

## The Two Types of Tea

There are two distinct types of tea, namely Black Tea and Green Tea. Both are made from the same bush and both are equally pure. The difference is in the process of manufacture which gives each a different flavour. Black Tea after it is plucked is withered and partially "fired" or dried, then allowed to oxidize by being exposed to the air. This gives Black Tea its dark reddish colour when drawn. Green tea is immediately steamed after plucking, which prevents oxidation. There are delicious blends of "SALADA" in both of these types and also a unique blend of Black and Green Tea Mixed. All are sold in four qualities.

# "SALADA"

### A Diplomat.

"I am awfully sorry, dad," said little George, "to think how much trouble I give mother."

"Why," remarked his father, "she hasn't complained, has she?"

"No," she's very patient. But often she sends me to the shop for things, and they are a good way off, and I know she gets cross waiting when she's in a hurry."

"Not often, I fancy."

"Oh, yes; she's nearly always in a hurry. She gets everything ready for baking, and then finds at the last moment she has no baking powder, or something, and then she's in an awful panic. You know I can't run very far, and— I feel awfully sorry for mum."

"Um! Well, what can we do about it?"

"I was thinking, dad, that perhaps you might buy me a bicycle."

### Something a Little Smaller.

A town girl who had married a well-to-do countryman was asked by her husband whether she would like to have a cow of her own, so that the household could have its own supply of fresh milk. She agreed willingly, and the couple went to a farm to purchase a cow.

The farmer, who was, perhaps, less truthful than the majority of his kind, told them that his cow was far superior to any other that had ever lived. As for her milking capacity she gave ten quarts a day.

The bride performed a rapid calculation and said to her husband:

"We can never use all that milk. We don't need such a big cow. Why not buy a calf?"

### Patience.

The patient boy went to a neighbor's for some milk.

"I haven't any but sweet," said the woman.

"Then I'll wait till it sours," said he, pulling out his marbles.

## Hello Daddy—don't forget my Wifey!

Give the youngsters the best of everything. Give them the best of everything. Give them the best of everything.

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## ECLIPSE FASHIONS



PANELS FOR THE STOUT WOMAN.

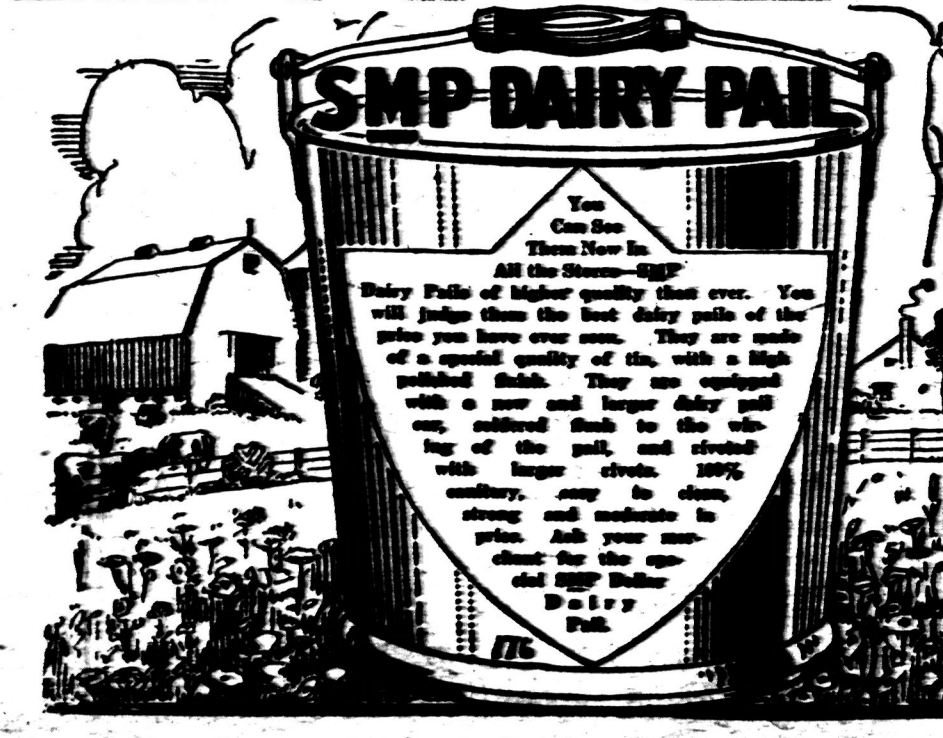
The stout woman can be as well dressed as her more slender sister. This straight-line dress with long, tight or bell sleeve, is becoming to any woman with generous proportions. The wide, unbelted front panel helps to retain the narrow silhouette. As shown, pattern No. 1042 is developed in one of the popular striped woolen materials, and has contrasting front panel of plain material. It is an unusually useful dress, for it may be successfully made up with pleasing effect in silk for afternoon wear, and in gingham or other wash materials for day-time. Cut in sizes 42 to 50 inches bust. Size 46 requires 4 1/2 yds. of 40-inch material.

### 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 (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.

### Roses, Shrubs, Bulbs

Large Range of BEST QUALITY, GOOD PRICES. List on Request. Holland Canadian Import Co. Niagara Falls, Ont.



For more facts—write to the Editor.

## BARRE, SON OF HAZAN

James Oliver Curson

A LOVE EPIC OF THE FUR HOUSE

### SYNOPSIS.

Hidden beneath a huge rock, Barre, the untamed wolf-dog, was terrified to see Pierrot, the half-breed trapper, and Nepeese, his daughter, about him. This was his last sight of the two human creatures it was the business of life. Nepeese went after Barre and tried to entice him from his hiding-place. For the first time the dog had a name. It was the Indian princess who called him Barre.

### CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

In that moment Nepeese felt the pressure of the rock on her shoulder, and into the eyes that had been glowing softly at Barre there shot a sudden wild look of horror. And then there came from her lips a cry that was not like any other sound Barre had ever heard in the wilderness—wild, piercing, filled with agonized fear. Pierrot did not hear that first cry. But he heard the second, and the third—and then the scream that came from the Willow's tender body was slowly crushed under the settling mass. He ran toward it with the speed of the wind. The cries were weaker—dying away. He saw Barre as he came out from under the rock, and ran into the chasm, and in the same instant he saw a part of the Willow's dress and her motionless feet. The rest of her was hidden under the death trap. Like a madman Pierrot began digging. When a few moments later he drew Nepeese out from under the boulder she was white and deathly still. Her eyes were closed. His hand could not feel that she was living, and a great moan of anguish rose out of his soul. But he knew how to fight for a life. He tore open her dress and found that she was not crushed as he had feared. Then he ran for water. When he returned, the Willow's eyes were open and she was gasping for breath.

"The blessed saints be praised!" sobbed Pierrot, falling on his knees at her side. "Nepeese, ma Nepeese!"

### CHAPTER IX.

Impelled by the wild alarm of the Willow's terrible cries and the sight of Pierrot dashing madly toward him from the dead body of Wakayoo, Barre did not stop running until it seemed as though his lungs could not draw another breath. When he stopped, he was well out of the canyon and headed for the beaver pond. Exactly where lay Barre's fears it would be difficult to say—but surely it was not because of Nepeese. The Willow had chased him hard. She had flung herself upon him. He had felt the clutch of her hands and the smother of her soft hair, and yet of her he was not afraid! If he stopped now and then in his flight and looked back, it was to see if Nepeese was following. He would not have been hard from her alone. Her eyes and voice and hands had set something stirring in him; he was filled with a greater yearning and a greater loneliness now—and that night he dreamed troubled dreams.

Barre was glad when the dawn came. He did not seek for food, but went down to the pond. There was little hope and anticipation in his manner now. He remembered that, as plainly as animal ways could talk, Umisk and his playmates had told him they wanted nothing to do with him. And yet the fact that they were there took away his loneliness. It was more than loneliness. The wolf in him was submerged. The dog was master.

In one of the larger cedars Barre surprised a big beaver toting a four-foot cutting of birch as thick through as a man's leg—half a dozen breakfasts and dinners and suppers in one cargo. The four or five inner bark of the birch are what might be called the bread and butter and potatoes of the beaver menu, while the more highly prized bark of the willow and young alder take the place of meat and pie.

Barre smelled curiously of the birch cutting after the old beaver had abandoned it in flight, and then went on. He did not try to hide himself now, and at least had a dozen beavers had a good look at him before he came to the point where the pond narrowed down to the width of the stream, almost half a mile from the dam. Then he wandered back. All that morning he hovered about the pond, showing himself openly.

In their big mud-and-stick strongholds the beavers held a council of war. They were distinctly puzzled. It may be that the beavers discussed the matter fully among themselves. It is possible that Umisk and his playmates told their parents of their adventures, and of how Barre made no move to harm them when he could quite easily have caught them. It is also more than likely that the old beavers who had fled from Barre that morning gave an account of their adventures, again emphasizing the fact that the stranger, while frightening them, had shown no disposition to attack them. All this is quite possible, for if beavers can make a large part of a continent's history, and can perform engineering feats that nothing less than dynamite can destroy, it is only reasonable to suppose that they have some way of making one another understand.

However this may be, courageous old Beaver-tooth took it upon himself to end the suspense. It was early in the afternoon that for the third or fourth time Barre walked out on the dam. This dam was fully two hundred feet in length, but at no point did the water run over it, the overflow finding its way through narrow sluices. A week or two ago Barre could have crossed to the opposite side of the pond on this dam, but now—at the far end—Beaver-tooth and his engineers were adding a new section of dam, and in order to accomplish their work more easily, they had flooded fully fifty yards of the low ground on which they were working. The main dam held a fascinating lure for Barre. It was strong with the smell of beaver. The top of it

was high and dry, and there were dozens of smoothly worn little hollows in which the beavers had taken their sun-baths. In one of these hollows Barre stretched himself out, with his eyes on the pond. Not a ripple stirred its velvety smoothness. Not a sound broke the dreamy stillness of the afternoon. The beavers might have been dead or asleep, for all the stir they made. And yet they knew that Barre was on the dam. Where he lay, the sun fell in a warm flood, and it was so comfortable that after a time he had difficulty in keeping his eyes open to watch the pond. Then he fell asleep.

But how Beaver-tooth sensed this fact is a mystery. Five minutes later he came up quietly, without a splash or a sound, within fifty yards of Barre. For a few moments he scarcely moved in the water. Then he swam very slowly parallel with the dam across the pond. At the other side he drew himself ashore, and for another minute sat as motionless as a stone, with his eyes on that part of the dam where Barre was lying.

A few yards away Barre was almost hidden in his hollow, only the top of his shiny black body appearing to Beaver-tooth's scrutiny. To get a better look, the old beaver spread his flat tail out beyond him and rose to a sitting posture on his hind-quarters, his two front paws held squirrel-like over his breast. In this pose he was fully three feet tall. He probably weighed forty pounds, and in some ways he resembled one of those fat, good-natured, silly-looking dogs that go largely to stomach. But his brain was working with amazing celerity. Suddenly he gave the hard mud of the dam a single slap with his tail—and Barre sat up. Instantly he saw Beaver-tooth and stared. Beaver-tooth stared. For a full half-minute neither moved the thousandth part of an inch. Then Barre stood up and wagged his tail.

That was enough. Dropping to his fore-feet, Beaver-tooth waddled leisurely to the edge of the dam and dived over. He was neither cautious nor in very great haste now. He made a great commotion in the water and swam boldly back and forth under Barre. When he had done this several times, he cut straight up the pond to the largest of the three houses and disappeared. Five minutes after Beaver-tooth's exploit word was passing quickly among the colony. The stranger—Barre—was not a lynx. He was not a fox. He was not a wolf. Moreover, he was very young—and harmless.

### CHAPTER X.

Just as in the life of every man there is one big, controlling influence, either for good or bad, so in the life of Barre the beaver-pond was largely an arbiter of destiny. Where he might have gone if he had not discovered it, and what might have happened to him, are matters of conjecture. But it held him. It began to take the place of the old windfall, and in the beavers themselves he found a companionship which made up, in a way, for his loss of the protection and friendship of Kazan and Grey Wolf.

During this fortnight that followed Beaver-tooth's exploit on the dam Barre ate his meals a mile up the creek, where there were plenty of crawfish. But the pond was home. Night always found him there, and a large part of his day. He slept at the end of the dam, or on top of it, on particularly clear nights, and the beavers accepted him as a permanent guest. They worked in his presence as if he did not exist.

One afternoon, when the toboggan was particularly wet and slippery from recent use, Barre went up to the beaver path to the top of the bank and began investigating. Nowhere had he found the beaver-smell so strong as on the slide. He began sniffing and incautiously went too far. In an instant his feet shot from under him, and with a single wild yelp he went shooting down the toboggan. For the second time in his life he found himself struggling under water, and when a minute or two later he dragged himself up through the soft mud to the firmer footing of the shore, he had at last a very well-defined opinion of beaver play.

It may be that Umisk saw him. It may be that very soon the story of his adventure was known by all the inhabitants of Beaver Town. For when Barre came upon Umisk eating his supper of alder-bark that evening, Umisk stood his ground to the last inch, and for the first time they smelled noses. At least Barre sniffed audibly, and plucky little Umisk sat like a rolled-up sphinx. That was the final cementing of their friendship—or Barre's part.

### CHAPTER XI.

While the lovely Nepeese was shut-

ting and tinting—

guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, we begin to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can use of tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your drug list whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

Perfect home dye, tinting and tinting—guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, we begin to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can use of tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

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Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your drug list whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

## Women often ask me — says Mrs. Experience — how I get my table linen so immaculate



"I take it as a real compliment, because most women do try to excel in their table linen."

"Of course, I tell them the way I've found easiest and best is with Sunlight—just rubbing the linen lightly with Sunlight, rolling it up and putting it to soak. After soaking, perhaps a light rubbing here and there may be called for, then just rinse, and the linen is spotlessly clean. Fine linens should be protected and never come into contact with anything but the purest soap."

"As a household soap there is nothing better or more economical than Sunlight. Every particle is pure soap, with no wasteful 'filler'. Sunlight is mild and easy on the hands, too." Lever Brothers Limited of Toronto, make it.

S-58

## Sunlight Soap

Therefore Pierrot was half French, and Nepeese was quarter French—though she was so beautiful he could have sworn there was not more than a drop or two of Indian blood in her veins. If they had been all Indian—Chippewyan, Cree, Ojibway, Dog Rib—anything—there would have been no trouble at all in the matter. He would have bent them to his power, and Nepeese would have come to his cabin, as Marie came six months ago. But there was the accursed French of it! Pierrot and Nepeese were different. And yet—

He smiled grimly, and his hands clenched tighter. After all, was not his power sufficient? Would even Pierrot dare stand against that? If Pierrot objected, he would drive him from the country—from the trapping regions that had come down to him as heritage from father and grandfather, and even before their day. He would make of Pierrot a wanderer and an outcast, as he had made wanderers and outcasts of a score of others who had lost his favor. No other man would sell to or buy from Pierrot if Le Beto—the black cross—was put after his name. That was his power—a law of the Factors that had come down through the centuries. It was a tremendous power for evil. It had brought him Marie, the slim, dark-eyed Cree girl, who hated him—and in spite of her hatred "kept house for him." That was the polite way of explaining her presence. If explanations were ever necessary.

McTaggart looked again at the notes he had made on the sheet of paper. Pierrot's trapping-country, his own property according to the common law of the wilderness, was very valuable. During the last seven years he had received an average of thousand dollars a year for his furs, for McTaggart had been unable to cheat Pierrot quite as completely as he had cheated the Indians. A thousand dollars a year! Pierrot would think twice before he gave that up. McTaggart chuckled as he crumpled the paper in his hand and prepared to put out the light. Under his close-cropped shaggy beard his reddish face blazed with the fire that was in his blood. It was an unpleasant face—like iron, merciless, filled with the look that gave him his name of Napao Wetikoo. His eyes gleamed, and he drew a quick breath as he put out the light.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair.

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