

Try this flavoured blend when next you order tea



"THE FOOL"



BEGIN HERE TODAY

Clare Jewett, in love with the Rev. Daniel Gilchrist, marries Jerry Goodkind for his money. Daniel is dismissed from the fashionable Church of the Nativity in New York because of his radical sermons.

"Overcoat Hall," a refuge for the unemployed, is established by Gilchrist, and apartments with baths for the poor are maintained. George Goodkind, Jerry's father, calls and orders Daniel to cease seeing Clare, who frequently visits the hall to help Gilchrist.

Mary Margaret, a poor little cripple girl, helps Daniel with the work at Overcoat Hall. Pearl Hennig comes in and warns Daniel that her husband is out to "get" him. Pearl tells Clare she knows Jerry.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Ain't you well, Mr. Gilchrist?" she asked, alarmed.

"Just tired," he said, not moving.

"Maybe you ain't believe in hard enough," she said naively. He looked up now. It was what he had needed. He smiled at her and straightened. "It's most time for the meeting," she added.

Grubby came back now with a tray loaded high with sandwiches. In his trail came several others, for the meeting. There was Mrs. Mulligan, swaying a bit with liquor and glad to find a warm place to enjoy her semi-sober state. There were Mr. and Mrs. Henchley, a middle-aged locksmith, not without reserve, and she towering above him formidably.

"Good evening, Mrs. Mulligan," said Mary Margaret pleasantly.

"It is not," the red-faced woman retorted.

The others held the evening in better repute, however, and returned Mary Margaret's greeting with good grace, and that of Gilchrist, too.

"Yes," followed up his wife. "I wanted to speak to you about Mr. Henchley's pants."

"I guess we're early," said Mr. Henchley to Daniel.

"Mr. Henchley's what?" asked Daniel curiously.

"Pants," reiterated Mrs. Henchley. "I took a spot with gasoline—and hung 'em on the fire escape that runs across from this house, and tonight they was gone, and I think you ought to look into your lodgers."

"I will," said Gilchrist, nodding.

"Good evening, everybody." The others acknowledged the greeting of a tall, angular Jewess, a garment worker, but almost scholarly in appearance.

"Good evening, Miss Levison," said Daniel.

"I've brought you back your book," she said, handing a volume to Gilchrist.

"What've you been reading?" queried Mrs. Henchley.

"George Bernard Shaw," the girl answered evenly.

"I s'pose you ain't read 'The Sheik'?"

"We've been reading 'Caesar and Cleopatra' together," put in Gilchrist.

"That's where we got the quotation on the board. I've jumbled it a bit. He turned to the board and read: "And so, to the end of history, hate

instead of trying to understand each other. It was on the battlefields that I came to believe a man's life might well be given to teaching and preaching—love!"

A crash drowned the last word, as a half-brick came hurtling through the window and dropped at Gilchrist's feet. There were screams and a general rush for cover.

Gilchrist alone stood his ground.

"Don't be alarmed," he said easily. "It's only some hoodlum."

"It's Joe!" screamed Pearl. "I see him in front. That's why I couldn't get out. Somebody go for the police."

There was a general movement toward the door.

"No!" commanded Gilchrist, and they halted.

"He's got other men with him," Pearl pleaded. "He'll kill you."

The outer door slammed. She threw herself against the entrance to the room.

"Here he comes! Don't let him in! Somebody help me!"

"Step aside, Pearl," Daniel commanded. She did so, and George F. Goodkind entered. "It's only Mr. Goodkind," Gilchrist added.

"Yes," said Goodkind, "and your neighbors are calling."

Agitation spread in the little group. They huddled together like sheep in a thunder storm, exchanging frightened glances.

Then came an ominous rumbling. Staccato shouts sounded above the noise of clumping feet.

The door was flung open. Reeling, Joe Hennig, stumbling, followed by a muttering mob. At the sight of her husband, Pearl had run to Gilchrist for protection. He put a reassuring arm about her shoulder.

"C'mon, we'll shoot this guy—" Hennig was blustering with a snarl on his face. He looked about the group and then caught sight of Gilchrist and his wife.

"By God," he shouted, "caught in the act!" He turned to the herd be-

hind him. "That's my wife!" Gilchrist made no move.

"Caught in what act, Joe?" he asked calmly.

"You—Hennig's thick tongue and Gilchrist's ease halted him.

"Tell them what we're here for—you Grubby," said Daniel.

Grubby moved toward the back-ground.

"I don't want to get in no trouble," he said, evasively.

The stalwart figure of Umanski moved through the crowd. Catching Hennig by the shoulder the Pole forced him to his knees.

"I'll tell you," he shouted at the cowering man.

"Umanski!" protested Gilchrist.

"I tell you, Hennig," went on Umanski. "Mr. Gilchrist been friend to everybody. And now when he need friend, nobody knows nothing. Well, I know. I know anybody hurt him gotta lick me."

"No—please—Umanski!" Daniel implored.

Umanski held a threatening fist above Joe.

"Shall I?" he asked.

"No," said Gilchrist, and slowly the Pole backed away and Hennig rose to his feet, his bravery restored by rescue.

"I'll show you the kind of fake that's been foolin' you. He got kicked out of the church. He was a spy for the people that live on labor and he came to the mines while we was on strike and ran away with my wife."

"It wasn't him," protested Pearl.

"She says that 'cause she's stuck on him!"

"I ain't."

"Well, you're workin' for him, ain't you?"

"Your wife's working in a store uptown," said Gilchrist. The remark was received with jeers.

"My wife's workin' Sixth avenue," said Hennig with a sneer for her shame and a touch of self-pity for his own. "She's walkin' the streets!"

"That's a lie," shouted Daniel.

"I heard from a pal she picked up last night."

Gilchrist turned to Pearl expecting to see her head held high in scorn and refutation. Instead he saw it bowed.

"Pearl!" he said, leath to believe. "It is a lie?"

She was sobbing softly now.

"No," she said, brokenly. "It's true."

His contemptuous rumble of vindication came from the leering, swaying mob and drowned her weeping.

CHAPTER XXI

The bowed head took the taunts and jeers for only a moment. Then Pearl Hennig, with a hardness that was new to her but as old to her kind as self-reliance is old, rose and turned jointly on Gilchrist as well as the mob in defiance.

"Yes, it's true," she repeated, bitterly. "Why wouldn't it be?" She faced Gilchrist. "I tried to have strength—like you told me—and I had a job—but when the other girls got wise—they ain't no better than I am. She gave way before his calm, steady gaze.

"Anyway," she said, haltingly, "I lied. I am walkin' the streets. I ain't no good. I ain't fit to live. Slowly she started to sink at his feet. He caught her up.

"Pearl!" he said softly. She pulled to herself.



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Famous for Economy and Healthfulness

SHREDDED WHEAT

Full size biscuits thoroughly baked With hot milk... a bowlful of warming energy for cold days

Made by The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Ltd

The Stray

A Slight Sketch From Life

She was just a little thin dog, with matted, tangled, dirty hair, taunted, by ill-usage, hunger, and neglect, to be afraid of everything, and to trust to nothing except her own little tattered 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 they 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 untiring 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 cuffs 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 words and smell of food, prevailed. She turned round towards the plate steadily, 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 gravely 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 from evil of man 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.

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

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 a nutlike 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.

An astronomer says he believes Mars is working in closer to Jupiter and away from the earth. And the Kellogg treaty not a year old!

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.

THE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION of Canada

Established 1907.

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How Many Dreams

How many dreams for a penny? Dreams are poor fare for many.

"Flour and salt," said the grocer, "Herring and dill—"

In a purple field the leafless 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' unwinking amber eyes.

"Dreams feed no swine."

How many dreams for a penny? Dreams are poor fare for many.

—Maud E. Uschold in The Saturday Review of Literature.

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, three 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 raw products, at 1 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?

We as individuals undoubtedly have no existence in reality other than as waves.—Dr. H. H. Sheldon.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs, Colds

You Can't Dye a Dress with Promises!

You can't dye a dress—no matter how careful you may be—without real color. That's the idea behind Diamond Dyes. They are made to give you real service. They contain from three to five times more aniline than other dyes on the market.

Next time you want to dye, try Diamond Dyes. See how easy it is to use them. Then compare results. Note the absence of that look of streaking, or spotting. See how soft, bright, new-looking the colors are. Then observe how they keep their brilliance through wear and washing. If you don't agree Diamond Dyes are better dyes, your dealer will refund your money.

The white package of Diamond Dyes is the original "all-purpose" dye for any and every kind of material. It will dye or fix silk, wool, cotton, linen, rayon or any mixture of materials. The blue package is a special dye, for silk or wool only. With it you can dye your valuable articles of silk or wool with results equal to the finest professional work. When you buy—remember this. The blue package dyes silk or wool only. The white package will dye every kind of goods, including silk and wool.

Your dealer has both packages.

Diamond Dyes Perfect results

Easy to use

15¢

Minard's Liniment for Coughs, Colds

Chinese Gordon Not Forgotten

Memorials to the British Officer Who Lost His Life in the Sudan Back in Gladstones Time Will Rise in the Country of the Upper Nile

Major-General Charles Gordon, variously known in history as "Chinese Gordon," "Gordon Pasha" and "Gordon of Khartoum," is to have a unique memorial. Not only a cathedral, the Khartoum Cathedral, will be dedicated to him, but a church at Port Sudan and edifice at Atbara and other places throughout the Upper Nile Valley, the scene of so many of his triumphs and of his tragic death.

The idea for this memorial was proposed by Sir John L. M. Jeffrey, Governor-General of British Sudan, to Gordon's comrades-in-arms dispersed all over the world. He asks for contributions toward a fund of \$300,000. The appeal is made just forty-four years after Gordon's death. The force reluctantly sent by the British Government to rescue Gordon after his siege of ten months within Khartoum was only a two-day's march from the place when news reached it that it had fallen and with it Gordon and the spears of the fanatical Derivishes, just as he was leaving his office in the early morning. In two days more he would have been 52 years old.

Gordon is one of the most romantic figures in British military history. He was born in the Royal Military Academy of Woolwich, where his father, Lieut. Gen. Henry William Gordon, was in command and where his uncle soldiering. He fought as a lieutenant throughout the Crimean war and then joined the Anglo-French Army in its war against China. He commanded the "Ever Victorious Army," which suppressed the Taiping rebellion in 1874. He was next farmed out to Ismail Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, to suppress the slave trade in the Upper Nile Valley. He suppressed it and became Governor General of the Sudan. There he cleaned out the slavers and drove the Derivishes from all the oases.

Next on a vacation, he went as private secretary to the new Viceroy of India, the Marquis of Ripon. The latter, with the consent of India, he sent him to the Chinese Government, who knew from experience his qualifications as a soldier, to be its military adviser. In 1883, however, he was back in the Nile Valley again under mandate from the British Government to rescue the Sudanese from the sweeping return of the Derivishes.

The Siege and Disaster

The Gladstone Government had ordered the Khartoum garrison to fight but to rescue as many as he could. After he had sent whole villages to safety in the North he might have followed them, but there were still others to be rescued. He tarried too long, and with a handful of Sudanese was besieged in Khartoum. For nine months the Gladstone Government waited for him to rescue himself. He was ordered by public opinion, it ordered General Sir Garnet Wolseley to rescue the rescuer. When only a two-days' march away Wolseley heard that the town had fallen through treachery, and that the gallant Gordon was later killed in rescue. Thirteen years later King Edward's machine guns re-vengeful Gordon.

Sir John Mailey's appeal bids Gordon's comrades-in-arms to raise a fitting memorial to the man "who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God."

Mark Twain Asks a Favor

Mr. Clemens was prone to tell rather absurd stories upon himself, one of which I never believed until after many years it appeared in print with the unquestioned authority of his daughter, the accomplished Madame Gabrieliowitch, who edited her father's autobiography. He told Mr. Andrews . . . that it was always his wife's custom, if he went out without her, to arm him with definite instructions as to what he should do and not do. . . .

Attending a reception at the White House during the Cleveland Administration, Mrs. Clemens had in this way cautioned him, not to wear his galoshes into the drawing room. Finding the missive just in the nick of time, he was tremendously pleased with himself, and left his arctic outsider still beaming with self-congratulation on his achievement as Mrs. Cleveland greeted him, he could not resist requesting a deposition from her that would entirely satisfy his wife. Holding up the long line of guests waiting to be received, he hurriedly produced a card, pleading with Mrs. Cleveland to write the words, "I did not," over her own signature. His pencil trembled in his hand as he urged this as an extreme favor. Mrs. Cleveland, a little mystified, did as Mark van asked her, to learn later that it meant, "he did not wear his arctic into the drawing room."—From "My Studio Window," by Marietta Minnigerode Andrews.

Women have ruled the theatre.—St. John Irvine.

A TALE OF

Marooned in the States in connection of our great Northern in the New York Times. It is an unvarnished realities that go to the search for mind.

Prospecting by air in the frozen North. A. Arthur Lower, the expedition, giving time a connected account adventures and trials forced on the prospecting schooner struck a shoal had crashed into an installation salvaged for, and of cold so that the dramatic story of the expedition, given in the New York Times, is a story of a man's life.

By ARTHUR Lower

Wireless in the North

According to reports traveled the Commander of land of rich promise, after living for weeks scant 100 miles from I have formed there is also an inhospitable a land of blizzards, snow an impracticable for, and of cold so that the dramatic story of the expedition, given in the New York Times, is a story of a man's life.

In the past year the determined effort to North and to discover several deposits, stories been current since the tonac. But the business is proving difficult. attached to the North Polar Expedition, which the North by plane, call or—and victory, so far North.

The schooner was uncharted channel, encased with ice crashed attempted to take the troubled waters of the prospectors were lost to blizzard, one never to other crippled for life.

I others I was marooned a month in the barren and with only a limited food.

Prospectors Moved

But in spite of difficulties have been sent to Arctic and Sub-Arctic data have been obtained of this winter here, that this year the North and reveal some guarded secrets.

Our expedition was J. E. Hiram, a Canadian explorer, who was last time breaking new trails, schooner, the Patrick was bought and equipped. The expedition was placed command of Colonel J. E. Hiram, a Canadian explorer, who was last time breaking new trails, schooner, the Patrick was bought and equipped.

The prospectors were pairs at various points coast of Hudson Bay, got a canoe and the necessary equipment to last the winter. A headquarters was set on six-passenger seaplane from plane, with a maximum of 1,000 miles, was equipped the prospectors from another, so that little time in a country where the estimation was considered.

While we were established on the eastern coast of Hudson Bay there was action. For it is in the West are centred. Two airplanes five passengers with equipment, left La Paz, Manitoba for one of the Arctic flights ever made, headed across country from there they flew north coast of Hudson Bay to Inlet, and then across lands to Baker Lake—of nearly 1,500 miles over territory. For the great flight the compasses, the planes could not be to the nearness of the mountains.

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