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Discriminating mothers are making adorable little dresses, not by ones and twos, but by the half-dozen. Beautiful silks and attractive cotton materials are to be had in all the shops at very little cost, and with pattern number 1047 several attractive dresses could be made. The little girl with her skipping-rope wears a pretty little printed frock with short kimono sleeves. The collar is unusual in shape, and straight bands trim the lower edge of the dress. Long sleeves make a comfortable frock for cool days. Sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Size 4 years requires 2⅝ yards of 32-inch or 36-inch, or 2 yards of 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Courtship Tickler.

The Girl's Father—"Young man, the lights in this house go out at 11 o'clock."

Young Man—"That suits me."

If we waste to-day, we can never make it up, for each day will bring its duties as it comes.

Yen Set's Doll.

With a garden trowel as her only implement little Yen Set, aged twelve, after almost an hour of patient labor, had excavated what seemed to be a miniature grave. She lived next to the mission station, and the missionary had watched the work from his study window. Close at hand was a wooden box, which the man recognized; Yen Set's doll had come across the water from the United States packed in that box.

The missionary watched, perplexed, as the child walked slowly to the arbor. She returned, her face very sober, with the doll in her arms. Now the missionary noted that there were tears on Yen Set's cheeks. He called his wife.

Unobserved, the two looked on as the girl placed the doll in the box and covered it with a tiny, silk blanket. Then she put on the cover. She closed her eyes; her lips moved.

"She is playing funeral," whispered the missionary's wife.

"No, it is not play," returned her husband.

Now the little girl lowered the box into the grave and began to throw in the loose earth. The woman started toward the door, but her husband dissuaded her.

"Let us wait. Ren Set has an old head for one so young. She has a motive; let's see what it is."

That afternoon the minister called on the family next door. Ren Set's parents had accepted the Christian faith and demolished their joss, a small stone image in the likeness of a man, which they had once worshipped. The missionary saw Yen Set; she was red-eyed, but she said nothing about her doll.

That night, by the light of the noon, the missionary dug up the box, filled the excavation with paper and heaped up the earth again. He would preserve the doll from the rain that had just begun to fall. Several times on the next day he saw Yen Set sweeping near the grave. Each time she turned away with an air of determination.

Several days later, the girl, under the tactful questioning of the missionary's wife, unburdened her heart. The doll, she said, had reminded her of the joss the family had once worshipped. It had proved a temptation to her; it aroused a desire to return to idol worship. So she had put temptation out of her reach.

Painful though it had been, Yen Set had taken the only sure way of dealing with temptation. It is good pyschology, and it is Scriptural. The ancient Hebrews were warned by Moses against having anything that in any way resembled the heathen idols.

With Yen Set the incident soon had a happy ending. Her determination had been her salvation. The missionary returned the doll uninjured and the girl wept with joy. Nor did it ever after tempt her to idolatry. She had conquered.

She—"Have you been following the new Paris styles?"

He—"Sure. I followed one ten blocks only to-day."

A "Goog Oppotuny."

If we remember rightly, it was a Portuguese who wrote that extraordinarily funny book—English as She Is Spoke. And here is an advertisement, found in a Brazilian newspaper, which offers additional evidence that there is something particularly puzzling to Portuguese-speaking people in the English language:

"PAYING GUEST IN PRIVATE RESIDENCE

"Goog oppotuny, for a snigla refined gentleman. Large room nicely furnished, splendid food. Six windoros facing the sea, quite close to bashing beach."

Dyes in Underground Rivers.

Underground river courses in the Mammoth Cove region of Kentucky are being traced by means of dyes placed in the water.

A stubborn person is like a pin without a head: hard to remove in either direction.

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

by James Oliver Curwood

A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Cont'd.)

Even at that distance Baree could see him grinning affably; he saw the outstretched hand, and the voice stirred new sensations in him. It was not like Pierrot's voice. He had never loved Pierrot. Neither was it soft and sweet like the Willow's. He had known only a few men, and all of them he had regarded with distrust. But this was a voice that disarmed him. It was lureful in its appeal. He wanted to answer it. He was filled with a desire, all at once, to follow close at the heels of this stranger. For the first time in his life a craving for the friendship of man possessed him. He did not move until Jim Carvel entered the spruce. Then he followed.

That night they were camped in a dense growth of cedars and balsams ten miles north of Bush McTaggart's trap line. For two hours it had snowed, and their trail was covered. It was still snowing, but not a flake of the white deluge sifted down through the thick canopy of boughs. Carvel had put up his small silk tent, and had built a fire; their supper was over, and Baree lay on his belly facing the outlaw, almost within reach of his hand. With his back to a tree Carvel was smoking luxuriously. He had thrown off his cap and his coat, and in the warm fireglow he looked almost boyishly young. But even in that glow his jaws lost none of their squareness, nor his eyes their clear alertness.

"I'm a bad one, old chap," he chuckled. "You haven't got it on me—not a bit. Want to know what happened?" He waited a moment, and Baree looked at him steadily. Then Carvel went on, as if speaking to a human, "Let's see—it was five years ago, five years this December, just before Christmas time. Had a dad. Fine old chap, my dad was. No mother—just the dad, an' when you added us up we made just One. Understand? And along came a white-striped skunk named Hardy and shot him one day because dad had worked against him in politics. Out an' out murder. An' they didn't hang that skunk! No, sir, they didn't hang him. He had too much money, an' too many friends in politics, an' they let 'im off with two years in the penitentiary. But he didn't get there. No— s'elp me God, he didn't get there!"

Carvel was twisting his hands until his knuckles cracked. An exultant smile lighted up his face, and his eyes flashed back the firelight. Baree drew a deep breath—a mere coincidence; but it was a tense moment for all that.

"No, he didn't get to the penitentiary," went on Carvel looking straight at Baree again. "Yours truly knew what that meant, old chap. He'd have been pardoned inside a year. An' there was my Dad, the biggest half of me, in his grave. So I just went up to that white-striped skunk right there before the judge's eyes, an' the lawyers' eyes, an' the eyes of all his dear relatives and friends—and I killed him! And I got away. Was out through a window before they woke up, hit for the bush country, and have been eating up the trails ever since. An' I guess God was with me, Boy. For He did a queer thing to help me out summer before last, just when the Mounties were after me hardest an' it looked pretty black. Man was found drowned down in the Reindeer Country, right where they thought I was cornered; an' the good Lord made the man look so much like me that he was buried under my name. So I'm officially dead, old chap. I don't need to be afraid any more so long as I don't get too familiar with people for a year or so longer, and' way down inside me I've liked to believe God fixed it up in that way to help me out of a bad hole. What's your opinion? Eh?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

Baree was on his feet, rigid as hewn rock, when Carvel came out of the tent, and for a few moments Carvel stood in silence, watching him closely. Would the dog respond to the call of the pack? Did he belong to them? Would he go—now? The wolves were drawing nearer. They were not circling, as a caribou or a deer would have circled, but were travelling straight—dead straight for their camp. The significance of this fact was easily understood by Carvel. All that afternoon Baree's feet had left a blood-smell in their trail, and the wolves had struck the trail in the deep forest, where the falling snow had not covered it. Carvel was not alarmed. More than once in his five years of wandering between the Arctic and the Height of Land he had played the game with the wolves. Once he had almost lost, but that was out in the open Barren. To-night he had a fire, and in the event of his firewood running out he had trees he could climb. His anxiety just now was centred in Baree. So he said, making his voice quite casual:

"You aren't going, are you, old chap?"

If Baree heard him he gave no evidence of it. But Carvel, still watching him closely, saw that the hair along his spine had risen like a brush, and then he heard—growing slowly in Baree's throat—a snarl of ferocious hatred. It was the sort of snarl that had held back the Factor from Lac Bain, and Carvel, opening the breech of his gun to see that all was right, chuckled happily. Baree may have heard the chuckle. Perhaps it meant something to him, for he turned his head suddenly and with flattened ears looked at his companion.

The wolves were silent now. Carvel knew what that meant, and he was tensely alert. In the stillness the click of the safety on his rifle sounded with metallic sharpness. For many minutes they heard nothing but the crack of the fire. Suddenly Baree's muscles seemed to snap. He sprang back, and faced the quarter behind Carvel, his head level with his shoulders, his inch-long fangs gleaming as he snarled into the black caverns of the forest beyond the rim of firelight. Carvel had turned like a shot. It was almost frightening—what he saw. A pair of eyes burning with greening fire, and then another pair, and after that so many of them that he could not have counted them. He gave a sudden gasp. They were like cat-eyes, only much larger. Some of them, catching the firelight fully, were red as coals, others flashed blue and green—living things without bodies. With a swift glance he took in the black circle of the forest. They were out there, too; they were on all sides of them, but where he had seen them first they were thickest. In these first few seconds he had forgotten Baree, awed almost to stupefaction by that monster-eyed cordon of death that hemmed them in. There were fifty—perhaps a hundred wolves out there, afraid of nothing in all this savage world but fire. They had come up without the sound of a padded foot or a broken twig. If it had been later, and they had been asleep, and the fire out——

He shuddered, and for a moment the thought got the better of his nerves. He had not intended to shoot except from necessity, but all at once his rifle came to his shoulder and he sent a stream of fire out where the eyes were thickest. Baree knew what the shots meant, and filled with a mad desire to get at the throat of one of his enemies, he dashed in their direction. Carvel gave a startled yell as he went. He saw the flash of Baree's body, saw it swallowed up in the gloom, and in that same instant heard the deadly impact of bodies. A wild thrill shot through him. The dog had charged alone—and the wolves had waited. There could be but one end. His four-footed comrade had gone straight into the jaws of death!

He could hear the ravening snap of those jaws out in the darkness. It was sickening. His hand went to the Colt .45 at his belt, and he thrust his empty rifle butt downward into the snow. With the big automatic before his eyes he plunged out into the darkness, and from his lips there issued a wild yelling that could have been heard a mile away. With the yelling a steady stream of fire spat into the mass of fighting beasts. There were eight shots in the automatic, and not until the plunger clicked with metallic emptiness did Carvel cease his yelling and retreat in to the firelight. He listened, breathing deeply. He no longer saw eyes in the darkness, nor did he hear the movement of bodies. The suddenness and ferocity of his attack had driven back the wolf-horde. But the dog! He caught his breath and strained his eyes. A shadow was dragging itself into the circle of light. It was Baree. Carvel ran to him, put his arms about his shoulders, and brought him to the fire. For a long time after that there was a questioning light in Carvel's eyes. He reloaded his guns, put fresh fuel on the fire, and from his pack dug out strips of cloth with which he bandaged three or four of the deepest cuts in Baree's legs. And a dozen times he asked, in a wondering sort of way:

"Now what the deuce made you do that, old chap? What have you got against wolves?" All that night he did not sleep, but watched.

Their experience with the wolves broke down the last bit of uncertainty that might have existed between the man and the dog. For days after that as they travelled slowly north and west, Carvel nursed Baree as he might have cared for a sick child. Because of the dog's hurts, he made only a few miles a day. Baree understood, and in him there grew stronger and stronger a great love for the man whose hands were as gentle as the Willow's and whose voice warned him with the thrill of an immeasurable comradeship. He no longer feared him or had a suspicion of him. And Carvel, on his part, was observing things. The vast emptiness of the world about them, and their aloneness, gave him the opportunity of pondering over unimportant details and he found himself each day watching Baree a little more closely. He made at last a discovery which interested him deeply. Always, when they halted on the trail, Baree would turn his face to the south; when they were in camp it was from the south that he nosed the wind most frequently. This was quite natural, Carvel thought, for his old hunting-grounds were back there. But as the days passed he began to notice other things. Now and then, looking off into the far country from which they had come, Baree would whine softly, and on that day he would be filled with a great restlessness. He gave no evidence of wanting to leave Carvel, but more and more Carvel came to understand that some mysterious call was coming to him from out of the south.

It was the wanderer's intention to swing over into the country of the Great Slave, a good eight hundred miles to the north and west, before the mush-snows came. From there, when the waters opened in springtime, he planned to travel by canoe westward to the Mackenzie and ultimately to the mountains of British Columbia. These plans were changed in February. They were caught in a great storm in the Wholdaia Lake country, and when their fortunes looked darkest Carvel stumbled on a cabin in the heart of a deep spruce forest, and in this cabin there was a dead man. He had been dead for many days, and was frozen stiff. Carvel chopped a hole in the earth and buried him.

The cabin was a treasure trove to Carvel and Baree, and especially to the man. It evidently possessed no other owner than the one who had died; it was comfortable and stocked with provisions; and more than that its owner had made a splendid catch of fur before the frost bit his lungs, and he died. Carvel went over these carefully and joyously. They were worth a thousand dollars at any post, and he could see no reason why they did not belong to him now. Within a week he had blazed out the dead man's snare-strewed trap-line and was trapping on his own account.

This was two hundred miles north and west of the Gray Loon, and soon Carvel observed that Baree did not face directly south in those moments when the strange call came to him, but south and east. And now, with each day that passed, the sun rose higher in the sky; it grew warmer; the snow softened underfoot, and in the air was the tremulous and growing throb of spring. With these things came the old yearning to Baree; the heart-thrilling call of the lonely graves back on Gray Loon, of the burned cabin, the abandoned tepee beyond the pool—and of Nepeese. In his sleep he saw visions of things. He heard again the low, sweet voice of the Willow, felt the touch of her hand, was at play with her once more in the dark shades of the forest—and Carvel would sit and watch him as he dreamed, trying to read the meaning of what he saw and heard.

In April Carvel shouldered his furs up to the Hudson Bay Company's post at Lac la Biche, which was still farther north. Baree accompanied him halfway, and then—at sundown Carvel returned to the cabin and found him there. He was so overjoyed that he caught the dog's head in his arms and hugged it. They lived in the cabin until May. The buds were swelling then, and the smell of growing things had begun to rise up out of the earth.

Then Carvel found the first of the early Blue Flowers.

That night he packed up.

"It's time to travel," he announced to Baree. "And I've sort of changed my mind. We're going back—there."

And he pointed south.

CHAPTER XXX.

A strange humor possessed Carvel as he began the southward journey. He did not believe in omens, good or bad. Superstition had played a small part in his life, but he possessed both curiosity and a love for adventure, and his years of lonely wandering had developed in him a wonderfully clear mental vision of things, which in other words might be called singularly active imagination. He knew that some irresistible force was drawing Baree back into the south—that it was pulling him not only along a given line of the compass, but to an exact point in that line. For no reason in particular the situation began to interest him more and more, and as his time was valueless, and he had no fixed destination in view, he began to experiment. For the first two days he marked the dog's course by compass. It was due southeast. On the third morning Carvel purposely struck a course straight west. He noted quickly the change in Baree—his restlessness at first, and after that the dejected manner in which he followed at his heels. Toward noon Carvel swung sharply to the south and east again, and almost immediately Baree regained his old eagerness, and ran ahead of his master.

A week later Baree answered Carvel's question by swinging westward to give wide berth to Post Lac Bain. It was mid-afternoon when they crossed the trail along which Bush McTaggart's traps and deadfalls had been set. Baree did not even pause. He headed due south, travelling so fast that at times he was lost to Carvel's sight. A suppressed but intense excitement possessed him, and he whined whenever Carvel stopped to rest—always with his nose sniffing the wind out of the south. Springtime, the flowers, earth turning green, the singing of birds, and the sweet breaths in the air were bringing him back to that great Yesterday when he had belonged to Nepeese. In his unreasoning mind there existed no longer a winter. The long months of cold and hunger were gone; in the new visionings that filled his brain they were forgotten. The birds and flowers and the blue skies had come back, and with them the Willow must surely have returned, and she was waiting for him now, just over there beyond that rim of green forest.

(To be concluded.)

For First Aid—Minard's Liniment.

Swiss Roses in Rockies.

The experiment of transplanting Swiss roses in the Canadian Rockies will be tried this year. Dr. Huesscher, late Swiss Consul at Montreal, brought over a number of the plants which will to set out in the gardens at Banff and Lake Louise. They are hardy and thrive only above elevations of 3,000 feet.

Sunbaths Through Clothes.

Sun baths in every-day life are made possible by the use of a new fabric, which looks and feels like silk, yet which allows the ultra-viollet rays of the sun to pass through it. It is these rays which are so beneficial to health.

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never known
A world outside the flare of man-made light,
Who have not learned to read the
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And walk unfaltering by the stars
alone;
And they distrust the silence who have
grown
Where human sound, attesting human might
So weaves its spell, their need and
their delight
Is in the city's ceaseless undertone.

But to my heart the darkness is a
friend
It would not spare——denied, must
sorely miss;
The stillness is a mantle to be worn
With deep contentment at the long
day's end.
How shall I voice my gratitude for
this,
My heritage, that I was country born!

—Molly Anderson Haley.

Begin Fry Distribution.

The 1925 distribution of fry in the lakes and streams of the Dominion was begun recently with the distribution of 80,000,000 young whitefish in the waters of Lake Erie. The fish were produced at the Department of Marine and Fisheries' hatchery at Kingsville, Ont., and the distribution was made on selected grounds in the western end of Lake Erie.

Expresses Perfection.

The "T" square, or rule, is an instrument used by mechanics and others when great exactness is required, therefore, "it suits to a T," that is, it is correct in every way as a piece of work would be if measured by the "T" rule.

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