The Valley of Regret.

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

'In legs is withered, ma'am,' said "To legs be withered, ma'ma," said the woman calmiy, as she leaned over nor recking tub. "To legs is withered, and there ain to no ope for 'im, manual' Tell the lady, "Every, os 'ow there ain't no 'ope for you!"
"Tes, kind haby m, legs is nithered and the doctor says as there ain to 'ope nor 'oip for me." The boy repeated it monotonously, like a lesson with learners.

well learned.

well learned.
"How perfectly dreadfull" sighed Mrs. Harding Sturtesant, tranquilty, gasing down at the boy out of sounful hrown eyes. "How perfectly dreading!" Those oyes, for the moment at least, made Houry rather proud of his affilietion. Sympathy was 10 him what min had been to his foodwars. But it was seldem the cup was hold for him to drain.

to drain,

"E was took that way, ma'am, when we salled from Birken'ead, nigu on soven years ago—Enery and is paw and me. 'Is paw, ma'am, one of the 'endsomest men as over you seen, though 'o would 'ave 'is drop."

The boy's mother jerked her head in the child's direction.

"But 'e's been dead this two your "But 'o's been doad this two your, ma'am. continued the woman at the tub, raising her oyes heavenward. "Drunk isself to death, ma'am, and wot with that be been 'ere, with 'is doctorin and is milk and is med'sen,

doctorin and is milk and is med'sen, it a 'ard, ma nu for one poor woman!" The figure at the tub brushed her eyes demonstratively with her soupy mrm. Mrs. Sturtovant calmly murmured that it must be hard. "But I ain't complainin, ma'am, Thero's thom, now, as is rollin' in money and 'as their kerriges like yourself, ma'am, beggin' your parding, as ain t 'art as appy as little Energy there. 'Appyl Wy 'o's as 'appy as to day is long, and it's all that dawg of 'la, ma'am. That dawg is 'is life and 'souli'.

"Oh, yes, the dog!" said Mrs. Stur "Oh, yes, the dog!" said Mrs. Stur-tevant. A now interest glowed in her great brown eyes. "Do tell me about that dear little dog of yours, Henry!" "The most wounderful dawg as ever you seen, ma'am. E do be more than

you seen, ma'am. 'E do be more then uman, that dawg. Whenever Enery is took bad, all I does is to fotch in Rags. Enery, 'e usually 'as 'is bad spoils at night. It's is spine, you know, makapu as is all gone with the rickets, though 'is less is took bad, too, ma'am. 'Enery show the lady your loss."

too, ma'nm. Enery show the lady your logs."
"Perfectly dreadful. That's enough, dear," said Mrs. Sturtovant, instily "Coret them up now or you may take cold, dear; and tell me all about that beyowteeful dog."
"Is name is Rags," said Heary, dreamily; "Rags."
"And the dector says, ma'am, as 'a hais 'igh bred a dawg as over wagged a tall—bein', of course. If you could say as Rags 'ad a tall. Just a week gone Monday the dector looked at little 'Enery and shook is 'ad and says, says 'e, 'My little man, if you 'ad one 'ari as good blood as your dawg in that little body of yourn we might build up them bones some day!' And 'is father, ma'am, as 'andsome a man as every worked on the Liverpool clocks. But dectors is queer gentry. And there's them will agree with me whenl they're' and as much to do with them as me since "Enery came."
"But may I not see this beyewteeful little dog of yours, Heury?" asked Mrs. Sturtevant softly, though a little wearly.

After looking up at her suspiciously

wearthy.

After looking up at her suspiciously
from under his small brows for soveral
moments the boy shook his head sui-

from under his small brows for soveral moments the boy shook his head sullenly.

"Enery is a little queer, me'am, mecially about Rags," the little boy's sobther inastened to explain. "You is Rags was given to "Enery by Dinary Crockett, and there is them as make that Dinney dider't come by 'lm onest. But Dinney never stole one within' from this 'ouse, And I aliet to as is goil' to cast siars on a home to by. And that kind-hearted, mam, he 'as walked six miles down to all the market for 'arl' a dozen oysis for little 'Enery therelAnd sit up that with 'mn, a doing wot' o calls units for 'Enery by the hour, till 'e the child a larring through his goons!"

Pibliant you know, Henry, that I was a great many very beyowteeful

Didn't you know, Henry, that I a great many very beyow at home? Some of them, that cost hundreds of dollars. But her re come all the way down to hav little peop at Rugs, and you won't t me see him!"

Mrs. Sturtevant's intenations of ser did not seem to soften the boy. ously, looking imploringly but sly at his mother.

y, 'Enery, this kind lady don't to take your dawg. She 'as a seful of 'em at 'ome. She 'as 'as took prizes and things at shows, and some as is about 'ow much would

some of them be worth, me and ask ed the woman at the tab.
Three thousand dollars, "said Mrs. Startewant a crelessy. That s what little Lord Received cost me."
This year that, "Enery, this kind lady might give you a mite or two for a bit of 2-arg soap For Rogs ain t ad a honest wash, ma'am, since started 'aring 'le last but

Mrs. Stucturant opened her purse, Before the child on the bed know what she was about, not being used to such things, she had slipped a bill into his

He looked at it stupidly Then he

hand.

He looked at it stupldly Then be flushed up to the trapples and held it out for the woman to take back Insome way he felt that it might compromise his claim on Rags.

The worman at the tab saw the movement and stopped her work.

"Energl' she cried, shrily, "Energl' don't you sit there and insuit the kind hady. Ere. 'Energy you 'and that to ree and I'll see as it's took care of right for you, Therel It's only 'is way, ma'am. 'E an't ungrateful, but 'e's that jealous of that dawg of 'is e ain't cight in the 'ead sometimes.' This night not have been the absolute truth, but it served its purpose, "Poor child" signed Mrs. Sturte and

lute truth, but it served its purpose, "Poor child!" signed Mrs. Sturtevant. She saw that it was only through the woman that she could gain ber point. "He must be a great trian to you, Mrs. Hill.
"E is, ma'am," said Mrs. Hill, showing signs of tears. She made no effort to hide the confession from the boy He turned his thin face to the wall.
"And won't you let me see this wonderful little pet of Henry's, Mrs.

wail.

"And won't you let me see this wonderful little pet of Henry's, Mrs. Hill?" There was something like impatient command in the smiling suatiety of the visitor. She was not used to being denied requests.

"In course, ma'nm. You see I 'as to keep 'im shut up under the stairs most of the time, 'e is that destructive when of the tine, of a tint destructive which '6's with 'Enery, And 'Enery, 'cavon bless you, 'e never seems to see. As soon as Rags walks into this room 'e is on that bed and a chewin of the clothes like mad, 'e's that crazy with ciothes like mad, o's that crezy with lo, when 'Enery speaks to 'im. Yes, and 'Enery Just sits there and lo's 'tu chew up a 'ole coverlet without sayin' so much as a word, 'e ly that 'appy to see 'im. That's why I 'avo to keep 'im outside. One minute, 'ma-'am, and I'll 'avo 'im 'ere."

The boy gave his mother one last imploring look. It was too late, for the had already left her tub. She went to the back door, but feeling intui-tively the boy's eyes were on her, turned and faced the bed.

"Now, I don't want no onsense, Marster Enery, you understand," sho said, in a hard voice, feeling uneasy in her own soul, "This kind lady ain't a-going to 'urt your dawg, and may be as she'll do the handsome thing by im when she sees those tricks of 'ls.'

be as sholl do the handsome thing by 'lm when she sees those tricks of 'ls."

The woman passed out into the dark little hallway, and a moment later there could be heard a number of short, sharp barks and a great deal of scratching and whitning and jumping at a farther door.

Then Rags appeared. He did so by shooting in like a black and white cannon ball. In two bounds he was on the bed beside his master. There he filt to licking the boy's hands, then he little height go boy's hands, then he little height go boy's hands, then he little height go boy's hands, then he little hose up in the boy's face and shrieked his shrill slught, and all the time his tuil stump waggled wildly, like a trip hammer gone mad. And this boy stroked the terrier's nose and ticked his ribs and rubbed his ears and commenced to talk to him. Whereupon, of course, Rags commenced to chow the bed-clothes, and had to be soundly cuffed by Mrs. Illil.

Mrs. Sturtevant gazed at that dog, and she say that fine the late to the that head her that the late of the said of the both of the court of the state dog, and she say that fine the late and on the said of the said

Mrs. Sturtevant gazed at that dog, and sho saw that what had been sung of him had all been truth. Never, indeed had her trained dyes looked upon a finer fox terrier.

He had the straight back and the

hard, smooth, abundant coat that bespoke his breeding, plain as print. She noticed that he was flat-skulled, and that there was just the prope and that there was just the proper drop in the profile between the fore-head and the upper jav. He had, too, just the right deep-set, small, darker rummed eyes and black ness add long sloping shoulders on his tenso allthe body to show at once what blood was in him.

in him.
Mrs. Sturtevant noticed also Mrs. Sturtowant noticed mas that Rags was white all over, save for pas-clear cut spot of black that reached almost to his stump tail. He seemed nothing but muscle and hide, and so light and quick of movement that he could dame our excelute. could dance on eggshells,

So It was no wonder Mrs. Sturtevant drow in her breath and looked with all her eyes whilst Rags, quiver-

with excitement was doing ld

And Henry's mother, teo, sow that which gave her an uncosy tooling. Her visitor had spoken no word, but Mis-Hill know what she know.

The distor nerself had quite for

totten her surroundings, as Mrs. fill could see by the fixed and hard exression about her mouth, though Mrs

could see by the fived and hard expression about her mouth, though Mr. Rill scarcely knew that the lady was as buy to hereelf at that very momen; that fings was going to wan the next kennel thub blue ribbon. She was also thinking that Mr. Sanderson, cooper might seem the continent for all the terrice she could later, across the stander, yet still Mrs. Harding Sturte and would larry off the acxt prize for the terrice relax. Every puper in the land would probability for the triumphant owner, and her pictures would be full Mrs. Harding Sturtevant was never half-hereted about a thing. Neck or nothing was her unwritten pin ciple. When she went into an enterpies she went into win. For five long years Mrs. Sanderson-Cooper had fluanted that Kennel Jub blue ribbon in her face and harved her into spending more money on imported terriers than she over dare tell her husband. They had never won, of course, but now she would show them In fact, she even decided just how sho whold sit when being photographed with the prize when e head photographed with the prize when e head photographed with the prize when conditions, and the Boast, under the picture, at which, of course, she must protend to be indigmant. She smiled gently.

Then her eyes foll on Rags again, and from Rags on to Henery. The sight of the bey, something in the way in which he sat in his bed and gazed at his dog and talked to it as though it were human, pulled her ap short. "You must break your eggs before you can make your omelette," was the though that was a wightly from aer washing, and womanike, nonture! I subtly but carelessly;

"Show the lady. Enery, as 'ov Rags can do 'Is tricks."

though that was running through her head, when Mrs. Hill protending to look up suddenly from ner washing, and womannlike, ronture I subtly but carclessly;

"Show the lady, Enery, as 'ov Rags can do 'is tricks."

So the little terrier was put through his tricks. First the child showed how lags could read the paper and smoke a pipe. Then Rags was made to waltz, and put out lighted matches with his forepaws, and sing rag-time, and turn somersanits, and act drunk, and play dead, until Mgs. Hill herself left her tub and came and stood with her arms akimbo, and e plained loow the boy had spent months and months "a-training the little critter."

Poor child! He did not dream that cach now trick scaled the more stone on the wall that would seperate how exhibition placed one more stone on the wall that would seperate them.

When Mrs. Sturtevant finally drew up her skitts and 'ook her departure, she called Mrs. Hill out into the hill way after her, where a low-toned concern of ours, beyond the fact that she rustled out to her carriage indignant and disappointed. Mrs. Hill stood in the doorway tearfully protesting 'as she darn't do it; not for \$5000"

Before the boy's mother locked Rags up that evening site looked at Henry once more. Then she sighed several times, and hanging out her washing some hours later, she said to herself "as 'ow it was a 'ard world."

But Mrs. Sturtevant could afford to watt. If not by her own strength then by her cenny's weal-ness she would win. And she know her enemy was pitlably weak.

In less than a week she called again on little Henry, brigging with 'yer a

by her enemy's weal-ness sho would win. And she know her enemy was pitlably weak.

In less than a week she called again on little Henry, bringing with her a lar of wine killy, a box of honey and a great armful of Jacque roses. Soil-ettude shone from her limpid brown eyes as she stepped two the close and olorous room.

That day Henry's gods had for-saken him, for he was fast safeep when the visit took place, and Mrs. Sturtevant wouldn't have him wakened-not for the world. A long talk ensued between the two women. Before that visit was over Mrs. Hill was given a roll of something which she took great palus to secrete about her person, and fags was placed in a coverd market basket, the lid was tied ered market basket, the lid was and it was carried out and

down and it was carried out and stowed away in the carriage.

It was to be for just four days, not an hour longer. And little Henry would be so proud and was to get the prize money and the blue ribbon at the end of the exhibition, when Rags was to be brought triumphantly back with a beautiful sliver collar around

The next day the child was rest-less and aske, for rags, instead of the dog his mother gave him the jar of Jelly and the hone. Being inordinately mgry, Henry devoured them both ud peevishly asked for Rags once The child looked at them and start-

the's big teret, he can decidents lds nother

no mother
"Co?" said the women cullings
"Bo, 'or, you know out Bogol I want
my Bass!" now almost screamed the

boy, thoroughly aroused. His mother tried do mother tried desperately to

quiet him.
Ragel' stricked the bild 'I went
'ind Ragel Let 'im come, I spy I shall

His mother three ned to him-tried to he to then, it least but broke down under the weight of her own guilt and through her moudlin teers told him overything

The boy fell gasping back on his pillow, and shook the little bed with pillow, and sense the letter bed with this sobs. Mrs. Hill knew the only thing to do was to send for Dunney Crockett. Dinney would come and do stunts for bon and then be might for get. It was only three days Then his mother brought him

out the rose Four days leter Mrs Sturteenal's carriage drew up in front of Mrs

Four dies liter Mrs Starteonar's carriage drew up it front of Mrs Hill's doer. Mrs. Startevant was chapping and unclasping her hands nervously and her lips were dry. She whited in the doorway, under

Mrs. Hill's questioning gaze.

"Oh, Mrs Hill, it's so dreadful! I hardly know how to begin!"

"Rags?" asked the woman coldly,

mardy know now to begin!"
"Rags?" asked she woman coldly, looking toward the carriage. "Where's Rags?"
"Yes, poor Rags," said Mrs. Sturtevant, touching a bit of lace to her eyes. There were real tears in thom, for she was a clover woman. "Hosshe's dead! I did everything for him, everything that could be done, but he label."

A short, sharp scream rang through the little house. It was the child. He had heard.
The two roomen seemed drawn, step by step, into the room where he lay.

lay.

They did not hesitate, yet when they stood in the room they cowered together. The boy was sitting up in his bed, fils. two eyes glowing like coals of fire. Ills commanding, lean finger was pointing straight at the heart of his mother.

of fire. His commanding lean finger was pointing straight at the heart of his mother.

"My—my dawg!" he asked shrilly, terribly. Mrs. Hills knees were shaking and she looked hopelessly at the other woman. The other woman trickled to draw herself up proudly, half challengingly, and then looked at the pointing fluore on the bed and dropped her eyes again.

She leit that this child stood above her, that he held his heel on her neek and in some way had the power of passing ludgment on her. She did not think of the bit of lace.

"He's—he's dead—dear," she murmured. She meant to have said it coldly, decisively, even icily. But the words seemed to choke her.

"E'E's dead!" repeated the boy, "dead!" His volce rang through the room. "E's not! You lie. I say you lie; you lie. You know in your 'eart you lie!"

He raised his feeble body and hield himself up by the bed post. The flood of blasphemy he flung out at her had come down to him from his father. At any time and in any place that sudden volley would have been horrible in its depravite; on his white, little childish lips it was doubly, incomparably horrible.

The woman shrank back and put her hards up to her face as though to ward off ear.

bly horrible.

The woman shrank back and put her hards up to her face as though to ward off a blow. With a gasp of fear she turned and fled from the room, but from the voice she could not flee. It followed her into her carriage, and up the avenue, and through the yard, and into her own quiet hone, where it rang louder them before, and night after night was heard echoing in all her dreams.

after night was heard echoing in an her dreams.

"II Dinney would only come!" whined the boy's mother weakly, pacting between the tub and the window and looking despairingly at the figure on the bed, that lay back clutching spamendically at the raged quilt, and gazed with black, duil eyes up at the cracked ceiling. "II Dinney would only come."

It was two lights before Dinney came. Mrs. Hill was sitting with her arms locked together, swaying her gaunt body to and fro and moaning quietly to herself. Nover had she known Henry to be taken so bad. The lump burned low, but it showed a bunch of faded Jacque roses standing on a little table healds the bed.

There came a tap at the window. A moment later an indistinct figure slowed itself outside and the woman went to the window and raised the sash.

A gaunt, wistful, roguish, whimst

eash.

A gaunt, wistful, roguish, whimst cal, laughing face was thrust through the opening. It was Dinney Croc

cal, haighing face was thrust through the opening. It was Dinney Crockett.
Under his coat was a saigsceing, trembling, whiling something that made it all he could do to elimb in through the window without letting it get away.

"Ain't I bin up ag in it, though?"
half whispered and naif gurgled Dinney, glancing at the bod and winking eloquently up at the woman. "Tree louis hillin in do coachhouse, an' soren whole hours under de man guy'e bed, den stealin' de guy's keys an' gettin' hame near pinchod by a cop as I slid, down the fire escape!



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But, say! Missus Hill, did I get 'im? Did !? Well, I guess!" Dinney could contain binself no longer. He opened his coat, and out shot Rose.

But, say! Missus Hill, did I get 'in'?
Did I? Well, I guess!"
Dinney could contain binself no longer. He opened his coat, and out shot Rags.
"Wou't he trow a fit, though!" said Dinney, rapturously, beaming toward the bed.
The woman turned to where the dog's nose was muziling down among that folds of Henry's ragged little in the could be a same bed bed in the country and the head with the quilt From mark the olds canno a dry so from and then a dear what was taking place under those same bed coltens affect where the could guess that Rags was all but going mad with Joy.
"Don't stop 'in, Dinney, Lot 'in eat 'cmi' said the boy's mother with a tear or two on her shunken checks, as Rags, in his delight, fell to his old tries of chewing the pillow. As Mrs. Hill often afterward recounted, with a touch of awe, it was the first time in the history of Henry's dog that she ladn't the heart to cuff him for achieving up good bedelothes.
"I think, 'said the doctor that hight, as he closed his medicine case with a meditative san," I think 'we've been making a mistake with this patient of ours, Dinney, you young rasecal, take that '-slipping songsthing in the Dinney's hand—'and get back here with a pint of the factivet systems our find this shie of Bowing sireen."
The doctor pulled on his gloves learney, it was the fast in the terrowith a pint of the factivet systems our find this shie of Bowing sireen.
The doctor pulled on his gloves learney, it was the test of the proposed up in the letter proposed up in the letter proposed up in the letter proposed up in the little bed, and the doctor and the stop of the patient of order here with a pant of the factivet of any of the patient of order. However, he bed only the coal line and of a wearing day, but lore some reason or colleging of the letter proposed up in the letter proposed of Ragel'"—Satursky Evening Post.

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