

Discover For Yourself

# "SALADA" GREEN TEA

To drink a cup is a revelation. Try it.



THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE  
by Edison Marshall  
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## CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

He fought like the wolf that was his blood brother—lunging, striking down, recoiling out of harm's way, and springing forward to strike again.

The old exhilaration and rapture of battle flashed through him as he swung his axe, sending home blow after blow.

He danced about the shaggy, bleeding form of the bear, escaping the smashing blows of the bear with miraculous agility. But at last the grizzly lunged too far. Ben sprang aside, just in time. He aimed a terrific blow just at the base of the skull.

The silence descended quickly thereafter. The blow had gone straight home, and the last flicker of waning life fled. Ben stood waiting to see if another blow was needed. Then the axe fell from his hands.

For a moment he stood as if dazed. But soon he remembered Fenris and walked unsteadily to his side.

The wolf, however, was already recovering from the blow. He had been merely stunned. Once more Ben turned to the mouth of the cavern.

Sobbing and white as the moonlight itself, Beatrice met him at the doorway.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### FENRIS IS RESTLESS.

Ben rose at daybreak, wonderfully refreshed by the night's sleep.

His first work was to remove the skin of last night's invader—the huge grizzly that lay dead just outside the cavern opening.

The hour was already past ten; but Beatrice—worn out by the stress

of the night before—did not waken until she heard the crack of her pistol. She lay awhile, resting, watching through the cavern opening Ben's efforts to prepare breakfast.

Filling one of the two tin plates he stole into the cavern.

Falling into his mood the girl pretended to be asleep.

"Wake up, Beatrice," he commanded, with pretended gruffness. "It's after ten, and you've got to cook my breakfast."

She stirred, pretending difficulty in opening her eyes.

She opened her eyes to find him regarding her with boyish glee. Then—as a surprise—he proffered the filled plate.

The days passed quickly for Ben and Beatrice. They found plenty of work and even of play to pass the time.

With his axe and hunting knife Ben prepared a complete set of furniture for their little abode. And for more than a week, Beatrice was forbidden to enter a certain covert lest she should prematurely discover an even greater wonder than Ben was preparing for a surprise.

But one morning she missed the familiar sounds of his fire-building. Presently she heard him muttering and grunting as he moved some heavy object to the door of the cave.

She hurried into her outer garments, and in a moment appeared. It was a hammock, suspended on a stout frame, to take the place of her treasured bed on the cave floor. He had used the grizzly skin, hanging it with unbreakable sinew, and fashioning it in such a manner that folds of the hide could be turned over her on cold nights.

Reading the gratitude in her eyes, Ben's lips broke into a radiant smile. "I guess you've forgotten what day it is," he said.

"Of course. I hardly know the month."

"I've notched each day, you know. And maybe you've forgotten—on the ride out from Snowy Gulch—we talked of birthdays. To-day is yours."

He walked toward her, and her eyes could not leave his. He bent soberly, and brushed her lips with his own.

Lately Fenris had taken to wandering into the forest at night, and once his throat and jaws had been stained with dark blood.

"It's getting too tame for you here, old boy, isn't it?" Ben said to him one hushed, breathless night. "But wait just a little while more. It won't be tame then."

It was true: the hunting party, if they had started at once, must be nearing their death valley by now.

Matters reached a crisis between Fenris and himself one still, warm night in late July.

"Go ahead if you like," Ben told him. "God knows it's your destiny."

The wolf seemed to understand. With a glad bark he sped away and almost instantly vanished into the gloom.

But Fenris had not broken all ties with the cave. The chain was too strong for that. Fenris had joined his fellows, to be sure; but he still kept watch over the cave.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE POISON PLOT.

Beatrice had kept only an approximate track of the days; yet she knew that an attempt to rescue her must be almost at hand.

The wolf had gone now to join his fellows. She was not aware of his almost nightly return. Perhaps the fact of his absence gave her an opportunity to save her father from Ben's ambush.

The thought was with her, and she was desperate one long, warm afternoon as she searched for roots and berries in the forest. And all at once her hand reached toward a little vine of black berries, each with a green tuft at the end.

As if by instinct, hardly aware of the motion, she withdrew her hand. She knew this vine. It was the deadly nightshade, and a handful of the berries spelled death. She started to look elsewhere.

But presently she paused, arrested by an idea so engrossing and yet so terrible that her heart seemed to pause in her breast.

Her father's life was in imminent danger. Another day might find him

perished before her. Ben had

not hesitated to use every weapon in his power; she should not hesitate now.

Ben's finger plucked the black berries.

In one of the tin cups Beatrice pressed the juice from the nightshade, obtaining perhaps a tablespoonful of black liquor. To this she added considerable sugar.

Then she concealed the cup in a cluster of vines, ready for the moment of need.

Then she hastened up the ridge to meet Ben on his way to the cave.

She waited a few minutes, then spying his stalwart form at the edge of the heavy meadow, she tripped down to meet him.

She walked to the door of the cave, procuring a handful of dried red-roots leaves that she used for tea. Through the cavern opening he saw her drop them into the bucket that served as their teapot.

Then she came back for the filled cloth bag that contained the last of their sugar. He began to eat his steak.

All that he had told her, concerning his war with her father, returned to her in one vivid flash. Could it have been that he had told the truth—that her father and his followers had been the attackers in the beginning?

But even as these thoughts came to her she had walked boldly to the fire and emptied the contents of the cup into the boiling water in the teapot.

Then she took the pot off the fire and poured the hot contents into the cup that had just held the poison. She brought it steaming to Ben's side.

"It's pretty strong, I'm afraid," she told him. "The leaves weren't very good, and I boiled them too long. I'm afraid you'll find it bitter."

"I'll drink it, if it's bitter as gall," he assured her.

His hand reached and seized the handle of the cup.

Then she seemed to writhe as in a convulsion. Her voice rose in a piercing scream. "Ben—Ben—don't drink it!" she cried. "God have mercy on my soul!"

She reached and knocked the cup from his hand; and its black contents, like dark blood, stained the sandy floor of the cavern.

"Never mind, Beatrice," the man was saying, his deep, rough voice gentle as a woman's. "Don't cry—just forget all about it. Let's go over to your hammock and rest awhile."

"But you don't understand—you don't know—what I tried to do—"

His rugged face lighted as he smiled, kindly and tolerantly. But her solemn voice arrested him.

"Wait, Ben. I want you to know—so you won't trust me again. The cup—was poisoned."

The man looked at her, in infinite compassion, then came and sat beside her in the hammock. Rather quietly he took one of her hands. Then he pressed it to his lips.

"You'd kiss my hand—after what I did?"

"After what you didn't do," he corrected.

They would need fuel in plenty to keep the fire bright to-night. Evidently rain was impending—one of

those odd, steady downpours that are common in the north.

He went a full two hundred yards before he found a tree to his liking. It was a tough spruce of medium height and just at the edge of the stream. He laid his rifle down, leaning it against a fallen log; then he began his work.

His blows struck true from habit. Now the tree was half-covered: it was time to cut on the opposite side. Suddenly his axe crashed into yielding, rotten wood.

Half of the tree had been rotten, changing the direction of its fall and crushing it down before its time.

Ben leaped for his life, instinctively aiming for the shelter of the log against which he had inclined his rifle; but the blow came too soon.

Ben's rifle, catching the full might of the blow, was broken like a match. Ben himself was crushed to earth as beneath a meteor. The rain clouds deepened and spread above his motionless form.

Beatrice's dreams were troubled after Ben's departure into the forest. She opened her eyes; the cavern was deep with shadow.

She wondered why Ben did not come into the cave. Was he embittered against her, after all?

Her uneasiness was swiftly developing into panic.

(To be continued.)

## QUALITY STANDARDIZED.

You cannot get good tea without paying a fair price for it. Cheap tea lacks strength, freshness, and will give less satisfaction per pound.

Going fishing—take Minard's Liniment.

Safety in Numbers.

"Willie, have you your shoes on?"

"Yes, mother, all but one."

The Ruling Hand.

"What do they mean by woman's sphere?"

"The earth."

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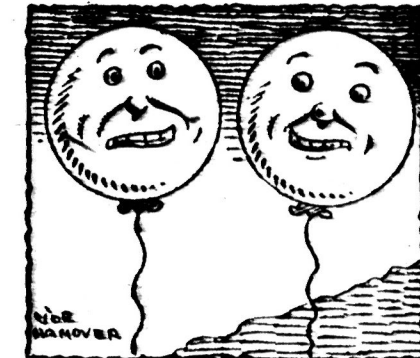
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## Balloon Talk.

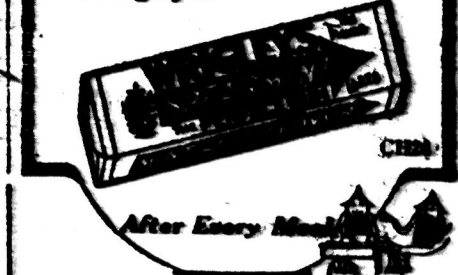
1st Toy Balloon—"You're a regular gas bag."

2nd Toy Balloon—"Well you're full of hot air!"



## Why! This is My Old Standby!

We use it at our houses every day. The children just love Wigley's



## St. Patrick Born in Somersetshire.

In Somersetshire, about twenty-five miles from Bath, at Glastonbury, legend states, was England's first Christian Church.

Here St. Patrick was born, and here he died. Here also Joseph of Arimathea came with the Holy Grail, planting his staff on the hill, which later grew into the famous Glastonbury Thorn, which blossoms at Christmas time every year.

Minard's Liniment soothes tired feet.

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The Prizes will be as follows:

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Second Prize \$15.00. Next Ten \$2.00 each.  
Third Prize \$10.00. Next Twenty \$1.00 each.

Every boy and girl who reads this paper has a chance to win one of these prizes. Read all you can about Canada, her early history, both French and British; study her progress from a Crown colony to her present position of political equality with the Motherland; visualize her future. Then decide from what angle you will deal with your subject and write your essay in 1,000 words or less.

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(Contest Closes April 16, 1927).

## RULES OF CONTEST

Contestants not over seventeen (17) years of age whose parents or guardians subscribe to this paper may enter the contest. Essays may deal with the subject from any point of view, but must not exceed 1,000 words in length.

Paper of foolscap size must be used, and writing appear on one side only. Neatness will be considered in making awards.

All manuscripts submitted become the property of the publishers. Send essays to Canada Essay Editor, in care of this paper.

The following information must accompany each entry.—Name of contestant, Age, Address, Name of School, Name of Teacher, and each essay must bear the following certificate signed by parent, guardian, or school teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this essay is the sole work of (name of scholar) and that (he or she) is not over seventeen (17) years of age."

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## TORON

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No. 2 North, \$1.50  
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Man. oats, No. 2  
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Am. corn, track,  
yellow, kiln dried, 84  
kiln dried, 82 1/2c.

Milled—Del. M  
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\$40.25.

Ont. oats, 55c, f.o.b.  
Ont. good milling  
\$1.24, f.o.b. shipping  
ing to freight.

Barley—Malting,  
Buckwheat—75c  
Rye—No. 2, 57c.

Man. flour—First  
do, second pat, 37c  
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\$5.25; seaboard, in 1  
Cheese—New, larg  
twins, 21 to 21 1/2c  
\$2 1/4c. Stiltons, 25c  
twins, 26c; triplets, 2

Butter—Finest cre  
to 61c; No. 1 cream  
2, 46 to 47c. Dairy

Eggs—Fresh ext  
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Poultry, dressed,  
and up, 46c; do, 4 to  
to 4 lbs., 35c; do, 2 1/2  
broilers, 10 to 12 lbs.  
over 5 lbs., 32c; do,  
do, 3 to 4 lbs., 28c  
turkeys, 46 to 47c;  
and up, 35 to 38c.

Beans—Can. hand  
\$3.90 bushel; primes,  
Maple products—S  
gal, \$2.25 to \$2.30;  
to \$2.25 per gal.; ma  
to 26c.

Honey—60-lb. tins,  
do, 13 1/2c; 13 1/2c to 13 3/4c  
14 1/2c; 2 1/2-lb. tins, 1  
Comb honey—\$4 t  
Smoked meats—H  
\$2; cooked hams, 42

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