

hanging out of his mouth, he looked for a place to rest. He had reached a house with green grass, and with vines on the porch, and with a soft, damp-looking flower bed, full of bright flowers, in front of the vines. There was no fence.

"It is quite free," thought the tired dog, "and I am glad of a place to rest." So he went over to the flower bed, turned around and around on the cool soil until he had crowded out for himself a comfortable resting place among the plants.

"O how good this is," he thought, as he panted for breath, "how kind these people must be!"

He was just dozing off, when he heard a scream above him. "Peter, quick! quick! an awful dog! right in the flower bed! Drive him away!"

Move as quick as he could, the dog could not get away before he had been pelted with all sorts of things, and had been called all sorts of names which hurt him almost as much as the missiles.

He ran as far as he could without stopping, but he was so intolerably thirsty he kept looking for a place to drink. There seemed to be no water in all that town. As he lagged slowly along one street he reached a latticed kitchen porch. The porch door stood open. He knew there was water on that porch. The open door invited him. "These people know how it feels to perish of thirst," he thought, "they have left their door open."

Up the steps he crept; he could see the pail of fresh water; he was just about to bury his nose in the pail and drink his fill, when the kitchen door slammed back, and a broom descended on his head, and he was ordered off in no uncertain tones. With his head aching from the blow, and thirstier than ever, he ran slowly along.

"There is no place for me," he thought wearily, "nor any food, nor any drink. I do not understand it."

He ran by more houses with vines, and flower beds and green lawns and no fences, but he would not venture in. A pretty child sat on some steps and called: "Here doggie, here doggie!"

How he would like to be called that way. He turned his head imploringly.

"Here doggie—good, pretty, kind doggie! come to Roxie."

The dog hesitated; could the child mean him? Was it a boy? Some children were boys and some were girls. But he couldn't tell this one. Some boys were named John and Tom and David, and some girls were named Daisy and Lulu and Sallie, but he didn't know Roxie.

"Come doggie," urged Roxie, "come—I'll give you a drink—a nice, long, cool drink," and Roxie led the way encouragingly to the shady side of the house. There was a large crock, "This is for the birds," explained Roxie, "and now I'll fill it up for you," and Roxie turned in a stream from the hose.

The thirsty dog drank and drank—never did water taste so good. He raised his grateful eyes and wagged his grateful tail.

"O you good dog," smiled Roxie, "be my dog. I'll bring you something to eat in a minute. I'll be awful fast—now stay right—there"—impressively.

The dog scarcely knew what to do, but while he was still undecided, Roxie came back with a pan of scraps.

"These are my very own bones," said Roxie. "I've been praying for a dog for two days, and I've saved all my bones and scraps—now eat 'em!"

The dog ate in a half famished way—such good scraps!

"What are you doing, Roxie?" called a voice from an upper room.

"Freedin, my dog. God's sent him. Pretty good dog, too."

Roxie's mother hurried down, afraid she would find a mangy, sore-eyed

### Builds Up Nerves, Enriches Blood

**IS WHAT DR. CHASE'S  
NERVE FOOD DOES, ACCORDING TO A DANVILLE LADY.**

The nerves are scattered throughout the body, accompanying the blood vessels everywhere, and regulating the actions of the various organs which are concerned in the building of the body. The duties of the nervous system are therefore the controlling of the different parts of the human being. Consequently anyone endeavoring to recover from a nervous state, must as in all building, begin with a firm foundation. As good blood is the nourisher of the body, and because good blood is the result of good digestion, then an assistant in the digestion of food and a blood enricher are needed.

To accomplish these things, there is no better preparation than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This statement is justified by its enormous sale and the testimonials of thousands of thousands of people. This medicine makes the thin, watery blood healthy; replenishes the broken-down nervous system, and brings such organs as the stomach, lungs, heart, etc., back to their normal condition.

Mrs. F. X. Chagnon, Danville, Richmond Co., Que., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and am well satisfied with it, as it has built up my nerves, enriched the blood and put the digestive system in good condition. It is a pleasure for me to recommend so excellent a medicine."

Mr. W. Hawken, of 3 Roden Place, Toronto, Ont., states: "I was troubled for a long time with very severe headaches. I was very nervous, had no appetite, and could not rest or sleep. Food has greatly improved my appetite, I sleep splendidly and the headaches are entirely gone."

New nerve force must be added to the body and this can be best accomplished by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which is sold at 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box. Write for Dr. Chase's 1908 Calendar Almanac.

**BREAD - BAKER'S "WANTS"**

You WANT uniform results from the Baking;  
You WANT loaves that look Appetizing;  
You WANT Bread that makes Tasty Eating;  
—then use

**PURITY FLOUR**

Milled only from the very choicest Manitoba Hard Wheat in the finest equipped mills in the world.

Ask your Grocer for it to-day. 717

**WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED**  
MILLS AT WINNIPEG GODERICH AND BRANDON

dog, but instead she found a gentle creature, with a silky coat and beautiful eyes.

"Very well, Roxie," was the relieved answer. "We may as well settle this thing right now. If we find the dog belongs to any one else we can give it back."

"He doesn't," was the positive reply.

"Well—we'll play that way. We'll put the rest of the afternoon on the dog. We will scrub him and comb him and brush him and fix him a sleeping place and we will telephone right down to papa to bring up a collar. What name do you want?"

"Theodore," promptly.

"Why Roxie! Theodore isn't a dog's name!"

"It's this dog's name," in a final tone. "You told me yourself Theodore meant 'Gift of God'—and that's what my dog is."

And the lonesome dog wagged his tail happily. His fortunes certainly were improved.—Jessie Wright Whitcomb.

### WHAT AILED THE PILLOW?

Annie was saying her prayers; Nell trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone, she would talk to Annie, that mite of a figure in gold and white, golden curls and snowy gown, by the bed's side.

"Now, Annie, watch! Annie, just see! O Annie, do look!" she said over and over again.

Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayers and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be put out in just so many minutes. Presently Nell took to floundering, punching, and "O dearing." Then she lay quiet awhile only to begin again with renewed energy.

"What's the matter?" asked Annie at length. "Why don't you quit rolling about and go to sleep?"

"My pillow!" tossing, thumping, kneading: "It's as flat as a board and as hard as a stone. I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There's no prayer in it." For a second or two Nell was as still as a mouse; then she scrambled out on the floor, with a shiver it's true, but she was determined never afterwards to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must have been what ailed it," she whispered soon after getting into bed again. "It's all right now."

I think that is what ails a great many pillows on which restless heads, both little and big, nightly toss and turn; there are no prayers in them. Nell's remedy was the best, the only one. Prayer made the pillow soft, and she sank to rest as under a sheltering wing.—Early Dew.

Troubles will come which look as if they would never pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last forever, but the calm and the morning cannot be stayed; the storm, in its very nature, as that of the human heart, ever is to return to its repose, for God is peace.—G. McDonald.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you are forced to do something and to do your very best, for that will breed in you self-control, diligence, content, strength of will and a hundred virtues.—Charles Kingsley.

**THERE ARE MANY BAKING POWDERS**

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**

THE LIGHT OF THE KITCHEN

**BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE**

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**

It is Pure, Wholesome and Economical  
SOLD IN ALL SIZES.

**E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED**  
TORONTO, ONT.