

more, I have already got one, and do not need any more else, so you might as well clear out," said the irate grocer, who was very busy, and consequently very cross.

So Rob went out, much cast-fallen by this rebuff. There was no more time to enquire at the other shops, as he must hasten to school; but after school Rob went to all the shops in the village, but in every case either no one was needed at all or some one had been gotten, so poor Rob was turning homeward, his heart very sore with disappointment.

Just as he was passing the grocery where he met his first disappointment, Rob heard some one call, "Rob, Rob, Hamlin! Say, there!" Rob, thinking that the grocer had changed his mind, went in; but no, the old gentleman had not called, and Rob went out again. At the door he met the young village doctor and another gentleman, whom Rob recognized as Mr. Meadows, a friend of the doctor's.

"Why didn't you answer when I called?" asked the doctor. "Don't you want to go on a little hunt with me and mind the horse?"

"I did not know who it was calling me—yes, sir, I'll go," said Rob readily, for the doctor was Rob's hero, and he was always glad to do him any little service he could.

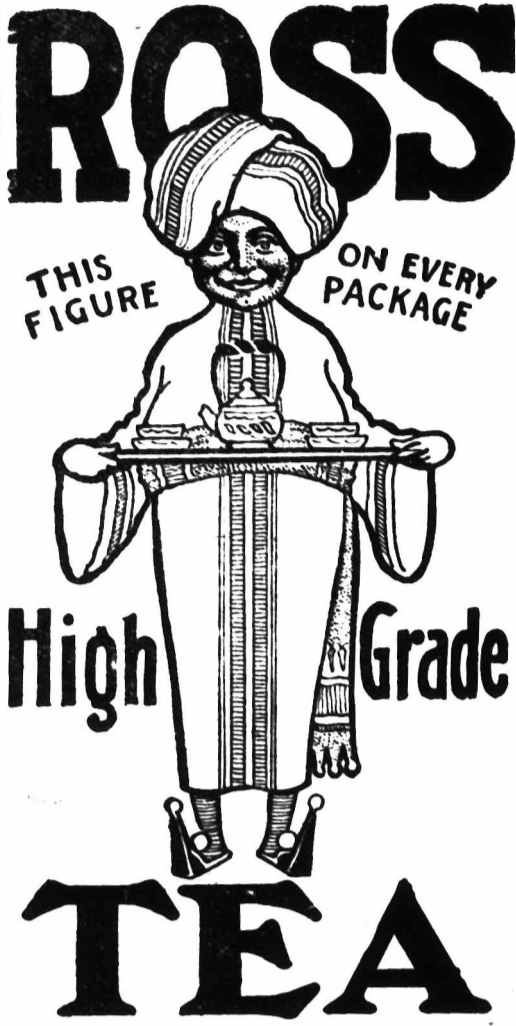
"If we kill more turkeys than we want we will give you one," said Mr. Meadows, with a wink at the doctor.

Fifteen minutes' driving brought them to the hunting grounds. Leaving the horse in Rob's care, the gentlemen with their guns on their shoulders, went across a field and disappeared in a strip of woods. Rob let the horse nibble the short grass, while he stretched himself on the ground and made a watch-chain out of horse hair. From time to time he heard the report of the sportsmen's guns or the bark of their dog. He was just thinking perhaps they would be returning in a few minutes, when he heard, right at his head it seemed, a whirring, tremulous noise such as chickens make when a hawk flies over the poultry yard. Rob thought perhaps it was a rattle snake, remembering that one had been seen in the field a short while before, and having heard one of the boys say that they made a rattling noise. It startled him so he jumped up, and at the same instant a turkey, yes, actually a real, live turkey flew up from the spot from which the noise came, and with a frightened cry flew across the field.

Without stopping to consider that he had left the horse untied, Rob darted after the turkey. Oh, if she would just stop one little second: if she would get entangled in the brushwood! But no, on ran the turkey, and on ran Rob after her, not heeding where. Visions of a nice baked turkey all smoking and ready for eating, and sweet little Dolly's smiling face, rose in Rob's mind. But he did not have the turkey yet. Once he lost sight of her, and hope died within him, but the next moment he caught sight of her, crouching behind a bush and panting for breath; but as soon as she espied her pursuer she was off again as fast as ever.

Suddenly remembering that turkeys were very easily killed by a blow on the head, Rob picked up a

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stone, and taking as good aim as he could, threw it at the poor bird, which was again showing signs of exhaustion. Rob always thought that it was a special providence that made that stone go so straight at the turkey's head; perhaps there was, be it that as it may, the poor thing dropped on the ground almost instantly. Rob, hardly believing his eyes, but thankful all the same, ran to the spot, and sure enough the turkey was dying.

Tears came to Rob's eyes when he saw the bird stretch out its long, reddish, bluish neck and saw its feet curl up in that helpless sort of way, and heard that pitiful gurgling sound. It made him sorry for the moment for what he had done. But remembering that turkeys must be killed before they are eaten, and that he had left the horse which had been entrusted to his care, Rob took the turkey by the feet and ran as fast as he could towards the field where he left the horse peacefully grazing.

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Arrived at the spot, he found the horse grazing still, but so entangled in the harness that it was some time before he could settle it properly.

Rob put the turkey in the bottom of the buggy, and taking his seat at the back, waited for the return of the huntsmen. He had not long to wait, for the next moment he heard the dog bark, and saw him come bounding towards the buggy, followed by the two gentlemen.

"See what I have got," cried Rob triumphantly, holding his prize up to the gentlemen's astonished gaze.

"Why where on earth, boy, did you get that turkey from," cried the Doctor. Rob, feeling not a little proud, told the story of its capture.

"Well, since you have such a fine bird of your own, I reckon you don't want any of ours, eh?" said Mr. Meadows.

"Oh, no! I have my share," said the delighted Rob; "but, Doctor, I didn't know there was a turkey near, when, all of a sudden, she just flew right up from behind that bush; so close to me I could have touched her."

"I guess she was sitting, Rob, and some movement of yours startled her; they often sit this time of the year. I am glad you have a turkey for Thanksgiving," said the doctor. "Well, I know I am, and just think, Doctor, I have been trying all day to think how I could get one for tomorrow, and here one is at the last minute."

"I think it is time we were travelling," said Mr. Meadows.

"Well, get in," said the Doctor, and delivering the gamebags to Rob's keeping, they drove home.

As Rob was putting up the Doctor's horse that gentleman came out of his office and put a bright fifty-cent piece in Rob's hand. "Thank you, sir," said Rob, but he only waited for the Doctor to re-enter his office to wave his cap around his head and shout "Hurrah!" at the top of his voice.

Happy, indeed, was Rob that night as he plodded homeward laden with numerous small bundles and his precious turkey; and joyous was his welcome, as he laid the bundles on the table, and still holding his turkey by the feet, said: "Mother, here is your Thanksgiving dinner, and Dolly, here is your turkey, and there on the table are your cranberries."

"But, my dear boy," began his mother anxiously, fearing that Rob had made a bill somewhere.

"But, my dear mother," interrupted Rob, "you have not heard my story yet." And then he gave them an account of the afternoon's adventures, and his mother was satisfied.

WE ARE GREAT FRIENDS

With a clergyman I was awaiting the hour of service. Suddenly there came in a tall, slender young man. The older introduced the younger as his son, who lowered his high head to me like a pine coming down to a maple.

"We are great friends," added the father.

I liked that. It touches me, moves me, to see between parent and child that affection which so enables the relation between them.

The Bible has some very interest-

What Shall We Eat

TO KEEP HEALTHY AND STRONG?

A healthy appetite and common sense are excellent guides to follow in matters of diet, and a mixed diet of grains, fruits and meats is undoubtedly the best, in spite of the claims made by vegetarians and food cranks generally.



As compared with grains and vegetables, meat furnishes the most nutriment in a highly concentrated form, and is digested and assimilated more quickly than vegetables or grains.

Dr. Julius Remusson on this subject says: Nervous persons, people run down in health and of low vitality should eat plenty of meat. If the digestion is too feeble at first it may be easily strengthened by the regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. Two of these excellent tablets taken after dinner will digest several thousand grains of meat, eggs or other animal food in three or four hours, while the malt diastase also contained in Stuart's Tablets, cause the perfect digestion of starchy foods, like potatoes, bread, etc., and no matter how weak the stomach may be, no trouble will be experienced if a regular practice is made of using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they supply the pepsin and diastase so necessary to perfect digestion, and any form of indigestion and stomach trouble, except cancer of the stomach, will be overcome by their daily use.

That large class of people, who come under the head of nervous dyspeptics, should eat plenty of meat and insure its complete digestion by the systematic use of a safe, harmless, digestive medicine, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, composed of the natural digestive principles, pepsin and diastase, which actually perform the work of digestion and give the abused stomach a chance to rest and to furnish the body and brain with the necessary nutriment. Cheap cathartic medicines masquerading under the name of dyspepsia cures are useless for relief or cure of indigestion, because they have absolutely no effect upon the actual digestion of food.

Dyspepsia in all its forms is simply a failure of the stomach to digest food, and the sensible way to solve the riddle and cure the indigestion is to make daily use at meal time of a safe preparation which is endorsed by the medical profession and known to contain active digestive principles, and all this can truly be said of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

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ing illustrations of this beautiful relationship. There was the love of Jacob for Joseph. Jacob was shrewd and thrifty, and his life had a look, an outside, that was sometimes close, and selfish, and hard.

But his love for Joseph was delightful. Its record was like that of a lonely brook with a free, strong, joyous current bordered with flower-blooming banks. The coat of many colors I don't think wise, but you don't wonder at it. Among Joseph's