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THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

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ROSE ISLAND

By Lilian Leveridge

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"All at once each heard a rustling in the branches. They looked up quickly, and who, of all people, should they see but the very man they had both been thinking about!

"The arrow-maker jumped up to meet him, and said, 'You are welcome, Hiawatha.'

"Hiawatha came in and laid the deer at Minnehaha's feet. She seemed lovelier than ever, he thought, as she looked up at him and said, 'You are welcome, Hiawatha.'

"Minnehaha noticed how tall and splendid he looked, but she didn't say a word as she hurried to get supper ready, knowing how hungry he must

be. Then she sat and listened to Hiawatha talking, but still never said a word.

"Then Hiawatha went on to say how, after years of warfare, there was peace now between their tribes; and in order that the peace might last forever, and their hands and hearts be more closely united, he asked the old man to give him his lovely daughter for a wife.

"The Arrowmaker did not answer at once. He smoked on a little while in silence, looking proudly and fondly from one to another. Then he said, 'Yes, if Minnehaha wishes. Let your heart speak, Minnehaha.'

"Minnehaha blushed and said 'Yes' to Hiawatha, and then went and sat down beside him.

"Hiawatha was as glad as he could be, and they started right off home. Her old father felt terribly lonesome, and even the beautiful Falls seemed to be calling 'Good-bye' to her.

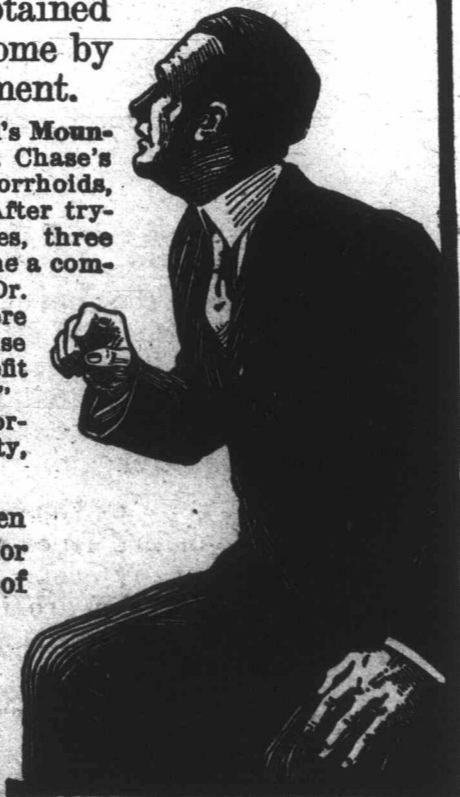
Piles Cured By Dr. Chase's Ointment

IT is a surprise to many to learn that there is any cure for piles short of a surgical operation. The doctors have encouraged this idea until the sufferer from this annoying ailment lives in constant dread of the surgeon's knife.

This letter from Mr. Campbell carries a message of good cheer to all sufferers from piles, because it tells how relief and cure can be obtained in the quiet of your own home by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Donald M. Campbell, Campbell's Mountain, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment with great success for hemorrhoids, or piles, of fifteen years' standing. After trying all kinds of so-called pile cures, three boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment gave me a complete cure. I have also used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and there are no others so good. You may use this letter, if you wish, for the benefit of others who may suffer as I did."
(Sworn before me, Murdoch Gordon Campbell, J.P., in the County, and for Inverness County.)

You are not experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Ointment, for it has an unparalleled record of cures to back it up. Beware of imitations and treatments said to be "just as good." They only disappoint. 60c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.



IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN."

"Of course, Hiawatha didn't put on his magic moccasins this time, for Minnehaha couldn't go so fast as that. Yet though they went so slowly, the way seemed short to him this time, he was so happy. He was as good to her as he could be, and helped her over the hard places. He cleared away the tangled branches to make the way easy for her, and whenever they came to a wide, rushing river he carried her across. She seemed as light as a feather, he was so strong. At night he made a little wigwam of boughs for her, with hemlock branches for a bed, and he also made a nice, bright fire of pine cones. Then while they slept, all the stars in the sky kept watch above them.

"It was very lovely travelling through the woods. Hiawatha's little, wild friends, the squirrel, the rabbit, and others, knew they were lovers and watched them very curiously. All the birds sang to them, especially the bluebird and the robin. The sun smiled down and told Hiawatha to rule by love; and the beautiful moon turned all the woods to mystic splendour as it whispered, 'Rule by patience, Minnehaha.' And so at last they got home, and everybody had to get busy preparing for the wedding.

"It was a very splendid wedding, for, you know, Hiawatha was a great chief. All the people of the village were invited, and they came dressed in their very best. They had a grand dinner of fish and pemican and buffalo marrow and venison and Johnnie cake and wild rice.

"When everybody had eaten enough, Nokomis filled pipes for the men to smoke, and asked Pau-puk-keewis to dance. He was very willing, for he was a great dancer. He was very gaily dressed, and his face was painted pretty nearly all the colours of the rainbow. At first he danced quite solemnly and slowly, in and out among the pine trees. Then gradually he went faster and faster, whirling and spinning around, and leaping over the guests, and circling round in a whirlwind of dust and leaves. It would almost make you dizzy to look at him. At last he got tired and sat down, fanning himself with his turkey feather fan.

"Then they called on Chibiabos for a song. Chibiabos was a particular friend of Hiawatha's, and he was a very, very sweet singer. He sang a beautiful love song that he had made up on purpose. When he sang about the 'wild flower of the forest' and the 'wild bird of the prairie,' everybody knew that he meant Minnehaha, for he looked straight at her, and she was as lovely as a flower.

"Everybody liked the song. After it was ended they asked Iagoo for a story. Iagoo was famous, far and wide, for his wonderful stories of adventure, and you may be sure he had a good one ready for this great event. It was called, 'The Son of the Evening Star,' and maybe I'll tell it to you some other time."

"Oh, tell it now, June, tell it now," pleaded Brownie, and Robin echoed the request. June herself was quite willing, and there really seemed no reason why the request should not be granted. Yet many days passed before the boys heard the coveted story.

CHAPTER XI.

Dad's Timber.

"Then roared the crackling mountains and their fires
Met in high heaven, clasping flame with flame;
The thin winds swept a cosmos of red sparks
Across the bleak midnight sky; and the sun
Walked pale beneath the resinous black
smoke."
—Isabella Valancy Crawford.

JUST as June was thinking how to begin her story, Robin suddenly sat up, straight and stiff, and whispered, "Listen!"

There was a deal silence for a few moments, and then June whispered, "What is it, Robin? I don't hear anything but the wind."

"That isn't the wind," cried Robin, jumping up. "It's a fire! Don't you hear it roaring? And don't you smell the smoke? Look at it over there, rolling up above the trees. It can't be very far away."

"Isn't it black!" exclaimed Brownie. "Will it come here and burn us up?"

"O Robin!" cried June, "hadn't we better hurry home?"

Robin looked from one to the other, and spoke quickly: "There's nothing to be afraid of; it won't hurt us, but it's Dad's timber I'm thinkin' about. It may not be in his woods yet. I think likely it's Mr. Thompson's fallow he's burnin'; but there's such a wind blowin' right this way; it may come across any minute if it ain't watched. I must go and see if there's anything I can do. You won't be afraid to stay, will you?"

"Robin, couldn't we help?" asked June. "Let us go with you."

Robin hesitated. "You might be a lot of help, June," he said, "and then again you mightn't. It's hard to tell; but Brownie would be awfully in the way; he's too little, and he couldn't get there in time, anyway."

"Brownie," said June, "you'll be a good little son, won't you, and stay here to take care of things while I go to help Robin? We'll be back as soon as we can. You needn't be afraid."

"I aren't afraid. I'll stay and take care of everything," answered Brownie, valiantly; and the other two set off as fast as they could along the bank of the creek. It was not a very satisfactory arrangement, but there seemed nothing better that they could do.

After about a quarter of a mile had been traversed Robin suddenly stopped short. "The fire is on the other side of the creek," he said. "We'll have to cross over right here; it's kind of shallow, and there is no other place. We'll have to wade—but you have shoes and stockings on. There's no time to take them off. I believe I can carry you."

Before June had time to make any protest she was lifted off her feet. "I'll be Hiawatha," Robin laughed. "You're as light as a feather, anyway. Put your arms around my neck and hold on tight. I'll be careful and not let you fall."

June had no choice but to submit. Robin waded in fearlessly through water in places above his knees, but he was very careful, and June was perfectly dry when he set her down on the opposite bank. "Now," he said, "let's hurry. Take my hand and I'll help you. There's a good path along here."

They had no breath to spare for any further talk, but soon emerged from the woods. It was just as Robin had thought. Across a little field covered with stubble and dead leaves was Mr. Thompson's newly-cut fallow all ablaze. The flames had already run half across the stubble, and if not kept back would in a very short time have crossed the breach. Once let the fire get a start in the cedars that lined the creek bank, and it would sweep up the whole valley to the lake. It was well that June did not realize the danger, or the thought of "Little Son" keeping guard beside the boat would have unnerved her. A cool head was above all things necessary now.

Robin took in every detail at a glance, and acted quickly. Almost roughly he pulled June to the edge of the stream. "Do as I do," he shouted, for the roar of the fire was enough to drown an ordinary tone. At the same instant he filled his big hat with water and ran with it toward the line of flame that divided the stubble from the blackened earth. This he poured hissing into the