

Manufactured by  
**THE CANADIAN STEEL AND WIRE CO., Limited**  
 Hamilton Canada



Dick Whittington.

Years and years ago in England there lived a little boy named Richard Whittington. He was an orphan, and, being poor, had to work for his living. At an inn named the St. George and the Dragon he ran errands, washed dishes and did whatever jobs there were that no one else would do.

One night the inn burned and Master Richard barely escaped with his life. For a few days the people of the town took care of him, but he was not happy because there really wasn't any one who wanted him.

One morning he rose very early. He did not tell any one his plans, but what he really wanted to do was to go to London. Presently a man came along and, seeing the boy, asked whether he knew Richard Whittington.

"I am Dick Whittington," said the lad.

"Well," said the man, "and what are you standing there planning to do?"

"I am going to London," said Dick. "I, too, am going to London," said the man. "I will take you in my wagon."

So on April 28, 1377, they started for London. There were no trains in those days and it took a long time

to make the journey. After many adventures on the way they finally arrived.

In London Dick did not find work at once, and many times he was hungry. One day when he was down near the docks he watched the ship Unicorn making ready to sail. Suddenly he heard a scream, and seeing that a girl had fallen overboard, he plunged in and rescued her.

She was the daughter of the man who owned the Unicorn, Mr. Fitzwarren, and her father was so grateful to Dick that he gave him a job at his home.

He did lots of disagreeable work and sometimes the other servants mistreated him. But the daughter of Master Fitzwarren always took his part and saw to it that he was not abused.

The place where he slept was an old attic which had been the home of rats for so many years that when the boy moved in these creatures saw no reason why they should make way for him. They played about his bed and made such a racket that he could not sleep. At last Dick decided he would buy a cat.

Some one had given him a penny. He went to look for a cat, and at one of the gates of the city he saw an old woman with a great black cat.

He told her that he wanted to buy a cat, but that he could not pay more than a penny for it. The old woman was not inclined to sell at first, but finally she felt so sorry for the boy that she gave him the cat and took the penny in exchange.

Then Dick took the cat home to his attic, and you may be sure he was not bothered with rats any more.

Now, it was the custom in those days, when the master of the house sent his ship to foreign ports for him to give his servants a chance to send things to be sold. Master Fitzwarren was getting the Unicorn ready for another voyage. He called all his servants in and asked them what they wanted to send. Dick came with the others, but he had nothing to send. When it came his time to speak up he said:

"I have nothing in the world but my cat."

"Send that," said the master. Dick felt very sad to send the cat, because she had become a great pet. But finally with tears in his eyes, he gave her to the captain of the ship.

After this things did not go well with Dick for a while. He missed his pet and the servants became more cruel to him than ever. He was so lonely and sad that he decided to run away.

On the way out of London he stopped to look back. And as he stood there the chimes rang out from Bow Bells. Dick listened and it seemed that they said to him:

"Turn again, turn again, Whittington, Three times Lord Mayor of London."

The bells said this over and over, or Dick thought they did. He resolved that he would not be discouraged, and really did turn back to his master's house.

Now, while Dick was so unhappy, his cat was having some real adventures. The Unicorn was captured by pirates, who took everything away from the captain and set him and his men afloat in an open boat. The captain carried Dick's big cat with him. It was the only thing saved of the ship's cargo.

After adventuring about in the boat, the captain and his men landed on a foreign shore. After many days they found an old friend of the captain, a man whose life he had once saved. This man was now a mighty ruler in the land.

He welcomed the captain and took him to his palace. Imagine the captain's surprise when he arrived there to find the place completely overrun with mice. They bothered the people of the house while they ate their meals. They ran about when guests of the ruler were trying to talk. And they made so much noise at night that no one could sleep.

"I can get rid of these for you," said the captain.

"If you do, I will give you anything you ask," said the ruler.

So the captain brought in Dick's cat. She made one leap, and began killing the mice right and left. The ruler and his guests looked on in amazement.

The great man was so pleased that he kept his promise. He had the pirates captured and the ship restored to the captain. Then he paid the captain thousands of dollars in money and pearls for the cat.

So when the captain returned to London the money he brought made Dick a rich man.

Years later, Richard Whittington became Lord Mayor of London, just as the chimes of Bow Bells had prophesied.

### Ornamental Trees About Prairie Homes.

That the attractiveness of a place can be greatly increased by the planting of shrubs and flowers is known to all. But on the prairies there are certain conditions which determine success in growing ornamental plants. It has been demonstrated at the Dominion Forest Nursery Station at Indian Head, Saskatchewan, that many shrubs which winter-kill in the open are quite hardy when sheltered by a belt of trees. Therefore, it is advisable to defer the ornamental planting until sufficient shelter has been established by the wind-break. On the ordinary homestead or new farm in the West there are many things, such as erecting buildings and fences, which are of more importance than ornamentation. But as the farm grows older there will be greater opportunities to plant shrubbery and improve the appearance of the place. That these conditions will arise at some future time should be kept in mind when arranged for the planting of trees.—N. M. Ross, Chief of Tree-Planting Division, Indian Head.

### His Car.

Since Jenkins had a motor car  
 He's hardly ever home,  
 But with his family delights  
 The countryside to roam.  
 And yet he is not satisfied  
 But plans to change, behold!  
 His Classy Six to something that  
 On wheels has never rolled.

He wants to fit it with a stove,  
 A bathtub and a bed,  
 And make a lawn and garden patch  
 Upon the top o'erhead.  
 With lawn mower and rake and hoe  
 Strapped on behind, he'll call  
 It perfect and will never need  
 To visit home at all.

Asthma may be brought on by certain foods or by certain qualities of the air breathed.

## A WOMAN'S HEALTH NEEDS GREAT CARE

When the Blood Becomes Watery a Breakdown Follows.

Every woman's health is dependent upon the condition of her blood. How many women suffer with headache, pain in the back, poor appetite, weak digestion, a constant feeling of weariness, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, pallor and nervousness? Of course all these symptoms may not be present—the more there are the worse the condition of the blood, and the more necessary that you should begin to enrich it without delay. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a splendid blood-building tonic. Every dose helps to make better blood which goes to every part of the body and brings new health to weak, despondent people. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are valuable to all women but they are particularly useful to girls of school age who become pale, languid and nervous. There can be neither health nor beauty without red blood which gives brightness to the eyes and color to the cheeks and lips. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the blood, as is shown by the experience of Mrs. Jos. E. Veniotte, West Northfield, N.S., who says: "For several years I was in a bad state of health. I was pale and nervous, my appetite was poor, and I suffered from weakness, headaches and a feeling of oppression. I got so nervous that I was afraid to stay in the house alone. All this time I was taking medicine, but it only did not help me, but I was growing weaker. Finally I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using six boxes I felt much better. I had a better appetite, slept better and felt stronger. However, I continued taking the pills for a couple of months longer and now I am feeling as well as ever I did. I give all the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and hope that my experience may be of benefit to some other weak woman."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Quite Likely.

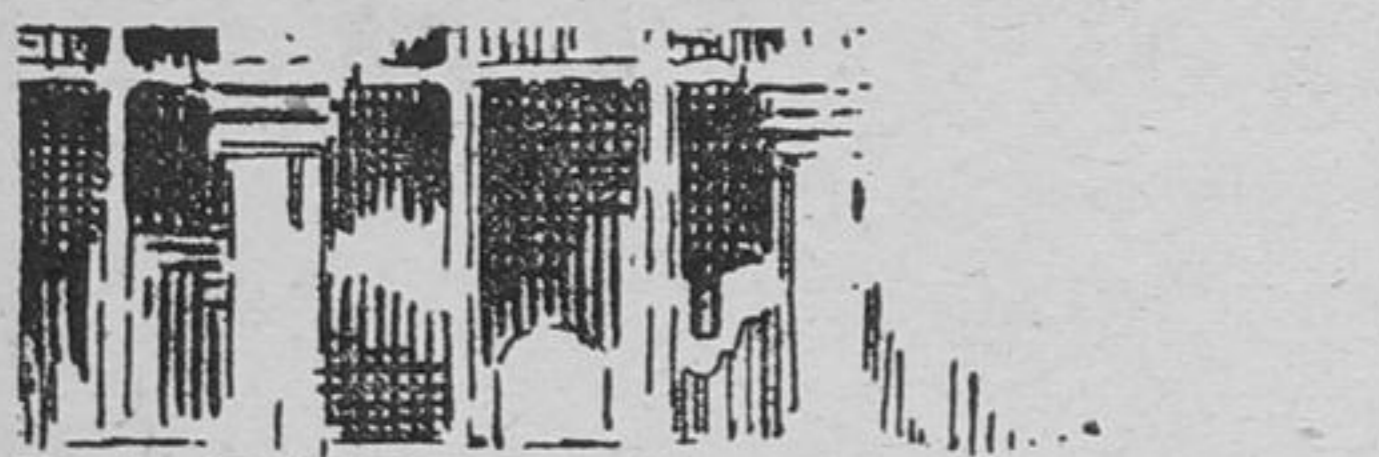
Father was testing his son's knowledge of arithmetic.

"Now, sonny," he said, "suppose your mother had three dollars and I had ten. If I gave her seven dollars, what would she have?"

"Hysterics," muttered the precocious child as he drifted into the garden.

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