

The Consumption of Tea

Tea as a beverage is used in nearly every country in the world. It is estimated over 200 billion cups are consumed annually. Australia leads in tea drinking with an annual per capita consumption of about nine pounds, which means that every Australian consumes from six to eight cups of tea every day. The consumption per capita in England is 8½ lbs., and in Canada nearly 5 lbs. In the United States, it is less than 1 lb., but this is largely because Americans have not been able to get fine teas until comparatively recently. "SALADA" is considered one of the choicest blends on the market, and is the largest selling tea in either United States or Canada.

"SALADA"

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

James Oliver Curwood

A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

SYNOPSIS.

Pierrot, the trapper, and Nepeese, his daughter, made the rounds of their traps to see what animals had been caught. Pierrot never left the girl alone for he was fearful of McGargart, the unscrupulous factor, who was determined to marry her. Baree, the wolf-dog, always accompanied them. Nepeese made a pet of the dog, but Pierrot occasionally struck the dog. "If I make him hate me, he will hate all men," he explained. The father was looking into the future—for Nepeese.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

Now the tonic-filled days and cold frosty nights of the Red Moon brought about the big change in Baree. It was inevitable. Pierrot knew that it would come, and the first night that Baree settled back on his haunches and howled up at the Red Moon, Pierrot prepared Nepeese for it.

"He is a wild dog, ma Nepeese," he said to her. "He is half wolf, and the Call will come to him strong. He will go into the forests. He will disappear at times. But we must not fasten him. He will come back. Ka, he will come back!" And he rubbed his hands in the moon-glow until his knuckles cracked.

The Call came to Baree like a thief entering slowly and cautiously into a forbidden place. He did not understand at first. It made him nervous and uneasy, so restless that Nepeese frequently heard him whine softly in his sleep. He was waiting for something. What was it? Pierrot knew, and smiled in his inscrutable way.

And then it came. It was a night, a glorious night filled with moon and stars, under which the earth was whitening with a film of frost, when they heard the first hunt-call of the wolves. Now and then during the summer there had come the lone wolf-howl, but this was the tongue of the pack; and as it floated through the vast silence and mystery of the night, a song of savagery that had come with each Red Moon down through unending ages, Pierrot knew that at last had come that for which Baree had been waiting.

In an instant Baree had sensed it. His muscles grew taut as pieces of stretched rope as he stood up in the moonlight, facing the direction from which floated the mystery and thrill of the sound. They could hear him whining softly; and Pierrot, bending down so that he caught the light of the night properly, could see him trembling.

"It is Mee-Koo!" he said in a whisper to Nepeese.

That was it, the call of the blood that was running swift in Baree's veins—not alone the call of his species, but the call of Kazan and Gray Wolf and of his forebears for generations unnumbered. It was the voice of his people. So Pierrot had whispered, and he was right. In this cold

den night the Willow was waiting, for it was she who had gambled most, and it was she who must lose or win. She uttered no sound, replied not to the low voice of Pierrot, but held her breath and watched Baree as he slowly faded away, step by step, in the shadows. In a few moments more he was gone. It was then that she stood straight, and flung back her head, with eyes that glowed in rivalry with the stars.

"Baree!" she called. "Baree! Baree! Baree!"

He must have been near the edge of the forest, for she had drawn a slow, waiting breath or two before he was back at her side. But he had come, straight as an arrow, and he whined up into her face. Nepeese put her hands to her head.

"You are right, mon pere," she said. "He will go to the wolves, but he will come back. He will never leave me for long." With one hand still on Baree's head, she pointed with the other into the pit-like blackness of the forest. "Go to them, Baree!" she whispered. "But you must come back. You must. Cheema!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

No longer, as in the days of old, did the darkness of the forests hold a fear for Baree. This night his hunt-cries had risen to the stars and the moon, and in that cry he had, for the first time, sent forth his defiance of night and space, his warning to all the wild, and his acceptance of the Brotherhood.

He ran straight into the darkness to the north and west, sinking low under the bushes, his tail drooping, his ears alert—the wolf as the wolf hunt-cries had risen to the stars and the moon, and in that cry he had, for the first time, sent forth his defiance of night and space, his warning to all the wild, and his acceptance of the Brotherhood.

were almost like the legs of a fox, and the curve of her back was that of a slightly bent bow, a sign of alertness almost equal to the wind.

When the sun rose, half an hour later, it found them still in the small open on the side of the ridge, with a deep fringe of forest under them, and beyond that a wide, timbered plain which looked like a ghostly shroud in its mantle of frost.

Mahegun, too, had sought the hunt-pack, and like Baree had failed to catch it. They were tired, a little discouraged for the time, and hungry—but still alive with the fine thrill of anticipation, and restlessly sensitive to the new and mysterious consciousness of companionship.

To the flesh-eating wild things of the forests, clawed and winged, the Big Snow was the beginning of the winter carnival of slaughter and feasting, of wild adventure in the long nights, of merciless warfare on the frozen trails. The days of breeding, of motherhood—the peace of spring and summer—were over; out of the sky came the waking of the Northland, the call of all flesh-eating creatures to the hunt, and in the first thrill of it living things were moving fast and sure, and that watchfully and with suspicion. Youth made it all new to Baree and Mahegun; their blood ran swiftly; their feet fell softly; their ears were attuned to catch the slightest sounds.

In this first of the Big Snow they felt the exciting pulse of a new life. It lured them on. It invited them to adventure into the mystery of the silent storm; and inspired by that restless youth and its desires, they went on.

The snow grew deeper under their feet. In the open spaces they waded through it to their knees, and it continued to fall in a vast white cloud that descended steadily out of the sky. It was near midnight when it stopped. The clouds drifted away from under the stars and the moon, and for a long time Bares and Mahegun stood without moving, looking down from the bald crest of a ridge upon a wonderful world.

An hour after they entered the plain there came suddenly out of the west the tongue of the wolf-pack. It was a faint, distant, probably not more than a mile along, but it was there, and the sharp, quick yapping that followed the first outburst was evidence that the long-fanged hunters had put up sudden game, a caribou or young moose, and were close at its heels.

At the voice of her own people Mahegun laid her ears close to her head and raised off an arrow from a bow. The unexpectedness of her movement and the swiftness of her flight put Baree well behind her in the race down the plain. She was running blindly, favored by luck. For an interval of perhaps five minutes the pack were so near to their game that they made no sound, and the chase swung full into the face of Mahegun and Baree. The latter was not half a dozen lengths behind the young wolf as she crashed in the brush directly ahead of them, and she sharply they tore up the snow with their braced forefeet and squat haunches.

Ten seconds later a caribou burst through and flashed across an open not more than twenty yards from where they stood. They could hear its swift panting as it disappeared. And then came the pack.

At sight of those swiftly moving gray bodies Baree's heart leaped for an instant into his throat. He forgot Mahegun, and that she had run away from him. The moon and the stars went out of existence for him. He no longer sensed the chill of the snow under his feet. He was wolf—all wolf. With the warm scent of the caribou in his nostrils, and the passion to kill sweeping through him like fire, he darted after the pack.

It was as if Baree had belonged to the pack always. He had joined it naturally, as other gray wolves had joined it from out of the bush; there had been no ostentation, no welcome such as Mahegun had given him in the open, and no hostility. He belonged with these slim, swift-footed outlaws of the old forests, and his own jaws snapped and his blood ran hot as the smell of the caribou grew heavier, and the sound of its crashing hoofs nearer.

It seemed to him they were almost at their heels when they swept into an open plain, a stretch of barren without a tree or a shrub, brilliant in the light of the stars and moon. Across its unbroken carpet of snow sped the caribou a spare hundred yards ahead of the pack. Now the two leading hunters no longer followed directly in the trail, but shot out at an angle, one to the right and the other to the left of the pursued, and like well-trained soldiers the pack split in halves and spread out fan-shape in the final chase.

The two ends of the fan forged ahead and closed in, until the leaders were running almost abreast of the caribou, with fifty or sixty feet separating them from the pursued. Thus, swiftly and swiftly, with deadly precision, the pack had formed a horseshoe cordon of fangs from which there was but one course of flight—straight ahead.

Baree had found his place in the lower rim of the horseshoe, so that he was fairly well in the rear when the climax came. The plain made a sudden dip. Straight ahead was the gleam of water—water shimmering softly in the starlight, and the sight of it sent a final great spurt of blood through the caribou's bursting heart. Forty seconds would tell the story. Forty seconds of a last-spurt for life, of a final tremendous effort to escape death. Baree felt the sudden thrill of these moments, and he forged ahead with the others in that lower rim of the horseshoe as one of the leading wolves made a lunge for the young bull's ham-string. It was a clean miss.

A second wolf darted in. And this one also missed.

There was no time for others to take their place. From the broken end of the horseshoe Baree heard the caribou's heavy plunge into water. When mouth-frothing, snarling, horde, Na-pamoo, the young bull, was well out in the river and swimming steadily for the opposite shore.

The restless movements of the waters ceased now. A new and wondering interest had them rigid. Fangs closed sharply. A little in the open Baree saw Mahegun, with a big gray wolf standing near her. He went to her again, and this time she remained with flattened ears until he was sniffing her neck. And then, with a vicious snarl, she snapped at him. Her teeth sank deep in the soft flesh of his shoulder, and at the unexpectedness and pain of her attack, he let out a yelp. The next instant the big gray wolf was at him.

Again caught unexpectedly, Baree went down with the wolf's fangs at his throat. But in him was the blood of Kazan, the flesh and bone and sinew of Kazan, and for the first time in his life he fought as Kazan fought on that terrible day at the top of the Sun Rock.

CLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns by Clipping



1068 1075

SMART MISSES' ENSEMBLE.

Green Ottoman silk is the medium in which the coat of this smart misses' ensemble expresses itself. The coat, No. 1068, is of the wrap-around type, with tailored collar and turned-back cuffs. It is lined with green and beige figured flat crepe harmonizing with this fashionable front flounced dress. The straight lines of this interesting kimono frock, No. 1075, are broken in the front by two very full flounces, bordered with plain green like the coat material. Many different frocks can be made from this one pattern. It is perforated for sleeveless, and has a fitted bertha that is very attractive. The flounce may be used as shown, or a wide all-around flounce may form the skirt and be attached at perforations for long-waisted bodice. Cut in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires for the coat 2½ yards of 36-inch material and 2¼ yards for the lining. The dress as shown requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch material. Price 20c, each pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (not 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.

Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair.

Least Said Is Best.
Cy—"What d'ye think of the city?"
Hy—"Wa-all, better not say. There's a heap of folks livin' there, an' I don't want to hurt their feelin's."

Locusts Feed on Mice.

African locusts four inches long feed upon mice.

(To be continued.)



INECTO RAPID

The world's best hair tint. Will restore gray hair to its natural color in 15 minutes.

Small size, \$3.30 by mail
Double size, \$6.50 by mail

The W. T. Pember Stores Limited
129 Yonge St. Toronto



Delicious!

Put the spicy deliciousness of Mustard into your salads and sandwiches—sauces and savories.

Serve it freshly made—mixed with cold water with your meats at breakfast, lunch and dinner—use it in your cooking. It makes everything more tasty and aids digestion.

Our new Cook Book tells you how to use Mustard in new and appealing ways. Write for a copy. 10c FREE.

COLMAN-KEEN (Canada) LIMITED

Dept. 1F, 102 Amherst Street, Montreal

Keen's Mustard

aids digestion



Wont chap hands

At last—a way to wash dishes that won't chap hands.

Just use Lux in your dishpan instead of harsh, drying kitchen soap. Lux contains no free alkali, nothing to roughen or rodden your hands. It is as easy on them as fine toilet soap. Keep the big new package on your kitchen shelf. Use it for the dishes always. Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

L-521

The Hardest-Worked Words.

It is stated after a long series of observations and tests that one-fourth of our daily task of talking is accomplished by the use of nine words, the longest of which has but four letters. These nine are: and, be, have, it, of, the, to, will, and you. It need hardly be said that these simple words are all pure English.

It is also asserted that these nine, together with 34 additional words, form a full half of the words we use in conversation every day. The 34 additional Anglo-Saxon words alluded to are: about, all, as, at, but, can, come, day, dear, for, get, go, hear, her, if, in, me, much, not, on, one, say, she, so, that, these, they, this, though, time, we, with, write and your.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Holiday for Swiss Women.

In Switzerland, employers of women who have household duties, must at the request of a woman worker now grant a half holiday Saturday afternoons.

Largest Motor Ship.

The world's largest motor ship was recently launched in England.

Always Uniform

KRAFT CHEESE

Quoid Imitations

Only \$1

Here is great value in Dairy Pails. We know there exists a big demand for a well-finished, good-wearing sanitary dairy pail selling at a popular price. Here it is—the SMP Dairy Pail, new style. See them in the stores. Take a look at the big ear, note the absence of all cracks and crevices—and mark the low price—only one dollar. Equip your dairy throughout with

SMP DAIRY PAILS

173

ISSUE No. 22—25

Sometin

RE

TE

The ORA

On Wash Day

First

Washing to make a immediate

Use "Snow" quarter the will sweet and save

Authors' Dream

Most authors have certain children of Dickens confessed to

ness for David Copperfield perhaps on account of autobiography in the

it is no secret that "Boy of the Jungle"

yard Kipling's favorite creations.

Though Sherlock first a public creation the characters created

Conan Doyle, first a steem is occupied by a very good second

Thomas Hardy put himself a poet rather than a novelist he would choose

H. G. Wells would choose Tono-Bungay.

Stevenson had a "Treasure Island."

See That T

is on Your

"Prince Edward" above label on given more than of perfect service ranches and is most of the reason

Write or wire to prices.

HOLMAN'S

Ontario Sal W. H. C. R. ALLISTON

Oppo

Vete

If you desire a Veterinary Science for a successful agricultural development

Write for bulleti

Ontar

G

Affiliated with U