

brothers must have worked. I can't imagine, though, what has become of yours and Roy's clocks, as I haven't seen a sign of them. I'm afraid they're too late now, which is a shame. Many happy returns of your birthday! I hope I'll hear from you again soon.

Whitby, Ont.,
November 27th, 1917.

Dear Cousin Mike,—
I have intended writing you for a long time, to let you know how Roy and I spent our summer holidays. During the holidays, Roy worked in the office of the new Hospital here, and earned quite a sum of money. My younger brother Robert and I did quite a lot of work in the garden. My father had one of the best gardens in Whitby this year. At the Fall Fair, we boys took four first prizes in flowers, and second prize on collection of vegetables.

Early in September, my father had to go to Montreal to attend a convention and he took me for the trip. We visited Quebec, St. Anne de Beaupre and Montmorency Falls, and went through all the big churches and principal buildings in Montreal. On Sunday I went to church and heard Canon Gould speak. It was all very wonderful to me, as it was my first time away from home.

When this awful war is over, we will have to have a "Victory Clock," won't we? Roy bought a Victory Bond with his own money, and my father made good for the rest of us.

If to-morrow is fine, I think I will take this up to father's office and see if I can't get it type-written; I seem to make so many blots and it will be easier for you to read. I forgot to tell you I got first prize on a map contest in the "News."

Your loving Cousin,
John Needham Blow.

RECRUITING IN THE PUNJAB, INDIA,

Canada is not the only part of the British Dominions Overseas where an effort is being made to speed up recruiting. In far away India, a similar effort is being made. During the month of August last, according to information just received, 11,285 recruits were added in the Punjab, of whom 115 came from the District of Kangra where the Canadian Church has its missionaries.

An Old Recipe for a New Complexion

Wash face with tepid water, then apply Campana's Italian Balm before retiring at night. Do this for a week and note results. All druggists sell it. Sample free on request.—E. G. West & Co., Wholesale Druggists, 80 George St., Toronto.

Toronto's Oldest Jewellers
THE JOHN WANLESS CO.
Everything fully guaranteed
243 Yonge Street Toronto

VICTOR LANTERNS
ELECTRIC OR GAS
The Lantern Slide Exchange
SUNDAY SCHOOL COMMISSION
133 Confederation Life Bldg. TORONTO

MENEELY & CO. WATERLIET
(West Troy), N. Y.
THE OLD CHURCH
MENEELY CHIME
FOUNDRY & OTHER **BELLS**

ROSE ISLAND

By Lilian Leveridge

CHAPTER XIX.

Discord.

"It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by doth make the music mute,
And, ever widening, slowly silence all."

AND this is all she's got to wear in the choir. Hm! A pretty figure she'll cut."

A perplexed and very worried look settled over Hilda Sutherland's features, as she held up to the light June's best dress, a white lawn, daintily made and trimmed, but torn beyond repair.

As regarded June's clothes, an out-of-repair state was rapidly becoming chronic. The children had brought a scant supply of clothes to Rose Island; and their daily programme—long tramps through the woods, clambering through brush and over rocks and streams—had resulted in an alarming extent of wear and tear. Patiently and uncomplainingly, Hilda had patched and darned, but now quite a number of garments had been cast aside as past mending.

In spite of Dave Christie's generous gift to the children, which he had expressly stated should not be spent on clothes, he had never countermanded his instructions to her that there must be no "fuss and frills." His quarterly allowance for household expenses would not be due for another month, and already the last was almost gone. It had always been Hilda's pride to live well within her means, and it would have galled her exceedingly to ask for credit at the stores, or even to apply to her brother-in-law in advance. Yet here were the children needing almost everything immediately, and June expecting to sing in the choir next Sunday. The problem was growing more and more perplexing.

The organ had arrived in good order, and had been duly installed in St. John's Church. According to all accounts, it must be a very wonderful instrument, excelling anything that Deerwood, or even Hillsdale, had ever seen. Miss Cameron and her little choir of ten had been practising every other evening for the past week; and next Sunday it was expected that people of all denominations from the whole countryside would be present at the morning service. June and Robin were among the chosen few that were to occupy the choir seats. June was the smallest singer, and her election to the coveted honour had made her jubilantly happy.

For obvious reasons Hilda had not shared her exultation. "Thoughtless, careless child!" she exclaimed, as despairingly this bright June day, she turned over and over the torn little dress. "Nothing in her head but music and flowers and fairy tales! I don't s'pose she's ever give a thought to what she's goin' to wear; and her right up there in full sight of everybody! She's got to have a new dress, that's plain, and new boots, too, if it takes my last cent. What's more, I've got to walk to Hillsdale this very day and buy them myself; and then it's goin' to keep me hustlin' to make the dress in time."

A few years ago Hilda had thought nothing of walking to Hillsdale and back in a day; but lately, since Robin had grown old enough to be entrusted with her simple shopping affairs, her visits to the village had grown more and more infrequent. This matter, however, needed her own personal attention; and besides, the young people were away on an all day's strawberry excursion over the hills. So, having determined on her course, she set out without delay.

The day was excessively warm for June, and Hilda was very hot and tired

by the time she reached her destination. She went at once to Mr. Warwick's general store and asked to see some dress goods. She had intended to buy something strong and dark that would come in for rough everyday wear; but the dainty white and pale tinted muslins the clerk showed her were very tempting. A vision rose before her of June arrayed in one of the prettiest, singing in the choir; and, half timidly, she inquired the price. It was quite beyond her purse, and with a sigh she asked for dark prints. "We haven't a very good selection," the clerk said apologetically as he lifted down a number of webs. "The best are all sold out, but either of these you will find very strong and serviceable."

Possibly they might be, but it was their only recommendation. Two were quite impossible. There remained the choice between a sombre black and white and a lilac print with a large, ugly pattern. Hilda hesitated, and finally decided on the latter. Her mental picture of June in this was not altogether satisfying, but perhaps it would please the child better than the black. Having bought the print she selected a pair of strong, heavy pebble leather boots. "There's some wear to them, I guess," she mused, "much more suitable, to my way o' thinkin', than them light little shoes she wears now."

This business completed, Hilda started homeward with her bundles. Out of sight of the village she sat down on a rock by the roadside to rest and eat the lunch of bread and cheese she had brought. She wished that some one might come along and offer her a ride; but nobody did, so, after half an hour she arose wearily, and tramped all the way home through the dust and heat. When at last she had regained the friendly refuge of Rose Island her feet were blistered, her head ached, and what was still worse, a tooth that had been threatening trouble for several weeks now began to ache in earnest.

What a relief it would have been to lie down and rest, and dismiss all perplexing worries from her mind! But it was nearly tea time, and the children were coming home, famished beyond a doubt. So with dogged determination she kindled the fire and set about getting tea ready.

Then the young folks burst in, tired and nearly starved, they told her, but still buoyantly happy. They had had a splendid day and were proud of the result of their labours—a pailful of luscious, crimson strawberries. Hilda listened to their chatter almost in silence. Those strawberries would have to be "done up" to-night and it seemed almost the last straw. Yet she did not so much as hint how her own day had been spent, and seeing that June looked pale and tired, she sent her to lie down and rest till tea was ready.

Wearily and painfully Hilda dragged herself through the many duties which crowded into the close of that day. Not until the children had gone to bed did she have an opportunity to sit down. Even then the thought of to-morrow's duties would not let her rest. That dress weighed heavily upon her mind. There would be so much else to do to-morrow that in order to get it finished in time, it would be absolutely necessary to cut it out to-night.

How to make it was the next question. Hilda had not made a girl's dress for nearly twenty years, and fashions had changed considerably since then. In fact, style in children's clothes had been very little considered in those days. To copy any of June's dresses without a pattern seemed quite hopeless. There remained nothing but the simple style in which her own childish frocks had been made, away back in the long dead past. Having arrived at this conclusion she snipped nervously at the material; then, re-

moving every trace of the tell-tale print, she went to bed to toss restlessly through an almost sleepless night.

The next day the usual Saturday programme of cleaning and baking occupied most of Hilda's morning. Immediately after dinner June and Robin went over to the church for a final practice; and as soon as possible Hilda got out her sewing. Her head still ached, and the tooth was almost unbearable. Moreover, the lilac print was getting on her nerves; whichever way she turned she could see nothing else. She would hurry through the job and be done with it.

For a few hours the sewing machine hummed intermittently. Brownie, who had been left behind, was exceedingly troublesome with his persistent request for something to do. Hilda had not time this afternoon to be bothered hunting up new amusements for him, and before the afternoon was over he drove her almost to distraction. Meanwhile, her head ached more and more, and the tooth throbbled maddeningly.

(To be Continued.)

At a meeting of the Rector and vestrymen of All Saints' Parish, Springhill, Nova Scotia, the Rev. Canon Wilson was elected Assistant Minister of the Parish and unanimously invited to accept the position at a stipend of five cents annually. The Canon accepted the position.

Had Piles For Ten Years

And Tried Nearly Everything Except a Surgical Operation Without Obtaining Relief—Tells How Complete Cure Was Effected.

Brantford, Ont., December 6th.—There is reported here three cures of chronic cases of piles. In all three cases many treatments were tried before it was discovered that Dr. Chase's Ointment is about the only real cure for this distressing ailment.

Mrs. A. Oates, 22 Gilkinson Street, Brantford, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment as a household remedy for ever so long, and am particularly indebted to it for a cure from Piles. I had suffered from this annoying trouble for ten years, and tried nearly everything I heard of. After using Dr. Chase's Ointment a short while I was completely cured."

Mrs. Wm. Shantz, 155 Albert Street, Kitchener, Ont., writes: "For several years I was troubled with bleeding piles. I tried different remedies for relief without success. I read in Dr. Chase's Almanac of the benefits other people were receiving from Dr. Chase's Ointment, so I sent to your office for a sample box. I found it gave me such relief that I went to a drug store and purchased a full-sized box. I have used several boxes since, and have derived more benefit from its use than any remedy I have ever used."

Mrs. F. Cussons, Victoria Street, Ingersoll, Ont., writes: "About two years and a half ago I was suffering from Piles. I had tried many different remedies for this distressing trouble, but nothing helped me. Finally I got a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and after using it found that I was completely cured, and have not been bothered in this way since. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to anyone suffering as I did."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. There are no rivals to Dr. Chase's Ointment as a treatment for Piles.