



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

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND  
 DEACONESS AND MISSIONARY TRAINING HOUSE**

179 Gerrard Street East - Toronto

Thorough training afforded in all branches of Deaconess and Missionary Work. The Courses of training consist of Lectures in Scripture Knowledge and Church Teaching, Practical Christian Work, Physical and Voice Culture, and Practical, Medical and Surgical Work under the supervision of a Resident Trained Nurse.

Apply to MISS T. A. CONNELL, Principal. Mr. W. D. THOMAS, Treasurer.

**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 .....

was so young, and I wanted so much to live my life and be happy. I called for my dear Boy Teacher, my one and only friend, but he was nowhere near, for school wasn't out yet.

"Tom took me in his big rough hands—so different to the Teacher's soft, gentle ones—and as they tightened on my neck I began to gasp and choke. It was terrible!

"Suddenly he stopped and let me breathe again. 'Well, I'm blest if I can do it!' he said. 'The Boy would feel bad about it; and he's the decentest chap on this island. For his sake I'm going to give you another chance, old fellow.'

"I was very much relieved, you may be sure, but my adventures were not yet over. Tom tied me up in a coarse sack where for an hour I nearly smothered. He carried me down to the water, put me into a boat, and rowed away.

"For a long time I heard nothing but the creak of the oars and the lapping of the water against the boat. At last, however, I felt it grind against the pebbles, and in a few more minutes I was once more breathing the blessed air and blinking in the sunshine.

"There, Jack,' said Tom. 'I've done the best I can for you, and you'll have to take care of yourself from now on. Goodbye, and good luck to you!'

"He rowed away over the wide blue water. I was sorry to see the last of him, for all he had come so near murdering me, but I was mighty glad to find myself alive and free.

"I was alone in a big, strange country. I never saw my own little island, nor my dear Boy Teacher again. I often think of him and wonder where he is.

"The next spring I met Sooty, and we came to the Merry Forest, where we have lived ever since. And now my story is ended, for you all know the rest."

How quiet it was there in the cedars as Jack finished his story! Not a breeze whispered, not a bird peeped. But they were loud now in their applause, for everyone had been greatly interested.

Dimple and Boy Blue thanked Jack for the story, and then, with many promises to come again, they very carefully climbed down from their high perch and went home.

OUR FRIEND, THE SNAKE.

There seems to be born into the average human being an aversion for the snake. Despite this fact, there is a movement on foot, almost world-wide in its scope, to stop the destruction of harmless snakes, because they feed on insects and their larvæ, moles, house and field mice, and other plant and vegetable enemies.

On this continent, California was the first to start in the movement. On the Pacific Coast the most destructive agent of the crops is the gopher, or ground squirrel. As soon as it was learned that the gopher snake lived solely on the gopher, a state-wide campaign was started to protect the snake. Then two or three of the eastern states were aroused to the fact that their agricultural interests were aided through the protection of native snakes.

The mole, which is such a menace to the lawn, garden and crops, can only be annihilated by the snake.

The rats, carriers of contagious diseases, terror of the poultry raiser and wholesale destroyer of all sorts of grain, are a delicacy to the snake.

The poisonous varieties of snakes can be detected often before being seen by the peculiar, nauseating, cucumber-like odor. As a rule, no snake will bite a human being unless first attacked. Comparatively few varieties of northern snakes are poisonous.—The Thrift Magazine.

Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—

I am really writing to you to-morrow, because, just as I was sitting down to it, to-day slipped round the corner, and I don't suppose I'll ever find it again! So some of you may guess what time it is! It is really a very beautiful time, late and quiet. Much too late for young cousins, but that is something for them to look forward to—staying up and watching the stars come out one by one—I saw a falling star to-night—listening for the quietness as the cars and motors gradually stop running, smelling the scent of the acacia-trees, and getting a few minutes of real peace and quiet in your heart.

It's a pity that in the city you can get it only so late, as a rule. That's why Sunday is really such a beautiful day always, whether it rains or not, because church is waiting for everybody then, and even if you can't possibly follow the sermon—and it is hard on hot days, isn't it? You can sit still, and be quiet, and rested. That's a hard thing for a good many cousins to understand, I know, but even if you don't quite see it now, remember it, and try it, and it will gradually dawn on you.

I am going to find lots of quiet places this summer, I hope, and so I may not be writing as regularly to you for a few weeks. Like a great many of you, I am going to be off to the lakes and mountains, and looking forward to hunting about for quiet spots where I can lie down and just soak in sunshine and the sight of beautiful places. I shall be thinking of all of you too, all kinds of thoughts I could never show you in a letter, but they'll reach you all the same. I have a special sort of "wireless" that operates between me and my special friends. So you'll know all right when I'm thinking about you. I wonder if, in the end, that "wireless" will make you do what I want you to do, and be what I want you to be—the very best you know how! We'll see.

Well, I must just give you my love and very best wishes for beautiful holidays, and then stop; it's nearly the day after to-morrow now!

Your affectionate,  
Cousin Mike.

HE KNEW THE CAUSE.

At an engineer's shop the proprietor had one man upon whom he could rely for being punctual to his time. Just recently he had fallen from this habit, and on several occasions had been late. He was behind time a few mornings ago, and the proprietor called him into his office. "Can't you manage to get here at your old time, James, as you used to do?" he said. "I can't sleep nights now, sir, and it makes me late sometimes, but I will try and alter it," replied the man. "If it is sleeplessness you suffer from, James, why don't you consult a doctor and find out the cause?" "Oh, I know the cause, sir. It is six weeks old."

A DEAN'S "TIP."

The Dean of Lincoln, the Very Rev. Dr. Fry, in a recent speech at Nottingham said that many Lincoln race-goers always visited the Cathedral. On one occasion when he had shown a party of them around, a big Irishman from Liverpool, thinking that the Dean was a verger, insisted on giving him 6d. "I told him that I did not need it," said the Dean, "but he pressed it into my hand and whispered; 'well, buy yourself a drink and a cigar.'" "I am a teetotaler and a non-smoker," added the Dean.