

Yes, it is a fact that

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is a blend of the finest growths of the best gardens—only, and it has remained unchanged for more than 25 years.

Boys and Girls

My dear Cousins,—

You have no idea how excited I was over marking your answers once again. A good many old friends turned up in my bundle of letters, and also some new ones from a good long distance, Manitoba in one direction and Quebec in the other, besides one or two new ones from nearer home.

I was very pleased with your answers, too, but the chief fault about them all was that, as a rule, the texts you chose for a side wall were rather long; those little mission churches don't have very long walls, do they, and they wouldn't look very nice if they had too many words on them, do you think? But apart from that, they were very good, and I had a hard time judging. You see, some of you would have one that was simply splendid for the place where it was to go. For instance, Paul Gardner suggests: "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee," and "At evening time it shall be light," and these, I think, very good for the walls, but the rest aren't quite so suitable. So I had to judge on your choice as a whole, and I think you will be rather glad that the first prize goes to a new cousin whom I didn't know before. Congratulations, Alfreda! Don't forget to write and tell me how you like your prize.

Now for the new competition. You may have heard your fathers and mothers and all the other grown-ups talking a good deal lately about something called "reconstruction." I wouldn't wonder if some of you said: "Papa, what is reconstruction," and then your father would tell you how the soldiers are going to come back to Canada after suffering all they have done for us, and how we have to help to make life bright and happy for them, and everybody else too. We've got to find work for them—something they can do, something they'll like doing, and something that will bring them good wages, so they can have good homes. In fact everybody, girl and boy-cousins, grown-ups too, have to do their level best now to live uprightly and honestly, helping everybody who isn't as well-off or as happy as they are themselves, and trying to make a new Canada, where there won't be any more wretchedly poor people who never get a chance. That's a little bit of what "reconstruction" means, and everybody can help.

You can begin right at home by helping mother or father—don't I feel proud of letters from cousins who have been great helps on farms and in homes this summer!—by being cheerful and not sulking when you're asked to do a thing, by making home so bright and happy that your father can go to his work in a happy frame of mind, and not worry about a cross, snappy, little family back home. Then if father feels good, why, he can do his work better, he can think better how to help, and get hold of his part in this reconstruction scheme. See?

Now I guess you're all saying: "Well, but what on earth has this got to do with our competition?" So I'll tell you now. It's going to be called a "Help Competition," and I want you to choose out of the Bible—anywhere—what you consider the six best texts about God helping us. It may be a text showing how He did help once, or it may be a text containing a promise—any sort of a text so long as it is about help. Don't forget your age. One new cousin, I am sad to say, was disqualified because she forgot to say how old she was.

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Before I close, I must say "Thank you very much" to two cousins who have sent me poems. One of them sent two, both of his own composition. He doesn't want his name printed, but he knows who it is, don't you, Cousin Poet (dear me! I nearly said your name then!), when I tell him I'll have to ask the Editor to see if we've got enough room. Seems to me, somehow, these grown-ups take up more than their fair share, but what are you to do? Another cousin—a girl this time—has copied out a poem which I quite like, only as it isn't her own composition, I'm not quite sure about what to do with it. I'll save it up, Muriel, and see about it; but thank you all the same. It made me laugh.

I'll have to stop now, or there won't be space enough for the Competition results.

Your affectionate

Cousin Mike.

Results in Text Choosing Competition.

Prize—Alfreda Hall, age 11, 290 Sheldrake Boulevard, N. Toronto.
Highly Commended in Order of Merit.

1. Paul A. Gardner, age 12, Bobcaygeon, Ont.
2. Hilda Mount, age 13, the Rectory, Longueuil, Quebec.
3. Joy Belt, age 13, St. John's Rectory, Stamford, Ontario.
4. Freda K. MacGachen, age 10, Collingwood, Ontario.

Help Competition.

Choose, from anywhere in the Bible, six texts you like the best, which tell about God's help—either help He has given, or a promise of help which He has made.

Last day for receiving answers will be Thursday, December 19th. (So you'll get your results just after Christmas, all being well.)

Competitions are open to Boys and Girls under 16.

Competitors must write their age on their answers, please.

In Old Age

Health and comfort in old age depends largely on keeping the liver and kidneys in healthful action.

Pains and aches, stiffness of the joints, lumbago and rheumatism tell of poisons left in the blood by sluggishness of the liver and kidneys.

People in advanced years hold Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in high esteem because of the promptness and certainty with which they awaken the action of kidneys, liver and bowels.

and in five minutes he was caught and held firmly by hands and feet.

"What's to be done with him?" asked Quilly-Coat. "If you want any shooting done I have plenty of arrows on hand."

Just then Professor Owl, who had been trying in vain to make his voice heard, fluttered forward. "Don't be too rough," he advised. "Remember that brotherly love is the law of our Club."

"O bother brotherly love!" cried Mr. Blue Jay.

"That's what I say!" "And me!" "And me!" came in a chorus of voices. And Dr. Crow added: "We'll love him all right when we've punished him well, but I'm a firm believer in the bitter dose. Let him take his medicine."

"Very good!" the rest agreed, and Professor Owl retired to a dark corner in order to hide the gleam of satisfaction in his big round eyes. Although he had forgiven he had by no means forgotten the day when he had been the victim of this same wicked monkey."

All kinds of punishments were suggested, but though Puck grew pale with fright he didn't say a word until someone suggested bending down a good springy sapling, tying him by the tail to the top of it, and letting it fly back.

"O don't, don't do that!" he begged. "You surely won't hang me for a little joke. I only meant it in

fun, you know. We've all been so fearfully good that I just couldn't stand it. O, please don't hang me!"

The fact was, Puck wouldn't have minded this at all, for it was just fun for him to hang by his tail. And as he expected, that was the very thing they determined to do.

But Puck was not to get off so easily, for his wicked little joke brought its own punishment. Just as they were about to tie him to the treetop he turned suddenly pale and sick. "O, dear!" he cried. "I believe I'm going to die. I feel awful. My head is all going round, and I have—such a pain—in my—stomach!"

"He's just putting that on," said Rennie, Red Fox.

"He does look sick, though," declared Dr. Crow. And Puck was sick—good and sick—there was no doubt about it.

"I was just expecting that," said Red-Tail. "When I was at the Other Side of the World, Roy did the very same thing one day, and he was dreadfully sick. His mother told him that there is poison in the stuff they smoke in pipes—it isn't inside of men at all. She said if he kept on doing it he might get over being sick, but he'd never be very clever or wise."

Satisfied with this explanation, the Jolly Animals decided that Puck was getting his "bitter medicine" all right, and they let him alone. As soon as he got better he dug a deep hole in the ground and buried the *Thing*.

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