FHE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN



Market Weighton, until 1805, when the Rev. James Stillingfleet, Rector of Hotham, discovered it, and had it removed to his garden, where it remained till about 1850, when it was again put in its former place in the church, where it now stands. It is in a good state of preservation except for a slight crack and being weatherworn. It is 231/2 inches high. The newer font was put in the church in the sixteenth century during the incumbency of Robert Cleving, parson of Goodmanham. It is beautifully carved, but has been slightly defaced on one part of the lettering by some unknown vandal.

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Dr. David J. Burrell, pastor of the Marble Collegiate Reformed Church, New York City, and president of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance at Aberdeen, has accepted an invitation to preach in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral on Sunday, that being the 366th anniversary of the granting of the Royal Charter to the Huguenot churches in this country.

THE EXHIBITION CITY.

The new Livestock Department at the Canadian National Exhibition will give splendid accommodation for the fine animals for which the big fair is noted. It also adds a finish to the appearance of the grounds more than anything else has done. The Exhibition City, with its \$2,500,000 worth of buildings, its paved streets and its lighting plant of 40,000 lamps has no rival on the American continent.

she decided not to cut the cake, and therefore none was offered Bobbie.

He waited and waited for his usual treat, till finally it came time for him to go.

"I believe I smell cocoanut cake," he remarked wistfully, rising from his chair and looking toward the kitchen. The lady laughed, went to the pantry and cut him a very tiny slice. Bobbie thanked her and said, "It seems strange that I could smell such a little piece, doesn't it?"

BLACK SNAKE KILLS RAT-TLER, SAVES WOMAN.

John Blackford, of New Jersey, was about to kill a black snake, to stop its theft of eggs, when the thief earned its liberty by saving the life of his mother.

The young man had found the nest of a hen that had taken to laying its eggs in the grove, some distance away from the house. He also discovered that the black snake had been discouring, the eggs as fast as the hen laid them. He determined to ambush the snake and kill it.

He and his mother watched the hen

"That snake can have all the eggs on this farm for all 6' me," remarked young Blackford when it was over, "and what's more, I'll never kill another black snake as long as I live."

"MISCHIEVOUS JAKE" AND HIS LESSON.

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Jake White was a town boy. He was usually called "Mischievous. Jake" by those who lived in the neighbourhood of his home. But his mischief, up to a certain time in this story, had never got him into any kind of trouble, and it is safe best that since the time alleded to Jaki will be careful never to let it get himinto trouble again.

Jake had relatives living in the country, an uncle, aunt, and cousin. It was the latter whom Jake loved to visit during his summer vacation. His name was Albert White, being the son of Jake's father's brother. The boys were about of an age and when together had great fun playing jokes on each other.

Albert-or Al, as he was commonly called-had spent the week in town.

August 14, 1913.

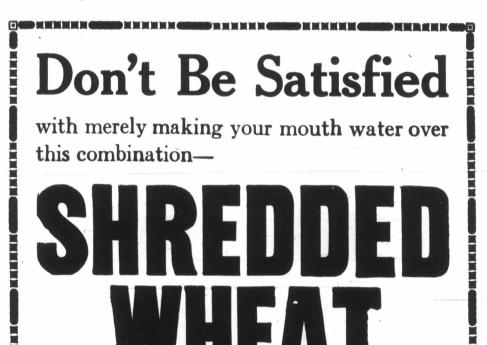
Visiting Jake, and when the time for his home-going came, he begged his uncle and aunt to permit Jake to accompany him.

"There's such fine fishing and hunting during this hot weather, Aunt Matilda," he urged, when begging for Jake to go home with him, "And Jake can send in a lot of fish to you every Saturday by our hired man. May he go, Aunt Matilda?"

Mrs. White smiled and looked towards her own son. "Can you promise not to bother your Aunt Nellie?" she asked of Jake." "You must not get in her way, or coax Al from his chores. Instead, you must assist Aunt Nellie all that you can, and also help Al with his work. I know what it is on the farm—plenty for all hands to do."

"Oh I'll not get in any person's way," pleaded Jake. I'll run errands for Aunt Nellie and gather all the eggs and help to milk the cows and and - yes, I'll help Al with his chores, too."

What more could a boy promise? And seeing an earnest expression on her son's face, and a longing on the face of visiting Al, Mrs. White con-



Boys and Girls his nose misled him.

Bobbie used to call on a certain old lady every Saturday afternoon, and she always gave him a piece of cocoanut layer cake. But one Saturday, as she expected company for tea.

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Evidently the whistling sound did not escape the black snake. Suddenly it stopped and its whole body seemed to stiffen. More quickly than the eye of Mrs. Blackford could follow, it started toward her, but a little to the side. As she screamed and jumped back, her son leaped to her rescue, but he stopped, too, for he saw what human beings rarely see, a black snake fighting a rattler.

The two stood aside and watched the conflict, which was uneven from the start. The long, slim black snake was too quick for the more sluggish and heavier poisonous one. With its first leap it had clamped its fangless jaws back of the poison head of the rattler and wound its body tight around the other's. In a few seconds the life had been squeezed out of the rattlesnake.

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Make your stomach happy by crisping one or more Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven, then cover the Biscuits with some luscious Canadian sliced peaches and cream, and you have a dish that is not only pleasing to the palate, but more wholesome and strengthening than heavy meats or starchy vegetables.

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