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# ACCIDENT SICKNESS INSURANCE

THE  
**Dominion of Canada**  
Guarantee and Accident Insurance Co.  
TORONTO



"There's no trusting them if they are alive," replied the cowboy as he vigorously piled up the brush and lighted a blaze. "I shouldn't be surprised if some of them had a nest close by," he added.

"Wolves' pelts bring a good bounty. Shall we go and see how many we have?" asked Scattergood, swinging his lantern high into the air to make sure the way was clear. The flames of the brush heap were now mounting higher and higher, so that it was almost day where they stood. The heavy rain of the day prevented the fire from spreading.

"We'll have to keep this brush burning the rest of the night, if we would save our ponies," exclaimed the cowboy.

But Scattergood did not hear him, as he was busy gathering up the wolves that they had slain, preparatory to removing their hides.

"There are fifteen of them," he called back to his companion.

"That isn't a bad night's work," he

answered between puffs for breath as he carried another large fork full of fagots to freshen the blaze. "I'll be there to help in a few minutes."

It was almost morning before the hides were ready for market. "I'll cut across this piece of woods," said the cowboy, taking part of the pelts, "and have breakfast ready for you when you come."

Keeping along in the path around the clearing, Scattergood came to a turn in the road bordered by a bunch of copsewood. There were fresh tracks over the earth that lay loose as if some creature had been digging an opening. Laying down his bundle for a few minutes he stooped to examine the place. Drawing out several feet of earth, he suddenly came upon a bunch of warm fur. Yes, there lay an innocent looking creature as cunning as a kitten.

Gathering up the skins in one hand and his strange pet in the other, he hurried on to the "study" as he playfully called the shanty of his friend. The odour of fried chicken and warm rolls helped to quicken his pace.

"Breakfast is all ready," greeted the cowboy coming to the door at that moment to drain the potatoes. "Whatever have you there?" he asked, pausing in the open with his streaming kettle.

"Guess," he laughed, holding out the blinking creature for his closer inspection.

"A baby wolf as sure as I live. You have done well for a beginner. What are you going to do with it?" "Keep it for a pet," he replied. Scattergood was a college student, spending his vacation as a young supply preacher in the West. Unexpectedly he had met with a former schoolmate, now following the occupation of cowboy, and had stopped with him for a short time in his solitary life on the plains. He fed the young wolf milk and wild meat. It grew rapidly and thrived under his kind and systematic care.

"What are you going to name it?" asked his friend one day.

"How would Tiger sound?" he asked, with a smile.

"I presume it will not be a misnomer," was the reply. "No doubt it will grow into its title. But I hope it will never play Little Red Riding Hood with you," he added.

One day in the late summer Scattergood was called to preach in an Indian village. They had recently erected a new church and to-day it was to be dedicated. The people came from miles around, and as they expected to spend the entire day in services, Bible school and prayer meeting, they un-

hitched their horses, fastened them in the large, roomy shed and fastened the door as a means of safety against any stray animal.

The student pastor had brought Tiger with him and chained him just outside of the entrance at the rear of the church. When the hour for opening the services approached, the new church was packed to the doors. The minister had been preaching for about a half hour when the cry of "FIRE" rang out on the air.

"The horse shed is burning up and the church is in danger," shouted the men nearest the door. The Indians swarmed out of the building to the scene of the fire. The roof was already ablaze. In vain they worked to get the horses out. The halters of the poor beasts were burned off, and they were all running up and down the floor of the long shed, kicking and whinnying with fright. The women shrieked and the men groaned.

The student pastor calmly approached the doomed building and was about to enter, but the men warned him not to go in. "No living being can get the horses out alive," they said. With a few quick orders, he sent some of the boys for water to prevent the fire from spreading to the church. Then throwing back the barn doors, exposing the poor, terrified animals to all eyes, he unleashed the wolf at his side and set him upon the horses. All the fury of Tiger seemed aroused as he took the situation, and realized what was expected of him. He sprang into the enclosure, biting the horses heels, leaping at their throats and scrambling upon their backs, tormenting them with paw and fang until they were glad to rush into the open where they were quickly driven to a place of safety. He did not desert his post until the last horse had stumbled out of the blinding, suffocating smoke.

Not one of the animals seriously injured. Finally after the horses were all safely tethered, Tiger scorched and panting, limped to his master's side. The Indians, much pleased with the animal's faithfulness, gathered round him to stroke his sides, and give him a drink of milk, and rub oil on his wounds. But the poor creature was terribly burned. He gave his master a grateful look for the drink, but refused to touch it. Licking his master's hand, he crouched at his feet and with a low, mournful howl, rolled over and died.

The Indians were deeply moved. They were so glad that their horses had been saved, and that the fire was put out. "We will never shoot another wolf," said they, "unless it is absolutely necessary."—Miss Z. I. Davis, in The Lutheran.

## Lost Control of His Temper

Once there was a man whose liver was not working right. When dressing in the morning he had trouble with his collar. Then he lost the collar button. Then he said something.

By the time he got to breakfast he was so irritated that he had no appetite and quarrelled with his wife. He went to the office with a headache and when he had some important business to transact he bungled it.

When you find yourself easily irritated and lose control of yourself and your temper, look to the condition of your liver, and take one of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at bedtime.

The dark-brown taste will not bother you in the mornings, the tongue will clear up, digestion will improve and you will not have the tired, worn-out feelings which accompany a sluggish condition of the liver.

make the fire, and in summer see that the porch is in perfect order. A dainty breakfast is prepared and served by the young daughters. Father dresses little brother, and at the meal waits upon him entirely.

One thing only is required of mother, that she dresses in her prettiest, laciest, morning frock, and devote herself to looking her sweetest.

With the aid of the boys the table is soon cleared, the house put in perfect order, the dinner prepared as far as possible before the young people are off to Sabbath School, and one of them always returns in time to care for the small boy, that both parents may enjoy their church service undisturbed. Dinner is served, and the dishes are washed by the sons and daughters.

The busy, unselfish housemother is thus refreshed mentally and physically to cope with the many labours and cares of the week, when little help can be rendered by her student family. And who can gauge the amount of good done the young people by passing their Sunday in such an unselfish beautiful way?—The Housekeeper.

## In Dread of Croup

The inexperienced mother is always in dread of croup. There is seldom any warning until the child awakens at midnight with the hard, metallic cough and gasps frantically for breath.

There is no time to send for a doctor, no time to go to the drug store, even; relief must be obtained at once. If you are not so fortunate as to have Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house, cause the child to vomit with a spoonful of warm lard or by tickling the throat with finger.

Then get Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine so as to prevent the more serious attack which usually comes the second night. This treatment is wonderfully effective for croup, bronchitis and colds in the throat or chest. Mothers who make a practice of always keeping it in the house find that they can depend on it in case of emergency.

### MOTHER'S SUNDAY.

In one city home a very charming institution prevails. The whole household speaks of it as mother's Sunday. On that day the busy housekeeper in this particular home does no work of any kind.

The family consists of father, mother, four half-grown boys and girls and a little fellow of three sunny summers. The boys rise betimes on Sunday,