

# Have You Tried "SALADA" TEA

It is in a class by itself. Ask for it.

## The Journey.

From birth to death the pathway leads  
Through changing skies of blue and  
gray,  
How far the journey none can say,  
At Heaven's gate meet all the creeds.

For some the road is long and straight,  
For some the way is rough and steep,  
But all must work and all must weep  
And all must come to Heaven's gate.

Then why for words should friends  
divide?

And why should comrades change to  
foes,

Disputing what no mortal knows?  
Why make of forms the things of  
pride?

The same port waits the great and low,  
For all the journey is the same,  
And who shall say that praise or  
blame  
Shall come from what we couldn't  
know?

He wisest lives who trusts the plan  
By which he treads the ways of  
earth.

Who gives himself to deeds of worth  
And brothers with his fellow man.  
—Edgar A. Guest.

## Peace River Has Valuable Timber.

Much has been written about the  
vast prairies and lightly wooded sec-  
tions of the Peace River district. While  
these are extensive, the greater por-  
tion of the district, taking into ac-  
count the mountain slopes and deep  
valleys of its outer bound, is thickly  
wooded with valuable timber, says the  
Natural Resources Intelligence Ser-  
vice. The principal varieties include  
fir in the mountains, spruce, pine, tan-  
bark, birch, poplar, cottonwood and  
willow. The upper reaches of the dis-  
trict, including the mountains and  
foothills, are especially well wooded,  
but timber of good dimensions is found  
in all the valleys throughout the entire  
district. Many large islands occur at  
intervals along the Peace, and these  
are all thickly wooded with fine  
straight spruce. Except on the open  
prairies, a sufficient supply of timber  
is found to meet all the requirements  
of the settler for many years.



He—"Don't you think we were just  
made for each other?"  
She—"Oh, I don't know. I've found  
a dozen fellows who were just made  
for me."

## Spring.

First the blue, and then the shower;  
Bursting bud and smiling flower;  
Buds set free with tinkling ring;  
Birds too full of song to sing;  
All things ready with a will,  
April's coming up the hill.



We Couldn't  
Do Without It

—Say The Movie Stars  
So say all whose work is  
hard after they try the deli-  
cious, invigorating refresh-  
ment of Wrigley's Double  
Mint.



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gathered across the front in an at-  
tractive manner. Narrow lace finish-  
es the edge of the scalloped collar  
and the short kimono sleeves in View  
A, while View B has the collar  
omitted and the neck and sleeves  
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it carefully) for each number and  
address your order to Pattern Dept.,  
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laide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by  
return mail.

## Spring Song.

There's a bluebird in the orchard and  
he tells me it is spring  
With the softly muted treble of his  
voice;  
And my heart is full of gladness when  
I see him on the wing,  
For he tells the world to listen and  
rejoice.

There are fleecy clouds a-sailing in a  
lovely azure sky,  
And the tree trunks glisten blackly  
in the sun;  
There's a warm south wind a-blowing  
and it swirls the leaves on high,  
For the changeful month of March  
has now begun.

O, to-morrow may bring snowflakes  
and a wintry wind that's chill,  
And the world may think that spring  
is far away;  
But within my heart I know I'll hear  
the bluebird singing still,  
With the selfsame muted treble of  
to-day.

—Hazel Keller Strubel.

## Loyalty.

—To our conscience is the beginning  
of self-respect.  
—To the best we know makes life  
the best it can be.  
—To our friends assures us of a wel-  
come on this old earth.  
—To our opportunities is the secret  
of success.  
—To our generation means special  
consideration for the next genera-  
tion.  
—To our own convictions does not  
mean intolerance for the other peo-  
ple.  
—To our prejudices is seldom a sign  
of strength.

Minard's Liniment soothes tired feet.



## THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE

by Edson Marshall  
Copyright 1915, Edson & Company

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

She sat dry-eyed, incoherent pray-  
ers at her trembling lips. Mostly  
she did not touch the man, only sat  
at his bedside in the crude chair Ben  
had fashioned for her.

The hours dragged by, the night  
sloped down to the forest and the  
dawn followed the night. Ben's life  
still flickered, like a flame in the  
wind, in the twilight land between  
life and death.

Yet little could she do for him  
these first few days, except, in her  
simple faith, to pray.

But in the morning of the fourth  
day he opened his eyes vividly, mut-  
tered and fell immediately to sleep,  
conscious to the degree that he could  
drink broth, yet never realizing Ben-  
trix nor seeming to know where he  
was.

It would be long weeks before Ben  
could hope for sufficient strength to  
start the journey down to the settle-  
ments, even if the way were open.  
As it was, their only chance lay in  
the fall rains that would flood the  
Yuga and enable them to journey  
down to the native villages in their  
canoe.

Yet she still waged the fight,  
struggling with high courage and  
tireless resolution against the fright-  
ful odds that opposed her.

But now the real hour of crisis  
was at hand—not from his illness,  
but from the depletion of their food  
supplies.

She walked to the mouth of the  
cave and famine itself stood close,  
waiting in the shadows. She gazed  
out into the gathering gloom.

The forest was silent to-night. Not  
a twig cracked or a branch rustled.  
It was hushed, breathless, darkly  
sinister. All at once her eyes peered  
and strained into the dusk.

Far across the valley, beyond the  
beaver marsh and on the farther  
shore of the lake she saw a little  
glimmer of light through the rift in  
the trees. A gleam of hope in the  
darkness of despair.

She hastened into the cave, drew  
the blankets higher about Ben's  
shoulders, then crept out into the  
dusk. Half running, she hastened  
toward the distant camp fire.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### The Shot That Warned.

Impelled by the excitement under  
which she advanced, her old agility  
of motion had for the moment re-  
turned to her; and she crept softly  
as a fawn between the young trees.  
One misstep, one rustling branch or  
crackling twig might give her away;  
but she took each step with consum-  
mate care, gently thrusting the tree  
branches from her path.

One of the three men looked up and  
she saw his face plainly through the  
low spruce boughs. It was with a  
distinct foreboding of disaster that  
she saw the man was Ray Brent.

At one side, quite to the edge of  
the freights, she saw a kayak—one  
of those square boxes that are hung  
on a pack saddle—which seemed to  
be heaped with jerked caribou or  
moose flesh. Fro the time of a breath  
she could not take her eyes from it.

Chan and Neilson were seemingly  
asleep, and now Ray was knocking  
the ashes from his pipe.

He got up, and removing his outer  
coat, rolled in his blankets. The  
night hours began their mystic march  
across the face of the wilderness.

The fire was a heap of gray ashes  
except for its red-hot centre; the  
kayak was in gloom. Very softly  
Beatrice crept through the thickets,  
meanwhile encircling the dying fire,  
and came up behind it.

Now it was almost in reach; now  
her hands were at its loops. She  
started to lift it in her arms.

But disaster still dogged her trail.  
Ray Brent had been too wary of at-  
tack, to-night, to sink easily into  
deep slumber. He heard the soft  
movement and, with a startled oath,  
sprang to his feet.

Still trying to hold the kayak of  
food that meant life to Ben, she  
turned and darted into the shadows.

Like a wolf Ray sped after her.  
The moonlight showing her fleeing  
figure in the trees, and shouting  
aloud, he sprang through the covers  
to intercept her flight. Embarrassed  
by the heavy box, she could not watch  
her step. She was hurled with stun-  
ning force to the ground.

Desperate and intent, but in rea-  
lization of impending triumph, Ray's  
strong arms went about her.

Neilson and Chan were on their  
feet now, and they regarded her  
in the utter silence of amazement.

Breathing fast, Ray came behind her.  
"Build up the fire, Chan," he said  
in a strange, grim voice. "We want  
to see what we've caught."

Obediently Chan kicked the coals  
from under the ashes, and began to  
heap on broken pieces of wood.

Slowly the fire's glow crept out  
to her, revealing her wide, frightened  
eyes and the dark, speculative faces  
of the men. Then Ray spoke sharp-  
ly:

"Well, why don't you question  
her?" he demanded of Neilson. "I  
suppose you know what she was do-  
ing. She was trying to steal food."

It looks to me like she's gone over  
to the opposite camp."

Her father sighed. "Is that so,  
daughter?" he asked simply.

"I was trying to take some of your  
food—to Ben," Beatrice replied soft-  
ly. He's in need of it."

"You see, they're on intimate  
terms," Ray suggested viciously.  
"Ben was in need of food—so she  
came here to steal it."

But Neilson acted as if he had not  
heard. "Why didn't you speak to  
us—and tell us you were safe?" he  
asked. "We've come all the way here  
to find you."

"Perhaps you did. If you had  
been here alone, I would have told  
you. But Ray and Chan came all  
the way here to find Ben. They in-  
tend to kill him when they find him.  
I—I didn't want him killed."

Slowly her father shook his head.  
"But I can't save him now. He  
brought this on himself."

"Remember, he was in the right,"  
the girl pleaded brokenly. "You  
won't—you couldn't be a partner to  
murder."

Neilson straightened, his eyes  
steely and bright under his grizzled  
brows. Only too well he knew that  
this was the test. Affairs were at  
their crisis at last.

"If one of you dares to lay a hand  
on Beatrice, I'll kill him where he  
stands."

Even as he spoke his thought went  
to his rifle, leaning against a dead  
log ten feet away. The jealousy and  
rivalry and hatred between himself  
and Ray had reached the crisis.

Ray leered, his muscles bunching.  
"And I say to you, you're a dirty  
traitor too," he answered.

Neilson leaped forward with all his  
power and if his blow had gone home  
Ray would have been shattered be-  
neath it like a tree in the lightning  
blast. But Ray's arms were incredi-  
bly swift, and his rifle leaped in his  
hands.

The barrel gleamed. The roar re-  
echoed in the silence. Neilson's head  
lowered strangely; and for a mo-



Beatrice's last defense had fallen  
seriously wounded.

ment he stood swaying, then pitched  
forward in the dew-wet grass.

Beatrice's last defense had fallen,  
seriously wounded; and Ray's arm  
seized her as, screaming, she tried to  
flee.

The shot that wounded Jeffery  
Neilson carried far through the forest  
aisles. It came clear as a voice to  
the cavern where Ben lay.

The man started violently in his  
cot. His entire nervous system  
seemed to react.

The truth was that the sound acted  
much as a powerful stimulant to his  
retarded nervous forces. His mind  
gave a great leap and remembered  
its familiar world.

The only possible explanation for  
the shot was that a rifle had been  
fired by some invader in their valley  
—in all probability Neilson or one of  
his men.

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ance up to \$2500 without  
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He looked out of the door of the  
cave, trying to get some idea of  
the lateness of the hour. The very  
quality of the darkness indicated  
that the night was far advanced.

Instantly his keen eyes saw the  
far-off gleam of the camp fire on the  
distant margin of the lake. His  
straining ear caught the faintest,  
almost imperceptible vibration in the  
air—but Ben recognized it in a flash.  
In the sullen light of that distant  
campfire, Beatrice had screamed for  
aid.

Swiftly he started down the glade  
toward her.

Yet in a moment he knew that  
unless he conserved his strength he  
could not hope to make a fourth of  
the distance. At the first steps he  
swayed, half staggering.

Likely he would come too late to  
change the girl's fate. Yet even now  
he knew he must not turn back. If  
the penalty were death, there must  
be no hesitancy in him; he must not  
withhold one step.

He fell again and again as he tried  
to make headway in the marsh. Only  
too plain he saw that the time was  
even now upon him when he could no  
longer keep his feet at all.

But at that instant he remembered  
the canoe. He plunged down into  
the tall tules. Yes, the boat was still  
in place.

It took all the strength of his  
weakened body to push it out from  
the reeds.

The canoe was strongly but lightly  
made, so that it could be portaged  
with greatest possible ease; and his  
strokes, though feeble, propelled it  
slowly through the water.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### The Wolf Pack.

For a strange, still moment Ray's  
face seemed devoid of all expression.  
It was flat and lifeless as dark clay.  
Then Beatrice felt the insult of his  
quickening gaze.

"Put a rope around her wrists,  
Chan," he said. "We don't want to  
take chances on her getting away."

She wore Ben's knife at her belt,  
and her hand sped toward it. But  
the motion, fast as it was, came too  
late.

Chan saw it; and, leaping  
swiftly, his arms went about her and  
pinned her own arms to her sides.

Ray was aiding his confederate  
now, and in an instant more she was  
helpless.

"You haven't lost all your looks,"  
he told her breathlessly. "That  
mouth is still pretty enough to  
kiss. And I guess you won't slap  
this time."

Her voice rose shrilly to a scream.  
"Ben—help me!"

(To be continued.)

**Only Good Tea Good Value.**  
In tea, as in everything else, you get  
only what you pay for. Tea of good  
quality is satisfying and economical—  
poor tea is a costly disappointment. A  
lot of poor quality, cheap tea is being  
offered to the public to-day.

## A Painful Point.

The small boy started unwrapping  
his parcel and brought out a woman's  
slipper, size eight, and much the worse  
for wear.

"That's mother's slipper," he ex-  
plained, "and there's a tack sticking  
up in it. I want you to put it right be-  
fore she notices it."

"What a dear little fellow you are!"  
said the assistant, beaming down at  
him. "Don't you love your mother?"

"Taint quite that!" said the boy,  
calmly. "You see, the tack's sticking  
out through the sole, and this is the  
slipper mother spans me with."

## Happiness.

You traverse the world in search of  
happiness, which is within the reach  
of every man; a contented mind con-  
fers it all.—Horace.



## Tinting Tips

Here's the secret of giving lingerie,  
stockings, etc., the most gorgeous tints.  
All tints are really colors. So use real  
dyes. Get an envelope of the actual  
dye powder at any drugstore, for fif-  
teen cents. Do your own tinting,  
which saves money and gives you the  
exact shade you want.

Diamond dyes do perfectly beautiful  
tinting—in cold water. A dip, and it's  
done. And true dyes don't streak!  
Dye-tinting doesn't look weak, however  
delicate a tone you use; nor does it  
wash out unevenly. When you want  
the tint to be permanent, just use hot-  
water instead of cold!

Regular dyeing of all dress materials,  
drapes, etc., just as easy. Ask drug-  
gist for color cards and suggestions.  
Or, a wealth of ideas in full colors, in  
new book, Color Craft, free and post-  
paid; write DIAMOND DYES, Dept.  
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**Diamond Dyes**  
Dye to TINT—Dye to DYE



## Women's \$75,000,000 Ranch.

The largest ranch in the world, the  
famous King Ranch, "down by the  
Rio Grande," and comprising an area  
of 1,320,000 acres, is to remain in  
the hands of a woman, the estate  
having been bequeathed by the late  
Mrs. Richard King to her only daugh-  
ter.

When her husband died in 1885,  
Mrs. King was left to direct a vast  
estate that was then nothing more  
than a large tract of land on a bor-  
der wilderness. She faced the task  
courageously and transformed South  
Texas into an area radiating pros-  
perity. The estate is now valued at  
over \$75,000,000.

By the sacrifice of 70,000 acres of  
her property, Mrs. King obtained a  
railway to bring her ranch within  
reach of markets, and she founded  
several towns which now have thou-  
sands of inhabitants. She aided lib-  
erally in the establishment of schools,  
churches and hospitals.

She was a famous hostess, and  
more than once entertained Presi-  
dents and the foremost figures in  
American society.

The old ranch house was burned  
down fifteen years ago, and she built  
a new residence at a cost of \$350,000.  
It is described as the finest farm-  
house in America.

Going fishing—take Minard's Liniment.

Very Difficult.

Not only to say the right thing in  
the right place, but far more difficult,  
to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the  
tempting moment. —George Augustus  
Sala.

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lather  
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