

## Tea Production Today

If the Chinese, who first discovered tea, had realized the possibilities of the trade and had studied the nature and requirements of the plant, China might still be the largest tea producing country. Centuries of neglect, however, stunted the growth and caused the quality to deteriorate. In the mountains of Ceylon and India, tea was found to flourish. Scientific methods of cultivation and manufacture were introduced with remarkable results. Now the finest tea grown in the world and by far the largest quantity comes from these countries. "SALADA" is mainly blended from flavoury India and Ceylon teas.

# "SALADA"

### Egypt's Monster Pyramid

The Great Pyramid of Egypt was erected more than 6000 years ago, and nothing more mechanically perfect has ever been built. In massiveness of construction it far exceeds anything that any other nation, ancient or modern, has ever attempted. Its original height was just over 480 feet, and the length of each side at the base 754 feet. Its cubical contents exceeded 800,000,000 cubic feet, and the weight of its mass 5,340,000 tons. Its original cubical contents would have built a city of 22,000 houses, with walls a foot thick, each possessing 20 feet of frontage. Or if the contents of this vast structure were laid down in a line a foot in breadth and depth, the line would be nearly 17,000 miles in length. Herodotus tells us that 100,000 men were engaged in its construction for a space of twenty years, and modern scholars do not think this estimate an exaggerated one.

Dark-skinned children are said to suffer less from the diseases of children than their fair-skinned brothers and sisters.

## WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal!"  
Fights—encourages the children to care for their health!  
Gives them Wrigley's!  
It removes food particles from the teeth, strengthens the gums, combats acid mouth.  
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## CLIPSE FASHIONS



A FIGURED PROCK FOR THE LITTLE GIRL

The home dressmaker will appreciate this simple little frock, No. 1047, which may be dressed up in several ways. It has a deep-pointed collar, opening at the left side, and long sleeves with the fullness gathered at the wrist in narrow bands. For the warm days of spring and summer the little girls will enjoy this dress with short sleeves and no collar. Bias facings at the neck and front opening make a dainty finish. Narrow bands of plain material look very well on the bottom of this little frock when made of English print or figured dimity. A tiny bow at the neck closing always adds a girlish charm. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 years requires 2 1/2 yards of 32-inch material. Patterns sent to any address upon receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Pattern mailed same day as order received.

### A King Who Couldn't Write

Thousands of cyclists and motorists pass along the excellent road by the side of the Thames which leads from Staines to Windsor with no thought that they are traversing perhaps the most memorable piece of land in England. Quite recently it has been under water owing to the flooded condition of the Thames. Runnymede is a meadow by the side of the road, from which one catches a glimpse of Windsor Castle. Magna Charta Island lies in the midst of the stream. The Barons are said to have been camped on the meadow and the King on the north side of the river, and the delegates of the contending parties met on the island to discuss the "protocol." It is generally believed that the King placed his seal on the document which is usually regarded as the foundation of our liberties in a pavilion erected on Runnymede. It is a mistake to say that he signed it, for he could not write his own name. What is believed to be the original document is preserved in the British Museum.

## BARRE, SON OF KAZAN

James Oliver Curwood  
A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH  
SYNOPSIS.  
Pierrot, the half-breed trapper, and Nepeese, his daughter, were hunting when they saw Barre. Barre was a half-dog, half-wolf, but it was the wolf in him that Pierrot saw. Nepeese fired, but her aim was bad. Barre had just seen Sekosew, the ermine, kill a porcupine, and he himself finished the bird and feasted upon it after he had frightened the ermine away. The dog was only a few weeks old and was having his first exciting adventures.

CHAPTER V  
As the Willow pulled the trigger of her rifle, Barre sprang into the air. He felt the force of the bullet before he heard the report of the gun. It lifted him off his feet, and then sent him rolling over and over as if he had been struck a hideous blow with a club. For a flash he did not feel pain. Then it ran through him like a knife of fire, and with that pain the dog in him rose above the wolf, and he let out a wild outcry of puppyish yapping as he rolled and twisted on the ground.

Pierrot and Nepeese had stepped from behind the balsams, the Willow's beautiful eyes shining with pride at the accuracy of her shot. Instantly she caught her breath. Her brown fingers clutched at the barrel of her rifle. The chuckle of satisfaction died on Pierrot's lips as Barre's cries of pain filled the forest.

"Uchi-moo!" gasped Nepeese, in her Cree.

Pierrot caught the rifle from her. "Diab! A dog—a puppy!" he cried. He started on a run for Barre. But in their amazement they had lost a few seconds and Barre's dazed senses were returning. He saw them clearly as they came across the open—a new kind of monster of the forests! With a final wail he darted back into the deep shadow of the trees. It was almost sunset, and he ran for the thick gloom of the heavy spruce near the creek. He had shivered at the sight of the bear and the moose, but for the first time he now sensed the real meaning of danger. And it was close after him. He could hear the crashing of the two-legged beasts in pursuit; strange cries were almost at his heels—and then suddenly he plunged without warning into a hole.

It was a shock to have the earth go out from under his feet like that, but Barre did not yelp. The wolf was dominant in him again. It urged him to remain where he was, making no move, no sound—scarcely breathing. The voices were over him; he strange feet almost stumbled in the hole where he lay. Looking out of his dark hiding place, he could see one of his enemies. It was Nepeese, the Willow. She was standing so that a last glow of the day fell upon her face. Barre did not take his eyes from her. Above his pain there rose in him a strange and thrilling fascination. The girl put her two hands to her mouth, and in a voice that was soft and plaintive and amazingly comforting to his terrified little heart she called:

"Uchi-moo—Uchi-moo—Uchi-moo!" And then he heard another voice; and this voice, too, was far less terrible than many sounds he had listened to in the forests.

"We cannot find him, Nepeese," the voice was saying. "He has crawled off to die. It is too bad. Come."

Where Barre had stood in the edge of the open Pierrot paused and pointed out to a birch sapling that had been cut close off by the Willow's bullet. Nepeese understood. The sapling, no larger than her thumb, had turned her shot a trifle and had saved Barre from instant death.

She turned again and called: "Uchi-moo—Uchi-moo—Uchi-moo!" Her eyes were no longer filled with the thrill of slaughter.

"He would not understand that," said Pierrot leading the way across the open. "He is wild—born of the wolves. Perhaps he was of Koom's blood—like that man who ran away to hunt with the packs last winter."

"And he will die."

"Ayatun—yes, he will die."

But Barre had no idea of dying. He was too young a youngster to be shocked to death by a bullet passing through the soft flesh of his forehead. That was what had happened. His leg was torn to the bone, but the bone itself was untouched. He waited until the moon had risen before he crawled out of his hole.

In this hour Barre came, an hour later, out of the heavy timber of the creek-bottom. Into the more open spaces of a small plain that ran along the root of a ridge. It was in this plain that Oohoomisew hunted. Oohoomisew was a huge snow-owl. He was the patriarch among all the owls of



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# Sunlight Soap

sounds that came to him, the wolf-cry thrilled him most. Again and again he listened to it. At times it was far away, so far that it was like a whisper, dying away almost before it reached him; and then again it would come to him full-throated, hot with the breath of the chase, calling him to the red thrill of the hunt, to the wild orgy of torn flesh and running blood—calling, calling, calling.

Next morning Barre found many crawfish along the creek, and he feasted on their succulent flesh until he felt that he would never be hungry again. Nothing had tasted quite so good since he had eaten the partridge of which he had robbed Sekosew the ermine.

In the middle of the afternoon Barre came into a part of the forest that was very quiet and peaceful. The creek had deepened in places its banks swept out until they formed small ponds. Twice he made considerable detours to get around these ponds. He traveled very quietly listening and watching. Not since the ill-fated day he had left the old wind-fall had he felt quite so much at home as now. It seemed to him that at last he was treading country which he knew, and where he would find friends. Perhaps this was another miracle—mystery of instinct—of nature. For he was in old Beaver-tooth's domain. It was here that his father and mother had hunted in the days before he was born. It was not far from here that Kazan and Beaver-tooth had fought that mighty duel under the water, from which Kazan had escaped with his life without another breath to lose.

Barre would never know these things. He would never know that he was traveling over old trails. But something deep in him gripped at him strangely. He sniffed the air, as if in it he found the scent of familiar things. It was only a faint breath—an indefinable promise that brought him to the point of a mysterious anticipation.

There had been few changes in Beaver-tooth's colony since the days of his feud with Kazan and the others. Old Beaver-tooth was still older. He was fatter. He slept a great deal, and he was less cautious. He was dozing on the great mud-and-brush-wood dam of which he had been engineer-in-chief when Barre came out softly on a high bank thirty or forty feet away. So noiseless had Barre been that none of the beavers had seen or heard him. He squatted himself flat on his belly, hidden behind a tuft of grass, and with eager interest watched every movement. Beaver-tooth

was rousing himself. He stood on his short legs for a moment; then he tilted himself up on his broad, flat tail like a soldier at attention, and with a sudden whistle dived into the pond with a great splash.

In another moment it seemed to Barre that the pond was alive with beavers. Heads and bodies appeared and disappeared, rushing this way and that through the water in a manner that amazed and puzzled him.

The beavers lost no time in getting at their labor, and Barre watched and listened without as much as rustling a blade of the grass in which he was concealed. He was trying to understand. He was striving to place these curious and comfortable-looking creatures in his knowledge of things. They did not alarm him; he felt no uneasiness at their number or size. His stillness was not the quietness of discretion, but rather of a strange and growing desire to get better acquainted with this curious four-legged brotherhood of the pond. Already they had begun to make the big forest less lonely for him. And then, close under him—not more than ten feet from where he lay—he saw something that almost gave voice to the puppyish longing for companionship that was in him.

Down there, on a clean strip of the shore that rose out of the soft mud of the pond, waddled fat little Umisk and three of his playmates. Umisk was just about Barre's age, perhaps a week or two younger. But he was fully as heavy, and almost as wide as he was long.

And then, of a sudden, some one saw Barre. It was a big beaver swimming down the pond with a sapling timber for the new dam that was under way. Instantly he loosed his hold and faced the shore. And then, like the report of a rifle, there came the crack of his big flat tail on the water—the beaver's signal of danger that on a quiet night can be heard half a mile away.

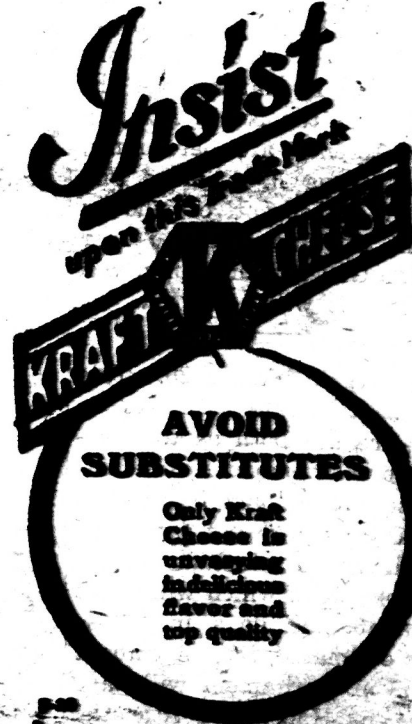
"Danger!" it warned. "Danger—danger—danger!"

Scarcely had the signal gone forth when tails were cracking in all directions—in the pond, in the hidden canals, in the thick willows and alders. To Umisk and his companions they said:

"Run for your lives!"

Barre stood rigid and motionless now. In amazement he watched the four little beavers plunge into the pond and disappear. He heard the sounds of other and heavier bodies striking the water. And then there followed a strange and disquieting silence. Softly Barre whined, and his whine was almost a sobbing cry. Why had Umisk and his little mates run away from him? What had he done that they didn't want to make friends with him—a loneliness greater even than that of his first night away from his mother. The last of the sun faded out of the sky as he stood there. Darker shadows crept over the pond. He looked into the forest, where night was gathering—and with another whining cry he slunk back into it. He had not found friendship. He had not found comradeship. And his heart was very sad.

(To be continued.)



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Owe no man anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law. Romans 13: 8, 10.