baree, and the storm—but there was no longer in him the bullying courage of old. He had not ceased to hate Baree; he still hated him as he had never hated a man but he had an even greater reason now for wanting to kill him. It came to him first in his sleep, in a restless dream, and after that it lived, and lived—the thought that the spirit of Nepeese was guiding Baree in the ravaging of his trap-line!

It was in January that McTaggart caught his first glimpse of Baree. He had placed his rifle against a tree, and was a dozen feet away from it at the time. It was as if Baree knew, and had come to taunt him; for when the Factor suddenly looked up Baree was standing outside, clear from the dwarf spruce not twenty yards away from him, his white fangs gleaming and his eyes burning like coals. For a space McTaggart stared as if turned into

stone. It was Baree. He recognized the white star, the white-tipped ear, and his heart thumped like a hammer in his breast. Very slowly he began to creep toward his rifle. His hand was reaching for it when like a flash Baree was gone.

This gave McTaggart his new idea. He blazed himself a fresh trail through the forests parallel with his trap-line but at least five hundred yards distant from it. Wherever a trap or deadfall was set this new trail struck sharply in, like the point of a V, so that he could approach his line unobserved. By this strategy he believed that in time he was sure of getting a shot at the dog. Again it was the man who was reasoning, and again it was the man who was defeated. The first day that McTaggart followed his new trail Baree also struck that trail. For a little while it puzzled him. Three times he cut back and forth between the old and the new trail. Then there was no doubt. The new trail was the fresh trail, and he followed in the footsteps of the Factor from Lac Bain. McTaggart did not know what was happening until his return trip, when he saw the story told in the snow. Baree had visited each trap, and without exception he had approached each time at the point of the inverted V. After a week of futile hunting, of lying in wait, of approaching at every point of the wind—a period during which McTaggart had twenty times cursed himself into fits of madness, another idea came to him. It was like an inspiration, and so simple that it seemed almost inconceivable that he had not thought of it before.

He hurried back to Post Lac Bain. The second day after he was on the

trail at dawn. This time he carried a pack in which there were a dozen strong wolf traps freshly dipped in beaver oil, and a rabbit which he had snared the previous night. Now and then he looked anxiously at the sky. It was clear until late in the afternoon, when banks of dark clouds began rolling up from the east. Half an hour later a few flakes of snow began falling. McTaggart let one of these drop on the back of his mittened hand, and examined it closely. It was soft and downy, and he gave vent to his satisfaction. It was what he wanted. Before morning there would be six inches of freshly fallen snow covering the trails.

He stopped at the next traphouse and quickly set to work. First he threw away the poisoned bait in the "house" and replaced it with the rabbit. Then he began setting his wolf traps. Three of these he placed close to the "door" of the house, through which Baree would have to reach for the bait. The remaining nine he scattered at intervals of a foot or sixteen inches apart, so that when he was done a veritable cordon of traps guarded the house. He did not fasten the chains, but let them lay loose in the snow. If Baree got into one trap he would get into others and there would be no use of tangles. His work done, McTaggart hurried on through the thickening twilight of winter night to his shack. He was highly elated. This time there could be no such thing as failure. He had sprung every trap on his way from La Bain. In none of those traps would Baree find anything to eat until he came to the "nest" of twelve wolf traps.

(To be continued)

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**Robt. J. Reid**

Funeral Service. Ambulance 877.



Lying face down, with shoes removed, women of a strange Polish community here are shown at worship outside the Camedul Monastery at Bielany, near Krakow. They are not allowed inside the church. The men attend the first mass of the day at midnight. They may not talk except to deny the power of the world.

**Children Cry for**

**Fletcher's CASTORIA**



MOTHER: Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

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