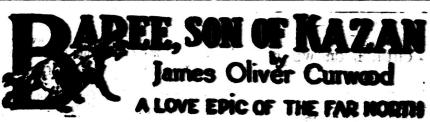
# Have You Tasted

GREEN TEA

Those who have used Japan, Young Hyson or Gunpowder Tea will appreciate the superiority of this delicious blend, always so pure and rich. Try it.



Baree, the wolf dog, and McTaggart, the trapper, were at war. Ene-

Seven inches of snow fell that night, shot. But even now, after all his tance with you now. It will take a and the whole world seemed turned hours of agony, neither his spirit nor couple of miles to straighten out the into a wonderful white robe. Like his courage was broken. When he line of my compass." billows of feathers the snow hung to saw McTaggart he made a lunge to He picked up his gur. McTaggart the trees and shrubs; it gave tall white his feet, almost instantly crumpling led the way. At the end of half an shack in which the Factor was wait- helpless that other time in the rabbit son has passed this way."

It was sprung, and there was no snare.

After that he travelled straight all of them he found sprung, and all disturb Bush McTaggart now. He the deep forest. Then he swung westwithout bait. He sniffd the air sussaw how utterly the other was at his ward for two miles, turned at a sharp piciously, striving vainly to catch the mercy, and with an exuitant laugh he angle into the south, and an hour to the "nest"—the twelve treacherous jaws half a foot under the blanket of waited for. In his soul there was a speaking to a human companion: in the heart of the style centres, and snow. For a full minute he stood well hatred as deadly as Baree's, the hatred as deadly air, and listening. He saw the rabbit, He had expected to send a bullet And you beat him at the game for of the average woman. Price of the and inexpicable reason he sensed a human, to walk about him so that you can. An outlaw!" His voice a human, to walk about him so that you can. An outlaw!" His voice he could hear the clank of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of the traps broke in with his nose, his eyes, and his ears.

And all about him there was a great silence and a great peace. His jaws clicked again. He whined softly.

What was it stirring him? Where was the danger he could neither see nor smell? Slowly he circled about the trap-house; three times he circled round it, each circle drawing him a silence and a great peace. His jaws twisted his tortured legs and body to That's funny. We cught to shall augh that warms one, even a beast. The suspicion was in his mind that McTaggart might turn hack. Perhaps that same suspicion was impressed upon Baree, for when a wild one, he says. Well so am I. Carvel looked at him again he was on his feet, staggering a bit as he gained that turned him that mcTaggart might turn was impressed upon Baree, for when I carvel looked at him again he was on his feet, staggering a bit as he gained the trap-house; three times he circled round suddenly.

And all about him there was a great twisted his tortured legs and body to That's funny. We cught to shall augh that warms one, even a beast. The suspicion was in his mind that McTaggart might turn was impressed upon Baree, for when Carvel looked at him again he was on his feet, staggering a bit as he gained his equilibrium. In another moment the trap-house; three times he circled round suddenly.

And the warms one, even a beast. The suspicion was in his mind that McTaggart might turn was impressed upon Baree, for when the circled him my name was John Madison. It sain't. I'm Jim Carvel. And, oh his feet, staggering a bit as he gained his equilibrium. In another moment the outlaw had swung the pack-sack from his shoulders and was opening mind. round it, each circle drawing him a little nearer—until at last his feet. The man was a stranger, and he wanted by the whole corporation—by almost touched the outer cordon of was younger than McTaggart by ten every danged policeman between Hudsans Ray and the Wackensia River almost touched the outer cordon of was younger than McTaggart by ten traps. Another minute he stood still; years. At least he looked no more his ears flattened; in spite of the rich aroma of the rabbit in his nostrils short growth of blond beard he wore. Shake, old man. We're in the same short growth of blond beard he wore. He was of that sort that the average man would like at a glance; boyish, and yet a man; with clear eyes that he tossed the flesh to Baree. There are the tossed the flesh to Baree. directly behind the trap-house a looked out frankly from under the

made for him.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

that boated at the stranger had uttered only an in the snow. Carvel could see the house, where Baree had struggled, and amazed exclamation before. Now he blood dripping slowly from it. it was red with blood. The blood had said, with his eyes on Baree:



Parents:- encourage the children to care for their touth! Give them Wrigley's. it removes food particles

from the teeth. Strength gums. Combats acid

Refreshing and beneficial!



gart, the trapper, were at war. Ens-mies of old, each now devoted himself the snow had done their merciless beast he had at last succeeded in trapmies of old, each now devoted himself work well. One of his forefeet was ping.

to making his unseen enemy as miser-caught well up toward the first joint; "He was a devil—that clever," he able as possible. Baree continued to both hind feet were caught, a fourth cried fiercely when he had finished strip McTaggart's game-traps of their both hind feet were caught, a fourth cried fiercely when he had finished trap had closed on his flank, and in "And now—would you shoot him, or food, instinctively avoiding the poison which the treacherous man brute tearing the jaws loose he had pulled let him lie there and die by inches, as spread for him. Then McTaggart off a patch of skin half as big as Mc-the devil should?"

Taggart's hand. The snew told the The stranger was looking at Baree. placed deadly welf-traps through story of his desperate fight all through the might; his bleeding jaws showed procure his bait.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Cont'd.)

Continued the snow told the story of his desperate fight all through the might; his bleeding jaws showed how vainly he had tried to break the imprisoning steel with his teeth. He devil set. If you're heading for Lac was panting. His eyes were bleed was panting. The stranger was looking at Baree. The stranger was looking at

was so light that a cartridge dropped forefeet were braced. His head and north. from the hand sank to the bottom of chest remained up, and the snari that "Straight up there a good five it. Baree was on the trap-line early. came from his throat was tigerish in hundred miles," he said, speaking He was more cautious this morning, its ferocity. Here, at last—not more lightly as though he would reach home for there was no longer the scent or than a dozen feet from him was the that night. "Pil leave you here." snowshoe track of McTaggart to guide one thing in all the world that he hated. He made no offer to shake hands. him. He struck the first trap about more than he hated the wolf breed. But in going, he said, halfway btween Lac Bain and the And again he was helpless, as he was

tang of smoke, a whist of the man-baned his rifle against a tree, pulled after he had left McTaggart he was smell. Along toward noon he came off his mittens, and began loading his once more squatted on his heels almost to the "nest"—the twelve treacherous pipe. This was the triumph he had within arms' reach of Baree. traps waiting for him with gaping pipe. This was the triumph he had within arms' reach of Baree. looked forward to, the torture he had And he was saying, as though and his jaws closed with a hungry the had expected to send a bullet And you beat him at the game for of the average woman. Price of the click. He moved a step nearer. Still through the dog. But this was better two months! And for that, because book 10 cents the copy. Each copy inclick. He moved a step nearer. Still through the cog. But this was better two months. The cludes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

the "nest" that Bush McTaggart had at the waist with a long sash, and there was something that seemed to shoes, and fronted the north. coat was furred. He was travelling seemed to warm the chill air a got to travel. Baree lay on his side, panting from this travel-worn stranger wore under devil!"

exhaustion and quivering with pain. his caribou-skin coat the badge of the A hoarse cry of exultation burst from Royal Northwest Mounted Police. For Baree—the first he had known since that instant it was almost a terror the loss of Nepeese and Pierrot. He and looked at the snow. It was pack- that possessed him, and he stood mute, dropped his head until his jaw lay flat

that reassured McTaggart. It was not and patted it in a brotherly fashion, other goodness is generally nothing a suspicious voice, and he saw that and then—slowly and with a bit more but indolence or impotance of will. the stranger was more interested in caution—it went to the trap fastened he captured animal than in himself, to Baree's forepaw. In his half-crazed He drew a deep breath.

"A trap robber." he said. nearer to him.

exclaimed.

a ferret.

The stranger squatted himself be- was filling his pipe. Baree watched fore Baree, with his mittened hands him light it; he noted with new inter-

teeth gleaming in a half smile. thet ally. "So you're a trap robber, trap-chains away—and he grinned at ch? An outlaw? And the Police Buree.

He rose and faced McTaggart.

that," the Factor apologized, his face reddening sight'y under the steady gaze of the stranger's blue eyes. Sud-denly his animus rose. "Ar I he's going to die there, inch by inch. I'm go-ing to let him starve, and rot in the traps to pay for all he's done. He picked up his gun, and added, with his eyes on the stranger and his finger ready at the trigger, "I'm Bush Mc-Taggart, the Factor at Lac Bain. Are you bound that way, M'sieu?"
"A few miles. I'm bound up-country

beyond the Barrens. McTaggart fe't again the strange

"Government?" he asked. The stranger nodded. "The Police, perhape?"

McTaggart. "Why, yes of course the Police, said the stranger, looking into the Factor's eyes. "And now, M'sieu, as a very great courtesy to the Law I'm going to ask you to send a bullet through that beast's head before we go on. Will you? Or shall I?" "It's the law of the line," said Mc-Taggart, "to let a trap robber rot in the traps. And that beast was a devil.

Swift'y, and yet leaving out none of the fine detail, he told of the weeks and months of strife between himself come mostly from Baree's jaws. They and Baree; of the maddening futility were dripping now as he glared at his of all his tricks and schemes and the enemy. The steel jaws hidden under still more maddening cleverness of the

caps to the rocks, and underfoot it down into the snow again. But his hour the stranger stooped and pointed

bait. Trap after trap he visited, and The flerceness of his anarl did not northward for half a mile through

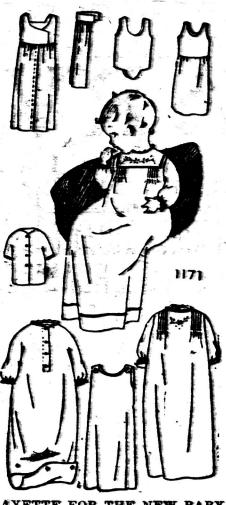
The man was a stranger, and he wanted by the whole corporation-by

"You poor devil!" he repeated. "God save us, but you've got the There was no fear in the way he poor devil in a proper mess, haven't put forth his hand. It was the confi-There was something in the voice compassion. It touched Baree's head strength of character to be wicked. All brain Baree was fighting to understand things, and the truth came fin-The stranger was staring still more ally when he feit the steel jaws of the closely at Baree. He thrust his gun- trap open, and he drew forth his stock downward in the snow and drew maimed foot. He did then what he had done to no other creature but Ne-"God save us again—a dog!" he peese. Just once his hot tongue shot out and licked Carvei's hand. The man From behind, McTaggart was laughed. With his powerful hands he watching the man with the eyes of opened the other traps, and Baree was

"Yes, a dog," he answered. "A wild For a few moments he lay without dog, half wolf at least. He's robbed moving, his eyes fixed on the man. me of a thousand dollars' worth of Carvel had seated himself on the snow-covered end of a birch log and resting on his knees, and his white est the first purplish cloud of smoke that left Carvel's mouth. The man "You poor devis!" he said sympa- was not more than the length of two

have got you! And—God save us once "Screw up your nerve, old chap," more—they haven't played you a very he encouraged. "No bones broke. Just square game!"

"I had to set a lot of traps like! He turned his face in the direction



LAYETTE FOR THE NEW BABY.

Clothes for the new baby may be made with a great saving of time and trouble, when using the pattern for second dress of the same material has tucks running into the shoulder, embroidery, and narrow lace trimming the neck and sleeves. A gertrude skirt buttoning on the shoulders is worn beneath the dress, and to provide extra warmth for cool days a barrow-coat of soft wool with shaped top should be worn. A diaper-band, shirt with kimono sleeves buttoning up the front, together with nightrobe having extension buttoning from back onto front, completes this layette, which is cut in one size only. Dress requires 1% yards of 86-inch material, nightrobe 1% yards, straight petticoat, 1% yards, shirt % yard, diaper-band 1/2 yard. Price 20 cents.

Many styles having a smart appeal may be found in our Fashion Book. Our designers originate their patterns

that was right. It sin't a lie. I'm the outlaw had swung the pathata that was right. It sin't a lie. I'm from his shoulders and was opening it. He thrust in his hand and drew out a chunk of raw, red meat.

sweetbread as ever came out from

He tossed the flesh to Baree. There Jim Carvel held out his hand and was no equivocation in the manner of fierce little rat-like squeak, and the rim of his fur cap, a form lithe as an the snarl that was in Baree's throat its acceptance. Baree was famished next instant Baree saw an ermine did not have the hard line and the meat was flung to him by whiter than the snow tearing hungrily did not bear the hard lines of the He stood there, looking in the direction a friend. He buried his teeth in it. at the flesh of the rabbit. He forgot the rabbit. He forgot the naru times of the lesson of self-sacrifice, said: "Very form he had gnoken that this man was ed in a curious, exultant sort of way, ad into his blood as he footed but He growled flercely, but his plucky of the wilderness, that he was heart There was friendliness even in that not for an instant did his reddened He growled nercely, but his plucky and soul a part of it. His cap was chuckle. There was friendliness in his eves leave the other's face. Carvel refisherskin. He wore a windproof coat eyes and in the shine of his teeth as placed his pack. He rose to his feet, And then he sprang straight into of softly tanned caribou skin, belted he looked again at Baree. About him took up his rifle, slipped on his snow-Indian fringed. The inside of the make the gray day brighter, that "Come on, Boy," he said. "We've

on the long, slender bush-country strange something that radiated cheer It was a matter-of-fact invitation, snowshoe; his pack, strapped over the and hope and comradeship just as a as though the two had been travelling The next morning Bush McTaggart shoulders, was small and compact; he hot stove sends out the glow of heat. companions for a long time. It was, heard the clanking of a chain when he was carrying his rifle in a cloth Baree felt it. For the first time since perhaps, not only an invitation, but Was it a lynx? Was it he was travel-worn. McTaggart, at a body lost its tenseness; his back sag. For a full half-minute he stood moa fisher-cat? Was it a wolf or a fox? guess, would have said he had travelor was it Baree? He half ran the led a thousand miles in the last few in his agony. To this man he betrayas he strode into the north. A sudden rest of the distance, and at last he weeks. It was not this thought that ed his weakness. In his bloodshot convulsive twitching shot through came to where he could see, and his sent the strange and chilling fear up eyes there was a hungering look as he Baree; he swung his head toward Lac ocean by an eighteen-year-old native Hunter—"I described the self-confessed Bain; he looked again at Carvel, and boy diver. He parted with it for a marked private." saw he had caught his enemy. He some strange way a whisper of the outlaw. And Jim Carvel again held a whine that was scarcely more than small fortune, and the buyer is said to approached, holding his rifle ready to truth might have found its way down out his hand—much nearer this time. a breath came out of his throat. The have been offered \$50,000 for the treafire if by any chance the dog should into the south—the truth of what had free himself.

"You poor devil," he said, the smile man was just about to disappear into happened on the Gray Loon—and that going out of his face. "You poor the thick spruce. He paused, and looked back.

"Coming, Boy?" (To be continued.)

For First Ald-Minard's Liniment

Character and Goodness. No man deserves to be praised for dence of a great sincerity and a great his goodness unless he has the La Rochefoucauld.



Cord Wood Saw Users Write Simonds Canada Saw Co., Limited, 1550 Dundas St. West. Toronto, Ontario, for prices on Simonds Special Circular **Cord Wood Saw** 

No ivilation bin bin for baby

Do this and keep his clothing soft, pure and comfortable

Nothing is so sensitive so baby sakin! Even the slightest roughness in his diapers, shirts and bands will inflame and irritate it.

Much trouble is directly due to washing diapers with harsh soap soap containing free alkali. The alkali clings to the little garments in the form of a fine, white powder almost impossible to rinse out. This causes "diaper rash."

To save baby's akin, use Lux for washing all his clothes. It is the mildest, purest, gentlest cleanser in the world. Lux contains no free alkali, and the pure suds rinse out completely. Lux keeps baby's garments soft, clean, comfortable and



move solid matter at once and soak dispers in cold water. Whisk two table-spoonfuls of Lux into thick ds in a tub of very hot water. Leedingers soak afew moments, then dip up and down, pressing suds repeat-edly through them. Rinse

#### My Heritage.

What heritage is this that comes to me, Born in an age of marvel and sur-

How am I made the Child of Destiny Needing the faith and vision of the hint that you were a candidate for a Wise!

Behold, a land that I may call my own

Dared for a ream to challenge seas unknown. And tramp the trail of far, untrod-

mind Could plan and build and its free purpose speak!

well they built! And with what toil, what pain, what

dauntless heart! Now on my soul can lie no greater guilt

Than that I fail in what must be my poor children."

they wrought.

And, with no less a love for Liberty, To labor for the better world they for a moment, and then said "Must it sought

## \$50,000 Pearl Found.

What is called the world's finest pearl, a lustrous, peacock-green gem Minard's Liniment for Backache nearly three-quarters of an inch in diameter and weighing almost thirty karats, has been found off one of the Gambier Islands in the South Pocific 'Private No Hunting Allowe! sure. It is not an uncommon occurrence for the fishermen to go out in their little cances in the morning and return at evening rich according to their standards. The find of the young boy, however, is said to be the largest in the records of the region.

The Best Sink Value



# Why Hull?

The citizens of Hull, England, were told, in the language of Betsy rig, that "there ain't no sich place." they would be polite indeed if they did not lunatic asvium.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that there Because the Brave of unforgotten of the Yorkshire port is really Kingston-on-Hull, so that the town is called Kingston, and the little tributary of the Humber on which it stands is the River Hull. Formerly it was called Wyke-on-Hull, but the name of the town was changed to Kingston by Edward L

It is rather unusual for a town to drop its own name for that of the aver on which it stands. There have been many other cases where towns have changed their name, however, one fustance being Richmond, in Surrey, the favorite resort of river-lovers. Its his-How splendidly they planned! How toric name is Sheen, which is now only applied to one of its suburbs.

Self-Sacrifice.

"Mama," said little Elsie, "I do wish I had some money to give you for the

Her mother, wishing to teach her out sugar for a week. I'll give you the My task to hold the Freedom which money instead, and then you will have some."

The little one considered solemnly be sugar, mama?"

"Why, no, darling; not necessarily. What would you like to do without? "Soap, mama," was Elsie's answer.

He Was a Gentleman. Farmer-"Don't you see the Hunter- "I don't read anyman



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digestion by stimulating the flow

to-day—it's FREE. COLMAN-KEEN (Canada Limital) Dept. 1F, 162 Ammers. of



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