

close by my home. Disappointing, isn't it, when Santa brought you those beautiful new skates at Christmas? He must have known they'd be of no use though, so cheer up; it may be zero when you read my letter!

Your affectionate,
Cousin Mike.

Helen Robinson's Letter.

The Rectory,
Stanley, N.B.,
Jan. 4, 1919.

Dear Cousin Mike,—

This is the first letter I have written you. I did not notice where you asked for a letter last time. I know Paul Gardner and his family; they visited at our house once when we lived in Dorchester. My father has a very large parish; he has six churches to look after, so we have to keep a horse, and she is a great pet. Her name is Kitty. We have a dog, and his name is Billy. Our cat, whose name is Bunnie, has had two lots of kittens this summer, and they were all dead when they were born. I have two brothers; one is ten years and the other is 18 months.

Wishing you a Happy New Year,
Your loving little cousin,
Helen Robinson.

Ruth Gardner's Letter.

Bobcaygeon,
Jan. 8, 1919.

Dear Cousin Mike,—

I have done the competition. I hope I will get at least honorable mention. I was very glad to see my name. I used to know Helen Robinson too. Five or six years ago I was at her place for tea. There was one of the texts which I could not get. I will put a little cross beside that one to show you which it is. I hope you had a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. Have you had the "Flu" yet? I have had a touch of it but am all better now. I was just in bed four or five days and then I always (or nearly always) eat a hearty tea, so I do not think I was very sick. Do you? (No! — Cousin Mike). I will close now as I want to get the texts on the other side.

From your small cousin,
Ruth H. Gardner.

The Bishop's Shadow

by I. T. THURSTON

Copyright, Fleming H. Revell Co.

II.

NAN'S NEW HOME.

AS they went out Nan looked anxiously from side to side, fearing to see or be seen by the Leary woman. Tode noticed her troubled look and remarked,

"Ye needn't ter fret. I wouldn't let her touch ye. We might's well go back to the wharf," he added.

So they returned to the corner they had left, and in a little while the baby dropped into a refreshing sleep in his sister's lap, while Tode sometimes roamed about the wharf, and sometimes lounged against a post and talked with Nan.

"What is your name?" she asked him, suddenly.

"Tode Bryan."

"Tode? That's a queer name."

"Spect that ain't all of it. There's some more, but I've forgot what 'tis," the boy replied, carelessly.

"And where's your home, Tode?"

"Home? Ain't got none. Never had none—no folks neither."

"But where do you live?"

"Oh, anywheres. When I'm flush, I sleeps at the Newsboys' Home, an' when I ain't, I takes the softest corner I can find in a alley or on a doorstep," was the indifferent reply.

Nan looked troubled.

"But I can't do that," she said. "I can't sleep in the street with Little Brother."

"Why not?" questioned Tode, wondering.

"Oh because—girls can't do like that."

"Lots o' girls do."

"But—not nice girls, Tode," said Nan, wistfully.

"Well no, I don't spect they're nice girls. I don't know any girls 't amount to much," replied Tode, disdainfully.

Nan flushed at his tone, as she answered.

"But what can I do? Where can I go? Seems as if there ought to be some place where girls like me could stay."

"That's so, for a fact," assented Tode, then he added, thoughtfully. "The's one feller—mebbe you could stay where he lives. He's got a mother, I know."

"Oh if I only could, Tode. I'd work ever so hard," said Nan earnestly.

"You stay here an' I'll see 'f I can find him," said the boy. Then he turned back to add suspiciously, "Now don't ye clear out while I'm gone."

Nan looked at him wonderingly.

"Where should I go?" she questioned, and Tode answered with a laugh,

"That a fact—ye ain't got no place to go, have ye?"

Then he disappeared and Nan waited anxiously for his return. He came back within an hour bringing with him a freckle-faced boy a year or so older than himself.

"This's the gal!" he remarked briefly.

The newcomer looked doubtfully at Nan.

"See the little feller," cried Tode, eagerly. "Ain't he a daisy? See him laugh," and he chuckled the baby clumsily under the chin.

The child's heavy eyes brightened and he smiled back into the friendly, dirty face of the boy.

The other boy looked at Tode wonderingly. "Didn't know 't you liked kids," he said, scornfully.

"So I don't—but this one's different," replied Tode, promptly. "You

ain't no common kid, be ye, Little Brother?"

"What's his name?" questioned the boy.

"His name is David, but mother always called him Little Brother, and so I do," answered the girl, in a low tone. "Have you a mother?" she added, with an earnest look at the boy.

"Got the best mother in this town," was the prompt reply.

"Oh, won't you take me to her, then? Maybe she can tell me what to do," Nan pleaded.

"Well, come along then," responded the boy, rather grudgingly.

"You come too, Tode," said Nan. "Cause you know we might meet Mary Leary."

"All right. I'll settle her. Don't you worry," and Tode, with a very warlike air marched along at Nan's right hand.

"What's your mother's name?" questioned Nan, shyly, of the newcomer as the three walked on together.

"Hunt. I'm Dick Hunt," was the brief reply. Then Dick turned away from the girl and talked to Tode.

It was not very far to Dick's home. It was in one of the better class of tenement houses. The Hunts had three rooms and they were clean and comfortably furnished. Tode looked around admiringly as Dick threw open the door and led the way in. Tode had never been in rooms like these before. Nan—after one quick glance about the place—looked earnestly and longingly into Mrs. Hunt's kind motherly face. Dick wasted no words.

"Mother," he said, "this girl wants to stay here."

Mrs. Hunt was making paper bags. Her busy fingers did not stop for a moment, but she cast a quick, keen glance at Nan and Tode.

"What do you mean, Dick?" she said.

"Oh, Mrs. Hunt, if you only would let us stay here till I can find a place to work, I'd be so thankful. We'll have to stay in the street to-night—Little Brother and I—if you don't," urged Nan, eagerly.

Mrs. Hunt's kind heart was touched by the girl's pleading tone. She had girls of her own and she thought, "What if my Nellie had to spend the night in the street," but she said only: "Sit down, my dear, and tell me all about it."

The kind tone and those two words "my dear," were almost too much for poor anxious Nan. Her eyes filled with tears and her voice was not quite steady as she told again her sorrowful little story, and when it was ended the mother's eyes too were dim.

"Give me that baby," she exclaimed, forgetting her work for the moment, and she took the little fellow tenderly in her arms. "You poor child," she added, to Nan, "of course you can stay here to-night. It's a poor enough place an' we're as pinched as we can be, but we'll manage somehow to squeeze out a bite and a corner for you for a day or two anyway."

Tode's face expressed his satisfaction as he turned to depart. Dick too looked pleased.

"Didn't I tell ye I'd got the best mother in this town?" he said, proudly, as he followed Tode down the stairs.

"Yes you did, an' 'twarn't no lie neither," assented Tode, emphatically; "but, see here, you can tell your mother that I'm agoin' to pay for that little feller's bread an' milk."

Dick looked at him curiously.

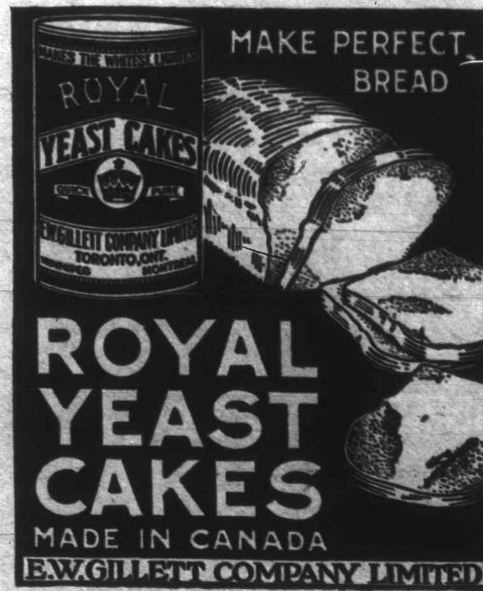
"You goin' to work again?" he questioned.

"Course I am."

"Somebody's got your beat."

"Who?" Tode stopped short in angry surprise as he asked the question.

That big red-headed feller that they call Carrots."



"Well—Carrots'll find himself knocked out o' business," declared Tode, fiercely.

When the newsboys assembled at the newspaper office a little later, Dick speedily reported Tode's remark, and soon all eyes were on the alert to see what would happen. Tode was greeted rather coldly and indifferently, but that did not trouble him. He bought his papers and set off for his usual beat. Scouting a fight a good many of the boys followed. As Dick had said, Tode found the big fellow on the ground, lustily crying his papers. Tode marched straight up to him.

"See here, Carrots, this's my beat. You clear out—d'ye hear?" he shouted.

The big fellow leared at him scornfully, and without a word in response, went on calling his papers.

Down on the ground went Tode's stock in trade, and he fell upon Carrot's like a small cyclone fighting with teeth, nails, fists and heels, striking in recklessly with never a thought of fear.

Forgetful of possible customers, the boys quickly formed a ring, and yelled and hooted at the antagonists, cheering first one and then the other. But the contest was an unequal one. The red-headed boy was the bigger and stronger of the two and plucky as Tode was, he would have been severely treated had not the affair been ended by the appearance of a policeman who speedily separated the combatants.

(To be continued.)

The Federal authorities at Washington, D.C., have decided that prohibition will come into force throughout the whole of the United States on January-16th, 1920.

You Feel Fine

Fatigue is the result of poisons in the system, the waste matter resulting from the activities of life. The kidneys have failed to filter these poisons from the blood and you are tired.

But awaken the kidneys and liver by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and you soon feel fine. The poisons are swept from the system, the pains and aches are gone and you are ready for work and for play.

McShane Bell Foundry Co.
BALTIMORE, MD.
CHURCH, CHIME and PEAL
BELLS
Memorials a Specialty

Great Expectations

To your boys nothing is impossible to Daddy!

With what unbounded confidence they look to you for all the good things of life!

Their "great expectations" include a high school education. You will not fail them!

In the event of your death, are you sure that your children can have a high school education? There is only one way to provide with certainty for this—a adequate life insurance protection.

Mutual Life policies are to be had on several different plans, one of which is certain to fit your particular requirements. These include Monthly Income and Disability.

The Mutual Life of Canada
Waterloo-Ontario

161