'Orange Pelice' Means

Many buyers of tea have come to ask for 'Orange Pekoe' believing that it signifies fine quality. This is not, however, necessarily the case. In the trade 'Orange Pekoe' is only a name given to the first leaf below the bud or tip on any Indian or Ceylon tea bush. An 'Orange Pekoe' leaf grown at a high elevation usually possesses a very fine flavour. If, however, the plant is grown at a low elevation, it may still be 'Orange Pekoe' but also be of very poor quality. The consumer's only safeguard is to buy a tea of recognized goodness. High grown 'Orange Pekoes' comprise a large part of every blend of "SALADA" and give to "SALADA" its unequalled flavour.

SAITH. IT



SYNOPSIS. . Bush McTaggart, the factor of Post him again, at his feet.

MacBain, a brutal and unscrupulous "He is coming to-morrow, ma gart, "I guess you won't try the made at the first side tuck, through the said. "What shall I tell biting game again, eh, youngster? which a narrow belt passes. The peese, the beautiful Indian "princess," him?"
daughter of Pierrot, the trapper. He The Willow's lips were red. had tired of Maris, the slim Cree girl eyes shone. But she did not look at who had been his campanion. McTag- her father.

Ino willows ups were red. Her most to the none of this hand!"

toned extension, makes it a practical suit that is a triumph of freedom for Baree's teeth had sunk deep, and there mer father.

Nothing, Nootawe—except that was a troubled look in the factor's one to whom he must come—for what heresarry to win his daughter for Pierrot bent over and caught here and caught here and caught here.

Increase and aroused the enmity of you are to say to him that I am the face. It was July—a bad month for he seeks."

Pierrot bent over and caught here began washing the wound again. Suit that is a triumph of freedom for the play-hours. Cut in sizes 1, 2 and face. It was July—a bad month for he seeks."

Pierrot bent over and caught here.

Nothing, Nootawe—except that was a troubled look in the factor's face. It was July—a bad month for he seeks."

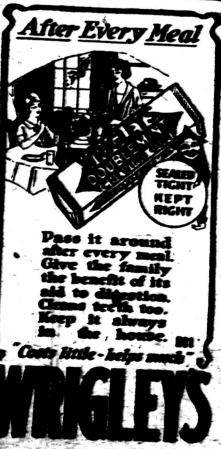
Pierrot bent over and caught here.

Nothing, Nootawe—except that was a troubled look in the factor's bites. From his kit he took a small flask of whiskey and turned a bit of the factor's plant the play-hours. Cut in sizes 1, 2 and bites. From his kit he took a small flask of whiskey and turned a bit of the factor's plant the play-hours. Cut in sizes 1, 2 and bites. From his kit he took a small flask of whiskey and turned a bit of the factor's plant the play-hours. Cut in sizes 1, 2 and the play-hours in the play-hours. Size 2 years requires 1½ years. Size 2 years requires 1½ years. Size 2 years requires 1½ years. kimself.

way through the caraverse as good as belonged to him Nepesse as good as good

Until the next to the last day Pierrot said nothing to Nepeese about what had passed between him and the factor at Lac Bain. Then he told her. "He is a beast—a man-devil," he said, when he had finished. "I would rather see you out there with her -dead." And he pointed to the tall spruce under which the princess moth-

Nepeese had not uttered a sound. But her eyes had grown bigger and darker, and there was a flush in her cheeks which Pierrot had never seen there before. She steed up when he had done, and she seemed taller to him. Never had she looked quite so much like a woman and Pierrot's eyes about death.



turned and came and sat down bushie

Pierrot bent over and caught her smiling. The sun went down. His

McTaggart's snares. He came out into a little starlit open and there he saw the rabbit going through a most marvelous pantomime. It amazed him for a moment, and he stopped in his tracks

She was wonderful, this slip of a girl-woman. Her beauty troubled him. He had seen the look in Bush McTaggart's eyes. He had heard the thrill like fashion. It may be that he desire of a beast in McTaggart's voice. He had caught thought it some sort of play. In this instance, however, he did not regard over which McTaggart had just apharable the beaver. He knew that Wapoos as he had looked on Umisk the beaver. He knew that Wapoos as he had looked on Umisk the beaver, He knew that Wapoos as he had looked on Umisk the beaver. He knew that Wapoos another moment or two of hesitation he darted upon his prey.

McTaggart had heard no sound for the destinies. He was power and the law.—
The sun was we'll up when Pierrot, one of the Willow's long braids fe'll over her shoulder, and he smelled that the standing in front of his cabin with Nepeese, pointed to a rise in the trail three or four hundred yards away, over which McTaggart had just apharable the beaver, He knew that Wapoos as he had looked on Umisk the beaver. He knew that Wapoos another moment or two of hesitation he darted upon his prey.

McTaggart had heard no sound for the destinies. He was power and the law.—
The sun was we'll up when Pierrot, one of the Willow's long braids fe'll one of the willow's long braids fe

his head was the one set farthest dread. Was it possiblefrom the camp. Beside the smoulder-ing coals of his fire he sat with his back to a tree, smoking his black pipe "Remember, Nootawe—you must and dreaming covetously of Nepeese, send him to me for his answer," she when Baree continued his night wan-cried quickly, and she darted into the dering. Baree no longer had the de cabin. With a cold, gray face Pierret sire to hunt. He was too full. But faced Bush McTaggart. he nosed in and out of the starlit spaces, enjoying immensely the stillness and the golden glow of the night. He was following a rabbit run when by the folds of the curtain which she had made for it, the Willow saw what he came to a prace where two lands had made for it, the willow sold logs left a trail no wider than his happened outside. She was not smilled thing tightened about his neck; there was a sudden snap s swish as the sapling was released from its "trigger"—and Baree was jerked off his feet so suddenly that he had no time

to conjecture as to what was hap-The yelp in his threat died in a gurgle, and the next moment he was going through the painteminic actions of Wapoet who was having his ven-geance inside him. For the life of him Baree could not keep from dancnem saree could not keep from dancing about, while the wire grew tighter and tighter about his nock. When he snapped at the wire and flung the weight of his body to the ground, the sapling would bend obligately, and then—in its rebound that the billion of the same time of the same time.

a fox, a young wolf—
It was the wolf he thought of first
when he saw Baree at the end of the wire. He dropped the blanket and raised the club. If there had been clouds overhead, or the stars had been less brillant, Baree would have died as surely as Wapoos had died. With the club raised over his head McTaggart saw in time the white star, the white-tipped ear, and the jet black of Baree's coat.

With a swift movement he exchanged the club for the blanket. In that hour, could McTaggart have looked ahead to the days that were to come, he would have used the ciub.

CHAPTER XII.

Half an hour later Bush McTaggart's fire was burning brightly again. In the glow of it Baree lay trussed up like an Indian papoose, tied into a balloon-shaped ball with babiche thong, his head alone showing where the blanket. He was hopelessly caught so closely imprisoned in the blanket that he could scarcely move a muscle of his body. A few feet away from him McTaggart was bathing a bleed ing hand in a basin of water. There was also a red streak down the side of McTaggart's bulish neck. "You little devil!" he snarled at

Baree. "You little devil!" He reached over suddenly and gave Barce's head a vicious blow with his evy hand.

The stick fell. It fell again and little tot. There are small tucks at again, and when McTaggart was done, either side of the front, the last tuck

bleeding.
"That's the way to take the devil

the raw liquor on the wound, cursing Baree as it burned into his flesh.

He chuckled again as he made his the trail cut within half a mile of way through the darkness to the door. Nepeges as good as belonged to him. He would have her if it cost—Pier-level; and it was here, afraid. The club in Bush McTaggart's like on a twist of the creek in which Ward rot's life. And—why not? It was rot's life. And—why not? It was rot's life. And—why not? It was rot since the blood from his eyes and last he had met the deadliest of all stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap washed the blood from his eyes and mouth. And still Barce made no move. And yet he was not address your order to Pattern Dept., He scarcely breathed. But Nepeges have you—whates you—hates you—hates you—hates you—hates you—hates you—hates you—hates you—hates you—it has shot touched him, like electric shocks.

"He had met the deadliest of all stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap washed the blood from his eyes and mouth. And still Barce made no move. Wou beat him?" she cried. "He will touched him, like electric shocks."

"You beat him?" she cried. "He will touched him, like electric shocks."

"You beat him?" she cried. "He will touched him, like electric shocks."

"Ho had not killed his fear. It had roused in him touched him, like electric shocks."

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"Ho had not killed his fear. It had roused in him touched him, like electric shocks."

"Ho had not killed his fear. It had roused in him touched him, like electric shocks."

"Ho Dieu! I say let him go, or he will touched him, like electric shocks."

peese without trouble it would all be yond that if was very quiet.

Pierrot's fault. To-morrow McTaggart would start again for the half-breed's country. And the next day Pierrot would have an answer for him. Pursued a rabbit that was swifter than he. For an hour he had no luck. Then he heard a sound that made to him the treetops. Be almost dead within him, Bush McTaggart dead within him, Bush McTaggart dead within him, Bush McTaggart swas scorehing his bedy with the gart and turned to Pierrot. "Tell him that Baree belongs to heat of his anticipation. He made his last plans as he walked swiftly through the forest with Baree under his arm. He would send Pierrot at once for Father Grotin at the Mission afraid of Baree. She had forgotten Then he heard a sound that made seventy miles to the west. He would was close to McTaggart's camp, and That would tickle Pierrot. And he what he heard was a rabbit in one of would be alone with Nepesse while

what she might think. He was not hands. Baree's head sagged. His

were deep-shadowed with fear and uneasiness as he watched her while she gazed off into the northwest—to—that the wire and the sapling were ward Lac Bain.

She was wonderful, this slip of a could see was that Wanoos was hop—and the law.

Chance of his tosing—no chance for Nepeese to get away from him. He—blood in his veins, and he opened his darted to Baree and caught him in wilderness, master of its people, arbitrary ful stars that had glowed at him so softly the day of Wakayoo's death.

Chance of his tosing—no chance for Nepeese to get away from him. He—blood in his veins, and he opened his darted to Baree and caught him in wilderness, master of its people, arbitrary ful stars that had glowed at him so softly the day of Wakayoo's death.

McTaggart had heard no sound, for the deepening red of her parted lips, the snare into which Wapoos had run and his heart was sick again with

CHAPTER XIII. ing now. She was breathing quickly, and her body was tense. Bush Mc-

NURSES

hear makes. The mails readen and



THE CHUDREN'S PLAY-ROMPERS

Polks-det dimity makes these romp ers, No. 1162. They are cut in one piece, for comfort and simplicity, and joined at the lower edge. Every "I ought to heat your brains out mother will enjoy having several of these easily-made garments for the Baree lay half stunned, his eyes part-ly closed by the blows, and his mouth neck and round collar make it very A thousand devils but you went al- back fastening, together with the but-

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainheart sank with it, like cold lead.

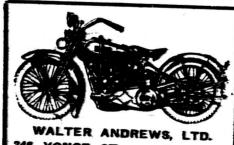
From Lac Bain to Pirrot's cabin on him steadily. He knew that at the beaver-pond, a dozen miles from his enemies. And yet he was not where Pierrot lived and it was have afraid. The club in Rush McTaggart's address your order to Pattain Dent.

Jy, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in of water and a cloth. Gently she within a few inches of Baree's naked washed the blood from his eyes and fangs. Her eyes blazed.

"You beat him!" she cried. "He

afraid of Baree. She had forgotten McTaggart. And then, as Baree rollher face as swiftly as the sun is shadowed by a cloud.

"Baree," she cried softly. "Baree -Baree!"



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"I wash the linoleum and paint-work with Sunlight, too, because it's less work the Sunlight way.

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Sunlight Soap

take off a hand, ka sakahet!" It was the first time he had called her that lover's name in Cree sweetheart! Her heart pounded. She bent her head for a moment over her clenched hands, and McTaggart —looking down ed in a limp heap on the floor, she on what he thought her confusion—saw his half-closed eyes and the dry laid his hand caressingly on her hair. blood on his jaws, and the light left From the door Pierrot had heard the word, and now he saw the caress, and he raised a hand as if to shut out the Salvation from our selfishness. sight of a sacrilege.

his tracks.

Wapoos, the rabbit, had run his furry head into the snare, and his first the soul of her. His hand clenching to which the copper wire was attached so that he was now hung half in midair, with only his hind feet to determine the stouching the ground. And there he about his neck slowly choked him to about his neck slowly about his neck slowly about his him the had given a sharp or your days was numbed until he was power. His legs were without hands about his lees to move the had sag her arms. As she looked up at Mc- guaranteed with Dia-



hair tint. Will restore gray hair to its natural color in 15 minutes. Small size, \$3.30 by mail Double size, \$5.50 by mail

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For Sare Feet—Minard's Liniment.

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So to the calmiy gathered thought The innermost of life is taught, The mystery dimly understood, That love of God is love of good; That to be saved is only this,-

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