

MAKE KNOWN YOUR WANTS

to the readers of The Canadian Churchman through the Classified Department

Rates for advertising in this department as follows:—

One cent for each word including the address. Cash with Order. No advertisement inserted for less than 25 cents net.

ORGANIST wants position. Three years' training Royal College of Music, London, Eng. Good references. H. McNiven, 40 Wood St., Toronto.

WANTED a Deaconess or Social Service worker for the Diocese of Montreal. Apply to Ven. Arch. J. Paterson Smyth, 160 Windsor St., Montreal.

WANTED, a rector for St. Paul's Parish, Edmonton, Alberta. Stipend \$1,200 per annum, with comfortable rectory (seven rooms and bathroom). Applications should be made at once to Mr. James Gee, 10260 95th St., Edmonton.

Original Rhyming Word-Puzzles

Entertaining, Educational, Excellent for Social Occasions and Private Recreation. For particulars address 1118 Bartok St. E., Hamilton, Ont.

CURATE wanted for large town parish. Priest or deacon. Unmarried. Stipend \$1,200.00. Address, Ven. Archdeacon Bliss, Smith's Falls, Ont.

WANTED, Organist and Choirmaster for St. Luke's Pro-Cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Address applications to Percy B. Wilson, Cedarhurst, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., giving particulars of previous service and salary required. Duty to begin 10th October, 1920. Applicant must be communicant, and capable of training boys.

SPEAKERS, LECTURERS.—We prepare material for lecturers, sermons, addresses, special articles. We render scholarly service. Endorsed by numerous patrons. Established 1904. Authors' Research Bureau, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

A SMALL private family, in vicinity of Church and Bloor, would rent two furnished rooms to a gentleman. Students not desired. Box 72, Canadian Churchman.

AN experienced conservatory teacher desires a few more piano pupils. Fifteen dollars a term. Box 80 Canadian Churchman.

ORGANIST with over twenty years' experience, both English and Canadian, desires post in Toronto or immediate vicinity. References furnished. V. S. Collinson, 188 Jarvis St.

BOOKS

Encyclopedia Britannica, History World, Herzog Encyclopedia. Makers, Canada, Meyer's Commentary \$15; Catalogue 10c; Libraries Purchased; 1000 letterheads \$3. McCreery's Printery, Chatham, Ont.

HEALTH RESORTS

LOCH SLOY REST HOME

Ideal winter or summer home in the garden of Canada. Just the environment for rest. Country and city combined. Electric service to Hamilton. For descriptive pamphlet, Drawer 126 Winona, Ont.

HARRY R. RANKS

FUNERAL DIRECTOR & EMBALMER 30 Years' Experience 455 Queen St. W. Tel. Adelaide 2024

Established over 30 years Phone N. 331

COLIN E. BURGESS

(HOPKINS-BURGESS) UNDERTAKER 529 Yonge Street Private Chapel Private Mortuary

FLEURY BURIAL CO.

Undertaker and Embalmers Motor Ambulance Phone Gerrard 3704 685 Queen St. E. Toronto

BIRDS OF THE MERRY FOREST

By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

(COPYRIGHT APPLIED FOR)

CHAPTER XXIII. (Continued.)

The Hummingbird's Nest.

Hummingbirds are most frequently seen on the wing, and then the wings are all but invisible. Yet at times it grows weary, and you may see one perching for a minute or two on a twig or flower spray. Yesterday the children had seen a mother Hummingbird—distinguished from its mate by the absence of the ruby—sitting on a rose bush quite still for about half an hour. This was so unusual a proceeding for this restless, sprightly bird that they thought it must be sick, and Boy Blue stepped out softly into the garden to find out. He came quite close to it, but suddenly it spied him and darted away.

"Nothing sick about it!" Boy Blue had exclaimed. "I suppose it was only day-dreaming."

All these thoughts and memories passed through the children's minds as they sang and watched the bird flit to and fro. Just as they started on the last stanza of the Swing Song, which they had been asked by the Catbird to repeat, it began to swing in its own quaint, airy way. Back and forth, up and down—how it seemed to enjoy the pretty pastime! And the children enjoyed watching it none the less.

Suddenly the Hummingbird darted away, just as it had done so many times before, and dropped into the same little beech tree below their flowery nook.

"Dimple," whispered Boy Blue, eagerly, "I believe it has a nest in that tree—and it looks easy to climb."

"O Boy Blue!" pleaded Dimple in alarm, "don't!"

"You needn't come, of course, but I'm going to see if I can climb that tree. Neither Daddy nor Mother said we mustn't climb any more."

"But I'm sure they never thought we would again," Dimple urged.

"Why, Dimple, Daddy would be ashamed to own a boy who was afraid to climb a tree. Of course, it's different in your case."

"Boy Blue, please don't," Dimple pleaded anxiously, but the look in her brother's eyes told her without words that coaxing would not be a bit of use.

"You better stay here," advised Boy Blue, rising to his feet.

"No; I'm going with you."

Without another word they clambered down the steep, rugged rocks, and Boy Blue found the beech tree quite to his liking. He sat down at once at the foot of it to take off his shoes and stockings.

Dimple did the same.

Her brother looked at her in surprise and dismay. "Dimple! You're not going to climb that tree!"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I won't let you."

"How can you stop me when you're up the tree?"

"Now, Dimple, don't be troublesome. Goodness! We had bother enough with you Saturday for one while."

Dimple continued unbuttoning her shoe in silence.

"Promise me you won't," the boy begged as he rose to his feet again.

"I won't if you won't. That's all I'll promise."

The boy regarded his sister in puzzled vexation for a minute. But in the firm set of her little mouth and the steady gleam of her eyes he read a determination equal to his own. Accordingly he gave up his attempt to turn her aside from her purpose.

The tree was easy to climb, and he was soon half-way up and Dimple in the lower branches. Both were extremely careful and kept a sharp

lookout for the nest, so their ascent was without haste.

Boy Blue climbed as near to the top as he could get, but failed to discover the object of their search. He told Dimple that he had got a glimpse of the Hummingbird, and thought the nest must be somewhere in the tree.

Poor Dimple! The exploit was requiring of her more courage than Boy Blue had any idea of. She was nervous and frightened, and her thoughts were anything but comforting. What would Daddy and Mother say to this?

Two bright eyes peering down at her through the leaves caught sight of two tears trembling on her lashes. Perhaps the bird understood—who knows? Or did she come near to find out? At any rate, Dimple saw the mother bird poise on humming wings scarcely a foot from her face, and at the sight all fears and forebodings dissolved like mist.

"Hello!" chirped the bird. "It was you who let me out of the Red Cottage, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I did," Dimple replied.

"Well, I haven't forgotten. Would you like to see my nest?"

"Oh, yes, please!"

"Here it is, then."

And there beside her on the bough, half-hidden under a canopy of leaves, was the tiniest, prettiest, little jewel-case of a nest that Dimple had ever seen. It was made of plant-down and covered with pretty, grey lichen and soft, green moss. It was wonderfully and beautifully made. Inside were two eggs, delicate as pearls and almost transparent.

At sight of this treasure Dimple was for a moment almost speechless with joy. Then she whispered, "Oh! This is the sweetest thing I ever saw. May I show Boy Blue?"

"Of course."

Dimple called to him the great news, and in a few minutes he was beside her. He, too, was at first silent with wonder and delight.

"I never thought of anything so pretty as this," he whispered at length. "It's just as fairy like as the bird itself—the kind of thing you might dream, but never expect to come true."

By this time the tiny mother had gone back to brood over her pearls of eggs, and she dismissed them with a nod.

"You may come again when the birds are out," she said, very cordially.

After that the children climbed carefully down the tree and went home.

At the garden gate they came upon Daddy and Mother tying up a baby rambler rose the wind had been playing with too roughly. At once they began to pour out in excited tones the story of their afternoon's adventures.

(To be Continued.)

BISHOP REEVE'S REJOINDER.

Re the epitaph found on the marble slab—the only "headstone ever erected in the cemetery" of Alma, mentioned in your columns of last week, on page 615, I remember hearing one very like it when I was a little boy of about eight years old. A gentleman was keeping us in roars of laughter by his jokes and anecdotes, and amongst others mentioned this epitaph:—

"Remember, man, as you pass by, As you are now, so once was I, As I am now, so must you be, Therefore prepare to follow me."

But some wag wrote underneath:—

"To follow you I'm not content Until I know which way you went."

ENGLISH STAINED GLASS WINDOWS

MOSAICS, CHURCH DECORATIONS, MEMORIAL BRASSES, etc.

Booklet, Designs and Estimates on application to

HEATON, BUTLER & BAYNE

(By appointment to the late King Edward VII.)

14 GARRICK STREET LONDON, W.C. - ENGLAND

DO NOT FORGET

our address is

62 Church St., Toronto

Corner of Court Street

OUR PHONE IS MAIN 7404

WE are prepared to execute large or small orders efficiently, promptly, and at reasonable prices. A trial will convince you.

The Monetary Times Printing Co. of Canada, Limited

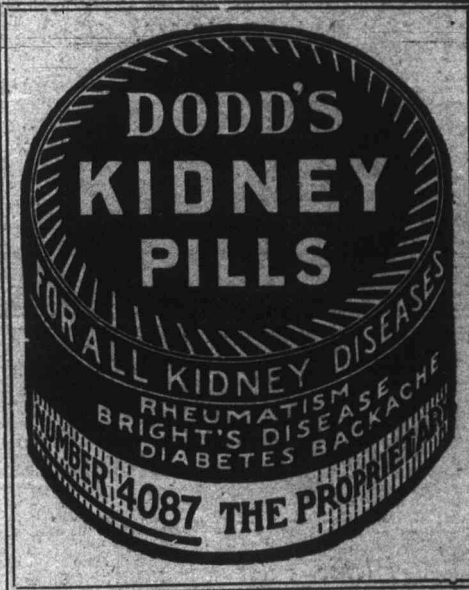
Rheumatism

A Remarkable Home Treatment Given by One Who Had It

In the Spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Subacute Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a treatment that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with rheumatism, some of them 70 to 80 years old, and results were the same as in my own case.

I want every sufferer from such forms of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of getting rid of your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when relief is thus offered you free. Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 956G Durston Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y. Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.



ECZEMA

You are not experimenting if you use Dr. Chase's Ointment for Eczema and Skin Irritations. It relieves at once and gradually heals the skin. Sample box Dr. Chase's Ointment free if you mention this paper and send 2c. stamp for postage. 60c. a box; all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.