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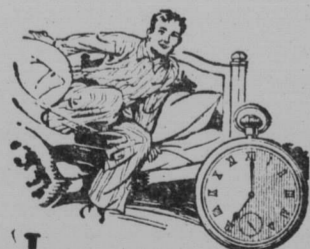
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**HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.**  
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by an early mail.

**How Many Dreams**  
How many dreams for a penny? Dreams are poor fare for many.  
"Flour and salt," said the grocer, "Herring and hills."  
In a purple pen the fireless hover around a silver lotus,  
"Dreams pay no bills."  
"Clover and corn," said the farmer, "Horses and kine."  
Ripples of silver sequins on lazy waters  
tease the drowsy pools' unwinning amber eyes,  
"Dreams feed no swine."

How many dreams for a penny? Dreams are poor fare for many.  
—Maud E. Uchold in The Saturday Review of Literature.  
I take an awful picture.—Mrs. Henry Ford.



**I'm never too tired to sleep now**  
Rested nerves make all the difference  
Your doctor will tell you how chewing relieves nervous tension, how the healthful cleansing action of Wrigley's refreshes the mouth and tones you up.  
Wrigley's does much—costs little.

# WRIGLEY'S

after every meal

ISSUE No. 9—29

## The Stray

**A Slight Sketch From Life**  
She was just a little thin dog, with matted, tangled, dirty hair; taught, by ill-usage, hunger, and neglect, to be afraid of everything, and to trust to nothing except her own little tired legs.

I don't know how long she had been lost in the streets, but she was in a deplorable condition when I first saw her.

Some noisy schoolboys on roller skates were chasing her, and in answer to my expostulations she said: "Please, miss, it's only a stray!"

I followed her down a side-street, and saw she was searching the gutters for food, with famished looks.

Presently we came to a great building, and through the open gate we could see a school playground. In it stood a man throwing corn to a great flock of pigeons.

Perhaps the sight of hungry things being fed gave her courage; at any rate, she crept in at the open gate, and I followed her.

The man was the caretaker of the school, and a good friend to all animals. When he saw his timid, wretched, starved little dog, he at once made kindly advances, but she fled, terrified. At that he carefully closed the playground gate and tried to catch the stray.

For all his coaxing he could not get near her, and fear gave her legs unerring speed. Wildly she searched for the way she had come in, and darted to and fro. Finally the caretaker called his wife—a kindly soul in a big blue apron. Together they cornered the trembling little dog, and the wife threw her blue apron over her, and then she was caught. She was mere skin and bone, and her back was badly bruised and bleeding from some heavy blow.

She lay trembling with terror, waiting for more cruel cuts and blows from her captors. Instead, she was gently carried into a warm room and placed on a mat.

Once she must have been pretty, for she was tiny and well made, and her dirty, matted hair was long and fine, and her frightened eyes were dark and bright. Her new friends brought her food and tried to reassure her, but she crouched close to the wall, trembling, with her face hidden, for nearly fifteen minutes.

At length the kind strokings and pats, and the kind voices and smell of food, prevailed. She turned round towards the plate stealthily, and suddenly started eating like a famished wolf.

Her new friends would not give her too much in her present condition. When the plate had been licked clean many times over, she showed what struck me as wonderful powers and memory combined.

Once someone had loved her and taught her tricks. The poor, bruised, starved little creature, with a dim remembrance of politeness in happier days (perhaps by association with kind voices and a carpet), sat up bravely on her hind legs, and, peeping through her mop of hair with her bright eyes, she extended a dirty little paw to each of her friends that they might shake hands with her. It was all she could do to show her gratitude.

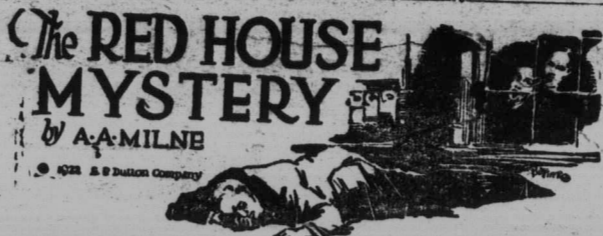
Hunted and starved, with so much fear of evil men to remember, she could yet call to mind the trick which had given pleasure to her friends of old days, and for which she had been praised. Her new friends washed and fed her, and kept her for a week, and her looks so improved in that short time that I hardly recognized her; but the most touching thing about her was her adoring affection for the caretaker and his wife.

They had two dogs, so could not keep her; but they found her a kind, if humble, home, and I hear she is very much valued by her present mistress.

M. A. Wrigley, in The Little Animals' Friend.

**Speeches in the House**  
Ottawa Journal (Cons.): The real work of Parliament is not done through set speeches in the Commons. These, of course, are necessary, and, when well done, when informed and authoritative, are of service. The trouble is that, usually, the leaders say all that needs to be said, and that what comes afterwards is little more than the futile repetition, elucidating nothing and helping nothing. The member who is of real service in the House, who earns his indemnity and helps his party and country, is the member who works on committees, who is willing and able to "dig" for facts, who equips himself to apply to all measures a degree of constructive criticism.

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.



**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
The body of the ne'er-do-well brother, Robert Ablett, was found on the floor of the locked office of the Red House, and Mark Ablett, bachelor proprietor of the country estate, was nowhere to be found. In the eyes of Inspector Birch, it was clear that Mark had shot Robert, particularly since everyone knew that Mark learned with disgust and annoyance of Robert's return from his 15-year stay in Australia.

But the circumstances were mysterious. The shot was heard two minutes after Robert's arrival, and when Antony Gillingham, a gentleman adventurer, entered the house to visit Mark's guest, Bill Beverley, he found Mark Cayley, Mark's constant companion, pounding on the locked door and demanding admittance. The two men entered through a window and found the door of the keys were on 'Le outside' puzzled Antony. He discusses some of the mysterious clues with Bill Beverley in the sunken garden, and while there discover Cayley (who has come through a secret tunnel) trying to overhear their conversation.

**GO ON WITH THE STORY**

**CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)**

Antony wanted to shout his applause. It was neat, devilish neat. For a moment he gazed fascinated, at that wonderful new kind of croquet ball which had appeared so dramatically out of the box, and then reluctantly wriggled himself back. There was nothing to be gained by staying there, and a good deal to be lost, for Bill showed signs of running down. As quickly as he could Antony hurried round the ditch and took up his place at the back of the seat. Then he stood up with a yawn, stretched himself and said carelessly, "Well, don't worry yourself about it Bill, old man. I dare say you're right. You know Mark, and I don't; and what's the difference. Shall we have a game or shall we go to bed?"

Bill looked at him for inspiration, and, receiving it, said, "Oh, just let's have one game, shall we?"

"Right you are," said Antony. But Bill was much too excited to take the game which followed very seriously. Antony, on the other hand, seemed to be thinking of nothing but bowls. He played with great deliberation for ten minutes; and then announced he was going to bed. Bill looked at him anxiously.

"It's all right," laughed Antony. "You can talk if you want to. Just let's put 'em away first, though."

They made their way to the shed, and while Bill was putting the bowls away, Antony tried the lid of the closed croquet-box. As he expected, it was locked.

"Now then," said Bill, as they were walking back to the house again. "I'm simply busting to know. Who was it?"

"Cayley,"

"Good Lord! Where?"

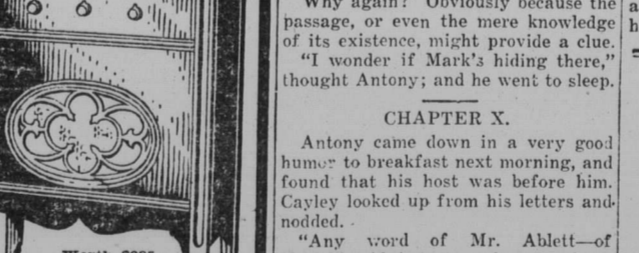
"Inside one of the croquet boxes."

"Don't be an ass."

"It's quite true, Bill." He told the other what he had seen.

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"Quite deep enough," said Cayley as he got up. On his way to the door he stopped, and looked at Antony. "I'm so sorry that we're keeping you here like this, but I will only be until tomorrow. The inquest is tomorrow afternoon. Do amuse yourself how you like till then."

"Thanks very much. I shall really be quite all right."

Antony went on with his breakfast. Perhaps it was true that inspectors liked dragging ponds, but the question was, Did Cayleys like having them dragged? as Cayley anxious about it, or quite indifferent? He certainly did not seem to be anxious, but he could hide his feelings very easily beneath that heavy, solid face. Bill came in noisily.

Bill's face was an open book. Excitement was written all over it.

"Well," he said eagerly, as he sat down to the business of the meal, "what are we going to do this morning?"

"Not talk so loudly, for one thing," said Antony.

Bill looked about him apprehensively. Was Cayley under the table, for example? After last night one never knew.

"Is—er—" He raised his eyebrows. "No. But one doesn't want to shout. One should modulate the voice, my dear William, while breathing gently from the hips. Thus one avoids those chest-noises which have betrayed many a secret. In other words, pass the toast."

"You seem bright this morning," said Antony.

"I am. Very bright. Cayley noticed it. Cayley said, 'Were it not that I have other business, I would come gathering nuts and may with thee. Fain would I gyrate around the mulberry bush and hop upon the little hills.'"

"It's a touch of the sun, I suppose," said Bill, shaking his head sadly.

"It's the sun and the moon and the stars, all acting together on an empty stomach. Do you know anything about the stars, Mr. Beverley? Do you know anything about Orion's Belt, for instance? And why isn't there a star called Beverley's Belt?" Said he masticating. Re-enter W. Beverley through trap door.

"Talking about trap-doors—"

"Don't," said Antony, getting up. "Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules, but nobody talks about what's the Latin for trap-door? Mensa—a table; you might get it from that. Well, Mr. Beverley,"—and he slapped him heartily on the back as he went past him—"I shall see you later. Cayley says that you will amuse me, but so far you have not made me laugh once. You must try and be more amusing when you have finished your breakfast. But don't hurry. Let the upper mandibles have time to do the work." With these words Mr. Gillingham then left the spacious apartment.

Bill continued his breakfast with a slightly bewildered air. He did not know that Cayley was smoking a cigarette outside the windows behind him; not listening, perhaps; possibly not even overhearing; but within sight of Antony, who was not going to take any risks. So he went on with his breakfast, reflecting that Antony was a rum fellow, and wondering if he had dreamed only of the amazing

things which had happened the day before.

Antony went up to his bedroom to fetch his pipe. It was occupied by a housemaid, and he made a polite apology for disturbing her. Then he remembered.

"Is it Elsie?" he asked, giving her a friendly smile.

"Yes, sir," she said, shy but proud. She had no doubts as to why it was that she had achieved such notoriety. (To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Coughs, Colds.

**Economic Slavery**

Toronto Mail and Empire (Cons.): Our pulpwood, our pulp, our minerals in the primary state are gladly permitted to enter the United States, there to provide material for manufacturing industries, which will return a percentage of the finished products to our consumers. Should the country which denies Canada a market for its farm products, all for the finished product of Canadian labor, be allowed to grab two-thirds of the huge buying power of our natural industries and thus so deluge our market with manufactured products as to blight the growth of our own manufacturing industries? No other country gives the United States a market of such magnitude, no even free-trade Britain.

What is the secret of the United States' power over the Canadian market? Why does the King Government continue to make the United States, with which we have no commercial treaty, the most favored nation, to the great injury of Canada's own progress?

I have no acquaintance with opera bouffe, but I occasionally come in contact with low comedians.—Winston Churchill.

**FARMERS**

Requiring British help—Single men, women or families, to assist with farm work, should write Rev. Alex. MacGregor, 43 Victoria St., Toronto. These people will be arriving after March 15.

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