



BRONZE
 MEMORIAL
 TABLETS
 ROLLS OF HONOUR

*Send your Inscriptions
 we will make you up a
 Design and Price free*

ARCHITECTURAL
 BRONZE & IRON WORKS
 LANSDOWNE AVENUE
 TORONTO
 PHONE KENWOOD 2008

VICKERMAN'S
 BLACK and GREY
CHEVIOTS, VICUNAS, LLAMAS
 are suitable for the
 MORNING COAT, FROCK COAT or
 SACK COAT SUITS
They Tailor Well and Never Get Shabby,
 Sole Selling Agents in Canada
NISBET & AULD, Limited TORONTO

The Canadian Churchman
 National Church of England Weekly and Family Magazine
 613 Continental Life Building
 Toronto

Mail this Coupon Now

Please enter my name as a subscriber to **The Canadian Churchman.**
 I enclose \$.....
 (\$2.00 for 12 months. \$1.00 for 6 months.)

Name
 Address

For the Family

Boys and Girls

My Dear Cousins:

I don't know if any of you remember that you ever had a Cousin Mike, for it is so long since I wrote to you that you may easily be forgiven if you have forgotten. But here I am again, back in the city after a long summer's—wandering, I almost said, though when I come to think, I didn't wander so very far after all. That is, so far as railway journeys go; though it seemed to me I had gone thousands of miles away, so different was it from the city.

Where was I? Well, camping by a lake, near a mountain. That's as near as we can go in our description so far, but it was a beautiful, wild spot, remote from everybody, where you couldn't hope to buy things if you forgot to pack them up before you went. That explains why you didn't get a letter last week, for I forgot to pack my safety razor last time I went up, and it took me such a long time to get the beard off when I did come back to town that I missed the mail, and, consequently, was late.

It was near enough to civilization for me to run up every now and then, but I didn't come back often—only when I had to; and when I did return, I could scarcely wait for the train to take me back, I wanted so badly to see the lake again and hear the waves come crashing in on the rocky shore.

You know, the sound of the water was never quite out of the air. I used to go to sleep on the verandah, with the moon shining over the water, listening to the soft wash of waves just through the wood behind me; and when I woke, early in the morning, here it was again to welcome me back to another day.

Lots of you must have had a holiday like that, too, didn't you? Didn't you spend days in the woods getting berries as there were on those hills—and long hours playing on the beach, dashing in and out of the water, just as you felt inclined? And didn't you have bonfires at night, and toast marshmallows and sing songs, and watch the stars come out and the moon come up, and forget all about chimneys and street cars and fussy clothes, and everything like that?

It is a beautiful time to look back upon, and now that we are all in the city, we have to try to make our life beautiful, too; to match. Wouldn't it be awful if, when we have stored away in our treasure-house memories of wonderful sunsets, happy play-times, and deep, green woods, we were to let in an ugly temper, or a mean thought, or a spiteful action alongside?

They'd be spoiled—those beautiful things—and they are too precious not to be taken care of. I have to try hard as well as you. It's very annoying when the puppy runs off with your particular newspaper, and you only find the bits when you want the whole sheet. Our puppy—have I told you about him yet?—has done that once or twice. I had to think hard for a second or two before I settled with him about it.

Well, I have to go now and write to a cousin—privately, this time. You remember I told you once that I had a Nephew Mike? He is growing a great, big boy now, and I have some very smiley pictures of him. Wouldn't you like to see them?

Your Affectionate
Cousin Mike,

who would be very glad to get a few letters from some of you soon.

BESIDE THE HOME FIRES.

Notes on Girl Guide Work.

A SMALL girl of twelve was seen eagerly reading the *Canadian Churchman*, and, when asked what she was so interested in, replied, "I do love to read about the Scouts! Oh, I wish I was a boy!"

Why is it so many of our Churchwomen do not know of the wonderful work of the Girl Guide Movement, designed by the same master-mind that created the Boy Scouts? Sir Robert Baden-Powell framed the laws on the old order of Chivalry, giving to the boys and girls of to-day the high ideals of Christianity on which chivalry was based.

The Girl Guide Movement has for its purpose the developing of good citizenship among girls by forming their character; training them in habits of observation, obedience and self-reliance; loyalty and thoughtfulness for others; teaching them services useful to the public and handicrafts useful to themselves; promoting their physical development; making them capable of keeping good homes and bringing up good children.

The method of training is to give the girls pursuits which appeal to them, which lead them on to learn for themselves many useful crafts, thus making them in character and usefulness better able to be the guides of the next generation. It aims at keeping them in their homes by making the home-life interesting and keeping them away from harmful pleasures. Its desire is also to co-operate with educational and Church societies working to this end.

In England they work hand-in-hand with the Girls' Diocesan Association, the Girls' Friendly Society, the Ministering Children's League, the Mothers' Union and all Social Service Committees. We do not lose by co-operation with others, but gain strength.

One of the superintendents of a branch of the Junior Auxiliary was very much surprised by a number of children walking in and saying, "We have come to join." When asked why they wanted to join, they replied, "We are Guides, and our Patrol Leader told us to. You see, we all have to do a good turn every day, and this is a good place to do our good turn and help others. That is one of the Guide laws; and then another rule is that we obey orders. The Leader gave the order, so we are here."

Another branch of Juniors hold their meetings after school at four o'clock; sew for the little Indians and study Missions; have their tea at six; then hold their Guide meeting from 6.30 to 7.30; games until 8, and then get home in good time. There are no slackers at the Auxiliary, and they have not lost by co-operation, but gained.

SOME GUNNER.

That famous gunnery expert, Admiral Sir Percy Scott, who won a sensational case recently in connection with some of his inventions, tells a story of the fondness of artillerymen for boasting about their guns. Their own particular batteries are always the best, with the greatest gunners, the greatest guns, and the most wonderful shooting. "All our captain wants to know," boasted one gunner, "is just the location on the map, and then we blow them to smithereens." "Huh!" said a member of a rival battery. "All our captain requires is the post-office address."